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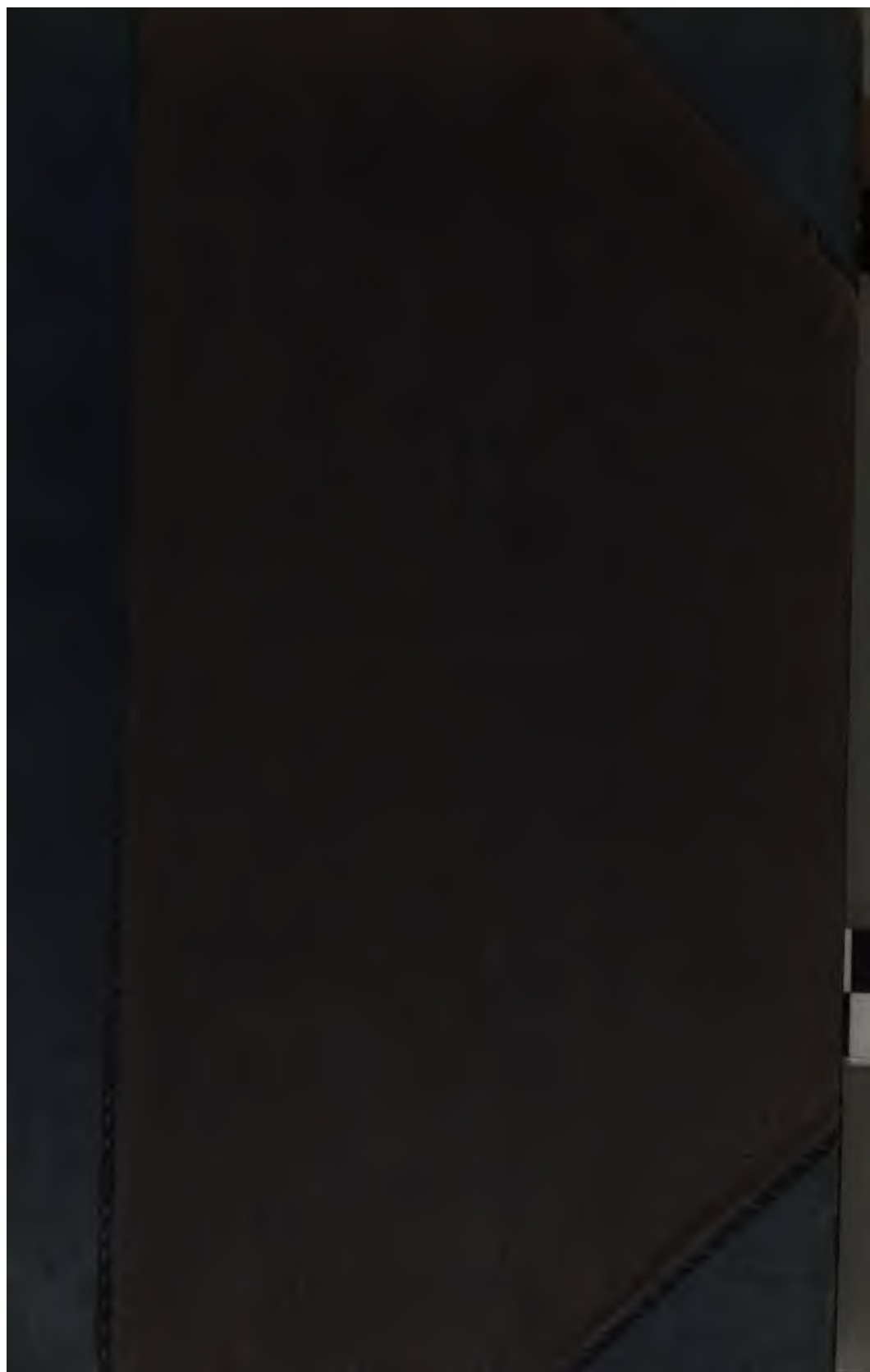
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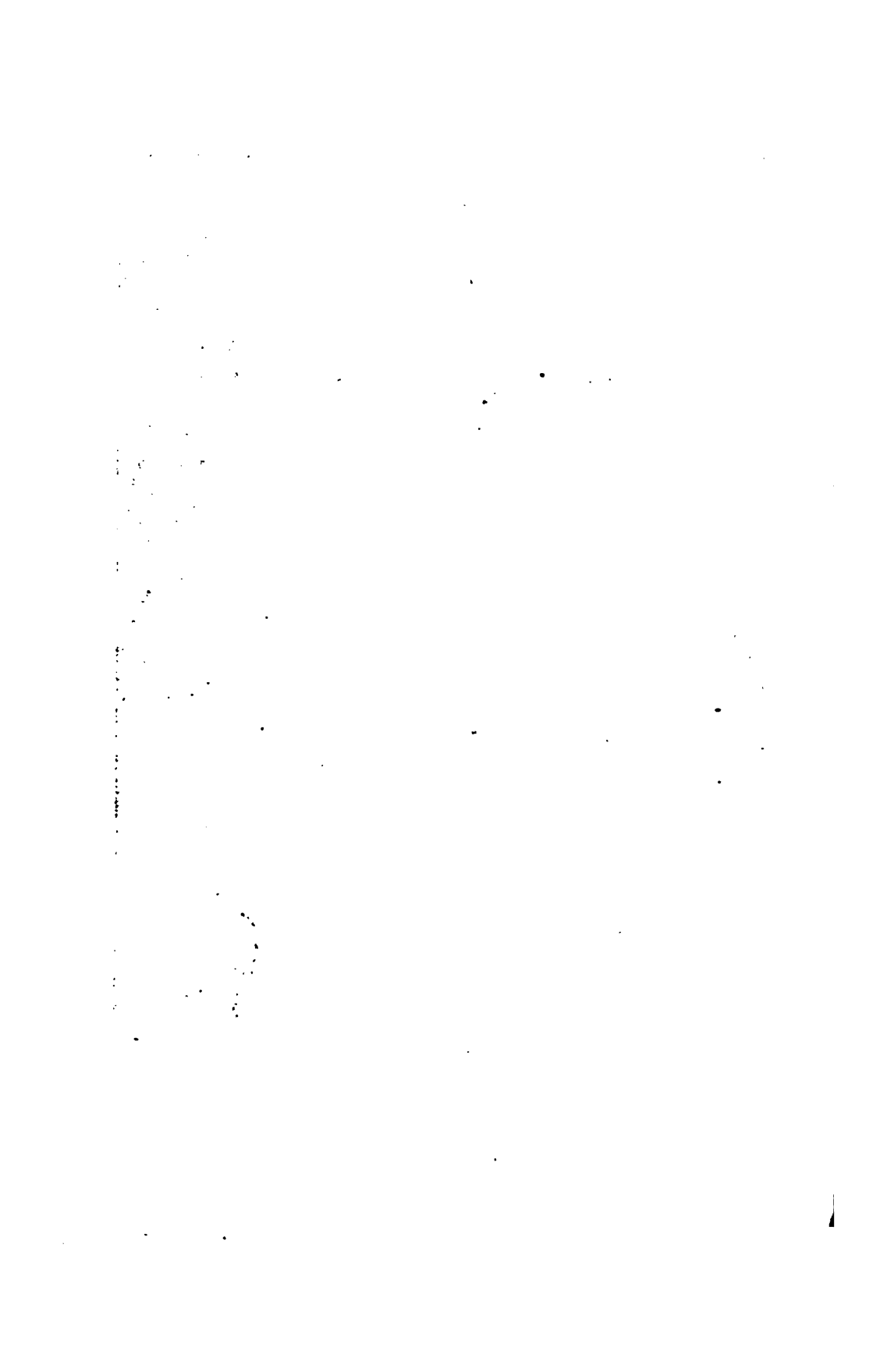
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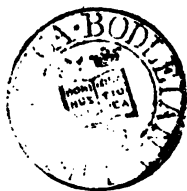
THE
BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea

COMPILED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES

WITH ORIGINAL STORIES OF THE CAMP FIRE AND
THE QUARTER-DECK



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PROSPECTUS.

THE BOOK OF BATTLES will record, in one collection, the grandest achievements of Naval and Military Genius. The Editor is aware of the responsibility attaching to his task ; for many, while admitting War as a grim necessity, deprecate all mention of the rack and ruin, the wear and tear that follow in its train. Some even go so far as to say that its pomp and glitter, paraded by the press, corrupt the public taste. But until we beat our swords into ploughshares we *must* talk and write about those who have fought and bled for their native land, and the popular sentiment will always favour those who stood to their guns at the call of duty.

The Editor, however, will exercise great caution to avoid errors into which he might easily fall. First, the Narratives will be strictly true, so that the reader may have before him the actions of men like himself—not creations of an author's brain. Then, the details of most Exciting Adventures will not be overcharged for the mere purpose of producing a morbid sensation. Over sufferings incidental to War the veil will be gently drawn, and at heroic deeds involving often the rise of One Man upon the sacrifice of Thousands there will only be expressed the admiration of a rational observer in a Christian country.

Another feature of the BOOK OF BATTLES will be Daring Deeds by Land and Sea, affording rare instances of those noble virtues, Self-reliance and Self-denial.

After mature consideration the Editor has resolved on illustrating the many-sided careers of Soldiers and Sailors by a series of Original Fictions, entitled "Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck." These, it is hoped, will impart a continuous attractiveness to the work, and commend themselves as life-like pictures to the reader's approval.

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SERGEANT-MAJOR RICHARDS DEFENDING HIS COLONEL'S BODY.]

THE BATTLES OF ROLEIA AND VIMIERA.

ROLEIA and Vimiera are proud names on the banners of the British army. They head the list of its mighty struggles on European soil against the power of Napoleon. They recall the opening of a seven years' duel between two of the greatest captains the world ever saw. The Book of Battles, therefore, will appropriately commence by recording these brilliant victories.

On the 6th of August, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed with the British forces at Mondego Bay, and, pushing onwards, arrived on the 16th

in sight of the French army at Roleia. The village stands on a bold height, surrounded by vineyards and olive groves, and a sandy plain extends in front, thickly studded with shrubs and dwarf wood. The eminence on which the village is placed, and where the French general Delabords formed his line of battle, was all but inaccessible; and in its rear are a number of passes through the ridges, affording not only a means of safe retreat, but a formidable succession of mountain posts easy of defence and difficult to attack. It was of vital importance that the French should be dislodged from this position, for the villages of Roleia opened to the west, and so long

was held it was impossible for our army to penetrate further into the interior of Portugal.

At dawn on the 17th the British got under arms. A lovelier morning never broke. As the mountain mists gradually cleared away the sun shone gloriously out, birds on every spray poured forth their morning song, and myriads of wild flowers, sparkling with early dew, scented the air.

The distance between the British bivouac and the French outposts was about ten miles, and the line of red coats and glistening bayonets wending its way through the luxuriant valley presented one of the most imposing pictures it is possible to describe.

As the column moved onward it was at times disorganised by sudden irregularities of the surface. When thus disturbed it halted until the distances were corrected, and then resumed its progress as steadily and silently as at a review.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the tedious march was accomplished, and the troops were drawn up in order upon the plain at the foot of the hills, where the enemy had taken up his position to do battle. For the first time on the Peninsula the rival armies of France and England found themselves in each other's presence, and for a few moments they stood in mutual contemplation face to face.

Presently the light troops became engaged, the centre broke into columns of regiments, while the left pressed rapidly forward, and the right—composed of rifles—bore down on the *tirailleurs*. So well was this concerted movement executed that the position of Delaborde already appeared critical. But the French general acted promptly—he abandoned the plain, fell back upon the passes, and, taking up a new position on the mountain surface, compelled Sir Arthur Wellesey to adopt a new mode of attack.

Five distinct columns were now formed, and to each a different pass was allotted. The openings in the heights were so narrow and difficult that a portion only of the columns could be engaged at one time. Regardless of every impediment, the assailants mounted the ravines. Serious obstacles met them at every step. Rocks and groves overhung the gorges in the hills, and where the ground was tolerably open it was covered with brushwood and wild myrtle. It was impossible, under these circumstances, for the column to keep order; and as the troops advanced, in straggling companies, they were subjected to a withering fusillade kept up by the French, who lay in ambush in every direction.

The centre pass, to which the attack was mainly directed, was particularly difficult. Entering the gorge undauntedly, the leading companies were permitted to approach a ravine with precipitous rocks on one side, and a thick myrtle wood on the other. From both a tremendous fire was unexpectedly opened. In front and on the flanks the men fell by dozens, and as the leading company was annihilated the column, encumbered by its own dead and wounded, was completely arrested in its movements. It was a critical moment, and Colonel Lake, who commanded the 29th, rode to the head of the regiment and called out, "Soldiers, I will lead you on, and remain in front of you. Remember that the bayonet is the most trusty weapon of a British soldier!" He then waved his men forward with his hat, a wild cheer was returned, and they rushed up the pass. The way was steep and

difficult, and at every step the men were shot from the heights immediately above and from the surrounding thickets. Half-way up the hill they came to a hand-to-hand combat with a number of the enemy who had concealed themselves in an olive grove; the struggle was short and desperate and cost the regiment some 300 men. Having achieved a minor victory here, our men resumed their upward progress, and at length found themselves on the summit of the hill. But this small force would have been cut to pieces by the enemy had it not been for the timely arrival of the 9th Regiment, who had rushed up the steep ravine with equal ardour, led by a no less gallant soldier, Colonel Stewart. The two regiments formed on the crown of the hill, supported on their right by the 5th, who had followed in quick succession.

A pitched battle now took place. A French battalion advanced and charged, but they were most gallantly received, and, after endeavouring in vain to break the British squares, they were compelled to retire with fearful slaughter. With increased numbers, the enemy again and again repeated the charges, and were repulsed. At length, the British having been reinforced by two other regiments, the order was given for a general charge. The whole body of men, moving with irresistible force in a compact mass, completely swept the enemy from the heights; but this was not accomplished without heavy loss on our side, for the French obstinately contested every inch of ground, and fought with a determination and bravery little short of that of the English. Even when forced from the heights Delaborde attempted to establish a new position, and hold the village of Zambugeira. But he was driven back with the loss of three guns, and retreated through the Pass of Runa.

In this action the gallant Colonel Lake—beloved alike by officers and men—was killed. For some time he seemed to have a charmed life, for, though fired at in every direction, he was still to be seen on horseback calmly directing his men. One French officer, of the name of Bellegarde, admitted afterwards that he had fired seven shots at him. Once he seemed to stagger, as if hit, but it was only at the seventh shot that he fell; and, as he was pierced through the heart, he must have died almost immediately. The sergeant-major Richards, seeing his colonel fall, stood over him, and kept numbers of the enemy at bay, until he himself fell wounded in thirteen places by shot and bayonet: his last words were, "I should have died happy if our gallant colonel had been spared."

This brilliant affair cost the British dearly, our killed and wounded amounting to about seven hundred men, while the French casualties were about double that number. Delaborde, the French general, was among the wounded.

The defeat of the French having left the road to Torres Vedras open, Sir Arthur Wellesey carried on the pursuit to Villa Verde, where the army halted for the night. Cheered by his opening success, the English leader seemed determined to improve it. Orders were accordingly issued to prepare for a rapid march next day, and it seemed as if no check could be given to the ardour of the troops till they should have won a second victory. That same night despatches were received announcing the arrival of General An-

struther, with a reinforcement of troops and stores. The fleet were reported to be at anchor off Peniche; and to cover the disembarkation, and unite himself with the corps on board the transports, Sir Arthur's march was directed to Lourinha. There the British bivouacked that night, and on the next morning took a position beside the village of Vimiera.

The village of VIMIERA stands at the bottom of a valley, and at the eastern extremity of a ridge of hills extending westward towards the sea. The little river Maceira flows through it, and on the opposite side heights rise eastward, over which winds the mountain road of Lourinha. In front of the village a plateau of some extent is slightly elevated above the surrounding surface; but it, in turn, is completely overlooked by the heights on either side. The British, never anticipating an attack, had taken up a temporary position here for the night.

About midnight Sir Arthur Wellesley was awakened by a German officer in charge of the outlying pickets with the intelligence that the French were on the move, and that their advance-guard was not above three miles distant. Patrols were immediately sent out, and, while every care was taken against surprise, the line was not alarmed, nor were the men permitted to be disturbed.

On the following morning (August 21) about seven o'clock a cloud of dust was observed beyond the nearest hills, and shortly afterwards an advanced guard of horse was seen to crowd the heights to the southward, and to send forward scouts on every side. Presently a mass of cavalry deployed in front of the French pickets, then columns of infantry began to move successively along the road leading to Lourinha, and as they passed by in front of the British centre it became evident that a battle was their object, and that, too, on the left of the British, which Marshal Junot, the French commander, had rightly judged to be weak. Sir Arthur Wellesley instantly detected the design of the enemy, and promptly met it by moving a strong force from his right to support his left. The route of these troops lay across the valley behind the village, and, their passage being quite screened by the high hill in front, Junot was unaware of the movement, and was afterwards surprised to find a powerful front of battle, instead of the weak flank he had counted upon.

At about ten o'clock the French began the fight. Two divisions of infantry, headed respectively by Generals Loison and Delaborde, advanced in separate attacks against the British centre, while other attacks were at the same time directed against the British left.

Loison's men came on boldly, and with the characteristic impetuosity of French troops. They drove in the British skirmishers at once, but they had not advanced many steps further when they were received with a sharp discharge of musketry which for a moment staggered them. A quick succession of volleys of musketry were then mutually returned, and at a distance so close as to render the effect murderous. This fusillade was, however, quickly ended, and the order was given, "Charge with the bayonet!" and a cheer, loud, regular, and appalling, announced that England was coming on.

The French stood their ground manfully, but though they awaited the onset, they could not withstand it for any time. The foremost rank fell like a line of grass before the mowers, and one who was in the action, in speaking of this particular incident, afterwards declared that he never could recall the scene without a shudder. In a few minutes the two French regiments that had received this desperate assault, after vainly attempting to rally, fled in the utmost confusion, and six guns were taken. So impetuous was the onset, and so fierce the struggle, that several of the soldiers were compelled to throw themselves on the ground to recover their breath, and the assailants were unable to follow up the pursuit from sheer exhaustion.

Simultaneously with Loison's attack a dense column of 2000 men, led by Delaborde, and preceded by a cloud of light troops, advanced towards the opposing lines; the British artillery from the height on which they were posted opened a terrible fire, and shattered the foremost ranks of the enemy. In the face of this, however, the French came boldly on, occasionally halting behind a hill-lock to close up the broken ranks, and then again advancing; in the end they succeeded in driving in the English skirmishers, and stood on the summit of the hill.

Here the 60th Regiment—numbering nine hundred bayonets, and supported by half a brigade of guns—were drawn up in line. The men stood with their muskets "presented" until the attacking party advanced within twenty paces; the order was then given to "Fire!" and to this immediately succeeded the command of "Charge!" The deadly volley completely broke the French ranks, and the terrific charge of bayonets appeared to paralyse the enemy. In an instant all was disorganisation and rout, and the artillery cutting their traces, the liberated horses mingled with the men, and added to the confusion, and the French became completely mobbed. The British pressed on, and Colonel Taylor, seizing the opportunity, burst in with a company of dragoons among the retreating masses, and pursued them for nearly two miles, with fearful slaughter. But Maragan, a French commander of cavalry, soon espied the unprotected position of this daring band, and, galloping down upon them fiercely with his horsemen, slew the colonel, cut half of the men to pieces, while the remainder, hotly pursued, only just managed to reach the British lines in safety.

While these events were transpiring other scenes were being enacted elsewhere. A French reserve corps, under the command of Kellerman, was brought into action, and vigorously attacked the extreme left of the British centre, which occupied a church and churchyard that blocked the road leading over the height into the village. Near this spot the 43rd Regiment was engaged in a hot skirmish among some vineyards with a part of Delaborde's division. The French grenadiers, coming on at a brisk pace, beat back the advanced companies of the 43rd, but, to avoid the artillery that swept their left, they dipped a little into the ravine, and were taken on the other flank by the guns of the eighth and fourth brigades, and at the same time the 43rd, rallying in a mass, broke down upon the head of the column at a moment when the narrowness of the way and the discharge of the artillery had somewhat disordered

mation; a short yet desperate fight took place, the enemy was repulsed in disorder, but the regiment suffered severely.

All the attempts of the French upon the British centre were now entirely defeated. In the meantime General Brennier had marched against the left, but coming unexpectedly upon a ravine which protected its front, and of the existence of which he had been previously ignorant, he got entangled among the rocks and watercourses. Solignac, leading his men round beyond the end of this ravine, reached the extremity of the hill upon which the English left was posted, thinking to fall upon their flank, but he found a strong force there, which instantly bore down upon him, and drove him quickly back. Solignac did all that a commander could under such circumstances, and was carried from the field severely wounded. Two English regiments under General Ferguson now pressed sharply forward upon the disordered columns of the French. At this moment Brennier extricated himself from the ravine, and for an instant, surprising the two English regiments, retook the guns that had been captured; but the British quickly rallied, and, recovering the artillery, overthrew their assailants, and took Brennier himself prisoner. Thus on every point the enemy was beaten and the field was won.

It must be conceded that the French fought with the greatest bravery and determination, and they especially showed their valour in advancing under cross fires of musketry and cannon, and never giving way until the bayonets of the British troops drove them down the descent. Most of the wounded French who fell into the conqueror's hands absolutely appeared to rejoice in their sufferings. To one of them a chaplain of the British army happened to address some words of pity, uttering at the same time a Christian expression of regret at the horrors of war; but the Frenchman fiercely answered, with a mixture of pride and indignation, that he gloried in his wounds, and that war was the greatest happiness of life!

The slaughter of the enemy in this action was terrific, and out of all proportion to the numbers engaged. The loss of the French amounted to between 2000 and 3000 men, and they left thirteen guns and twenty-four ammunition waggons in the hands of the victors. The English loss amounted to no more than 783 in killed, wounded, and missing. The strength of the French before the action was 14,000, including 3000 cavalry, and the entire force was engaged. The English numbered 16,000, but not more than one half of them were engaged.

Sir Harry Burrard, who had been sent out by the English government to supersede Sir Arthur Wellesley in the command, landed after the battle commenced, and very prudently left the termination of the contest in the able hands of him by whom the first dispositions had been made. Immediately after the victory Sir Arthur urged upon his superior the advisability of pushing on at once, and crushing the enemy before they could recover from their defeat. But Sir Harry did not approve of the plan: he was an old man, had seen but little service, and was consequently cautious to a fault, and, despite all that Sir Arthur Wellesley could urge, he remained unmoved and decided to stay further operations until the arrival of Sir John Moore with the expected reinforcements from England.

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

In the several accounts of naval engagements which will appear in these pages the same phrases must necessarily recur again and again. Our present object is, therefore, to explain as explicitly as we can the preparations that are usually made previous to a ship going into action. The explanation of these details will enable the reader to picture to himself the condition, position, and general management of a ship on the point of battle.

We need scarcely say that the ships of the present day differ greatly from those of a bygone age; but our narratives will chiefly apply to that time when the "wooden walls of England" existed, and when naval warfare did not depend so much upon the scientific principles on which men-of-war were built as upon the energy and courage of the brave spirits who manned them.

We now proceed with our account of preparing for action, as follows:—Proceedings are commenced by an order to clear the ship; this order is repeated by the boatswain and his mates at all the hatchways, or staircases leading to the different batteries. At the summons of the boatswain, "Up all hammocks," every sailor repairs to his own, and, having rolled and corded his bedding tightly, he carries it to the quarter-deck, poop, fore-castle, or other place most convenient. As each side of the quarter-deck and poop is provided with double network, supported by iron cranes, fixed immediately above the gunwale, or top of the ship's side, the hammocks are firmly stowed between the two parts of the netting, so as to form a firm barrier. The tops, waist, and fore-castle are then fenced in the same manner, and a kind of parapet is formed, which prevents the execution of small shot. While this is going on the boatswain and his mates are busy in securing the sails and yards, to prevent them falling down when the ship is cannonaded, as by such an accident she might be disabled and rendered incapable of attack, pursuit, or retreat. The yards are also secured by strong ropes or chains, in addition to those by which they are usually suspended. Materials for repairing the damaged rigging are also prepared and set by. Meanwhile the carpenter and his crew prepare the shot-plugs and mallets, to fill up any dangerous breaches that may be made near the surface of the water, and provide the ironwork necessary for the repair of the chain-pumps, if damaged. The gunner with his mates examines the cannon of the various batteries, to see that their charges are thoroughly dry, and fit for execution. They take care to provide the ammunition for the large guns and the small arms, and to have it so placed and arranged that it may be ready for use on the instant. The master and the mates see to the proper trimming of the sails, so that they may be expeditiously reduced or multiplied, as required. The lieutenants visit the different decks, to see that they are effectually cleared of incumbrance, so that nothing may check the execution of the artillery. The marines, when employed, are stationed on the poop, fore-castle, or gangway, and the great body of the seamen are stationed at the cannon or in the tops; while the captain remains constantly on the quarter-deck, giving orders to all around, and animating his crew by his example. When the hostile ships have approached within

certain distance of each other the drums beat to arms, and the boatswain and his mates pipe "all hands to quarter" at every hatchway. Those appointed to manage the great guns repair to their stations, and handspikes, rammers, sponges, powder-horns, matches, train-tackles, &c., are placed by the side of each cannon. The hatches are fastened down, to prevent any one escaping to the lower part of the ship. The great guns are then let out of the port-holes, and levelled for firing.

All these preparations completed, and the officers and the crew ready at their respective stations to execute every occasional order, the commencement of the action is determined by a signal from the captain, or the commander-in-chief of the fleet or squadron.

During the engagement the guns are loaded, fired, and sponged with all possible expedition, but without hurry or confusion. No gun is fired until it has been steadily aimed at its object. The lieutenants who command the batteries traverse the decks, giving instructions, and exhorting and animating the men in their duty. Their endeavours are seconded by the midshipmen, who give assistance when it is required at the guns committed to their charge.

So the battle wages, and, notwithstanding that danger and death threaten at every turn, each man remains at his post without flinching.

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

In 1793 war broke out between England and France, and Lord Howe, one of our most gallant admirals, was appointed to the command-in-chief of the Channel fleet.

Lord Howe's instructions were, to go in search of the French fleet, and to engage it in battle as soon as practicable; and on this errand he put to sea, his flag flying on board the *Queen Charlotte*.

The French fleet showed anything but a willingness to fight, and would not come out, so that for a year or more Howe was hovering about the enemy without being able to strike a blow.

At length the event which every British sailor so ardently hoped for was fulfilled. The dawn of the 1st of June—"the glorious first of June"—disclosed the enemy, formed in order of battle, about fifteen miles to the westward. The sea was rolling with a gentle swell, and the wind came up from the south-west with a moderate breeze.

The English admiral, on discovering the enemy, immediately wore and stood towards him, and at about seven o'clock in the morning he came abreast their squadron, the French meanwhile taking up their position in readiness for the fight.

On examining the French line of battle it was found to be formed of twenty-six men-of-war (thirteen ahead and twelve astern of the French admiral) and sixteen frigates and corvettes. The English fleet consisted of twenty-five sail of the line, seven frigates, two fireships, one sloop, and two cutters. In point of numbers, therefore, the French had the advantage, and their ships were greatly superior to ours, both in size and weight of metal.

It was now a quarter-past seven, and, everything being in readiness, Lord Howe gave the signal for the crews to go to breakfast. In connection with this same signal an anecdote may be

related not wholly out of place. On board of the French ship *Sanspareil* Captain Troubridge, of the English navy, was at that time a prisoner of war, and as he stood on deck, eagerly watching the movements of the English fleet, the Rear-Admiral Neuilly came up to him, and, pointing out the temporary inaction of Howe's squadron, said, in a bantering tone, "Your people don't seem disposed to fight. You see they won't venture down." Troubridge, who had noted the signals flying for breakfast on board the ships of the British fleet, well understood what was going on, and, turning to the French officer, with a quiet smile, he said, "Not fight? Stop till they have had their breakfasts. I know John Bull thoroughly, and when his belly is full he will make warm work for you. Depend on it they will pay you a visit in half an hour."

At twelve minutes past eight the meal was concluded, and then there ran through the British fleet that signal so dear to every English ear—"Prepare for battle!" The signal was answered with three ringing cheers, and was responded to by the clanging of bells and the roll of drums from the French squadron, whose commanders now became alive to the fact that battle was intended, and would soon begin.

It was arranged by Lord Howe that each of the English ships should break through the French ranks astern of her opponent, and engage her to leeward, each ship, at a given signal, to steer for the vessel opposed to her in the French line, and engage her independently.

This plan having been clearly set down and understood, the captains of the several vessels called their crews aft and addressed to them a few inspiring words, pointing out to them where their duty lay, and telling them that the eyes of all Europe were upon them, and that the fate of their beloved country was in their hands. These addresses were received by the men with loud huzzas, by grasping each other by the hand, and cutting wild capers, which plainly showed how delighted every soul was to have an opportunity of thrashing the enemy.

All now took their places, and the order was given to bear down, the fleet advancing, with the admiral's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, leading the way, bearing the signal for close action, and steering for the *Montagne*, the French admiral's ship. As the fleet made this advance movement it was subjected to a heavy fire from the foe, which, however, the English did not return, the orders given being that not a gun was to be fired until the ships were sufficiently near their adversaries to render every shot effectual.

Howe's design was to be first to break the hostile line, and in keeping in view this object he passed so near the enemy that the *Vengeur*, the third ship in the French admiral's rear, opened fire upon her. But the *Queen Charlotte*, with her sails set, swept on through the surging billows.

About half-past nine an opening roar of cannon from Howe's ship announced that the action, for ever to be celebrated in history, had commenced. The *Queen Charlotte*, passing close under the stern of the *Montagne*, a 120-gun ship, poured into her sides such a terrific broadside as made her huge frame reel from stem to stern, and in about ten minutes the action had become general.

Lord Howe's wish was to have his ship placed between the *Montagne* and the *Jacobin*, so that he

might fight one with his larboard guns and the other with his starboard guns. As they approached the French line, so compact did it appear that it looked like madness to endeavour to penetrate it. Howe determined, however, to pass through, or to run on board one or other of the ships. At this juncture Captain Bowen, of the *Queen Charlotte*, an officer who was as blunt as he was bold, called out, "That's right, my lord. The *Charlotte* will make room for herself." Just at the moment the *Queen Charlotte* was closing with the *Montagne* Bowen was ordered to starboard the helm, when the captain answered that if he did so they would be on board the next ship. "What is that to you, sir?" returned Howe rather sharply. Bowen, a little nettled, said in an undertone, "Well, if you don't care, I'm sure I don't. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Lord Howe heard the remark and said to those who were near him, "That's a fine fellow."

The *Queen Charlotte* then dashed through the line, brushing the ensign of the *Montagne* on one side, and grazing on the other the mizen-ahrouds of the *Jacobin*, an 80-gun ship, an exploit which has never been equalled, although very nearly approached by Collingwood at Trafalgar.

Howe's ship was by this manœuvre placed in the exact position marked out for it. The order was now given to the gunners, who stood ready by the guns with their lighted matches, to fire right and left, and such a tremendous broadside was poured into the *Montagne* on the one side and the *Jacobin* on the other that a hole was made in each ship large enough, as the sailors said, to row the admiral's barge through. A terrific fight then ensued, and so closely was the *Queen Charlotte* engaged that the ensign of the *Montagne*, a much loftier ship, frequently waved over the stern of the *Queen Charlotte*, and for nearly half an hour the three ships were closely locked together. At the end of that time the *Jacobin* had had enough of it, and gladly dropped astern, and shortly after the *Montagne*, which had been most severely punished, sailed away as well as she could, to escape the terrible fire that was every instant raking over her.

Meanwhile the *Queen Charlotte*, as may be supposed, bore marks of the contest in which she had been engaged at such unequal odds. Her hull was completely damaged, her masts were shot away, and just at the moment the *Montagne* withdrew the maintopmast fell over the side, which for the moment rendered pursuit impossible, and enabled the French admiral to get clear away. Had it not been for these circumstances the *Queen Charlotte* would no doubt have either captured or sunk the *Montagne*.

It would be impossible to narrate every movement of the fleet during this memorable battle, and we must content ourselves by briefly glancing at some of the most conspicuous events that occurred.

The *Bellerophon*, a fine ship, commanded by Rear-Admiral Pasley, was one of the first to plunge into the thick of the fight. With the signal for close action flying at her masthead, she ran down to the enemy's line, and opened her broadside upon the *Eole*, receiving as she fell upon her antagonist the fire of the three headmost French vessels. Single-handed she

engaged with both the *Eole* and the *Trojan*,

and the crew, animated by the example of their gallant chief, fought with a noble and enduring courage. In the hottest of the fight the brave Pasley had his leg shot off, and was removed below, Captain Hope carrying on the contest with unflinching vigour. This terrible fight continued for three hours, and then the *Eole* made off as best she could under cover of the *Trojan's* fire. The *Bellerophon* lost her masts, and was otherwise severely damaged, and was at last assisted by the *Latona* coming to her relief, the latter no sooner coming in sight than the Frenchman made off.

The *Queen*, *Defence*, *Marlborough*, *Royal George*, and *Brunswick* were the only ships which succeeded like Howe's in pushing through the enemy's line. The *Queen*, in which Lord Gardner's flag was flying, was fearfully cut up. Her captain, Hutt, died of his wounds, and has a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral. Gardner learned during the engagement that a near relative, to whom he was warmly attached, was killed. He went on giving his orders in an unaltered tone, but as the wind for a moment cleared off the smoke marks of tears were on his face: they were easily traced, for his cheeks were besmeared with smoke and gunpowder. The *Defence*, commanded by Captain Gambier, a bold and dashing officer, got into the midst of the French ships, lost her main and mizen masts, and behaved throughout in the most gallant manner. Captain Berkeley, of the *Marlborough*, was carried off deck wounded, and the second lieutenant, Seymour, afterwards Sir Michael, lost his arm. The ship was reduced to a wreck, but was fought to the last by Lieutenant Monckton. While the bowsprit of the *Impetueux* was over the *Marlborough's* quarters a sailor, leaping over, said he would pay his neighbours a visit. He was called to take a sword. "I shall find one there," he said, and actually came back with two of the enemy's cutlasses in his hands. The *Brunswick* had a figure-head of the duke of that name, with a laced cocked hat on: the hat was shot off. The crew, thinking that a prince of that house should not be uncovered in the face of an enemy, sent a request to their captain to supply the loss. He ordered his servant to give them his cocked hat, the carpenter nailed it on, and there it remained until the battle was over.

Harvey, the gallant and beloved captain of the *Brunswick*, displayed throughout the engagement a heroism worthy of the British seaman. Felled to the deck by a splinter, and seriously injured, he leapt again to his feet, and refused to quit his post. A chain-shot afterwards shattered his right arm, and it was now absolutely necessary to take him away. He left the scene reluctantly, and as he was being removed below he cried out to his men, "Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty. Continue the action with spirit, for the honour of our King and country, and remember my last words—'The colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!'" This high-spirited officer shortly afterwards died of his wounds, to the great grief of every man in the ship.

Harvey's brother, who commanded the *Ramilies*, seeing the *Brunswick* with three ships upon her, bore down to his relief, and poured such a destructive fire into the *Vengeur* that as the action was closing this large seventy-four sank, swallowed by the waves. The firing had not ceased, but

our boats were out to help the French crew. Nearly 300 were saved; the remainder, amounting to upwards of 400, perished. As the ship went down the poor wretches spread themselves over the sides and rigging, stretching out their hands to their enemies, and imploring assistance. So closely was this ship engaged with the *Brunswick* that many of their ports were torn away by the collision. The sides of both were unusually straight, and the vessels lay so close together that the crews fought hand to hand on the lower decks.

Let us now return to the main narrative. It was about a quarter past ten when Admiral Villaret gave way, and his ships, which had all been beaten more or less, were only too glad to follow the example of their chief, and endeavour to escape. Seeing this, Lord Howe threw out a signal for a general chase, he in the meanwhile pouring his resistless broadsides upon the 80-gun ship *La Juste*, with which he had managed to come up. Having completely silenced this vessel, he hastened to the relief of the *Queen*, which, from her disabled state, had drifted to a considerable distance from the English fleet, and was in danger of being cut off by the enemy.

For the moment the French admiral again took heart, and seemed disposed to renew the struggle. He collected eleven of his ships about him and made a bold front, but several of the English fleet coming up by signal, Villaret's resolve gave way, and he made off, partly to secure his own flight, and partly to protect five of his disabled ships which lay at a distance, and were threatened with utter destruction. It is said that these ships would certainly have been taken as prizes but for an unaccountable neglect of duty or misunderstanding on the part of some of the British captains.

At about half-past eleven a.m. the heat of the action was over, and the British were left with eleven, the French with some fifteen, dimasted ships. None of the French ships had at this time struck their colours, or, if they had struck, had since re-hoisted them. They, for the most part, were escaping under a spritsail—that is, a small sail set on the tallest stump left to them—and continued to fire at every British vessel that passed within gunshot.

When the battle was at end, and the victory placed beyond doubt, the crew of the *Queen Charlotte* requested the admiral to permit them to thank him for having led them to so glorious a triumph. He received the men on the quarter-deck, but in reply to their hearty congratulations he said, with considerable emotion, "No, no, my lads, let me thank you; for it is you, not I, that have conquered."

The vessels which most distinguished themselves in this memorable affair were the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Bellerophon*, the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Queen*, the *Brunswick*, the *Marlborough*, the *Glory*, and the *Defence*. The British loss amounted to 290 killed and 858 wounded.

The total loss of the French in killed and wounded and prisoners is computed at 7000. Six ships of the line were captured—the *Sanspareil*, *La Juste*, *Amerique*, *Impetueux*, *Northumberland*, and *Achille*; and one sunk, the *Vengeur*. On board the six prizes were 690 killed and 580 wounded.

Having refitted his own ships, and put into as seaworthy a condition as might be his six prizes

(a task which was not completed until the morning of the 3rd of June), Lord Howe made homeward sail, and on the 13th arrived off Spithead. Crowds of people lined the shores, and when the gallant admiral landed salutes were fired, bells were rung, and bands of music went playing before him. A fortnight afterwards the King and Queen, and several members of the royal family, paid a visit to Lord Howe on board the *Queen Charlotte*. A royal ocean *levée* was held on board, and the victorious Howe was presented with a sword enriched with diamonds worth 3000 guineas, and personally received the congratulations and thanks of his sovereign. With the innate modesty of a great and courageous man, the admiral denied that the merit of the victory was due to him, but, pointing to his seamen, spoke in warm terms of their skill and unflinching courage, and declared that it was to them the victory was due.

Lord Howe received many other rewards and compliments from his country, and in 1799, four years afterwards, he died, full of years and honours, and a handsome monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Although the English have gained many important naval triumphs, there are few which rank so high as Lord Howe's victory on "The Glorious First of June."

THE HUNTER'S PERIL.

EDGAR WILLIS was one of the original settlers in the White Mountains, and, like many others, was in the early part of his career forced to undergo many hardships and privations, and suffered especially from scarcity of food.

At length, one dark stormy night, Willis's wife placed upon the table for their evening meal a third of the whole of the food they possessed. To-morrow something must be done. Edgar must either go down to the settlements and procure food, or try his chance in the forest, and the settler, preferring the latter alternative, made ready for his departure early on the following morning, whatever the weather might be.

In the early dawn he arose, and after partaking of a slight repast, and bidding adieu to the partner of his trials, and to his children, he took his way into the heart of the wild forest.

For many hours he tramped along without success. At length noon came, and, tired and faint for want of food, he leaned against the trunk of an old tree for a few minutes' rest. The spot in which he stood was a narrow valley facing a steep rugged cliff that rose abruptly before him; the sharp jagged rocks were capped with untrodden snow, which glittered in striking contrast around, and as he gazed vacantly on the scene he saw that which infused new life into his breast, and caused him to forget the pangs of hunger, that he felt so keenly before.

The object that attracted his attention was a narrow opening in the cliff near the summit of an eminence, and at the entrance to which he perceived that the snow had been trampled down in such a manner as to lead his experienced eye to detect the whereabouts of a bear, the opening in the cliff leading, as he concluded, to the beast's lair.

Inspired by this new hope, Willis began to ascend the steep before him. The task was a

difficult and perilous one, and doubly so in his weak condition, and as he toiled upwards he was compelled to pause many times to gather new strength. At length the hunter stood at the mouth of the cavern, the signs around which plainly showed that he had not been wrong in his supposition, for in the soft snow there were unmistakable tracks of a bear leading into the cavern.

The aperture that led into the cliff was about three feet in height by two in width, and so dark within that the eye could not penetrate beyond arm's length. Above it hung a huge mass of ice and snow, clinging to the cliff with a despairing tenacity, and appearing as though a very slight motion would send it crashing down. Accustomed as the hunter was to the wild scenery of the mountains, he could hardly repress a shudder as he reflected upon what his fate might be, standing as he was with the ponderous weight suspended above his head.

His reflections were, however, of brief duration. Hunger impelled him to action, and the lateness of the hour warned him that he had no time to lose. He therefore cocked his rifle, and, with his finger on the trigger, he entered the passage, being obliged to bend nearly double as he did so.

For some dozen paces the passage maintained its regular width and height, and then it expanded into a species of chamber of sufficient dimensions to allow of the hunter standing erect. As he reached this point, in the midst of darkness so dense that he could not discern his hand before him, his ears were saluted by a fierce growl, and, glancing in the direction whence the sound came, he saw the glowing eyes of a bear fixed upon him, and shining like coals of fire in the darkness. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, and aiming at the eyes of the animal, he fired.

For a moment the sound almost stunned him, so confined was the place; but he was conscious of a trembling of the earth beneath his feet, and the terrible growling of the wounded monster, who now rushed upon his assailant, striking him with its huge paw almost before he had recovered from the shock experienced from the concussion caused by the report.

Drawing his knife, the hunter returned the blow, and at every stroke he drew blood, until one well-directed thrust laid his grim adversary dead at his feet, he receiving some severe gashes and bruises before this was accomplished. When assured that the bear was dead the hunter returned towards the entrance of the cave to breathe the fresh air. Not a ray of light was to be seen in that direction. Wondering at the cause, he bent low and groped his way along the passage. Reaching the extremity, he soon ascertained the cause of the absence of light. The report of the rifle had shaken the cliffs overhead, and the great mass of ice and snow had fallen and completely blocked up the entrance.

For a moment Edgar Willis stood utterly devoid of motion, hardly comprehending his situation of being thus shut in from the outer world. He passed his hand over the cold surface of the ice, but all was smooth, and of marble-like hardness. Not a crevice was there into which he could insert his hand, nor a chink through which the could obtain one gleam of sunlight, and then, for the first time, he fully realised the awful truth that he was entombed alive.

Willis was not, however, a man to be utterly cast down by despair. He thought of his wife and children, and then he set about effecting his liberation.

The first thing he did was to cut a slice from the carcase of the bear, which he ate raw, and devoured with a relish that none can imagine who have not felt the pangs of hunger. Then, with his hunting knife, he went to work upon the mass of ice.

Hour after hour he laboured upon the solid wedge, until, exhausted, he threw himself upon the earth, and slept for a short time. Then he awoke refreshed, and again resumed his labour.

Night and day were alike to him, and he knew not when they came or passed. Four times he partook of his raw meal, and four times laid himself down to sleep. At length he made a way through the ice and snow, and stood once more in the broad daylight.

Returning to the carcase of the bear, he took as much of the flesh as he could carry, and turned his footsteps homewards; but ere he had proceeded far he was met by his neighbours, who, alarmed at his absence, had turned out in search of him, and then, to his astonishment, he learned that he had been absent three days and three nights. There was joy and feasting in the cabin of Edgar Willis on his return, and to this day his descendants tell the tale of the Hunter's Peril.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

THE name of Drake is closely bound up with our naval history, for he was one of those early navigators who, by their spirit of enterprise, courage, and endurance, helped to make England mistress of the seas, and plant her name in every quarter of the globe.

Francis Drake was born about the year 1545: his father was a common sailor, with a family of twelve sons, of whom our hero was the eldest. The humble cottage of the Drakes was situate on the Devonshire coast, and here young Francis, watching the outward and homeward bound vessels as they passed, was often lost in wonder and wrapt in dreams of future glory and adventure.

He thus contracted a passionate fondness for the sea, and with it a longing for a sailor's life, which increased as he grew older. When about fourteen years of age Drake's father bound him apprentice to the captain of a coasting vessel, and so well did he behave that he became a great favourite with his master, who treated him like a son, and at his death, which occurred in the fourth year of young Drake's apprenticeship, he bequeathed the vessel to him.

Drake was now a smart young seaman, and with his talent and obliging manners he had as much business as he could attend to, so that in a very short time he acquired a considerable sum of money, and was known as the "fortunate young mariner." But in the midst of his good fortune he never forgot his parents and his brothers, but would often pay a visit to the little cottage, taking with him many handsome presents, and making them all happy by his generosity and affection.

When about the age of twenty-two Drake heard that Captain Hawkins (of whom we will speak on another occasion) was about to fit out an



expedition for the American service. This was an adventure after Drake's own heart, so he immediately sold his coasting vessel, and disposed of other property, and with the proceeds hastened to Plymouth, where the expedition was fitting out. Hawkins joyfully welcomed the young volunteer, and in a few days he set sail with the little squadron as commander of the *Judith*, a barque of fifty tons. In this miniature vessel he earned great renown by attacking and taking prize several Spanish vessels—for the Spaniards were then England's deadliest enemies; and after being absent about four years he returned home with an established fame and a good store of money.

After remaining at home in idleness for some time he again set sail for America. This was in the year 1577. The mission upon which Drake started was secretly favoured by Queen Elizabeth, and excited a lively interest in the breast of every English adventurer. It was an expedition undertaken upon a sort of roving commission, Drake's avowed purpose being "to attack, wherever and whenever he could, his old enemies the Spaniards, and to carry the flag of England into unknown seas." Drake commanded a ship of his own, the *Pelican*, of 100 tons burden, and with him were four other vessels of a smaller size. The *Pelican* was a good stout ship, fitted up with a degree of luxury and splendour hitherto unknown. To use the words of an old chronicler, "Provision was made in her for ornament and delights—expert musicians, rich furniture, and vessels of pure silver for the table, together with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civility and magnificence of Drake's native country might, among all nations whither he should come, be the more admired."

The expedition set sail from Plymouth in the month of December; a fortnight afterwards the ships anchored off the Barbary coast, taking on board a liberal supply of provisions, and then they proceeded merrily onwards. At Cape Blanco Drake fell in with three Spanish vessels; with one he made an exchange, we may be sure at no disadvantage, and the other two he relinquished as being of no use to him. At St. Jago he seized two Portuguese vessels and manned them from his own squadron.

After touching here and there, visiting hitherto unfrequented islands and out-of-the-way places, the squadron passed the equator, and then lay becalmed for a period of two months. Then a storm arose, which bore Drake's flotilla to the island of Patagonia, the natives of which were found to be people of extraordinary size and stature, of whom some wonderful and romantic tales were told.

On the 20th of June Drake anchored off Port St. Julian, and here, owing to the unguarded conduct of some of his men, he had an encounter with the natives; but after a sharp hand-to-hand struggle he proved victorious and sailed away.

Two months afterwards he gained the Straits of Magellan; but, owing to a series of disasters, his little squadron had in the meantime been reduced to three ships. Drake rested here a while, and changed the name of his ship, the *Pelican*, for that of the *Golden Hind*, in remembrance of his "honourable friend and favourer," Sir Christopher Hatton, who bore a hart as his device. Again they set sail, and, after encountering a series of perilous storms, they passed into the Great South Sea, and touched Cape Horn, where English ships had never been before. They afterwards bore north-

wards, and in the stormy seas one of Drake's three vessels, the *Marigold*, parted from them, and no tidings of her ever again reached human ears. Shortly after this the *Elizabeth* dropped astern, and her captain, not caring to penetrate further northwards, put about for England, and so left Drake to himself.

Although this desertion would at first sight appear a calamity, it proved in reality of great advantage to Drake, for his cares and responsibilities were now confined to his own ship and crew, both of which were formed of the right sort of stuff for endurance and adventure, and so the *Golden Hind* went bravely on until it reached the Spanish port of Valparaiso, where a supply of provisions and wine was obtained, of which the storm-beaten mariners stood in great need, and, to quote the words of the historian, "they fell to and feasted right merrily."

After enjoying a few days' rest and generous living Drake again set sail, and on getting out to sea they met with a Spanish ship heavily laden with valuable stores. This they immediately captured. In February, 1579, the *Golden Hind* anchored at Callao, the harbour of the wealthy city of Lima. Here Drake and his crew landed well armed, and so terrified the people that they suffered him to carry away a large quantity of gold and silver, and other booty, without offering the slightest resistance.

Drake had scarcely got his rich spoil safely stowed away when he received intelligence of the departure for Panama of a famous treasure-ship, the *Cacauego*, a vessel of enormous size, and with a crew four times the number of the *Golden Hind*. This disproportion in strength and numbers acted as an incentive rather than a discouragement to Drake's daring spirit. He determined to secure the great ship, and, crowding all sail, instantly set off in pursuit of her. Within a short distance of Panama Drake came up with the object of his pursuit, attacked her on the instant, and speedily boarded and took possession of her, the treasure in gold and valuables being estimated at £100,000 of the then value of money.

For six months after this some thousands of miles of ocean were ploughed, for Drake aimed at discovering a passage in the Northern Seas by which the eastern and western hemispheres might be brought into readier communication than could be accomplished by going round the Cape of Good Hope; but a succession of violent storms arising, this design was frustrated, and Drake was compelled to bear away southwards. At length he discovered an inhabited island, where he landed, the crew erecting huts, and the ship being brought inshore to undergo repair, of which she now stood in great need. A friendly feeling soon sprang up between the natives and Drake and his companions, and our countrymen spent a happy residence there of six weeks. Drake named this place New Albion, and the harbour Port of Drake.

In October of the same year Drake visited the Philippine Islands and the Moluccas, at each of which places he was received with great honour, and traded largely with the natives; and in the following month they put into a small uninhabited island near the east coast of Celebes, where they saw strange sights—"fiery worms flying through the air," "bats as big as large hens," and crayfish, one of which was large enough for "four hungry stomachs at a dinner."

Leaving these regions of romance, Drake returned homeward, and without further hindrance or adventure arrived safely at Plymouth on the 26th of September, 1580, after an absence of two years and ten months.

Drake was welcomed to his native land by the ringing of bells, bonfires, fireworks, and other demonstrations; and when he stepped on shore crowds of people received him with cheering and hearty congratulations.

The very next day he set out to see his parents at Tavistock, his vessel meanwhile setting sail for Deptford, where it was moored in the Thames, and where shortly afterwards Queen Elizabeth honoured Drake by coming on board and dining with him, and at the end of the day's festivities made him a knight.

By the Queen's orders the *Golden Hind* was lodged in the dock at Deptford, and became one of the sights of the day, being visited by persons from far and near. Gradually the stout old ship sank to decay, and was finally broken up, but out of the timber a chair was made for the University of Oxford, which is to be seen in that place of learning to this day.

Drake was afterwards engaged in other expeditions, which need not be particularly alluded to here; suffice it to say that all his undertakings went to enhance the fame he had already acquired.

His end was a melancholy one, especially for so great a man, for in the midst of health and spirits he was suddenly seized with madness, and, after a succession of violent paroxysms, he died on the 28th of January, 1596, in the fifty-first year of his age.

A POPULAR SKETCH OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE story of the Peninsular War will ever attract those who admire a noble stand-up fight for liberty and independence. The lips that could tell that story from personal observation are mostly silent in the grave, but many valiant pens have recorded its wonderful details, and of those details we will now endeavour to give the reader a trustworthy outline. May the time never come when the youth of the British Empire shall turn away from such narratives to peruse the adventures of imaginary heroes, who if they had ever lived would have been a disgrace to mankind!

Early in the present century the Emperor Napoleon had vanquished Austria, Russia, Prussia, and thought to find Spain and Portugal an easy prey. Portugal, of course, with its two million people, was a mere pigmy to Napoleon, absolute ruler of thirty million Frenchmen, and beholding almost the entire continent of Europe at his feet. He had only to send Marshal Junot with 20 or 30,000 troops, and, as they poured over the heights surrounding Lisbon, the Royal family, under the protection of English men-of-war, embarked for Brazil with 18,000 of the most notable inhabitants. How the peasants rose upon their invaders, and what atrocities ensued on both

sides, it is not our purpose to relate at present. Suffice it that the Portuguese only awaited the time to deliver themselves from their hated oppressors.

But with Spain the French Emperor put forth all the resources of his crafty genius, and, instead of marching like a bold robber to steal the Spanish crown, he obtained it with all the adroitness of a London sharper. We will briefly notice his proceedings at this point, as they go far to explain that grand burst of national passion which followed. The King of Spain at that period was Charles IV., whose whole time was divided between the pleasures of the chase and of the table, the society of worthless favourites and cunning priests. His son Ferdinand, the heir-apparent, was one of those unfathomable persons who by making great pretensions to religion and piety advance their own ends to a certain degree, and then find themselves thwarted by the suspicion their conduct engenders. Don Manuel Godoy was the traitor who, loaded with royal favours, betrayed state secrets to Napoleon, and became in his hands a ready tool for the enslavement of the Spanish nation. Such were the principal sharers, either active or passive, in Napoleon's intrigue against ten millions of men.

Now for the intrigue itself. First a secret treaty was executed at Fontainebleau for the partition of Portugal, the Spanish King agreeing that a French army of 28,000 men should enter Spain and march directly for Lisbon, and that 40,000 more should be held in reserve at Bayonne for the same purpose. Thus did Napoleon procure the admission of a large army into Spain, and, under the plea of consulting the security of his troops, he obtained possession of the forts of Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, Figueras, and Barcelona. By thus holding the keys of the kingdom he had it in his power to introduce through the passes of the Pyrenees any additional number of soldiers. Accordingly in three months in the depth of winter 70,000 French infantry and 10,000 cavalry entered Spain by the Pass of Irun. It was even whispered that, to leave Napoleon a clear stage for his operations, the Royal family were intending to transfer the seat of government to Mexico. But the echo of that whisper was like a clap of thunder, and Madrid was convulsed with rage and apprehension. On the 17th March, 1808, it was reported that the guards had received orders to march to Aranjuez, where the court then resided. The inhabitants of Madrid rushed in crowds to prevent their departure, and several grandees and ministers circulated handbills in the surrounding country to expose the designs of the court, and the danger to which the kingdom was exposed. That night was a scene of tumult. The next day immense crowds hurried to Aranjuez, where the palace of

Godoy, though defended by his guards, was forced and the furniture destroyed. The mob, with great politeness, conducted his wife to the royal palace. Godoy had disappeared, but his brother Diego, commandant of the life-guards, was arrested by his own soldiers. Godoy, after having with difficulty escaped the fury of the populace, was arrested at Madrid on the 18th, and the King, half paralysed with fright, abdicated the crown on the 19th in favour of his son Ferdinand.

Murat, commander of the French forces in Spain, no sooner heard of the occurrences at Aranjuez than he hastened the march of his army towards the capital, when he received intelligence from the King that, owing to foul play, he had resigned the crown, but would now place himself entirely at the disposal of Napoleon. Ferdinand thereupon, at Murat's suggestion, sought an interview with the Emperor at Bayonne, where he found himself denied the honours due to a sovereign, and even threatened with violence if he did not at once surrender his throne. Murat now induced the ex-King Charles to visit the Emperor at Bayonne, and father and son having made a formal renunciation of their rights, Napoleon hurried them like state prisoners into the interior of France.

In the meantime the most dreadful disorders prevailed in Madrid. The French, who had taken virtual possession of the city, were daily insulted; and on the morning of the 2nd May a half-armed multitude attacked them with great vigour, and, turning upon them some of their own artillery, forced them out of the city with terrible slaughter. Wherever, indeed, a French soldier was discovered he was instantly cut down or shot. The alarm was now sounded, and large French reinforcements pouring in overwhelmed the insurgents. The principal object with the French army was the street Alcala, in which were collected upwards of 10,000 people. Against this and the neighbouring streets and squares thirty discharges of artillery were directed with murderous effect; these were followed up by charges of cavalry; the people, routed and dismayed, took refuge in the houses, and the French, irritated to the highest degree by their previous defeat, followed them into every nook and corner, killing all whom they discovered. The place where the Spaniards made the most vigorous defence was the Store-house of Artillery, which, besides ammunition, contained upwards of 10,000 stand of arms. Thither Murat sent a detachment to take possession of the arsenal, but he found it occupied by a number of citizens and artillerymen, led by two brave officers named Doais and Velayde. A 24-pounder charged with grape-shot, placed at the gate of the Store-house, in front of a long and narrow street, made dreadful havoc among

the French column as it advanced, and obliged the commander to send to Murat for reinforcements. Two other French columns then advanced, and, after attacking the small garrison on both flanks, repeatedly summoned it to surrender, but the brave and resolute commanders refused to listen to the proposition, and their constancy remained unshaken to the last moment of their existence. Velayde at length was killed by a musket-shot, and Doais had his thigh broken by a cannon-ball; this hero continued to give his orders with the greatest composure till he had received three other wounds, the last of which closed his glorious career. The arsenal was surrendered soon after. At 2 o'clock the firing ceased, and groups of the nobility paraded the streets, escorted by Spanish soldiers and French imperial guards intermixed. The inhabitants now flattered themselves that the carnage was at an end, but in the afternoon Murat formed a military tribunal which condemned to death many of the unfortunates who had been made prisoners in the early part of the day. Three groups of forty each were successively shot in the Prado, a favourite promenade. In this way was the evening of May 2 spent by the French, and the citizens, in bitter mockery of their savage grief, were ordered to illuminate their houses in rejoicing for the maintenance of law and order. Through the whole night the dead and dying were to be seen lying in heaps upon the blood-stained pavement, and for several days the feelings of the inhabitants were outraged by these judicial murders.

(To be continued in our next.)

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

GUESS FOR WOUNDED HONOUR.

In the last century duelling was so much in fashion among officers that a week scarcely passed at any military quarters without an "affair of honour" taking place. The cause of quarrel was frequently most trivial, but, under any circumstances, it was considered incumbent upon an officer to call out another from whom he had received the slightest affront. This absurd and wicked custom begat a number of professed duellists, who, having by constant practice rendered themselves expert swordsmen and pistol shots, took every opportunity of fomenting quarrels, so that they might have the diabolical gratification of maiming or murdering one of their fellow-creatures.

In 1798 the 36th Regiment was quartered at Cork, and among the officers was Major Grierson, a man of arrogant and overbearing manners and a noted duellist, famed for the deadly use he could make of either sword or pistol. One day the major hap-

pened to be conversing with Captain Munroe on the subject of duelling, when the captain, who had recently joined the regiment, but had seen considerable service in India, observed that it had never been his chance to be engaged in a single affair. The words acted like wildfire on the inflammable mind of the major. "What!" he exclaimed, "you have never had a cause of quarrel?" "Never," replied the captain calmly. "Well, then," cried Major Grierson, "there is one." And, raising his hand, while his eyes gleamed with ferocious pleasure, he struck Captain Munroe a violent blow on the cheek. The latter eyed him for a moment without attempting to return the blow, but, pointing significantly to his sword, left the room. The consequence was inevitable: preliminaries were arranged, and the same evening the parties met. It was decided to fight with small swords, the major, confident in his superior skill, preferring this weapon.

The captain came on the ground wearing a large black patch of taffeta on his cheek, as if to conceal the place where he had received the degrading blow. The captain, though no duellist, was a most expert swordsman, and the major, despite his practice and skill, was soon at his antagonist's mercy. The captain contented himself with inflicting a severe wound in the major's sword arm. He then drew a pair of scissors from his pocket, and, clipping off a corner of the patch, he quietly observed, "*It is a little better,*" and left the field.

As soon as Major Grierson recovered from his wound he received a second message from Captain Munroe, and a second meeting was the consequence, attended by a similar result. Again they met, and again on every occasion of the captain wounding his adversary he clipped off a corner from the patch on his cheek, always accompanying the act with the same observation.

For the fifth time Captain Munroe invited his enemy to the field, and with a stern determination, equal to the perseverance that dogged him, the major obeyed the summons. Their swords crossed, but this time the captain's aspect was changed. After a few passes he perceived an advantage, availed himself of it instantly, and pierced Major Grierson to the heart. The captain sheathed his weapon, glared at the dead body at his feet, and, removing the remainder of the patch from his cheek, observed in his customary calm tone, "*Now it is cured.*"

A SONG IN SEASON.

In the attack on Martinique the artillery was landed from the ships, and a body of seamen were employed in dragging the cannon upwards of three miles, the latter portion of the way being up mountains and under a heavy fire from the enemy. But the task was performed with singular intrepidity and cheerfulness, and on the first cannon that ascended the heights a sailor sat astride, waving his cap and singing "God save the King."

WORSHIP AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

For many years after the death of Napoleon his burial-place was regarded by the French as the most sacred spot on earth. Whenever a French ship touched at St. Helena the officers and crew would dress themselves in their best and march in a body to the departed Emperor's resting-place, with insignia of mourning, and music playing a dead march. When they came

within sight of the well-known weeping willow they would all uncover their heads, and on approaching nearer they would fall on their knees, and, with tears running down their cheeks, would kiss the railings that surrounded the grave. The resident priest would then read an appropriate prayer, and afterwards the officers and men would walk in procession round the grave, and each take away some portion of the earth or grass with him.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER I.—THE PRESSGANG.

"How pretty those bells sound, John!" exclaimed a blushing young bride, as the leading pair of the wedding party issued from the low porch of Battersea Church, and the clash and clang of the marriage peal rang out suddenly from the grey tower, filling the air with the reverberance of its merry chime. "(Oh! how glad and happy the sound of those sweet bells makes me!" she continued, as she laid her disengaged hand on her husband's arm, and with a look of beaming happiness gazed into his smiling sunburnt face.

"Then they shall ring every year on the tenth of May, Mary, as long as I've a shot in the locker," replied the young husband.

"Why every year, John?" she asked archly.

"Because it gives you pleasure, don't it? I'd have 'em every week, for that matter, if I thought you'd like it. But once a year they shall ring, to let all the watermen of Battersea and Putney know that it's the wedding day of the happiest couple that ever parson spliced."

And as they passed the gate into the road he pressed the happy girl closer to his side, and suddenly threw his arms round her waist, exclaiming as his groomsmen and friends hurried forward, "No you don't, Joe. My turn first. I didn't like doing it in church." Drawing his bride's sweet face closer, he stooped and took a long and fervent kiss from her tempting lips. Then, surveying her blushing face with a look of quiet rapture, he said in a pleading tone, as he half reluctantly relaxed his grasp of her waist—

"Let poor Joe have a kiss, there's a darling."

"To be sure I will," cried the frank-hearted girl. "Isn't he your best man and my old friend? So, Joe, you may have a kiss."

The young waterman, who a minute before had pressed forward as if bent on taking *à la carte* the privileged salute, now, quite disconcerted by the free and affable manner of the young wife, hung back, looked questioningly at the girl on his arm, took off his hat, and seemed altogether in a state of blissful uncertainty.

"Now, you stoopid, don't you know how to kiss a gal when she asks you? Go along with you!" exclaimed the young woman whom Joe was

gallanting, and, with a sudden propulsion towards her friend Mary Maitland, she withdrew her arm and took a step in the rear, while Joe, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, sheepishly advanced, and, encircling Mary's form with his hat and arm, but without touching her waist, stooped down and kissed those rosy lips, and then returned to Susan's side, amid the laughter and jeers of his companions and friends, who brought up the rear.

"Now then, wear ship, and steer for home and the old woman. Come along, Mary, my darling," cried the bridegroom, as he crossed the bridge and struck down the fields that at that time covered the southern bank of the Thames from Battersea to Vauxhall, and finally turned into one of a row of cottages that, surrounded by its garden, stood in one of the hollows of the marshy land now known as Battersea Park.

About nine o'clock that same evening the cottage door again opened, and John Maitland, looking back for a moment to the merry party within, said in his light cheery voice, "I am only going to run over the bridge, to tell mother we shall be home by eleven. I'll be back before you've got the supper on the table. Finish my grog for me, Joe; I shan't be gone not ten minutes."

"Oh! how dark! You won't be very long, dear John?" murmured a gentle voice that stole to his side at the door, as, throwing a white arm round his neck, its owner pressed her soft lips to his cheek. "I shall count the minutes till you come back, love."

"Long? Lord bless ye! I could run blindfold there and back in ten minutes, Mary, and to-night I'll do it in half the time; so go in out of the damp, little wife, and help your mother with the supper. I'll be back in the turning of a marlingspike, bless your dear eyes." And, kissing his new-made wife, he gently put her indoors, and with a light and buoyant heart set off at a run to execute his mission.

"Ah! what, Tom, my hearty, how are ye? In stunsails and royals, and fill back! Why, I arn't seen ye not this hage," exclaimed a gruff voice, as John's hands were violently shaken in the grasp of a tall powerful fellow, half waterman, half sailor, who suddenly darted forward near the southern end of the bridge. "Where are you scudding to now under such press o' canvas? I'm blessed if you didn't near run me down. And how are you, Tom?" giving his hands another energetic shake.

"Quite well, messmate, but I think you've made a bit of a mistake. My name's not Tom, but John Maitland. I'm glad to see you, however; but, as I'm in a great hurry just now, you'll excuse my running away for a few minutes. I'll be back—"

"Now look there, Bill," replied the stranger, in a tone of wounded feeling, but still holding the waterman's hands as in a vice. "Would you 'a thought human nature was so hardened as for this here oove, as I have knowed from a babby, and have been most a father to— Why, it brings the waver into my hies, it does—a kid as I loved as my own partickler son, that he should go for to say to my very face he doesn't know me! Ain't it willainous, Bill?"

Irritated beyond measure by the familiarity, and at being forcibly detained by this drunken

sailor, John Maitland attempted, but in vain, to disengage his hands from the iron grip of the speaker. Still, never doubting his intoxication, he mechanically turned his head in the direction of the other's imaginary companion, when, to his amazement, and somewhat to his alarm, having neither heard nor seen any one approach, he beheld two burly fellows, with hairy caps on their heads, and heavy bludgeons in their hands, standing within a few inches of his person.

"Ain't it howdacious, Bill?"

"Unnatural willainy," replied the nearest of the two, after emitting a stream of tobacco juice over the waterman's shoulder.

"What is it you want? I don't know you," cried John, wrenching his hands by a violent effort from the first speaker's grip. "If you like to stop five minutes I'll give you some grog, but I must go now."

"Just to see the ingratitude of human natur!" exclaimed a voice behind, as a firm grasp was fixed on his coat, checking in an instant John's forward bound. "Wants to cut and run, arter we being at the trouble o' getting supper ready for him, arn't we Bill, arn't we Mat?"

"In course we has," put in Mat, the first speaker. "Baked taters, sheep's head, and—what else, Bill?"

"Bacey and grog," growled Bill.

"In course, that was it; so come away, my hearty, or I'm blessed if the taters won't get cold."

"Take your hand off my coat," exclaimed Maitland, with rising passion, "or I'll do you a mischief. Off, I say! I don't know you. What do you want with me?" And, with a violent effort, he tore himself free from the hand that held him, but only to find himself in a circle of six bearded ruffians, who, with threatening gestures, hammed him in on every side.

"You don't know us?" said another of the party, in an ironical tone. "Well!"

"No; what are you?"

"What are we, Mat? Tell the cove."

"We are his Majesty's dootiful subjects, and, as the King's Majesty has taken an unkinmon liking to your figure-head, he's sent us to invite you to supper with a lot of reglar merry dogs, aboard the tender, do you see?"

"Ay, ay, that's the genteel way to put it. Mat's a scholar."

"The tender? The *press-gang*? Oh! Mary, Mary!"

"No it ain't; it's the *Nancy*, ye fool."

"Stand back! I'll not be taken! You dare not touch me! I'm a free waterman!" cried Maitland, every nerve in his body strung to resistance, and throwing himself into an attitude at once of defence and attack.

"It's a lie," replied the one indicated as Mat. "You've bin out of your time these six months, and we should have come for you before, but hadn't time."

"Come, you know what it is. No more gammon. Trudge! Do you hear?" cried Bill, giving the half-bewildered husband a push with his bludgeon.

In an instant the young waterman's blood was on fire, and springing round on his assailant he dealt him so fierce a blow in the face that the burly ruffian staggered and fell heavily on his back. Bounding from the group, John Maitland darted forward in the direction of the cottage he

had so lately left, and, calling on his friends by name to come to his aid, had got some yards in advance, when his foot caught in a stump, he lost his balance and staggered, and a heavy blow on the head stretched him insensible on the grass. In an instant he was pounced upon, gagged, and bound, and, as helpless as a log, carried to the river side, flung into the bottom of a pinnace, and his captors, taking their seats, rowed rapidly towards the Tower.

"Ain't a bad haul for one night, Bill, six on 'em," observed the coxswain Mat as he steered the boat more into the centre of the river, where the shadow lay as black as ink. "And all prime uns too. Give that butcher a kick on the scone, Sam, if he don't hold his blubbering, for I'm blowed if I can hear the rush at the bridge."

A surly admonition from the bows, and a sharp quick exclamation of pain from some muffled object at the bottom of the pinnace, followed by a profound silence, told very suggestively of the quieting system adopted by the press-gang in the days of irresponsible power.

Having safely "shot the bridge," as clearing the arch was called, always a hazardous, and often a dangerous operation, the man at the tiller adroitly steered his craft out of the cauldron of foaming water, where she was tossed like a cork in the whirl and eddy, and brought her, under the nimble strokes of the rowers, once more into the deep shadow that seemed to invest more than half the river in an impenetrable pall of darkness.

"Belay there! backwater," muttered the coxswain in a suppressed whisper, and, the men lying on their oars, the boat was brought almost to a standstill under a row of loaded barges, like vast coffins, that formed a black wall far down the pool, while beyond, rising through the darkness, towered up a perfect forest of masts and spars. The creak of a block, the splash of an oar, or the clank of a chain, with the far-off "ye ho!" of a mariner straining at the capstan, were the only sounds that disturbed the almost painful silence of the scene, while the red glare from the windows of some bank-side tavern, or the light from some ship's cabin making a path of rippling fire across the inky water formed the only relief to the solemn picture.

Lying motionless in the middle of the river, with her head down stream, was a long low suspicious-looking craft, schooner-rigged, with tall raking masts, down which, unbrailled and loose, trailed three or four sails, either denoting great negligence and disorder on board or preparations for an instant departure. Not a streak of paint or touch of colour relieved the hearse-like look of the vessel, and not a sound could be heard from her decks, though, from her length and breadth of beam, it was evident she could have held a swarm of human life.

Directly abreast of the schooner, but quite a bow-shot from her, the pinnace was brought up, herself entirely hid in the shadow from the tier of barges alongside.

"Show the glim, Sam," cried the coxswain, as a boat was seen to leave the schooner's side. The man in the bow instantly drew back the slide of a dark lantern, and raising it twice above his head, and then sinking it to the edge of the water, closed the slide, and resumed his seat. The next instant a long beam of red light shot

out like a javelin from the dark hull of the schooner, flashing like lightning in the faces of the boat's crew, and then as suddenly became extinguished.

"All right. Give way there, and with a will. Long strokes, and steady." The speaker put the boat's head across the stream, while the men, bending to their task, sent the pinnacle like a racer through the water, and in five minutes she was safely under the lee of the mysterious-looking craft.

"What boat ahoy?" demanded a sharp imperative voice, as a high port-hole was suddenly opened in the black hull, and an officer in undress was dimly seen at the entrance.

"A 15, Bligh," responded the coxswain.

"How many?"

"Six."

"Good. Tumble up."

Upon this a tarpaulin was hastily flung aside by the men in the boat, and the gagged, and in some instances insensible victims, the spoil of the night's expedition, were unceremoniously dragged from the bottom, and passed to some equally rough hands at the port-hole, and as rapidly conveyed from sight.

"I'll have the law on you all for this," cried the butcher, the last of the number, from whose mouth the gag had fallen as he was being transferred, "and particular for him as kicked my—" The rest of the sentence was lost, partly in the recesses of the vessel, partly being merged in a cry of pain, as the arm of a marine thrust out his bayonet, with a paper on the point, and then closed the port.

The coxswain seized the receipt, took out his tobacco box, bit off a quid, stowed away his paper on the top of the tobacco, and, again taking the tiller, gave the order to "give way." Brief as the space had been from the closing of the port-hole to the dropping of the men's oars into the water, the schooner had in that time slipped from her moorings, the loose sails had been sheeted home as if by magic, and the mysterious-looking craft, under full sail, was gliding down the river like a gloomy phantom, the sharp creak of her spanker boom, as it swung to port, being the only sound to tell of her getting under weigh. And thus the boat of the press-gang and the tender parted company.

"Bear away, my lads, now for supper, and oceans o' grog. We've done a good stroke of business to-night. I smells the baked taters."

"Where? I doesn't," cried the stroke oar, sniffing the air of the not too savoury Thames.

"In my mind's nose, mate. I wonder how much Bates made to-night. That were Bates's cutter, warn't it?"

"As sartin as this is oarn."

"The *Billyruffen* has got her complement, or the *Saucy Nancy* wouldn't have slipped her cable so quick."

"Back water! hold hard! Here's Wapping Old Stairs. Run her up. That's it. Now look after the togs, and in you are to wittles." And carrying their loose gear into the Jolly Sailors, the six men entered the parlour prepared for them, and devoted the next four hours to the refining luxuries of eating, drinking, and smoking.

To go to the homes of the six victims of one of the most atrocious systems of tyrannous power

ever devised, and draw aside the curtain on grief, suspense, agony, and despair, would be too harrowing. Each episode, a deep tragedy in itself, would far exceed our limits to record. Leaving, then, such household suffering to the imagination of the reader, we shall content ourselves with following the light-heeled tender *Nancy*, and confine our remarks and our sympathies to the hero of our veritable story, John Maitland, the late happy bridegroom, and the once jolly young waterman of Battersea Bridge.

CHAPTER II.—THE "SAUCY NANCY."

So sharp and rakish and built on such beautiful lines was the *Saucy Nancy* that, when all her canvas was set, and favoured with wind and tide, she slipped like a greyhound from her leash, and so noiseless and spirit-like glided down the river that she has passed Tilbury Fort and taken a long reach over to the Kentish shore before our seven-leagued imagination can overtake her, and we can obtain the quarter-master's permission to step on board.

The time is sunrise, the master and first mate are taking out their spell of sleeping, the sailing-master has the command of the deck, and two half-awake middies are keeping the larboard and starboard watch. A marine with a fixed bayonet stands at the cabin door, while two others keep watch and ward over the main hatchway: for pressed men are generally desperate ones—men who, in the first hours of their captivity, regard wife, children, and home as worth any risk that man or water can oppose to them, and to whom nothing but the actual face-to-face danger of a yard of cold steel in the stomach can keep in anything like reason and calmness. After a time, like the eels that get accustomed to skinning, they don't mind it quite so much.

The people of England, and particularly of London, about this time took a strong prejudice against the whole system of press-gang enforcement, and at the cry of distress from a victim they often mustered in great numbers, rescued the prisoner, and gave the man-thieves a sound thrashing. Now, as his Majesty's ships wanted crews, and there was no time to use persuasion, this proceeding on the part of the unreflecting public was very provoking, and at the same time extremely disloyal. Accordingly orders were given to transact this delicate piece of business as quietly as possible, and for this purpose the upper bank of the Thames, where a boat could always be at hand to hide the plunder, was selected as the theatre of operations.

The system of capture itself was very simple, and, as avoiding noise was the principal aim, the victim was generally stunned in the first instance with a blow from a bludgeon, gagged, flung into the boat, and covered over till another was secured. It is true the examining surgeons complained a good deal about the severity of the blow given, and objected to the number of skulls they had to trepan; but then an active and energetic officer must be allowed some discretion, and cannot be supposed to know intuitively the thickness of every man's skull he has to operate on for the good of the country and the honour of his Majesty's navy. Hence all that secrecy with regard to the boats going to and leaving the tender we have just described.

With this digression we will unbatten the main hatch at seven o'clock a.m., descend to the run-deck of the *Sancy Nancy*, just now growing lively under the influence of the cross sea that meets her as she sweeps through the foam or pitches over the waves, with her head pointed to the Nore.

The hatches had been battened down for so many hours that it required some minutes, after removing the slides from the combings, to allow the foul air to rise and some degree of ventilation to take place between decks before the visitor would care much about descending.

A row of thick bull's-eyes down each side of the saloon admitted a sort of misty twilight; but when the main hatch was opened, revealing a square patch of the soft blue sky, as in the present instance, the deck became as light as day.

Stretched along the flooring in every conceivable attitude, in solitary units, or groups of three, four, and sixes, sat, reclined, or lay, huddled together, a company of some 150 men, in all kinds of costume — the gambler and the roué in his fashionably cut but soiled and torn clothes, the mechanic in his fustian, the real tar, the office clerk, the tramp, the shoeless beggar in his rags, and the sturdy coal-heaver, with his begrimed flesh and six days' beard — some on their faces, making pillows of their crossed arms; some on their backs; some again apart, seated with their backs to the ship's side, embracing their drawn-up knees.

One man (it was John Maitland) had thrown himself forward over a dismantled cannonade, and, with his fingers convulsively twined in his hair, lay so rigid and statueque that, but for the deep swelling pantings that from time to time escaped through his clenched teeth, he might have been taken for grief personified in bronze.

The greater number, however, lay coiled up in groups, like animals in a swinish sleep. Seventieths of the whole muster were still brutally drunk, or apoplectically insensible from the blows that had made them, in the first instance, passive victims to the ruffian spoilers.

Some in their dreams disputed with the treacherous companions who had lured them to their fate in the crimp's crib or the press-gang's haunt; others, with dawning consciousness, fought over their struggle with their ruthless captors, and, with oaths and blasphemy, struck their sleeping companions, evoking a string of frightful expletives and drunken curses, rattling, as they moved their uneasy limbs, the chains in which their pugnacious arms and legs had been confined.

Altogether it was a sight that to see once was to remember for ever; while the recollection that each of these men (made, in most cases, brutally drunk, that they might be the more easily trapped) had a home, a wife, a mother, or a sister, who would long and anxiously look for his return, and mourn to the end of life his mysterious absence, filled the mind with thoughts and feelings it were not good to harbour.

A bell on deck was faintly heard beating a succession of strokes, the number of which no one if he heard it, in that profane and dreary company, thought of counting, or indeed of regarding; for to those who did hear it all time seemed to their imagination since yesterday lost and annihilated.

As the last tinkling tremor died away a door near the forward bulkhead suddenly opened, and a square-built bearded fellow, with a perpetual scowl on his face, entered, followed by three men. The person in question wore a cap with narrow gold lace, the device of an anchor on his collar, and some hieroglyphic marks in the same material worked on his left arm, under which he carried a long supple cane, made of slips of whalebone, bound firmly together by brass rings and ferules at different lengths.

This important personage, having cast his eye disdainfully over the length and breadth of his human waifs and strays, while his subordinates closed the door behind them, drew a silver call from his waistcoat pocket, and, blowing a shrill whistle, stopped for a moment to watch its effect; but beyond the sudden rise and fall of a head or two, and the uneasy roll over of a few of the still insensible sleepers, no response was made to the boatswain's piping.

"My eyes and limbs! nine bells gone, and not a blessed thief a moving. Here's a specimen of education and d-d-d-d, enough to make rope yarn stand on end with horror. Up, you skunk; up, you lazy rascal; up, you son of a she lurcher; up, and look lively."

And, to give emphasis to his adjuration, down came, in rapid succession, first to the right, then to the left, on any part of their bodies that presented, the long supple cane, with a whack, whack, whack, each stroke being responded to by a howl or savage cry of pain, making the individual writhe and twist his tortured body in a manner agonising to behold, so intense seemed the suffering inflicted.

Some sprang to their feet like furies, and were only curbed from springing at their torturer's throat like wild beasts by a fiercer application of the instrument of torture; others rolled over and over, emitting yells and blasphemy at every gyration; while some, again, with scowling looks, slunk back like beaten hounds, grasping their suffering limbs.

"A pretty set of lazy vagabonds you are, to be sleeping here at nine bells, and paying no more heed to the boatswain's pipe than if you was all stone-d-d-d. Up, you leading thieves, or I'll give you such a breakfast of the boatswain's daughter as shall stop your appetite for the next week to come. Tumble up there, or, by —," and he swung his plant cane so fiercely over his head that its sharp ominous sound, with a glance at the determined features of the man who wielded the dreaded sceptre, had the effect of inducing all to scramble to their feet, no matter how their limbs trembled. Irritated at not being able to show the effects of his cane more fully, by the promptitude with which the men staggered up, he brought the weapon down on the back of one bungler who was essaying the difficult task of standing on his feet, and then, gratified by the involuntary ejaculations of the sufferer, the boatswain tucked the cane under his arm and, with a surly order to "look sharp," strode down the deck, and, ascending the companion, proceeded to the fore-castle.

(To be continued in our next.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SOLDIERS' WIVES ON THE MARCH TO CORUNNA.]

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

A PERIOD of inaction succeeded the battle of Vimiera. Burrard was superseded in his command by Sir Hew Dalrymple, who, in his turn, was recalled. Sir Arthur Wellesley had already returned to England, and the command of the army devolved upon Sir John Moore, an officer respected by the country and popular with the soldiers. On the 11th of November, 1808, Sir John crossed the rivulet dividing Spain from Portugal, and entered Ciudad Rodrigo. At San Martin, he slept in the house of the curé, and occupied the same bed that had the previous year been

assigned to Junot and Loison, on their respective marches; and on the 13th he entered Salamanca.

There disastrous news awaited him: one of his supporting armies had already been defeated by an indiscreet movement on Burgos, while another portion of the army, under General Blake, had been utterly dispersed, and several magazines taken. So that, instead of his advance into Spain being covered with a force of 70,000 men, Moore found himself in an open town without a gun, without a Spanish picket, and with only three infantry brigades, and the French outposts but three miles distant.

After a few days of indecision Moore deter-

minged to attack Marshal Soult, the commander of the French army, at Solbach. While thus advancing a brilliant affair between Lord Paget, colonel of the 10th Hussars, and the French cavalry, led by a possession of a series of positions which were formerly so important. A corps of 700 French cavalry were reported to be behind the main body of their army, and Lord Paget deemed it practicable to cut them off. He accordingly put himself at the head of the 10th and 15th Hussars, and in the middle of a cold and wintry night, when the ground was covered with snow, he set out upon his expedition.

When they had ridden about two-thirds of the way Lord Paget divided his force, and desiring General Blakeney, with the 10th, to enter the town on the side, he wheeled off to approach it by a different route. It was not long before his lordship's party fell in with a picket of the enemy, and all except one man were either cut down or made prisoners. But the escape of one was as injurious, under the circumstances, as the escape of the whole; for the alarm was given, and before the 15th could reach the point to which they were advancing the enemy was ready to receive them. It was now broad daylight, and as the attacking party drew near the French were seen formed, in what appeared to be an open plain, at a short distance from the town. The 15th were wheeled into a line in a moment, and, as there was no time to be lost, they followed their leader at a brisk trot, with the intention of charging; but when they were yet fifty yards from the enemy they found that a wide ditch divided them, and that the French had availed themselves of other inequalities in the ground, of which, when some way off, the English had not been aware. A pause was now necessarily made; but one instant served to put the whole again in motion. The regiment, wheeling to its left, soon found a convenient place for crossing; and, though the enemy manoeuvred actively to hinder the formation, our men were again in line and advanced to the charge within five minutes of receiving the check. A few changes of ground now took place, as each corps seemed to gain the mastery over the other. The British cavalry, however, ultimately effected its object, and came down at full speed upon their opponents, who stood to receive the shock. The struggle was brief, though fierce, and the French cavalry were completely overthrown. Many were killed upon the spot, many more unhorsed, and 157 were made prisoners, including two colonels. In this brilliant exploit the English cavalry amounted to only 400 men, whilst that of the French, as already stated, was 700.

Meanwhile the main army continued its march, in the midst of bad weather and over heavy and ill-formed roads, and on the evening of the 23rd of November, after a forced march of many days, Sir John Moore halted, with the intention of attacking Soult on the morrow.

The dispositions were made for attack and the troops were getting under arms when couriers arrived with the tidings that the French were moving in all directions to cut the English off, and that Napoleon himself had taken the field, determined, as it was reported, "to sweep the British before him into the ocean." On the receipt of this intelligence the orders to advance were countermanded instantly, and preparations were made for a retreat.

On the 24th of December the army commenced falling back, and the retreat continued, marked by some small skirmishes between the cavalry of the two armies, and occasional attacks which terminated invariably in favour of the latter. The hussar regiments behaved most nobly, and on every occasion, regardless of numbers or the more discouraging elements of retreat, they sought a combat and always came off the conquerors.

The infantry already began to experience the effects of the march in severe weather and with insufficient rations. The way lay through an exhausted country, without a friendly halting-place. The weather was cold, and sleet and rain fell almost continuously. Borne down with the weight of their arms and accoutrements, and with 70,000 veteran troops closely digging their steps, it is not difficult to imagine the sufferings, mentally and bodily, which our brave troops were compelled to endure.

Some idea may be gathered of the wretchedness of the weather and the badness of the roads by the following incident that occurred in connection with the French army.—On nearing Espinar the French artillery, preceding the column of infantry, declared that they could not advance further, owing to the hurrican of hail and snow by which they were assailed. Napoleon met the troops returning, and immediately dismounted from his horse, placed himself at their head, and ordered them to follow him. His spirit on this, as on all similar crises, animated those under his command, and without an other murmur they followed their Emperor, who retained his place on foot, immediately in front, and thus exposed himself much more than many of the meanest soldiers to the blinding storm.

On the 27th of December the English army reached Benevente, and early next day it commenced crossing the river Esla. The waters were already rising, and one huge and ill-constructed ferry-boat was the only disposable means by which to pass over a whole division, its baggage, and its camp followers. The waters were increasing, the rain fell in torrents, the east wind blew with cutting violence, mules kicked, men shouted at each other, and women screamed: all was noise and disorder. Fortunately, however, a contiguous ford was declared practicable. The infantry and their equipments were passed safely, and before the flood rose sufficiently high to bar their passage the whole column were safe upon the right bank. The night passed in tolerable quiet, but early next morning the French were seen actively employed. Five hundred cavalry of the Guard tried for the ford, found it, and passed over. The pickets forming the English rear-guard at once confronted them, and, led on by Colonel Otway, charged repeatedly and checked the leading squadron. General Stewart placed himself at the head of the pickets, while Lord Anglesea rode back to bring up the 10th. Charges were made on both sides, the pickets gave ground, the French advanced, but the 10th were speedily at hand and came forward. The pickets rallied, they cheered, and cut boldly in at speed. The French were overthrown and driven across the river, with the loss of their colonel and seventy officers and men.

This brilliant encounter had the effect of keeping the French at a respectful distance, and enabled the column to reach Astorga without further molestation.

From the last-named place the retreat continued, and, by abandoning the sick and wounded, wasting the ammunition, and destroying the stores, the British outstripped pursuit, and on the 3rd of January, 1809, found themselves in comparative safety.

At Villa Franca Sir John Moore was threatened with attack. A strong column of infantry appeared on the heights, the artillery opened, and an engagement appeared inevitable. But, checked by the cannonade, the forward movement of the French was arrested, and Sir John, anxious to reach the better position of Lugo, continued his retreat.

During the whole day and night that distressing movement was executed, and forty miles were passed over roads on every side broken up, and in places knee-deep. The most heartrending scenes were witnessed in that dreadful march. The men dropped exhausted by the wayside in whole sections, and were there left to die. Women and children, of whom an immense number had been injudiciously allowed to accompany the army, shared the same fate. Infants lay frozen in their mothers' arms, the parents themselves in the agonies of death. Some were trying by the madness of intoxication to stimulate their worn-out frames to fresh exertion, or when totally exhausted to dull the agonies of slow but certain death. Some lay down in sullen composure, others vented their despair in oaths, and groans, and curses, while not a few prayed aloud to Heaven that their sufferings might be cut short.

Throughout the whole of this latter movement the French had pressed the British rear-guard closely, and a constant state of skirmishing was kept up. Though the enemy was invariably checked by the light troops, our army was becoming hourly less effective, and every mile that was accomplished served to mark the havoc made. To such a desperate condition was the once fine and well-appointed army reduced that quantities of arms and necessaries were abandoned or destroyed as being cumbersome; and two waggons-loads of dollars were actually thrown over a precipice into the bed of a mountain torrent.

It has always been a matter of surprise that the French did not force an engagement earlier, but the object probably was to suffer the English army, in a great measure, to wear itself out, and to attack it when it was weakest.

At length the army, or rather the remnants of it, reached the town of Lugo, and here the troops bivouacked in position. The concentration of so many troops at this wretched place produced a scene of hurry and confusion almost indescribable. Officers and men were alike huddled together in miserable huts that barely afforded shelter. The streets were filled with the baggage, and Spanish fugitives from the desolating line of the armies hovered about the outskirts of the cantonments like scarecrows. Detachments with worn-out or lamed horses scrambled through the mud, and the artillery, almost incapable of an effort, came slowly on with its heavy burden. Every now and then the distant reports of cannon and musketry were heard, while, to render the scene more cheerless and gloomy, the rain poured down in torrents, and the cold was intense.

Darkness came on: a wild and stormy night, a lonely hill, no fire, no food—such was the bivouac of Lugo, such the wretched situation of the harassed but still unconquered British.

An engagement was now hourly looked for, and as morning dawned our troops formed line, and coolly awaited the encounter; but it passed over, and the enemy made no hostile movement. When evening set in the retreat was continued, and, favoured by the darkness, they fled off silently by the rear, and left Lugo behind them.

Fortunately for the wearied troops, the French, deceived by the fires left burning when the march was commenced, did not discover the movement until daylight, and thus twelve hours were gained on the pursuers. This lost time could not be recovered, and the English were enabled to reach Corunna in safety.

Sir John Moore now determined that he would fall back no farther. Thus ended one of the most splendid and masterly retreats that have been recorded in the annals of modern warfare. For a period of nearly three weeks an army of 70,000 men, with a great superiority of cavalry, and led on by Napoleon in person, had endeavoured in vain to rout or surround 26,000 British. Two hundred and fifty miles of country had been traversed, mountains, defiles, and rivers had been crossed, in daily contact with the enemy, and with victory on the side of the pursued in every encounter.

Splendid as have been the achievements of the British army, heroic as are the deeds recounted of it, the whole history of warfare does not furnish a more striking picture of courage, fortitude, and endurance than is supplied by Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna.

Corunna afforded a very indifferent position to offer battle on, its extent rendering it peculiarly untenable by an army so weak in numbers as the British. But there was no alternative, for the condition of the army had now reached that crisis when utter annihilation could only be checked by the adoption of some desperate resolve. Sir John Moore thereupon determined to come to a halt and fight the enemy, and, after a close examination of the ground, he selected for his battlefield an eminence about a mile in front of Corunna. Here the position was accordingly marked out, and the brigades moved to their allotted posts.

While these dispositions were being made the enemy appeared in sight, but, with the exception of a partial cannonade, no hostile demonstration occurred. An unusual quietude ensued, and nothing seemed likely to produce any immediate excitement, when the explosion of four thousand barrels of gunpowder in one of the English magazines burst upon the astonished ear. It is impossible to describe the effect of this catastrophe. The unexpected and terrific crash seemed for the moment to deprive every person of reason and recollection. The soldiers flew to their arms, nor was it until a tremendous column of smoke, ascending from the heights in front, marked whence the astounding shock proceeded, that reason resumed its sway. An eyewitness writes:—"It is impossible ever to forget the sublime appearance of the dark dense cloud of smoke that ascended, shooting up gradually like a gigantic tower into the clear blue sky. It appeared fettered in one enormous mass, nor did a particle of dust or vapour, obscuring its form, seem to escape, as it rolled upwards in majestic circles." Happily the consequences were not very disastrous, no lives being sacrificed, and only a small amount of material damaged.

On the 15th of January, 1809, the English fleet, to the great joy and relief of the army, hove in sight, and immediate preparations were made to effect an embarkation. The women and children, with the sick and wounded, were immediately carried on board, a large portion of the artillery and stores was sent afterwards, and the cavalry, after destroying the few miserable horses left, also embarked. None but the infantry, and of these such only as were effective, were now left, and the general belief was that they too would be permitted to retire from their position unmolested.

But affairs were destined to take a new turn. In the course of the same night Marshal Soult approached nearer, and took up an offensive position on a rising ground opposite to the English camp.

Meanwhile the boats pulled from the English ships to the beach, and orders were issued for the British troops to move down in division so soon as the light served, and prepare for immediate embarkation. At dawn Sir John Moore mounted his horse to visit the outposts for the last time before they should be withdrawn, when an officer rode up hastily and announced that the French were under arms. The order for embarkation was immediately countermanded, and a new order passed along the British line to prepare for battle.

The English force was no more than 14,500 strong, and Sir John disposed of this comparatively small army in the best manner that the unfavourable nature of the ground would admit. The right was formed by General Baird's division, and from the slanting direction of the range of hills approached the enemy, while the centre and left were of necessity withheld in such a manner as to allow the French battery on the rocks to rake the whole line. General Hope's division, crossing the main road, prolonged the line of the right wing, and occupied strong ground, abutting on the muddy bank of the Mero. A brigade from Baird's division remained in column behind the extremities of this line, and a brigade of Hope's was posted on different commanding points behind the left wing. The reserve was drawn up in Aíris, a small village situated in the rear of the centre. This last point commanded the valley which separated the right of Baird's division from the hills occupied by the French cavalry; the latter were kept in check by a regiment detached from the reserve, and a chain of skirmishers extending across the valley connected the regiment with the right of Baird's line. General Fraser's division, remaining on the heights immediately in front of the gates of Corunna, was prepared to advance at any point, and also watched the coast road. There was one circumstance to compensate for the many disadvantages under which the English laboured. In the Spanish stores were found several thousands of English muskets. The troops exchanged their old rusty and battered arms for these new ones; their ammunition also was fresh, and their fire was therefore greatly superior to their adversaries in proportion to the numbers engaged.

The French force could not have been less than 20,000 strong, including a large proportion of cavalry, and they had besides a battery of thirteen guns; while the English, as we have previously shown, were destitute of cavalry, and possessed only a few six-pounders.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a general movement along the French line gave notice of the approaching battle of Corunna. A cloud of skirmishers led the way, and for a few moments a sharp fusillade was interchanged between the French tirailleurs and the English pickets, but after a brief resistance our men were driven back in disorder. The village of Elvina was carried by the first column of the French, the second column made for the centre, while a third engaged the British left.

For a time the irregularity of the ground, intersected by numerous enclosures, kept the combatants apart, but these obstacles were speedily surmounted. The 50th Regiment, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope, got over an enclosure in their front, and charged most gallantly. The general, ever an admirer of valour, exclaimed, "Well done, the Fiftieth! Well done, my majors!" Encouraged by these words of praise, the regiment hurled itself furiously against the enemy, and at the point of the bayonet they drove the French out of the village of Elvina with terrible slaughter. In this conflict Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded in several places, and taken prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

The action was now general along the line. Sir John Moore rode up to the 42nd, addressing them in these words, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" They rushed forward, driving the French before them, till they were stopped by a dead wall. Sir John accompanied them in this charge, and when it was over he called out to the panting men, "The Highlanders are the best soldiers in Christendom." He sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the Highlanders, upon which the officer commanding the light company conceived that, as their ammunition was nearly exhausted, they were to be relieved by the guards, and they accordingly began to fall back; but Sir John, perceiving that they had misunderstood him, said to them, "My brave 42nd, join your comrades. Ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." One word from their beloved general was sufficient; the men instantly obeyed, and cheerfully moved forward.

Sir John was still in the act of cheering on his men when he was struck in the left side by a cannon-ball, and he fell heavily from his horse. Captain Hardinge ran to him, and took him by the hand. Sir John raised himself with some difficulty, but sat up with a countenance unaltered, gazing intently at the Highlanders hotly engaged in the ranks before him. He did not betray in the slightest degree a sensation of pain, and when informed that the 42nd were advancing his whole countenance brightened. His friend Colonel Graham now dismounted to assist him, and, from the composure he assumed, entertained hopes that all would yet be well, but his real condition was soon perceptible. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hung by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast were torn into strips. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword became entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to extricate it, but Sir John said calmly, "It is as well where it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me," and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the field.

The fall of a general in the heat of battle is oftentimes productive of serious results, but in this instance it was not so, for Corunna was not a battle of manoeuvre, but a field of determined resistance. The officers commanding the different battalions fought their regiments gallantly. General Paget hastened, with his reserve corps, to the right, and repelled the enemy with great slaughter; they turned and fled, and the rifle corps pursued them and drove them completely back. Meanwhile a superior force swept up another part of the valley, and here General Paget, with his line re-formed, stood ready for the attack. The French charged with their usual impetuosity, but our men received them coolly, and then pressed them so vigorously that they also fled. Another attack on the centre was also successfully resisted, and a portion of the enemy having taken up a position in an adjacent village, Colonel Nicholls, with some companies of the 14th, boldly attacked them in their stronghold, and drove them out. The French were now beaten at every point, the light began to fail, and the battle ended.

Thus terminated the conflict of Corunna, and, taking into consideration the many disadvantages under which the British fought, its results were glorious and honourable in the highest degree to the troops engaged. The loss sustained by the British in this terrible encounter was estimated at 800, whilst the French confessed to 3000.

Immediately after the battle a hurried council of war was held, and the advisability of following up the conquest by pursuit was discussed. It was deemed prudent, however, not to tempt fortune further, but to take instant advantage of the disordered condition of the enemy, and get the troops on board. When darkness had completely set in the embarkation commenced, and by day-break the whole of the army was safely shipped. When the French perceived in the morning that the British had abandoned their posts they hastened to the heights with the view of firing upon the ships, but happily they were too late to effect any signal disaster, the whole fleet having by this time got under weigh, and making for England with a favouring wind.

Let us now return to Sir John Moore, whose gallantry and sad fate ask for something more than a passing notice.

From the spot where he fell the general was carried from the field in a blanket by six soldiers, who showed their sympathy by tears, and when a spring waggon came up, and it was proposed that Sir John should be transferred to it, the poor fellows respectfully objected, "as they would keep step and carry him more easily." Their wishes were acceded to, and the dying general was conveyed slowly towards his quarters in the town. Several times he caused his bearers to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when an increasing fire told of the advance of the British he appeared satisfied, and motioned the men to proceed.

Arrived at his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, and pronounced his case to be hopeless. He said, "I knew it. I feel I cannot live." He then commenced talking feebly but collectedly to those around. To his old friend Colonel Anderson he said, "You know that I always wished to die this way." He then asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were a

glow of satisfaction overspread his face, and he observed, "Now I shall die happy." From time to time he inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he took especial care to mention the names of those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. A few minutes before his death he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice." Then, turning to an aide-de-camp, he desired to be remembered to his sister, and, feebly pressing Colonel Anderson's hand, his head dropped back, and he died without a struggle.

Almost his last wish was that he should be laid in the field on which he fell. The rampart of the citadel was happily chosen as his resting-place, and so universally was the greatness of his character recognised that the guns of the enemy paid him funeral honours, and Soult, with a nobleness of feeling worthy so gallant a foe, raised a monument to the deceased hero's memory.

The burial took place at midnight. A working party of the 9th turned up the earth. He was wrapped in a blanket and cloak, and placed in the grave by the hands of his own officers.

THE "ISABELLA" AND THE "BRANCA".

TOWARDS the end of the last century the *Isabella*, a merchant vessel of Sunderland, set sail for the Hague, in company with three smaller craft.

On the following day they made Gravesend, in the Hague, but while steering for the port a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly made sail towards them, singling out the *Isabella* as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped.

The strength of the two vessels was most unequal, for the *Isabella* mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of no more than five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the *Branca*, commanded by Captain André, carried ten carriage guns and eight swivels, and had a crew of seventy-five men, provided with three hundred small arms.

As the *Branca* approached, Captain Hornby, of the *Isabella*, saw at a glance how greatly inferior, as regarded both size and equipment, his own ship was to the privateer. Nothing daunted, however, he resolved to give fight, and, calling his little crew together, he pointed out the French vessel bearing down upon them. "My brave lads," said he, "here is a big ship trying to frighten us out of our senses, but we are not to be frightened, are we, my boys?"

"We should think not," answered the crew, as with one voice. "We will stand by you and the brave little ship to the last."

"Well said, my lads," replied the captain. "We'll try, at any rate, what we can do with this big bully, and keep up the honour and glory of old England; and now to business."

The British colours were then hoisted, and the vessel got ready for action. By this time the Frenchman came up, and in an authoritative tone commanded the captain of the *Isabella* to strike. Hornby returned an answer of cool defiance, on which the privateer poured such a shower of

bullets into the *Isabella* that the captain thought it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters.

While the crew lay thus sheltered the privateer twice attempted to board the *Isabella*, but by a dexterous turn of the helm Captain Hornby frustrated each attempt. Meantime the Frenchman's guns, large and small, continued firing upon the little English vessel, but by the fortune of war, and owing to the secure position in which the crew were, none of them were struck.

At two o'clock, when this one-sided action had lasted for more than an hour, the privateer, dashing furiously at the *Isabella*, entangled her bowsprit among the shrouds, and both vessels became locked together. The French captain, enraged and irritated beyond measure at the obstinacy of the little vessel, called to the commander of the *Isabella* in a furious tone, "You English dog, strike!" To which Captain Hornby calmly replied, "Come on board, and strike our colours if you dare."

This challenge the exasperated Frenchman was not slow in accepting, and he immediately ordered twenty of his men to board the *Isabella*. This band of desperadoes, cutlasses in hand, sprang aboard the English ship, and, making for the spot where the crew lay crouched in close quarters, they began to hack and hew about indiscriminately, but a general discharge of blunderbusses opened upon the miscreants, which took such effect that one half of them were wounded, and the remainder fled in dismay.

While this was going on the privateer had become disengaged from the *Isabella*, and, turning about, the Frenchman made another attempt to board, but Captain Hornby and his mate, stationing themselves at a convenient spot, shot one after the other the men who attempted to lash the vessels together.

The French captain, now enraged beyond bounds, commanded, with a volley of oaths, the *Isabella* to strike, but the gallant Hornby again defiantly refused. Hereupon the Frenchman ordered a second band of twenty men to board, and those, armed with cutlasses and hatchets, made for the close quarters where the crew still lay. This valiant little band at the proper moment let fly a volley that had even more disastrous effects than the previous one, so that the second attempt to board proved a failure.

Foiled in his designs, the Frenchman now contented himself with firing his guns, large and small, into the close quarters, but the *Isabella* returned the fire with such spirit and effect that the enemy repeatedly gave way.

At length it appeared as though the crew of the privateer began to stand in superstitious awe of their gallant little foe, and, instead of fighting it out, they crowded behind their mainmast for shelter. Seeing this, Captain Hornby ordered every gun to be charged to its utmost extent, and at a given signal a tremendous fire was poured into the enemy, the first effect of which was to paralyse them, and the second to cause them to sheer off with the utmost precipitation, leaving their grapplings and a large number of pistols, cutlasses, and pikepoles behind them.

As the enemy retreated the *Isabella* fired her two starboard guns into her stern, and it was supposed that the fight was at an end. Such was far from the case, however, for the Frenchman

suddenly returned, and the conflict was renewed and carried on with the greatest fury, yard-arm to yard-arm, for two hours together. The *Isabella* was shot through her hull several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign dismounted, and every mast and yard damaged. Nevertheless, she still bravely maintained the contest, and at last, by a fortunate shot, which struck the *Brancas* between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and career. While the enemy was retiring Hornby and his little crew sallied from their fastnesses, and replaced their ensign with three hearty cheers.

By this time both vessels had driven so near the English shore that immense crowds had assembled as spectators of the action. The Frenchman, having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a raking volley into the stern of the *Isabella*. At this moment Captain Hornby was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. The sight of their brave commander streaming with blood somewhat disconcerted his gallant companions, but he called them cheerily to keep up their courage, and to stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous. This assurance revived the spirits of the gallant little band, and, taking their stations in close quarters, they sustained the shock of three more tremendous broadsides, in returning which they managed to hit the *Brancas* as before, so that she was again compelled to sheer off and career. At this circumstance the *Isabella's* crew were greatly elated; they again set up their ensign, which had been shot through and through into honourable ribbons, and with loud huzzas they awaited the return of the enemy.

André, who was anything but a coward, soon returned to the fight, and, having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby with terrible threats to strike his colours.

At this juncture Captain Hornby turned to his comrades, and, pointing to the thousands of spectators that lined the adjacent shores, "My lads," said he, "see yonder the witnesses of our valour: let us show our countrymen that we are worthy of them." This simple appeal was sufficient; all on board assured him of their resolution to stand by him to the last, and, finding them thus determined, Hornby hurled back defiance to the enemy.

André, resolved to crush his obstinate antagonist, drove his ship upon the *Isabella's* starboard, and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, which had already cost them so dearly, so that he was compelled to cut the lashings and again retreat.

Captain Hornby availed himself of this opportunity to fire his guns into the privateer's stern, and this happening to reach the powder magazine, caused it to blow up with a terrific explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep.

This horrible catastrophe excited the compassion of Captain Hornby, who was as humane as he was brave, and he and his men did all they could to rescue their drowning enemies, but unfortunately they could render no assistance, and the *Isabella* had been so disabled as to become

unmanageable, and her boat was shattered to pieces. Luckily she had but two men slightly wounded.

The event soon became noised abroad, and the King sent for Captain Hornby, presented him with a gold medal, and appointed him to an important naval post.

A NIGHT ON THE PYRENEES.

Two Englishmen, brothers, Charles and John Mourdant, while making a pedestrian tour in the Pyrenees, were anxious to ascertain the existence of a pass across the highest of the Pyrenean range of mountains, and they accordingly set out on this expedition.

They were instructed to follow a torrent that came down from an amazing height and great distance in one continuous fall, until they reached a lake, and then to search for another stream, flowing in another direction, which, as was said, would in due time conduct them to the valley of Bujarelo, on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

Climbing boldly upwards to a vast height, by the course of the torrent, it was not long before a real difficulty occurred: the stream divided, but they fortunately determined upon following the one on the left, which, after another laborious ascent, conducted them to the lake. The next point was to discover the stream that led to Bujarelo. Beyond rose a bare ridge, apparently inaccessible; the stream must of course be on the other side of it. They clambered up the mountain and reached another lake, which was of considerable size, and from this point they espied a gap in the ridge, which they determined to gain, and accordingly waded their way through the snow, which at the best was several inches deep, and occasionally up to their knees. On reaching the summit some dangerous places had to be crossed—sloping rocks that lay concealed under the snow, smooth and highly inclined—and many narrow escapes had they from being precipitated. But clouds came now sweeping up from below and down from above, and before they could top the ridge everything beyond a limited circle was concealed from them. At length, however, they stood in the gap, shivering from cold, which was intense, and scarcely able to withstand the force of the wind; the mist, driving through the opening, seeming to penetrate their very bones; whilst on in front, save a confused mass of rocks and a bed of snow that lay immediately beneath, nothing was visible. Such a state of things rendered the chance of further progress hopeless. Upon consulting their watches the excursionists found that there was just time enough to get back to their comfortable quarters before nightfall. They had a very faint idea of the direction to be taken to Bujarelo, the mountain wilderness was wrapped in darkness, and they were both cold and hungry.

While thus hesitating a bright gleam of sunshine momentarily chased away the mists, and showed, far distant on the right, a green mountain. They calculated upon finding there some shepherd's hut, where they could pass the night, and with renewed spirits they resumed their onward journey. There was a kind of gap in the mass of rocks below in the same direction, for which they considered they had better make, and they forthwith began a descent more difficult than

anything they had yet encountered; for, although the gap was not more than two hundred feet distant, the passage to it occupied no less than half an hour. After this they again descended, and reached a hollow scored by the traces of sheep, and running down towards the desired green mountains, which to their snow-blinded eyes appeared a perfect paradise. On they went, therefore, in the full confidence that all their perils were over. Judge, then, of their disappointment when they observed the slope becoming steeper and steeper, and found it, after an hour's walking from the dangerous descent above, to end in a succession of hideous precipices. Uncertain what to do, they gazed silently at each other, and then cast their eyes towards the torrent below, which dashed more wildly along, as it had become steeper, until it came to a rocky cleft, breaking into a series of cascades, and was finally lost in an abyss.

It was evident that they were fairly in for a night among the crags and precipices, unless they could make their way below. Wolves, too, were heard howling around, the cold was intense, and their clothing was of the lightest material. For these potent reasons they decided upon attempting the descent, however perilous, and accordingly looked about for the way by which it might be possibly accomplished. There was a cleft in the ridge to the left, towards which they observed a sheep track, and they made straightway for it. Nothing, however, was gained by this: the same hideous slopes ran down towards the valley, which now became visible far below. They passed along the side of the infernal ridge, but, as night was coming on rapidly, it behoved them to be prompt and decisive. They therefore determined at once to lower themselves down the slope until it might terminate in a precipice, when they trusted some way of attaining the valley would present itself. Down this they went with their hands and feet, steadying themselves by tufts of wiry grass, and perching upon small projections in the rock, a work that demanded the greatest nerve and caution. The different points of rest had to be felt, and their firmness ascertained, before they ventured to trust their weight upon them: the least slip would have been certain death.

Lower and lower they went, the descent becoming more difficult at each step: the ledges grew smaller, the mountain side more smooth and perpendicular, the tufts of grass more rare. At length they reached a frightful pitch of the precipice, and at this juncture John called to his brother Charles for assistance, exclaiming that he could neither go downwards nor get back, and that he could not hold on many seconds! Here was an awful moment! It was utterly impossible for Charles to render his brother the slightest aid, and John's destruction appeared inevitable: a precipice of several hundred feet was below, and then down to the torrent ran a mass of sloping granite rocks, upon which, unless the poor fellow clinging for life could recover his step, he must be hurled in a few short moments. Providence, however, ordained otherwise: he regained the presence of mind he had for the moment lost, and by a desperate effort got back to a place of comparative safety.

They now determined to ascend, although that was no easy matter, and to find if possible some rocks that might afford them shelter for the night. They had not scrambled upwards more than a few

yards when they espied a place that seemed to promise a more practicable descent, so they again altered their minds, and determined once more to attempt their original object. By an adroit movement of the body and a changing of hands they managed to gain the point they had seen, and after resting a few moments to recruit their energies they resumed the descent, and in a short time were some way below. As day faded into night they reached the valley, but the long-coveted green mountain was still unattainable, for a raging torrent rolled at the foot of it, which it was impossible to pass.

Nothing now was to be done but to make the best arrangements for passing the night. They had no food and were literally starving, whilst the intense cold caused them to tremble in every limb. After searching about they discovered a rock, and, collecting some large stones, they built up a wall about five feet high on each side. They were very weary, and their hands were cut and bruised by the granite, but the labour served to pass the time and keep them warm. The clouds now broke into rain and drove the wayfarers to their wretched walls, which yielded not the slightest shelter, the rain coming in at an opposite direction from that they had expected. Gloomily they sat down on their two stone seats, and remained huddled up there till five o'clock the following morning. They then started up the valley to seek a passage over the torrent: it was not, however, to be found, and they continued their way until they came in sight of a flock of sheep and a shepherd's hut, sheltered by an overhanging precipice. As they approached the shepherd came to meet them, answered their questions, and directed them the right road, telling them that they had yesterday gone wrong from the summit of the ridge by turning to the right instead of the left.

Tired as they were, they resolved to follow up the road towards Bujarelo, and the way was now comparatively easy. They halted on passing the familiar green mountain to look down once more into the little wild valley below their feet, and the little hut they had built, which was plainly visible. At this point they met a herdsman and pointed out to him the spot where they had descended: he shook his head and said it was impossible, for no hunter could pass down that precipice; and he would not believe it until the travellers showed him their bruised hands and the wall of stones where they had passed the night. As they continued their way he looked after them in perfect wonder. At two o'clock, after fasting seven-and-twenty hours and walking that day for nine hours, they reached Bujarelo, and were soon comfortably seated at a well-filled table by the fireside.

THE SIEGE OF HAARLEM.

THERE are few towns in the Low Countries more interesting than the quaint old city of Haarlem, and none that, in the long and fierce struggle for national existence which in the middle of the sixteenth century deluged in blood the revolted provinces, earned a more lasting fame for deeds of heroism and endurance.

Who, as he now walks along its clean well-built streets, intersected by numerous canals, carrying vessels of all shapes and sizes freighted with the

commerces of every quarter of the globe, and everywhere presenting to the eye signs of wealth, repose, and peace; who could stroll along those grassy slopes, bordered with stately trees, forming the boundaries of the city, and making pleasant walks for the inhabitants; who, we say, looking over those broad embankments at the quaint old city, at once a mart of learning and commerce, could realise the aspect of Haarlem three centuries ago? Then these tree-lined promenades rose grim and frowning from the plain, hemming round the city with a girdle of embrasured walls bristling with culverin and petard, and every yard of its circumvallation flinging back in the beams of the setting sun the flash from gisarme, halbert, arquebus, steel sack, and morion. Then the watchful sentry looked either seaward, to note what Spanish armed caravel or galleon hovered off the coast; or glanced sadly south over that vast dead mere, the Lake of Haarlem, which in his father's days had been a fruitful plain, till one day of storm and desolation the surging Zuyder Zee burst its boundaries and submerged half a province; or, turning his gaze down on the busy town below, beheld the muster of the burgher guard, or heard the heavy tramp of armed men, as from point to point they marched to the relief of sally-port or barbican.

Who, walking on those boulevards, could picture the stern military aspect of the city three centuries ago, when one of the most harrowing and important events in the history of Haarlem occurred—one of those pages in the annals of a people written in such letters of corroding blood as no after-prosperity and no future social or political change can ever efface or smooth away?

The bigoted Philip the Second thought the farther a province was removed from the seat of government the more abject and implicit should be the obedience of subjects and the more imperiously should they be coerced. To carry out these despotic sentiments, and strike a wholesome terror into the minds of the Flemings and Belgians—especially of the former, who had embraced the reformed religion, and whom he accordingly regarded with a hatred and animosity only to be found in the mind of the most gloomy and vindictive of religious bigots—the fanatical Philip appointed for their governor one of the most inhuman monsters that ever afflicted humanity or it was the curse of arbitrary power to be served by.

This congenial spirit, and willing agent of the sanguinary Philip, was one of the most consummate generals and accomplished statesmen of the age—Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, who set about his mission of viceroy and governor with a ferocity and vindictiveness of purpose that, while it drew tears of anguish from the people and roused them to a deadly resistance, evoked expressions of approval and even admiration from his implacable master.

Stimulated by the countenance and advice of their beloved chief and leader, the Prince of Orange, the people everywhere flew to arms, and those great commercial states, lately the workshops of Europe, became one vast encampment. Cities were fortified, open towns placed in a state of defence, and barricades and breastworks thrown up in every direction across the country.

Notwithstanding all opposition, Alva laid siege to all the fortified places, and, after a short and



sanguinary contest, took most of the important towns before which he had sat down. In this manner, steadily advancing northward, at the head of about 30,000 Spanish infantry and Genoese crossbow-men and arquebusiers, he approached the city of Haarlem, the inhabitants of which made the most desperate efforts to impede his progress and annoy him by every means in their power. When, therefore, the viceroy halted before the town, which he expected to master in a few hours, he discovered, to his surprise and indignation, that he was in front of a fortified city.

Alva at once haughtily summoned the town to capitulate, giving half an hour for decision, and threatening the garrison and the inhabitants with the direst penalties, the fate of malefactors and traitors, if they dared resist his authority or refuse to open their gates.

Scarcely had the pursuivant blown this threat and command in the city's ears when with a rattling discord, the portcullis fell over the throat of the barican and sally-port, and the burgo-master, mounting the ramparts in front of the trumpeter, told him to take that action as an answer to his master's message, and that while one man remained to defend their walls Duke Alva would find the gates of Haarlem shut and barred to him and Spain.

Investing the fated city on every side, Alva at once sent out his cavalry in every direction, scouring and devastating the country for miles, firing the farmhouses, hunting the miserable inhabitants like wild beasts from place to place, and returning to the camp loaded with spoil and plunder.

In vain did Alva exercise all his engineering skill and give repeated evidences of his military genius, and day by day assault the walls with all

the strength and engines of war at his disposal. The inhabitants, groaning under Philip's oppressions, and excited by promises of speedy aid from their prince, met all Alva's assaults with a heroism and resistance that astonished the infuriated viceroy.

In this manner, with daily assaults and repulses, night attacks, sorties and alerts, the summer and part of the autumn of the memorable year of 1573 was passed. Hitherto the hoped-for aid from the Prince of Orange had buoyed up the besieged, but as the impossibility of his passing the Spanish lines forced itself on the conviction of the inhabitants despair began to spread itself among all parties in the city; for not only was the garrison materially reduced in number by the casualties of the siege, but, from the close investment of the city, no relief, in ammunition or provisions, could possibly reach it. Thus to the other horrors of war were already added those of famine. Still there was no word of surrender—no thought in man or woman's mind of capitulation.

On a bleak and cutting day in the early part of November the dire alternative was come to of expelling from the town all the old, the lame, the weak, and the young, and thrusting them out, homeless and famishing, in the pitiless winter, on the mercy of God, for well they knew none would be shown them by the Spaniards, who still kept thundering on the crumbling walls with their heavy artillery. It was a sad sight, as the draw-bridge of the sally-port fell and the portcullis went grating upwards, to see those tottering shivering thousands, with a morsel of bread in each hand, issue from under that gloomy arch to brave the horrors before them.

All through the month the garrison, though

reduced almost to skeletons by disease and hunger, maintained an obstinate resistance on the walls, while in the streets (for the greater part of the town was in ruins) sat famishing women huddling their children in their skinny arms, and shivering wretches, with gaunt features and dilated eyes, gnawing their fingers, slunk along, prowling for any garbage or offal that could appease their ravenous hunger. Others, frantic with their sufferings, and exposing their hollow chests, in which the ribs stood out like circling hoops, and heads looking like skulls, in their sharp and bony outline, followed the burghmaster on his round of duty with groans and cries for food and half-muttered sounds of surrender.

By the end of November a formidable breach had been effected in the walls, and to storm which the Spaniards were already preparing their men. It was felt that the last hour of resistance had now arrived, for it was utterly impossible to successfully repel the coming assault. To save the city a little longer all the sluices were raised, and, as the Spaniards advanced to the breach, they were met by an overwhelming rush of water that in a few hours covered the land for leagues with an impassable flood. Brief, however, was the triumph of the besieged; the very elements seemed against them, and made their last defence a means of their ruin. An intense frost set in, and on the morrow a highway of ice was formed up to the city walls, across which the Spaniards poured in such numbers that the slight opposition presented by the gaunt garrison was borne down as by a resistless wave, and Haerlem, after a gallant defence of seven months, was in the hands of the enemy.

In this memorable siege, so fatal to the inhabitants, nearly decimated by war, famine, and pestilence, the Spaniards lost 10,000 men, in revenge for which, and partly to appease his hatred of the people, and in part to cement his victory, the execrable Alva beheaded, hanged, or otherwise murdered two thousand of the chief officers whom the experience of the siege had still left in the captured town.

A POPULAR SKETCH OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

(Continued from page 12.)

For, although Madrid was crushed for a time, the northern provinces burst into open insurrection, and their example was soon followed by almost every part of Spain not immediately overwhelmed by the armies of France. The Junta of Seville, one of the provincial governments, took the lead. Declaring war against France and proclaiming peace with England.

Regular battles commenced at Cadiz, where a French squadron of five line and two frigates was lying in harbour, beset by the British fleet under Admiral Boscawen. In this position the French were for three days surrounded by the Spanish general Maria, and besetted by the port batteries till they surrendered at

discretion. On hearing this, General Dupont, who had been despatched from Madrid to save the French fleet, remeasured his steps to Andujar, but was continually harassed by the undisciplined troops of General Castaños, who next resolved to attack the town of Baylen, where the vanguard of the French army was posted. At three in the morning of July 19, however, while the troops of the Spanish general Reding were forming for the march, Dupont opened a sudden and tremendous attack on the Spanish camp near Baylen, and for nine hours he hurled column after column to break the Spanish line. One final charge was led by Dupont in person, supported by his chief officers, but the Spaniards formed again and again with astonishing rapidity, dismounted the enemy's artillery, and cut to pieces the attacking columns. The French gave up all hopes of victory, and next day 17,000 laid down their arms, on condition that they should be shipped home from Cadiz.

Another French army besieged SARAGOSSA,* but was beaten off with immense loss. On the 14th July a battle was fought at Rio Seco to secure the great north-west road from Madrid to Bayonne, but the Spaniards under General Cuesta fell into loose order after gaining a few advantages and were cut down by the French cavalry. The French, however, suffered so severely that they were not able to continue the pursuit, and did not take possession of Rio Seco for several hours after the battle.

A formidable corps under Marshal Moncey now forced its way over the mountains and attacked the city of Valencia. Its principal entrance, the gate of Quatre, had been fortified in the strongest manner, and immediately behind it, in a broad street, were drawn up the military and the armed inhabitants, with a 24-pounder in their front. Suddenly the gate was opened and the cannon belched forth such a well-sustained fire that the French retreated with the utmost precipitation.

Next now, withdrawing his forces from Madrid, Jean Ando then on the Retiro overlooking the city, and shortly after, on the plea of illness, gave up the command and betook himself to Bayonne. On the 26th July, escorted by 10,000 men, Napoleon's brother Joseph, the new King, entered Madrid, where he was crowned amidst the gloom and hatred of the people. On the very day Dupont surrendered to Castaños. As soon as the news reached Madrid Joseph and his court did the very, cowardly themselves, however by carrying off the regalia and plate belonging to the crown. No man, indeed, was to be

* The story of the capture of this place is the grand achievement of Napoleon, and other places whose names are not in the small capital letters.

lost, for Castaños was marching unopposed to the capital, while Marshal Bessières, alarmed for the safety of his troops, was measuring back his steps to the French frontier. A military Junta, composed of five Spanish generals, now took the management of the war, and it was resolved to combine the various armies for a grand attack on the French head-quarters at Burgos. But the latter, though reduced to 40,000, stood their ground in an obstinate engagement against 100,000 assailants, and, abandoning Burgos for a more tenable position, bade defiance for two months to the savage valour of the Spanish patriots.

Napoleon now resolved to put himself at the head of his armies, crown his brother at Madrid, and plant the French eagles on the forts of Lisbon. The Spaniards under General Blake were first attacked, October 31, at Lornosa, and after a long and gallant resistance fell back, in good order, on Valmaseda. At Ontara, close by, he defeated the French, November 5th, in a sanguinary contest, but the battle was renewed on the 11th, when his army was entirely shattered. On the following day he withdrew the remnant of his forces to Reynosa, among the northern mountains, and the French neither quitted the attack nor gave up the pursuit till they had disabled him from taking any further part in the campaign.

Simultaneously the Spaniards under Count Belveder were attacked at Burgos. In two assaults the French were repulsed with great loss, but, November 10th, the Spaniards were borne down after thirteen hours' fighting and retreated to Lerma.

Napoleon now suddenly attacked the third and largest army under Palafox and Castaños on the banks of the Ebro, near Tudela. Part of the field of battle was commanded by heights, which Castaños had neglected to occupy. Of this oversight the French took advantage, and at the same time penetrating the centre of the Spaniards, decided the fortune of the day. In this overwhelming disaster the patriots lost 5000 prisoners and 4000 slain. Thus in three weeks the grand armies that defended Madrid and the north of Spain were defeated, demoralised, and in a great measure dispersed.

Meanwhile the British troops that had been landed for their assistance were not far enough advanced to support them, or to check the progress of the enemy. November 22nd, the Emperor commenced his march upon Madrid, and at day-break on the 30th the vanguard of his army arrived at the foot of the Somo Sierra. The Puerto, a passage of this mountain, was defended by 12 or 15,000 Spaniards, who fled after an animated resistance, leaving the road open to Madrid. December 2nd, Napoleon arrived with his cavalry on the heights overlooking the city. Instead of

the order generally perceived on approaching fortified towns—instead of that silence which is only interrupted by the deep and lengthened call of "Sentry, take heed!"—the bells of the 600 churches were ringing in continued peals, mingled with the piercing cries of the populace and the quick roll of the drum. The inhabitants had only thought of their defence eight days before the arrival of the French armies! One of Marshal Bessières' aides-de-camp was sent to summon Madrid, but when the purport of his errand became known he narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the enraged inhabitants, and owed his life to the protection of the Spanish troops of the line. At nine in the morning of December 3rd the cannonade commenced, and at eleven the French occupied several important points of the city. The authorities went to the Emperor's camp with peace proposals, but the inhabitants refused to lay down their arms, and continued to fire from the windows of the houses surrounding the Prado. Fifty thousand armed men, without discipline, ran about the streets, calling out for orders and accusing their leaders of treason. The captain-general, however, and other military men of rank, seeing all was lost, left Madrid during the night with the regular troops, and by ten o'clock next morning the French took possession.

(To be continued.)

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

TRUE IN DEATH.

In a Scottish regiment, at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death that a sergeant, in trying to rescue them, but to no purpose, on the near approach of the enemy, made a noble effort, and, throwing the dead body, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French, seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with applause and repeated shouts of admiration.

LORD HEATHFIELD AND THE COOKED HAT.

GENERAL LORD HEATHFIELD, who conducted the defence of Gibraltar, was extremely particular as to the way in which the cooked hat (at that time worn in the army) should be placed on the head. He himself wore it quite square to the front, and so much pressed down over his eyebrows that the edge rested on the bridge of his nose, which, by the bye, was exceedingly prominent. His lordship insisted on the hat being worn in this manner by every man under his command. One day he met a private soldier with the cock of his hat directed almost perpendicularly into the air. The general very angrily threw back his own hat into a similar position, and,

rawing himself full up in front of the soldier, exclaimed, "There, sir; look at me, sir; don't I look like a blackguard?" The soldier, who had seen too well disciplined to contradict a commander-in-chief, replied, as he saluted, "Yes, and lease your excellency, you do." The severity of the general's features instantly relaxed, and he burst into a hearty laugh, and, hastily dismissing the man, he said, "Then if it does not suit me, depend upon it it does not become you."

SINGLE FIN.

DURING the time that impressment for the navy was in force a smart-looking fellow was seized and taken on board the *Active*, a man-of-war which was about to proceed to the Mediterranean. It was a common occurrence with men thus pressed for the service to pretend they were crippled, so that, being deemed unfit for service, they might be set at liberty. In this instance the captured man shammed that he had a paralysed arm, which he was not able to move from his side. When the surgeon examining the man he declared that there was nothing the matter with the arm, but the "cripplegate dodge," as it was commonly called, proved unsuccessful, and the man was stowed on the ship's books as an able-bodied seaman. Nevertheless, "Single Fin"—for so he was now nicknamed—persisted in keeping his arm dangling uselessly by his side, and for two whole years, although secretly and closely watched, the faithful member never betrayed the slightest muscular motion. The captain, Sir James Gordon, who was a great favourite with the men, by reason of his kind manner and jocularity, often quizzed "Single Fin," but at the same time would not suffer him to be harshly treated. At length the *Active* came to an engagement with an enemy's squadron, and the captain had "Single Fin" stationed on the quarter-deck, so as to be under his own eye. During the heat of the action the man never lost sight of his darling object, preserving the most perfect resemblance of mind, recollecting that he had "one and for the king, the other was for himself," or, although fighting like a lion, it was observed that one arm only was employed in serving the guns. Presently his gallant commander was severely wounded, and the well-kept secret, which either artifice, encouragement, threats, nor the din of battle could induce him to reveal, the generous feeling of humane concern for his esteemed commander's misfortune betrayed in a moment. On receiving his wound Sir James was on the point of falling, when the honest tar, completely thrown off his guard, caught his angled officer in both his arms, and assisted in bearing him below. Even in the moment of suffering Sir James could not help noticing the circumstance, and, with his characteristic playfulness, he observed, "Well, my boy, if I've lost a leg, I'm glad to see you've found an arm." From this moment "Single Fin" gave up the imposture. He soon proved one of the best seamen of a "crack crew," became a great favourite of the captain, the other officers, and his messmates, and was rapidly promoted for bravery and exemplary conduct.

EXTINGUISH OR DISTINCTION.

THE 28th Regiment, contrary to ordinary military regulation, wear the number of their

regiment at the back as well as the front of their shakoes. This exceptional circumstance had its origin as follows:—At Barossa Colonel Brown, the commander of the regiment, purposely allowed his men to be surrounded, and then coolly addressed them thus:—"Twenty-eighth, what lucky fellows you are this day! You must be either extinguished or distinguished. Do as you like." At these words the rear rank faced to the right-about, and back to back the two lines repulsed the enemy. The distinguishing mark of this regiment is therefore a most appropriate one.

BONAPARTE AT HOME.

BONAPARTE was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, finely cut features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and when not speaking or animated of an abstracted heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested his expression was very engaging, and overspread with a pleasing benignity. He was particularly vain of a small and beautiful hand and handsome little feet. Bonaparte laid a great stress on the beauty of hands in women, and appeared to consider a small and beautiful hand the height of beauty and breeding. A lady thus describes a visit she paid him at St. Helena:—"Napoleon was dressed on the day of my first introduction to him in a green coat, silk stockings, polished shoes with large square gold buckles, a cocked hat, and the ribbon of some order passed through the button-hole of his coat. Two young ladies of about fourteen years of age each, who were in the room, seemed quite familiar with the ex-Emperor, and, running playfully towards him, dragged me forward by the hand, saying to him, 'This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets.' Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low curtsy, feeling at the same time a little confused at this sudden and unceremonious introduction. 'Madame,' said he, 'you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing Italian songs?' On my replying that I had taught her myself he said, 'Bon.' He then asked me what countrywoman I was. 'English.' 'Where were you educated?' 'In London.' 'What ship did you come out in to St. Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?' And a variety of similar questions as quick as possible did Bonaparte put to me, and all in Italian. I then ventured to request he would speak to me in French, as I was more conversant with that language than with Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running around us, and chattering to the great hero, who seemed to take the greatest delight in their lively and unsophisticated manners. Bonaparte then conducted me into the garden, where we walked for some time, he all the while putting a variety of questions to me, some of which I had great difficulty in answering. On returning to the drawing-room, where a pianoforte stood open, he motioned to it, and asked me very respectfully to sing some Italian songs. I was somewhat agitated at the idea of singing before so great a personage, when my playful little daughter pulled me by the sleeve, and whispered, 'Why are you so much afraid, dear mamma? He is *only* a man.' I could perceive that the mighty conqueror of half the world heard this treasonable

speech, for he smiled upon my daughter, and exclaimed, '*C'est juste.*' ('That is right.') By some means or other I managed to get through three or four songs tolerably well, and the whole of the time Bonaparte stood by the instrument, listening apparently with the most profound attention, and keeping time with his hand. When I had finished he gave me a profusion of thanks, and then ran over the keys of the instrument himself, with a facility which told me he was no unskilful musician. 'I could play a little once,' he observed, with something like a sigh, 'but it was many years ago.' We then sat down to a light repast, he doing the honours of the table with a charming grace, and amusing with a number of interesting anecdotes. When I and my daughter rose to depart he expressed his regret that we were leaving. He then cordially shook hands with me, and kissed my little daughter, telling her to come again soon and bring her mamma with her. And so I took my leave, carrying away with me a most favourable impression of a man who perhaps more than any other of the age had been feared, hated, and reviled."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

"It ain't no use being down in the mouth, meesmate. How was you crimped?" inquired a shabby-looking man of John Maitland, who, with the rest, had risen from his brooding sorrow, and, disengaging his fingers from his hair, was resting his arms and face against a bulkhead, struggling with the bitter reality of his cruel misfortune.

"How were it now?" persisted the speaker, with some indefinite idea that conversation would soften the hardship of a lot that all of them, even the most hardened and unfriended, must feel, and paying no regard to the mute shake of the body, so expressive of the young waterman's desire to be left to his own reflections.

"You know it's agin the law, and they can't take us. It's felony, a clear case. They darn't take us agin our own consent. Don't ye see it's illegal, and they can't?"

"What's the use of talking like that? They *have* done it," John cried impatiently, as he lifted his flushed face and swollen eyes from his arms, and glanced almost defiantly at the speaker. "Oh! Mary, Mary, what will become of you?" burst involuntarily from his lips as, with a stamp of impatient rage and anguish, he dropped his head again upon his arms, while a succession of half-smothered sobs shook his frame convulsively.

"Have you got a gal too?" continued his questioner, undeterred by the other's grief and evident disinclination to talk. "That's jest like me; but I'm worse off nor you, for I've a donkey and a barrer, and it makes me wild to think what poor Neddy will do without his wittles. I was out a walking with Sue—that's my gal—when

the thieves gammoned me into a public; and when I come to (for they made me gallus drunk) and missed Sue they floored me, and that's about all I know."

"O God! O God! O God!" ejaculated a man, whose haggard features and sunken but restless eyes betrayed deep suffering, as, hiding his face in his hands, he sank down on a water-cask. "What will become of them? No one to look after—no one to feed them! O God! O God! I shall be choked," he continued, suddenly springing up; and, grasping his throat as if some memory were strangling him, he walked away hurriedly till the spasm subsided, when he returned to the cask and resumed his former attitude and parrot-like iteration of the name of the Deity.

"You ain't told me how they got hold of you, and what come of the gal," continued the costermonger, returning to the conversation with Maitland, after bestowing a cursory look at the forlorn being on the water-cask. "Don't you go and give in, old feller, this way. I tell you they can't take us. It's clean against the *Habus Corpus*."

"Hang it! man, what's the use of talking?" cried Maitland, maddened by the other's persistency. "They have the power, for they *have* done it, and here we are."

"I know better. They can't abide by it. But how about your girl, Mary?"

"There, there, don't please, don't say any more about it, there's a good fellow. I can't stand it. Don't say no more, I feel I'm getting dangerous," and, throwing his arms over his head, he stood for some moments rocking his body in a state of intense mental torture.

"My children! O God! my children! What will become of them?" exclaimed the man from the cask, as he leant his head against the ship's side and gave way to a burst of passionate tears.

"Stow that snivelling, you spoony Molly," cried a brutal coal-whipper, with a bandaged head, the coarse savage features of whose face appeared doubly revolting from the clotted blood that stained the filthy bandage and coated the countenance. "Stop that howling, and sheer off that cask," he continued, staggering up to the sorrowing father, and with a backward sweep of his brawny arm knocking the man unceremoniously to the deck. Then, with an oath on all fools in general, and this one in particular, he dropped the long tin measure into the cask and drew it up filled with water, which he poured down his capacious throat, and, flinging the remains against the ship's side, he rolled back to his former place, protesting, with a fiery oath, that he was as dry as a lime-kiln and as hot as blazes.

Suddenly starting up from his recumbent attitude, Maitland bounded forward to reach the companion.

"Fool! what are you up to now?" interposed one of the sailors who had entered with the boat-swain, as he abruptly placed himself between the stairs and the prisoner. "What are you going to do?"

"Escape if I can," replied John, after gazing for a moment in the open honest face of his interrogator. "I can swim."

"Do you know there are sentries on deck?"

"What of that? I will carry one with me."

"Be reasonable, good lad. That marine" (pointing up the hatch) "would send his bayonet into

you before you could set your foot on deck, and even if you got into the water twenty shots would be in your body before you could strike out. A live man is better than a dead one any day. Never give in; keep a brave heart, and who knows what may turn out?"

"Only five hours married!" gasped John, a revulsion of feeling overpowering him and choking his utterance, as he laid his hand on the sailor's shoulder and gasped out, "Mary! my—my wife!"

"Below there! Turn up all the pressed hands for inspection," was shouted down the hatch by the boatswain, as he struck the combings with his cane to impress despatch.

"Come, cheer up, my hearty. Something may turn up," replied the sailor, as he shook Maitland's hand, and placed him in the stream of the heterogeneous throng that mounted the deck.

One glance around convinced John of the utter folly of his first thought of making a rush for the bulwarks, leaping into the water, and swimming ashore.

A fleet of fifteen line-of-battle ships were riding at anchor at the Nore light ship, the shore miles off, and the tender, dwarfed, by contrast, to a cockboat, under the lee of the *Bellerophon*, whose huge sides towered half-way up the masts of the *Nancy*, while the poop and gangway of the former and the deck of the latter were lined with marines.

A few minutes sufficed to remove the pressed men from the hold of one vessel to the quarter-deck of the other, where they were drawn up in two lines for the inspection of the captain, John being the end man of the rear rank.

He knew, almost intuitively, that the examination had already begun, and that the captain and first lieutenant were closely inspecting the thews and physical capabilities of this reinforcement of the crew, but his heart was too full to give him courage to meet the imperious and scornful glances of the officers. From this state of nervous trepidation he was abruptly roused by the exclamation of—

"John Maitland! Why, my lad, how comes this? But, by my soul, I am not sorry to have so handy a fellow under my command."

"Captain Winterton!" cried John, looking up with sudden vivacity and pleasure as the gentleman he had rowed so many times to his ladylove stood before him in the full uniform of a naval captain. "Oh! captain. God bless you! Poor Mary! I—I—" and here he fairly broke down and could proceed no farther.

"Something the matter, eh? Well, come to my cabin in an hour and tell me all about it." Then, turning to one of the middies, he continued, "Mr. Newton, take the men to the doctor, enter their names and ages on the ship's books, and when the boatswain and purser have served out their slops and rigged them let them be paraded on the gun-deck for Mr. Clifford's further inspection."

So saying, Captain Winterton and Mr. Clifford, the first luff, ascended to the poop, and the new men were conducted to the cockpit.

"Now tell me, Maitland, how comes it that I have the good fortune to count you among my crew?" inquired the captain, as, an hour later, washed and cleaned, the young waterman was conducted to the captain's cabin. "Or have those

rascally crimps set the press-gang on you? How is it?"

"Oh! Captain Winterton, I am half mad. I was only married yesterday, and last night I left Mary and my friends for ten minutes to run home to tell my mother we should be in at eleven o'clock, when, near the bridge, I—I was stopped by—and—and—O God! my poor Mary!"

"The old story, of course. The rascals caught you, and here you are. Now, short of letting you go, Maitland, what can I do for you before we take our relative places in this ship?"

"Can't you let me go, captain? Only give me a week's leave, and, by my soul, I'll return and stay with you for the cruise, though you should be five years in commission. I will—so help me Heaven, I will."

"You ask me an impossibility. Listen. If I could grant your request I would trust to your word, but we sail with the fleet by this night's tide. I am already short-handed, by fifty men, of my complement, and I cannot, if I had the power, part with one hand."

"My poor poor Mary!"

"Yours is a hard case, Maitland, but not worse, if so bad, as some poor devils who have been taken from wives and children."

"It is the uncertainty, sir. The uncertainty will break her heart," groaned the husband.

"There need be none, my lad. Here, sit down and write a letter, tell her what has happened, and that you are with me. I will enclose it in one to Miss Danvers, who shall deliver it to Mary herself to-morrow. The *Nancy* will take the mail from the fleet when we weigh anchor. Come, will that be of any service to you?"

"Will you do this for me, Captain Winterton?" John exclaimed breathlessly.

"Of course I will. I am going into my stateroom to write now."

"Then, God bless you, captain!" and in his delight he caught his officer's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"There, that will do; write your letter," pointing to the table. "Leave it there, then go to your duty, do it cheerfully and faithfully, and I'll look after your interests."

And, retiring to an inner cabin, he left John Maitland writing words of love and constancy to his young wife, from whose side fate had so cruelly parted him.

Three hours later a gun from the admiral's ship gave the note of preparation, and, while the crews of each line-of-battle were weighing their anchors or setting topsails, the *Saucy Nancy*, which had run down the line, was returning, taking from each ship in succession its bag of farewell letters to wives and friends. As the *Bellerophon* was the last of the fleet, the tender threw out her reefs, and under a press of canvas was flying up the river for Gravesend, as, with royals and stunsails aloft and aloft, the magnificent fleet sailed majestically down the Channel.

CHAPTER III.—A CUTTING-OUT EXPEDITION.

"WHAT do you make of them, Mr. Pelham?" demanded Captain Winterton, now of the *Ajax*, 74, as he walked the poop of his splendid ship, stopping for a moment by the side of his first lieutenant, who, with his knee on a carronade and the end of his telescope resting on the taffrail, was minutely inspecting the far-off coast line—so distant, in

fact, that by the naked and unprofessional eye it might have been taken for a bank of vapoury clouds, so indefinite was the whole outline.

"That is Algeiras Bay without question. I know those headlands of old," replied the first lieutenant, without changing his attitude or the direction of his glass.

"Ay, ay. That's all clear enough," somewhat impatiently rejoined his commander, turning on his heel.

"And there's two line-of-battle ships—a frigate and a sloop—at the bottom of the bay."

"What's that you say, Pelham? A corvette and frigate, and square-rigged? How did I chance to overlook them?" he muttered aloud, turning abruptly back to the side of his lieutenant. "I only saw the 80-gun ships."

"Like enough. The mist has only just cleared off the bottom of the bay. I can see the beach now quite plain, and the houses on the shore."

"When I cruised round this bay in the *Racehorse*, about three years ago, there were two forts mounting two long 64's to protect the harbour. Can you make anything more out of it now?" asked the captain, resuming his short quick walk, while with light airs the *Ajazz* and her consort, the *Pomona*, were slowly running down the coast, at a distance of some seven or eight miles from the land.

"More? I should think so. Why, there's a regular casemate battery at the bottom of the bay, and two more, *à la barbette*, right and left to flank it. Five forts in all to defend that miserable substitute for a town! Well, if that ain't sublimely ridiculous I don't know what is."

"You forget, Pelham. Those batteries are neither meant to prevent our landing nor to cover their forlorn-looking town, but to protect the merchantmen who on such occasions as these creep under their guns for safety."

"Quite true. I had forgotten that for the moment. Let's see, there must be something like forty or fifty sail; but there's only two of any size."

"Galleons of a thousand tons each, I take it, Pelham, and freighted to the water-line with a cargo of spice, sandal wood, gold dust, and drugs. They'll make glorious prizes; and we haven't had a capture for a month."

"Oh! oh! that's the game, is it, Captain Winterton? A cut-out job, eh?" And the lieutenant, after taking a last and amorous glance at the vessels indicated, placed his telescope under his arms and rubbed his hands with every appearance of satisfaction.

"It will be dark in three hours, and prove a capital night for a boating expedition; but we must stand further off, and throw a little dust in the eyes of these dons. The wind is getting up, so we'll spread a little more canvas, and make them believe we are walking away from them. Give the orders to that effect, Pelham. We can easily tack on this wind and run back into the offing to be handy for the boats."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the short reply, as the first lieutenant descended to the quarter-deck to give his directions to the sailing master.

Five minutes later all the lower courses of the *Ajazz* were set, a reef shaken out of the royals and topails, and, with her canvas all afloat, the warship dashed through the water like a stately queen. A signal to the *Pomona* soon apprised

her commander of Captain Winterton's intentions, when, following the suit of the other vessel, she set more canvas, and both were rapidly walking away from the headlands of Algeiras Bay.

"I suppose I may tell off the men for the boats, sir?" inquired the lieutenant, when, some four hours later, the two vessels lay almost becalmed under the high projecting promontory that formed the western entrance to the bay.

"Yes; get everything in readiness, launch the boats, pad the rowlocks, and have the oars muffled. Load the pivot gun in the pinnace with grape and canister, and serve out the grog. We shall start in half an hour," replied the commander.

"We? Captain Winterton, surely you will allow me to take the command of the boats," inquired the lieutenant, in a tone of mingled grief and disappointment.

"No, Pelham. However much it may grieve you, I must go myself on this expedition, and I should be overwhelmed with anxiety if the ship were left in any hands but yours. Besides, old friend, I want to give you a chance of promotion," replied the captain gaily.

"God forbid, Captain Winterton! and long be the day of promotion from me if it comes through any harm to you! But if it must be I suppose, and I'll endeavour to be content. Farewell!" And, grasping his commander's hand, the lieutenant proceeded forward to tell off the different boats' crews and prepare everything in readiness for the cutting-out expedition.

Turning to the bulwarks, Captain Winterton sprang lightly upon one of the starboard carronades, and, looking over the ship's side, examined the state of the weather. With her sails all aback, the vessel seemed asleep on the tranquil sea, as, like an infant on its mother's breast, she gently rose and fell on the bosom of the dark water. A faint twinkling light, some half a mile astern, showed to the experienced seaman where, in an almost impervious mantle of fog, lay his consort, the nimble little frigate *Pomona*.

Having satisfied himself that the darkness and the fog were all he could desire, and likely to continue for some hours, Captain Winterton leaped down, and, approaching his cabin door, turned and said to the sentry—

"Pass the word forward for my coxswain, John Maitland."

"Here I am, yer honour," exclaimed a clear manly voice, and a young active sailor sprang from some obscure corner, and, hat in hand, stood all respectful attention before his captain. The light from the sentry's lantern fell on his open handsome face, which, set in a frame of well-trimmed beard, presented a perfect ensemble of health and vigour, and a powerful contrast to the slim active youth whom three years before we introduced to the reader as the Thames waterman, and the unfortunate young man pressed on his wedding day to serve his Majesty aboard the fleet.

"Ever at hand, John, when I want you," replied his pleased commander, leading the way into the state cabin. "I think, John, if I was going down the Maelstrom you would follow me," continued Captain Winterton, as he took a seat at the table, and began to indite a hasty note.

"Where's that, yer honour? If it's to Davy

Jones's I'm right to follow you, though I should like to see poor Mary once afore we take the cruise sartin, captain."

"So you shall, my lad, and I hope you'll spend many a happy day with her before either you or I take that voyage, John. Here, man the gig, and take this note to Captain Hoffam, of the *Pomona*. She's about a mile astern. You can find her, Maitland, without showing a light."

"I know where she lies, and could find her blindfold, sir."

"Good. Take this note, and return as quick as possible, for I want you to steer the cutter to-night. Now, my lad, look sharp, or I shall have to get another coxswain if you're behind time."

"I won't be that, yer honour, if I'm alive," he replied, taking the note, and with a nautical salute backing out of the presence.

Five minutes later John Maitland, with four picked men, was guiding the captain's gig through the dark night and tranquil waters towards the consort ship, that closer inshore lay like a sleeping leviathan on the almost motionless flood.

It was about eleven o'clock that night that eight boats (five from the *Ajax*, and three from the *Pomona*) started from the starboard side of the former vessel in two divisions, under the respective commands of Captain Winterton, and the first lieutenant of the *Pomona*, Mr. Leicester.

With noiseless and measured strokes the fleet of boats crept over the dark sea like a funeral procession. After the first brief and hasty orders to the officers in command of each boat not a word was spoken, and not a sound betrayed even to the next boat the whereabouts or existence of the secret expedition.

So profound was the darkness, except for about a foot from the surface of the water, that it was only by keeping in a supposed line from the ships that they had any direct guide to their destination.

After half an hour's rowing the promontory that marked the western entrance of the Bay of Algeiras was at length perceived towering abruptly over the leading boats.

Waiting the coming up of the others, the whole flotilla doubled the headland together, and entered the bay in a line, every boat's length they advanced down the enclosed water seeming to be more impenetrably dark than that over which they had already passed.

Knowing well how rapidly these Mediterranean fogs lift, and aware that if discovered not only the forts but the heavy broadsides of the two Spanish line of battle would open upon them with all their guns, Captain Winterton was anxious to effect his seizures and carry off his prizes before the rising of the fog gave the ships or forts an opportunity of directing their fire upon either the prizes or the boats, or of affording the enemy any chance of cutting off his retreat.

Still, to make sure of their work, it was absolutely necessary—so intensely dark was the night—to institute a close reconnaissance of the ships in the outer harbour before attempting the boarding.

Passing the word right and left for the crew of each boat to lie on their oars, and keep as much in line as possible, Captain Winterton ordered the hands in the cutter in which he commanded, and which was in the centre of the line,

to give way, and, starting ahead, the nimble craft was soon beyond the reach of the keenest sight of those she left behind.

Half an hour of anxiety and intolerable impatience had elapsed before the cutter returned to her station among the ship's boats. During this time, however, the set of the tide had carried the expedition a very considerable distance down the bay—so far, indeed, that by the time the captain had issued the fresh orders which his inspection had rendered necessary the two small lanterns which he had, unperceived by the enemy, attached to the sterns of the large galleons, as beacons for his boarders, were plainly visible to the crew of each boat, as the merchantmen lay with their heads to the offing, and in a position most favourable for easy cutting out.

With rapid but noiseless despatch the boats instantly divided, and while Mr. Leicester, with his division, bore away to the right, to reach the inshore prize, Captain Winterton fell down with his division right on the bows of the *Trinidad*, the largest and outside ship of the tier.

The captain divided his force so as to attack on both quarters at once, for he well knew he had not merely Spanish sailors to deal with, but that, in all probability, according to their usual practice in harbour, the authorities had placed a considerable number of soldiers or marines on board the larger vessels, and he should be encountered by a determined resistance.

So admirably had Maitland steered the cutter that she grazed the starboard forefoot of the *Trinidad* before the other boats had neared the prize.

Waiting for a minute till the launch was well alongside, Captain Winterton gave the word to board, when the coxswain, cutlass in mouth, sprang into the chains, and, followed by his officer and some twenty hands, was in a moment hewing away at the boarding netting that, for the height of ten feet, had been spread from the jib to the taffrail on both sides of the vessel.

Hitherto not a sound had disturbed the silence of the night. The Spaniards, evidently relying on the strength and complication of the netting, had gone to sleep on their watch, thinking it time enough to rise to action when their defences gave way. The strength and resistance of the netting, however, overcame the prudence of the British sailors. They saw the prize within their grasp, and the deck covered with the sleeping guard and crew, but were unable to secure the one or reach the other for the breastwork of tough yarn, and began to swear most vehemently, and cry to each other to rip it up with their knives.

The crews of the four boats had soon made good their hold in the fore and mizen shrouds, on both starboard and port sides, and were furiously hewing at the impediment that barricaded them from the deck. Before an opening could be made, however, in the forward netting every soul on board was on the *qui vive*, and soldiers and sailors were rushing on the quarters threatened. In fact, the Spaniards were preparing for one of those desperate encounters that add relish to the life of a British tar.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.]

THE TWO SIEGES OF SARAGOSSA.

BEFORE the further actions of the British are narrated a few pages will be well bestowed to recount the heroic but unconnected efforts of resistance made by the Spaniards themselves in the defence of Saragossa against the assaults of the French.

Saragossa, the principal city of Arragon, is situated on the left bank of the Ebro. In his attempt to subjugate the Peninsula Napoleon made this famous city a special object of attack, and he resolved to carry it by storm.

Early in the year 1808 a French army entered

Catalonia, and the campaign of Arragon commenced, and in this campaign the defence of Saragossa was conspicuous for a heroism never surpassed in ancient or modern times.

On the 26th of May the inhabitants of Saragossa, and the peasantry of the surrounding country, rose to repel the aggressions of the French. The captain-general of Arragon, having betrayed an inclination to submit to the enemy, was seized and thrown into prison, and the government was unanimously conferred upon Don Joseph Palafox, the youngest of three brothers of one of the most distinguished families of Arragon. Though he had been in the Spanish guards all

his life, he had never seen actual service. His time had been principally spent in the fascinations of Madrid, where he had a reputation for splendour and extravagance rather than military genius.

In every engagement before the walls of Saragossa Palafox was victorious. On the 14th of June, before any force could be organised for this defenceless city, 9000 French, under the orders of General Le Fevre, took up a position on the heights that command Saragossa. A small party of cavalry even penetrated into the town, but they paid dearly for their rashness, being cut off to a man. The Saragossans had hastily planted some cannon before the gates of their city, and also in some favourable positions without the town, particularly on a rising ground called Torrero. On the 15th of June the French sent a detachment against these outposts, while their main body attempted to storm the city at one of the gates, called Portillo. The Saragossans resisted both attempts with extraordinary success. They did not stop to load their muskets a second time, but, regardless of their lives, closed on the French columns as they advanced: their artillery was served by any person who chanced to be near it. The French were completely overpowered. A party of the enemy that entered the town were cut to pieces, and Le Fevre, convinced of the futility of the attack, beat a retreat, with the loss of a great portion of his cavalry and luggage waggons.

The French, afterwards receiving reinforcements of troops and artillery, re-occupied the heights about the end of June. Meanwhile the Saragossans had employed the slender means at their disposal to place the town in a state of defence.

On the last day of June a powder magazine in the heart of the city blew up, and in a moment nearly the whole of the adjacent streets were in a heap of ruins. The inhabitants had scarcely recovered from their consternation when the French opened a destructive fire upon the city. The batteries were attacked and gallantly defended. As often as the defences were destroyed they were reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. Here an act of heroism was performed by a woman which has scarcely any parallel in history. Augustina of Saragossa, about twenty years of age, a handsome young woman of the lower class of the people, while performing the duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the fire of the French had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed on it. The citizens and soldiers hesitated for the moment to man the guns. Augustina, springing forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a cannon that stood near; then, mounting the gun, she took a solemn vow that so long as the siege lasted she would remain there. Her fellow-citizens, stimulated to fresh exertions by this daring act of intrepidity, instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy. Attack was made after attack. Saragossa was more and more closely invested. The mills which supplied the town with flour were destroyed, and the communications by which the besieged could receive supplies, either provisions or ammunition, were cut off. In this critical position the active and intelligent Palafox established in various

parts of the city corn mills worked by horses, and ordered the monks to be employed, under skilful directors, in manufacturing gunpowder. All the sulphur the place afforded was put into immediate requisition. The earth of the streets was carefully washed in order to furnish saltpetre, while charcoal was made from the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grows to a very unusual size. A regular manufactory of gunpowder was thus established within the walls of the city, though it was on fire in every quarter.

For the space of six weeks the brave Saragossans, while sustaining one of the most terrible sieges on record, were enduring unheard-of sufferings by famine, sickness, and all the horrors of war, and their defeat appeared inevitable. At length, on the 5th of August, there arrived a convoy of provisions and ammunition, while 3000 Spanish guards and volunteers, under Don Francisco Palafox, brother of the general, found their way into the city.

A council of war was instantly held, and it was determined that if the whole of Saragossa was consumed the patriots should retire to the suburbs and defend them till they perished. For some days longer the conflict was prolonged, and the Saragossans, with a fury that nothing could withstand, drove the French from street to street until all but about an eighth part of the city was regained.

From this moment the fate of the siege was decided, and on the morning of the 14th, to the great surprise and joy of the Saragossans, the enemy was seen retreating over the plain on the road to Pampeluna.

Immediately upon the withdrawal of the French, General Palafox, who had so ably conducted the defence of Saragossa, directed the execution of various defensive works in and about the city. The general felt persuaded that as soon as Napoleon had heard the news of the defeat he would order a second attack to be made, and provide such means and appliances as were calculated to ensure success. The works of defence, thrown up in the daily expectation of the return of the enemy, were necessarily executed with haste, and, consequently, far from secure.

The most extraordinary efforts were made by the Saragossans in this heroic labour. They tore down the curtains from their windows and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before every gate in the form of a battery, digging round each of them a deep trench. The gates of Saragossa are nine in number, in many places connected by the mud walls of gardens within the town, in other places by buildings, or by the remains of an old Moorish wall, which had not even a platform for musketry. Through these intermediate houses and mud walls the brave citizens broke holes for musketry and cannon; the houses in the environs of the city were pulled down or burnt; gardens and olive grounds were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors whenever they impeded the defence of the city or covered the approach of the enemy. The exertions of the men were imitated by the women, who formed themselves into parties of labourers, and worked without ceasing; even the youths and children were pressed into this patriotic service, being chiefly employed in cooking provisions and bringing them to their parents or relatives.

About the middle of December, ere even these hurried preparations could be satisfactorily completed, intelligence was received that the French were marching against the city, and the news was shortly confirmed by the appearance of an army of 36,000 men, fully equipped, with a provision of artillery and stores equal to the demands of the longest and most obstinate siege.

On the 20th of December the siege commenced by the assault and capture of the outposts, and by an attempt to lodge in the suburbs of the left of the Ebro, from which, after several hours' fighting and dreadful slaughter of the Spaniards, the French were ultimately repulsed. On the 10th of January a violent bombardment began, and frequently three thousand shells were thrown into the town in the course of twenty-four hours. On the 26th fifty-five pieces of heavy ordnance battered the newly-raised works, and quickly formed a practicable breach. The mud walls vanished, and the splendid convent of Santa Engracia, as well as the general hospital, was on fire and tottering in ruins. The French columns immediately rushed through the entrance, and after a desperate resistance gained the summit, where, however, they could not maintain themselves, as the citizens, from behind an interior entrenchment, kept up an incessant fire, and every moment sallied forth and fought hand to hand with the troops and workmen endeavouring to effect a lodgment. In these fierce encounters women and priests were observed among the foremost, and performing deeds worthy of veteran soldiers. Dismayed by this unlooked-for obstinacy of resistance, the besiegers retreated in confusion beyond the walls.

The French general, Marshal Lannes, perceived that an attempt to take the city by storm was hopeless: he therefore determined to confine himself to the slow but certain operation of sapping. By this insidious mode of advance the besiegers on the 6th of February penetrated into the principal street, named the Corso, near the centre of the town, and where the buildings are of greater solidity. It was here that the conflict assumed the greatest degree of obstinacy.

The whole of one side of the Corso was occupied by the besieged, who had strongly entrenched themselves, and in answer to a summons to surrender they cried, "War to the knife!" an exclamation which conveys a terrible meaning from the lips of Spaniards, for the knife in their hands is a most formidable weapon. The French were compelled thereupon to take up their position on the opposite side of the main street, and thus the combatants were brought within a few paces of each other. The scene of bloodshed that ensued has no parallel in modern warfare. The discharge of musketry was kept up during the whole of the day, while under cover of night the combatants often dashed across the streets against each other's batteries, and hand-to-hand conflicts of the most desperate character took place. Such was the slaughter that in the course of time the intervening space was heaped up with dead, and there was the utmost reason to apprehend a pestilence. General Palafox, to prevent contagion, pushed forward French prisoners with a rope attached to them, to remove the bodies of their countrymen.

At length several entrances were effected on that side of the Corso occupied by the Saragossans, who continued the fight within the houses, and

when forced from one room renewed the combat in the next, and frequently, when driven inch by inch out of a building, they would by a desperate and bold movement recover it, and the enemy had the same resistance to overcome a second time. Courage, however, under such circumstances, is of little avail against courage and science united. Daily and hourly the French made some advance; and when exertion was most required a pestilential disorder, arising from the number of the unburied slain, broke out among the defenders, causing far more havoc than the sword. At last the heroic Palafox himself sickened and affairs became desperate. Still the constancy of these dauntless Spaniards remained unshaken; and a priest of the name of Ric, by his personal example and the enthusiasm he inspired, directed the defence of the few remaining streets with undiminished bravery. Hunger exhausted their energies, and pestilence swept the defenders away by thousands, but the stern reply to every summons to surrender was, "War to the knife!" At last, on the 20th of February, when every street was ruined, and thousands of either sex and every age had perished, the enfeebled remnants of the gallant defenders were compelled to surrender, but not before the courageous priest Ric had extracted from Marshal Lannes a sacred promise of good treatment to the survivors.

The garrison, fifteen thousand in number, laid down their arms, after a resistance of fifty-two days in open trenches, twenty-three of which were a war of houses. The town at the conclusion of this fearful struggle presented a dreadful and melancholy spectacle; entire districts of it were demolished by repeated explosions, and presented merely a mass of ruins thickly covered with mutilated limbs and carcases; the few houses which fire and the mine had spared were riddled by shot and shells, their interiors were cut through with communications, the walls loopholed, the doors and windows barricaded.

In the midst of the ruins and bodies with which the streets were filled were observed crawling along here and there a few inhabitants, pale, emaciated, and cast down, who seemed on the point of following their dead comrades, whom they had been unable to remove. From an enumeration made at the commencement and at the termination of this terrible siege, it has been ascertained that in fifty-two days fifty-four thousand individuals perished, being two-thirds of the military and the half of the inhabitants or refugees. The loss of the besiegers was about six thousand.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

On the 20th of May, 1798, Bonaparte set sail from Toulon with a formidable veteran army, consisting of nearly 40,000 men, besides an immense quantity of artillery and military stores, and, having Sicily on the left, was joined by a squadron of Venetian men-of-war, commanded by Rear-Admiral Brueix, who had proceeded from Corfu nearly at the same time.

After a passage of eighteen days this formidable armament, now consisting of about 300 sail, including ships of the line, frigates, and transports, desecrated Malta, and at break of day the next morning commenced a general landing of troops and artillery upon the coast without encountering

my formidable resistance. At the dawn of the succeeding morning the enemy had encircled the city of Valetta, and on the 12th of June the French entered the city, and became masters of the whole island.

Bonaparte again proceeded to sea, and in the evening of the 30th of June the fleet anchored in the Roads of Alexandria.

Landing his troops, Bonaparte made short work with the celebrated Egyptian cavalry, the Mamelukes, and was no doubt indulging in very ambitious designs upon our Indian possessions, when the arrival of an English fleet before Alexandria aroused him from his dream.

This fleet was under the command of Sir Horatio Nelson, who for several weeks had sailed about the Mediterranean in quest of the French expedition.

On approaching the coast of Egypt, on the 1st of August, he discovered thirteen sail of line-of-mistle ships, moored in a strong and compact line in the bay of Aboukir, the headmost vessel being close to the shoals on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned on the south-west. The British admiral, who, from the anxiety of his mind, had scarcely taken either sleep or food for many days, now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table, and went to their separate stations, he exclaimed, "*Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.*"

The advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French; they had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1190 guns and 10,810 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying in all 1012 guns and 6068 men. The English ships of the line were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of 120 guns, and the enemy's squadron was, in the opinion of the French commissary of the fleet, moored in such a situation as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own.

The moment Admiral Nelson perceived the position of the French fleet it instantly struck him that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor. Having explained to his captains his mode of attack, and given them the general instruction, first "to gain the victory, and then to make the best possible use of it," the engagement commenced at six o'clock in the evening of the 1st of August.

As soon as some of our van ships approached the small island of Bequieres the *Alert* French ship began to execute the orders of Admiral Brueix, which were, to stand towards the British ships until nearly within gun-shot, and then to manoeuvre so as best to draw them towards the utter shoal lying off that island; but the British admiral escaped this decoy, and hauled well round the danger. On this island of Bequieres the French had established two batteries, but their assistance rendered them useless.

As our squadron advanced the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of the whole line full into the bows of our ships, and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the evening the French hoisted their colours. Captain Foley,

who led the British van, in the *Goliath*, had long conceived that if the enemy were moored in line of battle with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor were ready for action. Acting upon this plan of attack, he darted ahead of the enemy's vanmost ship, *Le Guerrier*, doubled her larboard side, and, having poured a destructive fire into the Frenchman, moved on to the *Conquerant*, whom he charged with tremendous fury, and in ten minutes shot away her masts.

Next followed the *Zealous*, Captain Hood, which attacked the *Guerrier*, on the side next the shore, and in twelve minutes totally disabled her; third proceeded the *Orion*, Sir James Saumarez, and took her station between the enemy's fifth and sixth ships; the *Theseus*, Captain Miller, following the same example, encountered the third ship of the enemy; the *Audacious*, Captain Gould, moved round to the fifth; then advanced the *Vanguard*, carrying the heroic Nelson, and his no less heroic Captain Berry, and anchored on the outside of the enemy's third ship, with six colours flying in his rigging, lest they should be shot away;—that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. Having veered half a cable, he instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded, and three times in succession did the destructive fire of the enemy sweep away the seamen that served these guns.

Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, nobly supported his friend and commander, and, anchoring next ahead of the *Vanguard*, took off the fire of the *Acquillon*, the fourth in the French line. The *Defence*, Captain Peyton, took his station with great judgment, ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, of 80 guns, the sixth ship of the enemy on the starboard bow, which ship bore the flag of the second in command.

Thus, by the masterly seamanship of the British commanders, nine of our ships were so disposed as to bear their force upon six of the enemy. The seventh of the French line was the *Orient*, the admiral's ship, a vessel of immense size, bearing 120 guns. This stupendous adversary was undertaken by the *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, while the *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, who engaged the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also at the same time the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began, and the shades of night began to close in upon them before they reached the scene of action.

Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, took the lead of these ships. As he came on, sounding, the increased darkness of the night had greatly increased the difficulties of the navigation, and suddenly, after having found eleven foot water, before the lead could be hove again he was fast aground, on the tail of the shoal of Bequieres, nor could all his own exertions, united to those of Captain Thompson, in the *Leander*, and Captain Hardy, in the *Mutine* brig, both of which came to

his assistance, get him off in time to share in the danger and the glory of the action. It was, however, some satisfaction to the mortified spirit of Captain Trowbridge that his ship served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which must else, from the course they were holding, have gone considerably further on the reef, and would inevitably have been lost. These ships, after escaping the peril to which they had been exposed, entered the bay, and took their stations, enveloped in darkness as was the whole fleet, in a manner that is remembered with general admiration.

At this juncture the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*, her lights extinguished, nearly 200 of her crew killed or wounded, and all her masts and cables shot away, was drifting out of the line, towards the lee side of the bay, when the *Swiftsure*, which at first mistook her for a ship of the enemy, but was soon undeceived, came up, and, taking her station, opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin*, and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under the stern of the *Orient*, and, anchoring within side of his larboard quarter, raked him, and kept up a severe fire of musketry on his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*, Captain Thompson, which took her station in such a position as to rake both the *Franklin* and the *Orient*.

The conflict was now carried on in the darkness of the night, and the only light to guide the operations of the fleets was derived from the flashes of their cannon. The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour from the commencement of the action, and others had suffered so severely that victory was already certain—its extent was the only remaining question. The third, fourth, and fifth ships of the enemy were taken possession of at half-past eight.

While the battle raged with its utmost fury the British admiral himself received a wound in the head, from a piece of langridge shot, which cut a large flap of the skin of the forehead from the bone, and which, falling over his only remaining eye, left him in total darkness. Captain Berry, on whom the command of the ship during the remainder of the action devolved, was standing near his admiral when he received this dreadful wound, and caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound would be mortal. Nelson himself thought so, and on being taken down into the cock-pit he called his chaplain to deliver his dying remembrances to Lady Nelson; but the surgeon, on examining the wound, pronounced it to be merely superficial, and the gloom which had taken possession of the whole crew, under the agonising apprehension of the loss of their commander, was dissipated and turned into expressions of joy.

The French admiral Brueix, who sustained the honour of his flag with undiminished firmness, and had been three times wounded during the present engagement, without quitting his station, now received a shot which almost cut him in two; still he remained upon the deck, and this hero, so well worthy of a better fate, survived his last wound only a quarter of an hour.

Soon after nine o'clock the *Orient* struck her

colours and appeared in flames. The fire spread with astonishing rapidity. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be distinctly seen from the towers of Rosetta, a distance of thirty miles. Finding it impossible to extinguish the flames, those who had escaped death in battle endeavoured to save themselves by plunging into the sea. About ten o'clock the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion, which was succeeded by a silence not less awful.

The firing, as if by common consent, instantly ceased on both sides, and the first sound which broke the portentous stillness was the dash of the shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been cast by the explosion. About seventy of the crew of the *Orient* were saved by the English boats, and among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore Casa Bianca and his son, a brave and intelligent boy about ten years of age; they were for a time seen in the water, on the wreck of the *Orient's* mast, seeking each other, when the ship blew up, and put an end to their hopes and their fears. The *Orient* had on board money to the amount of six hundred thousand pounds sterling.

After a lapse of about ten minutes the fire recommenced with the ships to the leeward of the centre, and continued without intermission till three o'clock the next morning. It then grew very faint till about five, when it was again resumed with redoubled fury, but it was on the enemy's part the resistance, not of hope, but of despair. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, the two rear ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line that had their colours flying, and in the forenoon they cut their cables and stood out to sea, taking along with them two frigates. The *Zealous*, worthy of her name, instantly commenced the pursuit, but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. The firing continued in the bay with some intermission till two o'clock in the afternoon, when it entirely ceased.

As soon as the admiral thought the victory secure he issued the following order:—"Almighty God having blessed his Majesty's arms with victory, the admiral intends returning public thanks for the same at two o'clock this day, and he recommends every ship doing the same." The vanquished, deprived of the consolations of religion by the wild theories of their governors, had not even this solace in distress, nor could they imagine to what cause to impute the solemn stillness that prevailed through the British fleet while the thanksgivings of the crews were presented to the Giver of all victory. During the action thousands of the worshippers of the Arabian prophet lined the shores of Egypt, and for three successive nights the whole coast and the adjacent country were illuminated in honour of the victory.

Thus ended an engagement which will ever rank amongst the most distinguished victories in naval annals.

The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. One British officer of the rank of captain only fell; this was the brave Captain Westcott, who was killed early in the action. Of the French 3105, including the wounded, went on shore by cartel, and 5225 perished, constitut-

ing a loss, during that glorious but fatal night, of upwards of 500 human beings an hour!

While the renown of this "conquest" reached every part of the globe, its political effects all over Europe were instantaneous and surprising. The enemies of France everywhere recovered from the despondency with which they had been oppressed previous to this glorious event, and an evident re-animation took place in all their councils, which were now occupied in improving an event that, on the admission of Bonaparte himself, proclaimed England sovereign of the ocean.

The events of the 1st and 2nd of August were celebrated throughout England with bonfires and illuminations. His Majesty conferred the dignity of Baron of Great Britain, with a pension of three thousand a year, on the admiral, who was called to the House of Peers by the style and dignity of Baron Nelson of the Nile. The Grand Signior also transmitted a superb diamond chalcngk, or plume of triumph, taken from one of the imperial turbans, and the King of Naples, of a later period, granted the title of Duke of Bronté, with an estate in Sicily. Captains Berry and Thompson received the honour of knighthood, and the other commanders were presented with gold medals. The Turkish Sultan sent a purse of 2000 sequins to be distributed amongst the wounded, and the English nation did themselves the honour to raise by public subscription a much larger sum for the widows and children of those who perished in the action.

IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

COLONEL HARDY, Quartermaster-General of Ceylon, in the discharge of his duties went to Galle to superintend the removal of detachments to Trincomalee, in country boats; and, as the soldiers composing these detachments were volunteers for the regiments ordered home, and were very drunken and disorderly, the colonel thought it requisite to accompany them part of the way in one of the boats which he had reserved for himself. Towards sunset, when he found the soldiers had become in some degree sober and quiet, he made for the shore, intending to land at a place about five or six miles eastward of Hambhentotte, where a brother officer resided, and whither he intended to walk.

He went on shore with a bottle of brandy in his hand, which he had brought with him; and having also a small valise, which held a change of clothes, he wanted one of the native boatmen to accompany him for the purpose of carrying it, but, to his surprise, not one of them would do so, and, pushing off the boat, they left the colonel on the sea-shore to shift for himself. But, in place of being, as he supposed, only five miles from Hambhentotte, he was, as the boatmen well knew, five and twenty, and in one of the wildest and least frequented parts of the island.

Having no idea where he was, he set off, bottle in hand, and carrying his valise under his arm. The sun was going down, and in a few minutes it became almost dark. He did not recollect the features of the country through which he was passing. He had not come, as he expected, to a river which he knew lay in his way, nor could he imagine, well as he was acquainted with the geography of Ceylon, where he was.

The night now became quite dark, and he heard all around the roaring of wild beasts, the howling of jackals, and the barking of pariah dogs. Before he had gone far the moon rose, giving only an uncertain light, but which enabled him to see, though indistinctly, from the thickness of the jungle, that the path before him was occupied by elephants. To retrace his steps from where he supposed himself to be was out of the question, and to remain where he was all night was, he felt convinced, certain destruction. He therefore determined to charge the formidable phalanx before him, and put on matters as bold a face as he could. While he was thus settling these things in his mind the elephants perceived and made towards him in a threatening manner, but the colonel walked boldly forward, and when at a convenient distance, struck with a sudden idea, he threw his valise as far as he could into the jungle on the right. This action directed the attention of the animals, and they made after the valise, examining it closely and turning it over with their trunks. While this was going on the colonel, with the greatest celerity, climbed an adjacent tree, and managed to reach its topmost boughs by the time the elephants returned to the path. The baffled animals, not perceiving the colonel in his place of refuge, bounded along the path in the direction they supposed he had taken, with the intention, no doubt, of killing him. After they had gone some distance, however, they desisted in their pursuit, and, going off by a different path, were soon out of sight.

The colonel now descended the tree and resumed his perilous journey, but he had not gone far before he perceived, through the trees, two large black objects moving in the very path just before him, and here again he had no alternative but, if possible, to pass them in the same way that he had passed the elephants.

The animals he had indistinctly seen soon saw or heard him, and before he had time to think of any means of preservation he found himself almost within the grasp of two huge buffaloes, who instantly made at him with the greatest fury. By a mere accidental movement the colonel eluded the onset of the first buffalo, but he was hopeless of being able to avoid the second, when a kind of impulse, for which he could not account, caused him to raise his arm and to aim a blow at the animal with the bottle which he happened to be holding in his hand. This, striking against the jaw of the animal, was dashed to pieces with a great crash, and the brandy flying into the mouth and eyes of the astonished buffalo so frightened him, as well as his companion, that with a loud howl they both rushed off into the jungle. Thus, by an extraordinary set of circumstances, the colonel's life was so far saved through the use of weapons the most unlikely for such a service.

Feeling now convinced that he must prepare himself for fresh encounters, the colonel bethought himself of a large clasp knife that he had in his pocket, and with this open in his hand he again journeyed onward.

He had not proceeded far when the sudden crackling of the bushes hard by made him aware that some other monster had marked him as its prey. He grasped the knife firmly, and stood awaiting the attack. In the opposite bush he saw glaring upon him a pair of eyes resembling burning coals, and immediately afterwards a tiger

of the largest species sprang from its hiding-place. In an instant the monster raised its paw and felled him to the earth. The blow left him just sufficient sense to realise the awfulness of his position, and, offering up a hasty prayer, he prepared for immediate death. From some unaccountable cause, however, the animal did not proceed to further action, but contented itself with standing by the prostrate man, with one of its paws upon his chest. The probabilities are, that the tiger supposed his victim to be dead, and that, having recently satiated his appetite on one of the inferior animals with which the jungle abounds, he was in no hurry to commence a second meal. This, at least, was the interpretation that the colonel put upon the tiger's forbearance, and with wonderful presence of mind he lay perfectly still, watching a favourable opportunity when he might strike a blow for life or death. At length the animal shifted its position so as to bring its breast immediately opposite the colonel's right hand. Seeing this, he, with the quickness of lightning, plunged the knife into the tiger's heart. It was a well-directed blow: the wounded beast sprang into the air, uttering a terrific howl, and then fell dead.

Thus miraculously preserved for the third time, the colonel set off, without, however, perceiving any likelihood of a termination to his dangers and labours. He was now, moreover, almost naked, his clothes and even his flesh being torn off him in his several encounters, and in forcing his way through the dense, prickly, and in many places almost impenetrable jungle. At length, having walked and run, as he calculated, more than twenty miles, he came to the bank of a large river or pond, of which he had by moonlight but a faint recollection, and, being completely exhausted in both body and mind, he threw himself down in despair, covered with blood, close to the root of a large tree. Strange to say, he there fell into a profound sleep, and not the least marvellous of that night's adventures was his preservation, while lying in this helpless state, from the wild animals, snakes, and other hurtful creatures with which the place abounded. He awoke, or rather recovered from a kind of swoon, about sunrise, soon found the path leading to the ford, crossed it, and after about two hours' walk through a country with which he was well acquainted, reached his brother officer's house. In the following year Colonel Hardy returned to England, where he lived to an old age.

JOHN LAWLEY'S ROAD TO FORTUNE.

ALL sorts of daring deeds have been accomplished in the cause of love. Men have gone through fire and water, have faced the sword's point and the cannon's mouth, and have hazarded their lives in a variety of ways to prove the ardour of their passion. The incident we are about to narrate is of this class, and we believe it will not prove the less interesting because the hero occupied a humble station and the object of his affection was a poor man's daughter.

In 1830 the vane on the summit of Linborough Church, in Nottinghamshire, became loose, and threatened every moment to fall, and bring with

it a portion of the masonry in which it was embedded. The height of the spire from the ground was very nearly 200 feet, and the only apparently practicable medium of effecting a repair was by erecting a complicated scaffolding, which of itself would be a dangerous task, and cost a large sum of money.

The tottering state of the vane filled the inhabitants of the place with apprehension, and furnished a common topic for conversation. Among the working men of Linborough was one John Lawley, who was courting a beautiful girl named Esther Gray. One night this young fellow was at the cottage of his sweetheart's father, and during a talk respecting the steeple Esther rather tauntingly said that she did not believe any man in Linborough had the courage to climb it. These words made a strong impression on the mind of John Lawley, although he said nothing at the time, and before he took his leave that night he secretly determined to accept Esther's challenge.

John arose at dawn, fastened a strap round his waist over his clothes, and attached to this strap a trowel, and also a handkerchief containing some mortar and a few chips of granite. He set out from his lodgings, keeping the church tower in view, and pondering how he should accomplish his task, and by the time he had reached the church he had formed some pretty accurate plan of proceeding.

Lawley found the door unlocked, pushed it open, and ran up the narrow corkscrew staircase. He soon stood on the lead roof, and here, looking up at the spire, he began to realise the difficulties of the work he had undertaken. After some further consideration he passed through the little door that led upward, and plodded up the little staircase, every now and then peeping through the narrow slits in the thick wall, and stopping to listen to the ticking of the great clock. Up and up he went, till he came to the place where the monster bells were hung, and then he stepped on to the oak beams, but just at that moment the big hammer of the clock rose and struck five, making such a din that John was compelled to stop both his ears with his fingers to prevent being stunned.

When the noise had ceased Lawley pursued his upward journey, and at length, by the light from the little dormer windows, he could see ladder after ladder across and across, going right up the spire. Nothing daunted, he went up the round staircase again, until he arrived at the top, and stood on the narrow lead whence the spire sprang.

Now came the commencement of the tussle in reality, but Lawley was equal to the occasion. He stripped off his jacket and waistcoat, rearranged the belt round his waist, and placed the trowel and the cement and stone where they could be most easily got at. There was a stiff breeze springing up, so he made a start on that side where the wind blew, that it might assist his ascent. With incredible difficulty he drew himself up from crocket to crocket, having to pause frequently to gain strength. By and bye he heard from below shouts of encouragement and loud cheers, and he then knew, although he dare not look, that a crowd was collecting, and that his movements were being watched. Encouraged somewhat by this knowledge, he went up and up.

the spots growing thinner and thinner, and the mist turning at last into the sunbeams that shone from the tower.

As he kept climbing the people below continued cheering, and now, seated with a sort of frenzy, as was in the upward curve, the knees of his trousers being by this time worn through, and his hands bruised and bleeding.

With the tremendous effort he now grasped the upper support of the weathercock, and now his troubles began, for he had only one hand to hold on to, and one hand to work with. However, he got the other out and in his teeth, dragged the cement and stone round, and then had to get out his knife and cut the handkerchief to come at the masonry. This done, he held on with all his might with the left hand, and with the right, by dint of great exertion, he pushed the vane upright in its place; but he had no sooner got it up than the wind blew it sideways again, so he had to climb yet higher to gain more power over it. This was a most difficult and dangerous thing to do, but Lawley did it, and again fixed the weathercock in an upright position; and now commenced his job, which was as tedious and trying as can be well imagined. He took the piece of wire from his handkerchief and wedged them into the crevices bit by bit; then he applied the cement, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing that his handiwork had rendered the weathercock once more secure.

He had now to set out on his downward journey, and this was quite as trying as the ascent; for in his upward passage he had snapped some of the crickets off, and, while feeling about with his feet for some kind of rest, he had to cling to the steeple for his life, the wind every moment threatening to tear him off, and toss him on the leads beneath. Panting, giddy, and more dead than alive, he at length reached one of the little dormer windows, and here he paused for several minutes, the sloping bars and stone coping coming as a perfect luxury of relief.

Again he started, still beset at every step by difficulties, existence hanging by the merest thread, which threatened every moment to snap asunder. With joy and gratitude inexpressible he at length reached the leads, and from this point he had no further difficulties to encounter.

When he reached the ground a crowd of some thousands of persons were waiting him, to give him a reception such as he deserved. No sooner was he caught sight of than all eagerly pressed forward to shake him by the hand or clap him on the shoulder. But this display of good feeling was lost upon him, for the strength that had sustained him through this trying scene now fairly deserted him, and as he gained the open air he fell unconscious into the arms of the nearest bystander.

A long illness, complicated with fever, followed. Esther, while admiring her lover's courage, could not help accusing herself as the cause of his sufferings. At length he completely recovered; but he was no longer a common workman. The town council presented him with fifty pounds, and subscriptions flowed in from the townspeople and from residents in all parts of the country, until he became possessed of some seven or eight hundred pounds, with which he started in life as a master. Esther became his wife, and in a few years he was in a most prosperous position.

THE - ARETHUSA."

ONE of the most famous of Dibdin's sea songs was that of the *Arethusa*: it was set to a beautiful melody, and in the time when England and France were disputing the sovereignty of the seas, and the warlike spirit of the British nation was aroused, this popular ballad might have been heard being sung or played at every turn. The composition has a smack of antiquity about it, but there is life and fervour in its rude rough strains that strongly appeal to our patriotism and loyalty:—

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in hammer's mould,
While English glory I unfold:

Hurrah for the *Arethusa*!

She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave,
The men are staunch to their favourite launch,

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail in show so stout

Bore down on the *Arethusa*.

The famed *Bellevue* in sight did lie,
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly.

Not a shot or a track or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance

On board of the *Arethusa*.

Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out, "Hailo!"

"Bear down, d'ye see, to our admiral's lee."

"No, no," said the Frenchman, "that can't be."

"Then I must lag you along with me,"

Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand

Of the gallant *Arethusa*.

And now we've driven the foe ashore,

Never to fight with Britons more,

Let each fill a glass to his favourite lass,

A health to the captain and officers true,

And all that belong to the jovial crew

On board of the *Arethusa*.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON.

IN the year 1800 Napoleon, just appointed First Consul of France, resolved to attack Austria unawares, by crossing the Alps and pouring his legions down the Italian slopes of that rocky barrier. Having secretly collected 30,000 men on the plains of Burgundy, he set out, May 13, on his memorable expedition. He took the route of the Great St. Bernard, his army



advancing in three divisions, with all its *matériel* of war, cannon, waggons, ambulances, cavalry, and commissariat stores. The difficulties and hardships encountered by the troops in this passage of the Alps were such that probably none but French soldiers could have overcome them—not because the courage required for the purpose was greater than that common to all well-regulated armies, but because nothing but the *esprit du corps* and natural enthusiasm of French troops could have supported men through such toil, privation, and difficulties.

Unlimbering their guns, the soldiers yoked themselves like horses to the several pieces, and drew them over ridges and down mountains where it would have been impossible for a wheeled vehicle of any kind to pass. The cavalry, blind-folding their horses, led them along narrow passes that, winding round awful precipices, hardly afforded breadth for the feet of the animals they guided with such perseverance and care; but, with every precaution, a false step repeatedly dragged

horse and man from their shallow hold and plunged them into chasms so profound that no eye could note their mangled remains.

In this manner, suffering fearfully from fatigue, hunger, and the intense cold of those lofty regions, the advance guard at last reached the hospice of St. Bernard, obtained a ration for each man from the monks, and then began the equally hazardous part of the expedition—the descent upon the plains of Lombardy.

The Austrians, who held a small fortress near the foot of the pass, on the Italian frontier, beheld with feelings of amazement the long cavalcade descending as from the clouds, and slowly winding its way down the tortuous paths of the Alps, and, all unsuspecting of danger, gazed as in a dream on the martial array approaching.

Sweeping down upon the plain, Bonaparte arranged his forces, and, advancing with extraordinary despatch, entered Milan on the 2nd of June, and issuing out in search of the Austrians encountered their army of 40,000 men, and by the

victory of Marengo, fought on the 14th, became the master of Italy.

One of the first duties of Bonaparte was to construct a permanent and practical highway across the Alps, from France to Italy, by the route by which he had at such labour and danger so lately led his army. For this purpose, to enable troops and munitions, passengers and merchandise, to pass freely, and at all times, between the two countries, the expense and labour of construction being equally divided between France and Italy, that great engineering work, the Pass of the Simplon, as it is called, was undertaken and successfully accomplished.

To understand, in a small degree, some of the difficulties of this undertaking, it must be remembered that the Simplon, the highest mountain of the Italian Alps, is 5678 feet above the Mediterranean level, and that its two pointed pinnacles are covered with eternal snow, while through a vast chasm in its rift and ragged base rushes the roaring and impetuous river Dora, falling, with a noise that deafens and confounds the hearing, into a profound and awful chasm.

To bridge this abyss by an enduring highway from point to point of the mountain, and construct a permanent road, was the great feature of the undertaking. This stupendous work (a bridge nearly 7000 feet above the sea level, and in the region of perpetual snow) was then and has since been regarded as a wonderful work of genius. The Military Road, or the Pass of the Simplon, is, in all, 38 miles long, in some places 30 feet wide, but generally averaging only 25 feet, is carried through several tunnels of different lengths, and has nearly six hundred bridges, spanning rivers, valleys, or chasms, while, to afford every accommodation in these inhospitable regions, twenty stations for the warmth and relief of the weary or benumbed traveller are built at regular intervals along the line.

A POPULAR SKETCH OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

(Continued from page 27.)

Meanwhile Junot found Portugal a nest of hornets, and his Spanish auxiliaries, on hearing of their country's danger, quitted Oporto for the purpose of swelling the patriotic ranks. But before their departure they made prisoner the French general who commanded them, with all his staff, and delivered up the city to the native governor, who ordered the Portuguese flag to be hoisted, and opened a friendly communication with the captain of an English frigate cruising off that port. Nearly the whole north of the kingdom rose in arms against the French, and the Junta of Oporto applied for English assistance.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) was accordingly despatched with 9000 men, and landed at Mondego Bay early in August. Unfortunately a coolness arose between the Portuguese and English generals, for the former, in great straits for provisions, coveted the woevilly biscuit and aged pork of which the Brit-

ish army had only a limited supply. Eventually some 1650 Portuguese enjoyed the rations and shared the good or evil fortune of Wellesley's troops. On the 17th he defeated a large French force at ROLEIA, on the 20th he protected the landing of 5000 more British at Lourinha, and on the 21st resumed his march towards Lisbon. But Junot, hearing that Sir John Moore was on his way with 12,000 seasoned troops from Holland, resolved to attack Wellesley before they arrived. There ensued that morning the celebrated battle of VIMIERA, in which the French marshal, who had sallied from the capital with all his available forces, was utterly defeated, and almost left at Wellesley's mercy. The day after the battle, however, there came to the British camp at Cintra the governor of Gibraltar, Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of all our forces in Portugal, and that officer at once agreed to Junot's proposal that the English government should be at the expense of transporting the whole of the French army to France. Thus 20,000 enemies, on the point of laying down their arms, were let loose to carry wounds and death into British ranks on other fields. This arrangement, known as the Convention of Cintra, caused a great outcry in England, and Wellesley's first Peninsular campaign terminated with a summons to return home and give evidence in the military inquiry that followed.

The command of the army devolved on Sir John Moore, who at the head of 20,000 men left Lisbon on the 27th of October for Spain. He had been told that his entrance into that country would be covered by over 60,000 men, but even when he had advanced within three marches of the French army not even a Spanish picquet appeared to protect his front. The numbers despatched against him exceeded 70,000 men, of whom 16,000 were under Marshal Soult, 15,000 under the lately defeated Junot, and 40,000 under Napoleon in person. Moore had no alternative but retreat, in which he was closely pursued. At Benevente the cavalry and part of the artillery of Napoleon came up with his rear-guard, and a skirmish took place, in which the French general Lefevre, at the head of his chasseurs, was taken prisoner. Napoleon's presence being now required in France, he left Soult in command, with three divisions, to follow the British incessantly and effect their destruction. Our soldiers arrived at CORUNNA in a lamentable plight, and while awaiting the ships that should carry them to England were overtaken by the French. Here, like lions, they stood at bay, and on the 16th of January, 1809, fought that memorable battle in which Sir John Moore fell in the moment of victory. That sorrowful night the British army left the inhospitable shores of Spain.

Soult now quickly took Oporto, though defended by 24,000 troops and 200 cannon. The 10,000 British, however, that had been left at Lisbon were swelled to 30,000 by the 22nd of April, when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to take the command. He assembled his army at Coimbra on the 7th of May, and advanced towards the river Douro. Soult, feeling by no means equal to the combat, abandoned Oporto, and his flight was the signal for retreat to Marshal Victor, who was advancing along the Tagus to capture Lisbon.

The second siege of SARAGOSSA will ever occupy a distinguished place in military annals. A body of 10,000 men who had escaped from the battle of Tudela had thrown themselves into Saragossa, and the citizens and peasants increased its defenders to 60,000. After two months of sapping, mining, explosions, bombardments, pestilence, the heroic Palafox was prostrated, and the city surrendered. "The enemy, when they entered, triumphed over a few sick and dying men, but they did not subdue citizens nor conquer soldiers." Blake's attempt to retake Saragossa was a most inglorious failure, one of his regiments being thrown into confusion by the enemy's grenades, others fleeing without discharging a gun, and leaving the general with his officers to fight their way off the field.

Wellesley now formed a junction with Cuesta and other Spanish generals to attack the central French armies and gain possession of Madrid. A tremendous battle ensued at TALAVERA on the 27th and 28th of July, when Marshal Victor was utterly defeated, with the loss of 10,000 men. For this triumph Wellesley was created Viscount Wellington, and by this name, whether as viscount, marquis, or duke, he will live intertwined with the proudest memories of our country.

On August 3rd the British force left Talavera to attack Marshal Soult, but the obstinate Spanish general so hampered his movements that he was compelled to retreat on Badajoz, where, in an almost pestilential situation, his army continued inactive during the remainder of the year.

Sir Robert Wilson, with a small but well-disciplined Portuguese corps, had meanwhile penetrated almost to the gates of Madrid. He was now recalled, but did not arrive at Valada till the night of August 4th, when, conceiving it too late to retire by a certain bridge, he was obliged to take an exposed route, where he was attacked and defeated by Marshal Ney. After a harassing march along the mountains he at length reached the main army.

On the 19th of November 50,000 Spaniards were defeated at Ocana by the French, under King Joseph, who shortly afterwards took Seville, and prepared for the subjugation of Cadiz. The French advanced to the coast with all their usual rapidity. The city was almost defenceless, for

there were not 1000 troops on the neighbouring island of Leon, and not sufficient volunteers to man the works. The batteries of St. Fernando, one of its main bulwarks, were unfinished. The people of Cadiz, indeed, had considered the danger remote. But while the French advanced across the grand mountain-barrier of the Sierra Morena the Duke d'Albuquerque was on the banks of the Guadiana, and, by a march of 260 miles in eight days, he placed himself between Cadiz and the French. On February 2nd he entered the island of Leon with his little army of 8000 men, and, being appointed governor by acclamation, he defied the French, until bad success elsewhere impelled them to raise the siege.

We must now retrace our steps to Portugal, whither Lord Wellington had transferred his head-quarters. Near the river Tagus he threw up almost impregnable fortifications, known as the lines of Torres Vedras, where he could receive supplies from England or embark his forces if severely defeated. Issuing thence, he posted his various divisions so as to retard the progress of the enemy, without hazarding a general engagement.

Napoleon, more than ever determined, now appointed Massena, one of his most accomplished generals, supreme commander. The marshal, having taken Ciudad Rodrigo, besieged Almeida, against which he opened his trenches on the 16th of August. While a false attack was made against the north of the town, 2000 men dug the first parallel to a depth of three feet, and on Sunday, the 26th, at five in the morning, eleven batteries, mounting sixty-five cannon, opened fire. The garrison were full of ardour, but that very night the large powder-magazine in the citadel blew up, and half the artillerymen perished, with numbers of the garrison and the inhabitants. Almeida surrendered at once, and Massena advanced further into Portugal, Wellington slowly retreating before him to the mountainous ridges of BUSACO. There, on the 26th of September, the French were brilliantly defeated, but Wellington found himself under the necessity of still retreating on Torres Vedras, whither Massena followed, but dared not attack him. After wintering at Santarem the French commander, on the 4th of April, 1811, crossed the frontier into Spain.

Lord Wellington immediately blockaded the French garrison in Almeida, while Marshal Beresford, commanding a mixed army of British, Spaniards, and Portuguese, laid siege to Badajoz.

Soult, advancing to relieve the latter fortress, was met at ALBUERA by the allied troops, who, on the 16th of May, defeated him in one of the most sanguinary battles of modern times. The victors, having wiped their swords, returned to the siege of Badajoz.

Meanwhile, to relieve Almeida, the dogged Massena once more crossed the frontier, but Wellington foiled him, on the 5th of May, at FUENTES D'ONORO, in an engagement so decisive that he gave orders to blow up the fortifications, and resigned his command to Marshal Marmont. The two British generals were thus at liberty to combine their forces against Badajoz, but, Soult and Marmont uniting also, Wellington, after various unsuccessful assaults, raised the siege and withdrew into Portugal.

(To be continued.)

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE SCHOOLBOY.

THE son of Mr. Kendall, the Duke of Wellington's favourite valet, was spending a day at Apesley House, and, on the bell being rung, young Kendall, unperceived by his parent, ran upstairs after him. The boy unconsciously entered the room where his father was receiving orders, and, "seeing a gentleman with very white hair," as the little fellow afterwards said on relating the circumstance, "I went back immediately."

The duke asked, "Whose boy is that?" Kendall, rather alarmed, replied, "It was my son, your Grace; and I hope you will excuse the great liberty he has taken in daring to follow me into your presence." "Oh!" said the duke, "that is nothing. I was a boy myself once. But I did not know you had a son, Kendall. Send him in, and leave him with me."

The boy was accordingly ushered into the presence of the duke, who kindly shook him by the hand and asked him if he knew who he was. The boy replied, "Yes, sir," but instantly checking himself, said, "Yes, your Grace." "Oh! my little fellow," said the duke, "it will be easier for you to call me *sir*. You call your schoolmaster *sir*, don't you? Then call me *sir*, if you choose, to-day."

After a few more remarks in the same kind and familiar tone the duke said, "Well, can you play at draughts?" The boy replied in the affirmative. The duke reached his draughtboard down, and, sitting by the side of a small table, challenged the boy to a game, giving him two men. The game proceeded and the boy lost, although he afterwards said, "I really thought I should have beaten him the second game, but he laid a trap for me and laughed because I did not see it."

The game ended, the duke asked the boy to write his name, and exercised him in spelling and geography, asking him to spell Constantinople and to tell him where that city was situated. The boy having answered satisfactorily, the duke said, "Well, you shall dine with me to-day; but, as I shall not yet, perhaps you would like to see my pictures?" The boy smilingly assented, and away went the duke and young Kendall to look at the pictures. After showing him the gallery, and explaining the different subjects, the duke said,

"Now I will show you my statuary." After the boy had gazed at the statues for some time the duke asked what he thought of them, adding, "They are important fellows." The boy said he did not admire them so much as the pictures. "I thought as much," remarked the duke. "But tell me, which is most like your schoolmaster?" In this task of selection the boy had not much difficulty, for all of them, save one, had large moustaches. Pointing at what was palpably a bust of the duke himself, the boy said it was most like his schoolmaster. The duke laughed heartily and said, "Oh! indeed? Well, he is a very good man of his sort." After this the duke said, "Come, we will now go to dinner. I have ordered an early dinner, as I suppose you dine early at school." "We dine at one o'clock, *sir*," said the boy. "A very good hour, too," rejoined his Grace. "I did so when I was at school."

The duke and young Kendall sat down to dinner by themselves. Having asked a blessing, the duke observed to his young guest, "There will be several things brought to table, and I shall help you to a small portion of each, as I know little boys like to taste all they see." The repast having ended, the duke selected from his purse a new sovereign, which he gave to his young guest, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, dismissed him with these words—"Be a good boy; do your *duty*. Now you may go to your father."

Ever after the duke took a great interest in young Kendall. At the proper age he procured for him a situation in the Ordnance Office, and was kind to him in various ways as long as he lived.

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIST CAN DO.

IN the expedition against Baltimore General Ross, passing through a wood, observed an American rifleman taking deliberate aim at him behind a tree. The general, instead of turning aside or discharging a pistol at the fellow, doubled his fist, and, shaking it at the enemy, called out in his trumpet-toned voice, "Oh! you Yankee rascal, I'll give it you." The voice and gesture of the general so completely threw the rifleman off his guard that he dropped his musket in dismay and took to his heels.

A QUESTION SOON SETTLED.

AT the battle of Alexandria an aide-de-camp (Major Brierly) in carrying orders had his horse killed, and begged permission of Sir Sydney Smith to mount a horse belonging to his orderly dragoon. As Sir Sydney was turning round to give the order to dismount a cannon-shot took off the poor fellow's head. "This," said the general, "settles the question. Major, the horse is at your service."

HOW SIR JOHN MOORE SPENT THE DAY.

SIR John Moore, one of the most accomplished British generals engaged in the Peninsular campaign, spent his time during the encampment of the army in the following fashion:—He always rose between three and four o'clock in the morning, lighted his fire, trimmed his lamp, and sat down and wrote till breakfast time. Afterwards he received commanding officers, transacted business, and then rode out to view the troops or reconnoitre the country. He dined about three o'clock, generally having from fourteen to twenty

guests at his table. With these he talked familiarly, drank a few glasses of wine, returned to his orderly business, and was in bed by ten o'clock.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER III. (continued.)

John Maitland, after vainly using his cutlass to open a passage, got out his knife, and, having with some difficulty effected an opening, he gave up the post of honour to his captain, that of first boarding the prize. That officer, followed by about a dozen blue jackets and a few marines, amid a yell of rage and a storm of musketry, tore through the opening, and leaped or fell on the forecastle of the *Trinidad*, where they were immediately surrounded by the enemy, who literally swarmed the deck of the galleon and kept up a murderous discharge and fought hand to hand.

For a time the little party on the forecastle had to sustain the whole brunt of the assault, and there seemed little chance of any diversion in their favour, as neither of the other crews had yet obtained an entrance, though the random volleys and the thrusts of boarding pikes and bayonets were materially thinning the number of the assailants.

A loud cheer from the poop and quarter-deck, however, soon after told of the successful entry of the rest, and then began a scene of indescribable confusion and carnage, each party of boarders (for it was impossible to unite their forces) maintaining an unequal struggle with the numbers that surrounded them.

In a vain endeavour to find the aperture through which his captain and comrades had boarded, John Maitland had been for some minutes carrying on a thrust-and-parry conflict with some of the enemy from the deck, and was in the act of running up the rattlins, with the intention of dropping on the deck, when a violent thrust from a pike drove him from his hold and hurled him into the water.

Captain Winterton, who, with a midshipman and five men, was gradually driving the enemy before him, beheld with dismay the red lights the Spaniards were burning from the poop, and the rockets they were firing off as signals. Cheering on his handful of men, and making a spring at the leader of the party opposed to him, he hurled him bleeding to the deck, and, by the force of his and his men's united attack, fairly drove the others before them across the ship, and as far as the after hatchway. Here he had the good fortune to unite his own with two of the other parties.

Now thoroughly master of one-half of the vessel, Captain Winterton bent every effort to reach the poop, where the signalling was still going on, and his third lieutenant, mortally wounded, was being helped into the boat, while his party,

hemmed in on every side, were carrying on an unequal contest.

So rapidly had these events taken place that the watch below had not yet had time to reach the deck; but at this moment, when Captain Winterton hoped by another dash to gain the poop, and rescue his last boat's crew from their overwhelming odds, the Spaniards poured up the after companion, and brought such a formidable accession of numbers that the success which seemed within their grasp appeared in a moment utterly overthrown. Though the men fought with the usual hardihood and recklessness of British seamen, the unexpected odds were telling terribly against them, for the Spaniards, by this accession of fresh hands, had regained the deck as far forward as the foremast.

At this moment the ship gave a lurch forward as if under the influence of a ground swell, a rocket shot up from across the harbour, and the rush of a round shot sounded overhead, as it tore through the rigging, while a deep boom shook the air as with a convulsion.

This proof of assistance from their friends inspired the Spaniards with redoubled energy, while for an instant, but only for an instant, it depressed their assailants. While Captain Winterton was deciding in his mind whether to order the removal of the wounded and make a retreat to the boats a shout from the well-known voice of Maitland from the quarter-deck, where he suddenly appeared at the head of the second lieutenant's crew and some dozen fresh hands, turned the tide once more in favour of the expedition.

When so suddenly hurled from the shroudings, John Maitland narrowly escaped falling athwart the cutter, an accident that might have sent him to the cockpit on the return of the boats. As it was, falling into the water, he struck out manfully, and, finding himself under the stern of the galleon, was instantly seized with an idea that he thought would be worth practically putting into operation. Swimming back to the cutter, he got on board, and told the men left in charge to pull till the boat was under the stern windows, through which he could see by the lights in the cabin the relief watch hurrying on deck.

Waiting till they had all left, and he saw the coast clear, Maitland dashed his cutlass through one of the port windows, and, springing through the opening, called to his comrades to follow him, a summons obeyed with the greatest alacrity by all but the two men left to guard the boat.

"Hang it, Bill, there goes another gun!" he exclaimed, as a round shot struck the water about a fathom astern of the galleon. "And look there, lads, at that red fog. The Spaniards are putting off their boats with lights in them to cut us off, or retake the prizes. See." And he pointed to where a strong ruddy haze on the water indicated the approach of the enemy.

Bounding upwards, John, unmindful of his dripping clothes, cheered on his messmates, and the next minute sprang lightly on deck, gained the poop, and, attacking the Spaniards in the rear, soon effected a junction with the fourth party, when, driving the astonished enemy before them, the whole of the crew were placed between the two parties.

Captain Winterton, beset by three antagonists at once, was gallantly defending himself, when his sword broke, and the third shot at the same

moment striking the mainmast, the top hamper fell with a crash among the Spaniards. A piece of the splintered yard striking the captain on the head, and bearing him to the deck, his assailants rushed forward to despatch him.

Quick as lightning Maitland, who saw his officer's critical position, sprang across the wounded and the dead, and, dealing the foremost of the three a desperate blow with his cutlass, and discharging a pistol at the head of the second, was just in time to hurl his empty weapon in the face of the third as he covered his captain's body with his person and threw him over his shoulder.

A ringing cheer rose from the English sailors at this achievement, and at the fact that the prize was already under weigh. Five minutes later the Spaniards were driven below, and, sail being set on the jib and the foremost, the *Trinidad*, in tow of one of the boats, was drifting with the tide out of the bay.

"I am better now, John," said the captain, as Maitland placed him on the poop-steps. "The ship's under weigh?"

"All right, yer honour, and there's Mr. Leicester, with the other prize, following us."

"Mr. Harvey," cried the captain, addressing the midshipman who had accompanied his party, "tell them in the launch to be ready with the grape and canister to meet those boats of the enemy I see coming out of the fog in pursuit. You are wounded, John."

"Nothing, yer honour," drawing his sleeve over his bleeding face and eyes.

At this moment, when both prizes were abreast, and steadily making good their distance, two boats, filled with troops carrying torches, burst suddenly out of the fog, but were on the instant received by a murderous discharge of grape and canister from the launch, which effectually extinguished the lights. The shrieks and groans of the dying were drowned in the roar of the cannon that from ships, forts, and batteries were blindly discharged after the captured prizes, the red shot flashing like lightning out of the dense fog and darkness of the night.

CHAPTER IV.—A WHITE SQUALL.

THOUGH the prizes were completely in the hands of the captors, and well under weigh, more sail being set on each as they walked out of the bay, the fighting was not yet entirely over, either afloat or ashore.

Occasional shots were still being exchanged between the crew, who had been driven below, and the victors on the deck, while one of the forts continued to send at random red-hot shot in the supposed direction of the enemy and their prizes. These, as they flew through the rigging or fell in unpleasant proximity to the galleons, became a source of real uneasiness to Captain Winterton, especially as he felt certain the Spanish ships were getting under weigh, and might at any moment surge out of the fog and out off their escape.

It therefore became doubly necessary to set as much canvas as possible, so as to take advantage of any catpaws of wind they might meet with on making the offing.

The boats of the *Ajax* and the *Pomona* were in tow of their respective prizes, and most of their

crews on board the galleons, but, in consequence of the straggling fire kept up from the hold by the Spaniards, the men were unable to set sufficient sail without being exposed to serious danger from the overpowered but not yet silenced enemy.

To put an end to this murderous state of affairs, Captain Winterton ordered the hatches to be suddenly removed, and the marines to pour down a volley on the imprisoned crew. This, being followed by an order to lay down their arms, effectually put a stop to further bloodshed on either side, and enabled the victors to crowd all sail and reach the offing unpursued by the enemy.

By the aid of rockets and red fire from their decks, the *Ajax* and *Pomona* soon joined company, and being under easy sail, the fog at the same time gradually lifting, the boats were able to return to their respective ships. The prisoners were then removed aboard the ships of war, while prize crews were placed in the galleons, under the master and third lieutenant of the *Ajax* and *Pomona*, with orders to make all sail for Gibraltar, where the captures would be condemned in the customary manner.

As the sun rose, and the fog gradually cleared off, the wind became more steady, and the prizes, though slow and heavy sailers, were going through the water at the rate of six knots an hour, the *Ajax* and the *Pomona*, to leeward and windward, accommodating their rate of sailing to the vessels they convoyed, and the whole going abreast in a line.

As the fog lifted from the surface of the Mediterranean like a vast curtain the two Spanish line-of-battle were seen some six knots astern, crowding all sail to intercept and if possible recapture the prizes before they could reach the protection of the guns at Gibraltar.

"Will the Spaniards overhaul us, Ben, if these puffs of wind hold?" inquired John Maitland, who had been left in the *Trinidad*, of a messmate, an old salt of the starboard watch, as they took short turns along the waist of the ship.

"I wish we were as safe to get clear of that squall brewing there to windward as we are of escaping those lubberly dogs," replied Ben, taking a fresh quid, and hitching up his trousers.

"What squall? I see no signs of any."

"Bless your innocent hyes, look there. Why, there's a capful of wind gathering up yonder that might last a chap for a long cruise."

"I was in a white squall in the West Indies when the skipper commanded the *Bellerophon*, but I don't see anything like that here," rejoined Maitland.

"Like enough, but every sea has its own storms, and there ain't an uglier one in high or low latitudes nor the Mediterranean for sudden gales and tempests."

"But how is it you judge now, Ben?"

"Look here, Jack. Do you see that black patch on the sun's eye, not bigger nor the crown of a sou'-wester, there?" And Ben indicated with his hand a small jagged black cloud just impinging the lower limb of the sun.

"Yes, I see it clear enough."

"Well, if you watch that dab of ill-looking cloud, you'll see it spread and spread till it covers the whole sky and puts out the sun just like an extinguisher, and then, my eyes and limbs, won't it come on to blow!"

"See, Ben, the *Ajax* is making signals,"

exclaimed Maitland, drawing his companion's attention to what was taking place on board the line-of-battle.

"Of course she is. The skipper sees it, too, and makes signals to prepare for the mischief that's brewing."

"Ay, ay ; and here's the order for in sail and down topmasts and royals."

"And just look there, Jack, at them higherunt beggars, the Spaniards. While we are making all snug aloft and aloft, I'm blest if they've so much as noticed what's as plain as a pikestaff," looking with a glance of contemptuous scorn at the pursuing ships, as, with all sail set and at a full, and unconscious of danger, they pressed on after the prizes.

Brief as was the time taken up by the above dialogue, it had been sufficiently long for a marked and ominous change to take place in the atmosphere and the general aspect of the surrounding scene.

The black cloud pointed out by Ben, and which at first seemed not bigger than a man's hand, had dilated as it were from the centre, and, obscuring the sun, soon overspread the whole half of the heavens as with an impenetrable pall. The sea, too, which had been so lately calm and voiceless, was covered with fast-spreading ripples, filling the air with a strange hissing sound, while its surface became suddenly covered as with a mantle of foam.

These phenomena followed each other with such rapid sequence that the eye had hardly time to note the changes, when the last phase of all was reached, and the squall broke with terrific violence on the several vessels, which the next moment were tossing about like corks on the raging waves, and at the apparent mercy of wind and tide.

Owing to the timely signal from the *Ajax*, the lieutenant in charge of the *Trinidad* had struck his top hamper, taken in sail, made all snug aboard, and altered the ship's course, so as to scud before the wind. These preparations had hardly been effected when, with a roar like thunder, and a force that seemed to drive the ship under the water, the tempest broke on the devoted vessel, and threw her on her beam ends, while the sea, lashed as if by magic into mountainous waves, swept over her poop, making clean breaches, and flooding her decks from the main-chains to after-hatch with the hissing brine.

Three extra hands at once flung themselves on the wheel, and, by great exertion, brought the ship's head round, when, with a spring like a living thing, the huge hull rose on her keel, and the righted vessel, like a freed racer, bounded on her course, mounting the roaring waves and plunging into the troughs with a speed and pressure that made every timber groan as if the old craft would split in her efforts to fly the storm that raged through her spars and cordage and threatened to drag the masts out of their sockets. Some of the weaker halyards, stays, and braces snapped with loud reports, and were lashing about the deck and masts like infernal whips, and at the same moment the jib and flying-jib were dragged from their blocks and the fore-sail torn to ribbons, while the loud noise with which the loose canvas flogged the mast and bulwarks added a hundredfold to the tumult and danger of the scene.

Fortunately for the safety of the courageous band who threw themselves out on the fore-yard and jibboom to set fresh sail, a flood of rain came down, as if the heavens had opened and let free, in one ceaseless deluge, its whole reservoir of water, beating down the wind by the very weight of its volume.

But, though the wind had greatly abated, allowing sail to be made, the sea still ran fearfully high, while loud peals of thunder rolled overhead, and sheets of blue lightning lit up the darkness with awful grandeur.

In one of these moments of vivid illumination, when the *Trinidad* had just crested an enormous wave, one of the Spanish line-of-battle was seen in the trough of the sea, running, gunwale down, in the scething water, her mizzen gone by the board, while the crew, swarming like bees, with axe and cleaver in hand, were making frantic efforts to cut away the mainmast, in the hope of righting the unfortunate ship, that seemed half buried in the foaming brine.

It was only for a moment that that vivid glare of light endured, but while it continued so intense was its power that the smallest item on board the Spaniard, even to the seams of the drenched deck, were revealed with startling distinctness.

A cry of horror burst from the crowded deck of the war-ship as the *Trinidad* mounted the wave, seeming to hang over and threaten instant annihilation to the labouring ship in the hollow. It was an awful and perilous position, and made the boldest hold his breath in either ship, for so near was it to the prize, as she rushed down the watery way after the disabled Spaniard, that a biscuit might have been thrown from the deck of the one to the other. The next minute the prize mounted the opposite billow, and, with a flowing sheet, was rapidly leaving the crippled Spaniard in her wake. Almost as rapidly as it had risen the squall subsided, the rain seemed to have beaten down the wind, as the thunder and lightning subsequently dispelled the darkness, and in little more than forty minutes nothing but a rather high sea, now rapidly falling, remained to testify to the existence of the short but terrible tempest that had so lately broken over that part of the Mediterranean.

When the horizon was sufficiently clear to allow of an uninterrupted view the two Spanish ships of war, both disabled, were seen standing eastward for the protection of their former harbour, while the *Pomona*, with the other prize in tow, the galleon having lost her fore and main top in the squall, and the *Ajax* leading, were observed standing in for Gibraltar, the *Trinidad* making all sail, according to signal, to speak the leading ship.

At sunset of the same day the two ships and their prizes ran down the Bay of Gibraltar, and the officer in command of the *Trinidad*, having received orders to anchor, give up the prize to a party from shore, and go on board the *Ajax*, at once passed the order to clear away the anchor.

The chain cable, attached to the stock of the best shot anchor on board, was bent to forty-five fathoms, and no sooner had it been let go than the chain rushed out with such momentum that, though it was properly bitted, stopper after stopper snapped like so much rotten twine, the cable each instant increasing its velocity to a degree that no human power could arrest ; and, instead

of stopping when the anchor touched the ground, it went rushing out till nearly a hundred fathoms of cable had run through.

For the time this was taking place the noise made was like incessant thunder, and so deafening that even the speaking trumpet was useless in conveying orders. The violence of the shock was so great that it was impossible to stand in any part of the old merchantman without holding, and the jerks were so tremendous that every moment it was expected the ship would be torn in pieces, while, as the chain bounded up the hatchway and flashed round the bits, streams of flame flew off, and the hawser-hole glowed like a furnace from the velocity of the friction. When, at length, every link was expended, and the last jerk came on the heel of the mainmast, to which the cable was shackled, the shock given was as if the vessel had been driven on the rocks. So violent, indeed, was the recoil that hardly a man was left standing on the deck, and so extraordinary were the noise and confusion that the whole bay was astir, and boats put off to inquire into the cause of so singular an accident.

CHAPTER V.—A NAVAL EXECUTION.

"WELL, Ben, I've heard tell of fellows who have had the breath shaken out of their bodies," observed Maitland, with a good-humoured laugh, as he felt after the safe custody of his jaws, "but I'm blest if ever I went so near having my teeth shaken out of my head."

"May I drink bilge water for grog if I didn't think I should have been shook out of my stockings," replied his messmate, as the two approached the gangway to enter the pinnace. "My eyes and limbs! what's up here?" he ejaculated, pointing to an approaching boat, that, with long sweeping strokes, was making direct for the *Trinidad*.

"Why, it's a guard-boat, with a party of marines in the stern," replied John Maitland.

"And, so help my davy, there's a blue jacket, and the *Pomona's* parson with a Prayer Book. I'm blessed, Jack, if it ain't a punishment go!" and he looked with rather a startled expression at his messmate.

All further conversation was cut short by the hailing of the boat by the officer in command of the *Trinidad*, and the almost instant coming aboard of a number of sailors and a sergeant's guard of marines, preceded by the chaplain and a prisoner, the whole being drawn up on the quarter-deck, the clergyman in earnest conversation with the condemned man.

While this was taking place at one end of the vessel the carpenter and his mates were hastily rigging up a platform on the fore-castle, across the ship, from gunwale to gunwale, and making the other necessary preparations for a naval execution.

The condemned man, a notoriously bad character, one of the crew of the *Pomona*, had, in a drunken fit, disobeyed orders, and then struck the lieutenant on the quarter-deck. Such an act in time of war was always death, without a hope of pardon.

The officers, expecting to go into action in a day or two, and knowing how sailors object to executions taking place on board their favourite ships, resolved to take the opportunity of the prizes being in the bay to carry out the law on board one

of them, all the other formalities being complied with.

Boats filled with sailors from the different ships in harbour were drawn up near the *Trinidad*, while the yards of all the men-of-war were dressed, or manned, as it is called, so that as large a number as possible might be benefitted by the moral spectacle.

At a certain signal the procession began to move forward the boatswain and his mates leading the way, the chaplain, reading the service for the dead, preceding the prisoner, and the marines walking on either side. At the foot of the scaffold the boatswain's mate pinioned the prisoner's arms, and a halyard having been passed through a block attached to the extremity of the fore-yard-arm, and the other end of the yard secured to the rigging, the two ends of the rope were brought down on deck, and a noose being made on one end, and passed over the culprit's neck, the cap was drawn over his face, and the other end given to six sailors. The prisoner was then led to the platform, where the finding of the court, and his sentence, with the articles of war he had violated, and on which his sentence was based, were formally read aloud, when he was left for a few moments with the chaplain.

At that moment a signal was made to the *Ajax*, and instantly off went every hat in boat, on yard, or deck, and the bareheaded concourse stood silently gazing. A puff of white smoke leaped from the side of the war-ship, and the boom of an unshot gun rolled over the bay.

At the signal the six sailors rushed aft with the halyard at full speed, dragging the criminal from his feet, hoisting him through the air, and jerking his neck against the block with such force that almost instant death was the result, and the swaying body, as it swung round and round, or oscillated in the wind, was all that remained of the man who had committed one of the worst offences in the articles of war.

An hour later the body was lowered to the grating, hastily placed in a hammock, two heavy cannon-balls fastened under the feet, and the whole firmly sewn up by the sailmaker. The other end of the grating was then canted up, and the body plunged feet foremost into a seaman's grave—the bed of the ocean.

Two streaks of light from opposite points suddenly gleamed along the green water like lightning, making a rushing sound, as the dorsal fin of the shark flashed before the eyes, and with a perpendicular dive those ravenous monsters of the deep plunged to the oozy bed of the ocean, to rend for food the scarce cold body of the degraded sailor.

At sundown of the next day, having taken on board wood and water and some live stock, the *Ajax*, with courses and top-sails all set, ran before a staggering breeze out of the bay. Dashing the foam in flying sheets from her broad counter, and seeming half buried in the flying spray, she looked from afar like a sea-bird, as she flew past the Pillars of Hercules; and, with her head due west, she was soon lost in the golden glare that made a fiery path of the broad Atlantic.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[COLONEL ELLEY LEAPING THE RAVINE.]

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

THE ill-success that had attended the British in the Peninsula caused the government to place the fortunes of the army once more in the hands of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had early displayed an especial genius of command, and had secured the confidence of the soldiery and the respect of the nation.

On the 22nd of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived at Lisbon with some reinforcements, and assumed the command of the army, amounting to 30,000 men. He made his way to the interior by easy marches, and on the 22nd of July, having

accomplished the perilous passage of the Douro, he arrived at Talavera. Hither, as to a common centre, the several branches of the French army were hastening: the united force amounted to 60,000 men, nominally commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, but in reality by General Sebastiani and Marshals Jourdan, Victor, and Mortier.

The town of Talavera is built close to the river Tagus: in front of it are many olive grounds and enclosures, alike calculated to cover the troops appointed to its defence and to conceal their dispositions.

With the town, then, as the fixed point on his extreme right, the British general took up a line

which extended about two miles, and which was terminated on the left by a commanding hill; and Sir Arthur took his measures with such promptitude, and issued his orders with so much coolness and perspicuity, that every battalion, Spanish as well as English, stepped into the very spot which his admirable foresight had marked out for it.

To the Spaniards the right was assigned. Their battalions were stationed among olive groves, with walls and fences interspersed. The British defended the left, its extreme flank occupying a bold height, having for its front a difficult ravine, and on its flank a deep valley. The point of juncture between the two armies was effected by ten guns, which were placed in battery on the summit of a bold knoll, with an English division to protect them, and a strong cavalry corps in reserve.

In the general disposition of the troops Campbell's division was on the right of the British, Sherbrooke's division adjoining, Mackenzie occupied the next portion of the battle-ground, while the height upon the left, that formed the key of the position, was intrusted to General Hill.

The battle may be said to have commenced on the 26th of July. During the morning the troops had been marching on the different points marked out for them, and had taken their ground, hitherto unmolested by the enemy, but at noon Mackenzie's division was suddenly and furiously assailed by two heavy columns. Partially surprised, the 87th and 88th Regiments were momentarily thrown into confusion, and the French penetrated between the two brigades which formed the division. But other English regiments were immediately brought forward to cover their companions, while they retired in superb order, and took up the position they were directed to occupy.

The enemy continued their attack, and it had now partially extended along the whole line, growing more animated as the evening began to fall. The left, where the British stood, appeared to be the grand object of attack by the French marshals. They directed against it a strong force, that advanced in double quick time, supported by a furious cannonade.

The brunt of the assault fell upon a comparatively small brigade under the command of Colonel Dorkin. The colonel repulsed them in front, but his brigade was too weak to defend all points, so that the enemy succeeded in getting the behind portion of the hill.

General Hill instantly hastened to the relief of Colonel Dorkin, leading up the 48th and 29th. While moving onward and giving his orders the general was fired at from the summit of the hill, and, concluding that the shots proceeded from British stragglers who mistook the direction of their fire, he rode smartly up to stop them, accompanied by his brigade-major Fordyce. These two were instantly surrounded by the enemy. Fordyce was killed on the spot, and the hand of a French grenadier was already on the bridle of Hill's charger; but the general, suddenly spurring his horse, contrived to break away and gallop off. Driving his wounded beast downwards, he met a party of the 29th, and, turning, led them up with unhesitating courage to the charge. The old 29th did not disappoint their leader: they won back the summit at the point of the bayonet. But scarcely had the general placed his men beside

those of Colonel Dorkin ere a heavy mass of French infantry again advanced. In the uncertain light (for evening had now quite set in) the assailants and assailed almost touched each other. The red flash of a well-delivered volley showed the English the dark array that threatened them. The order was given to fire and then to advance, and the British, having poured in their deadly volley, rushed on with their bayonets, broke the advancing columns, and drove them down the hills.

While this attack was going forward a feint had been made by the French on the German legion in the centre, while, with the flower of their infantry, the enemy ascended the heights, which at every loss they seemed determined to win. A terrific slaughter ensued, and so desperately was this night fighting maintained, so closely were the regiments engaged, that some of the men fought with clubbed muskets.

These signal repulses of a gallant and powerful enemy could not but cost a heavy expenditure of life. Many brave officers had fallen, and at this period of the conflict the killed and wounded amounted to upwards of 800 men.

The troops lay upon their arms, and each battalion on the ground it had occupied the preceding day. The cavalry were stretched beside their horses; all were ready for an attack; but the night passed, with some slight alarms, and no serious disturbance.

The morning was ushered in by a tremendous cannonade, while the grenadiers of Lapissé's division in two columns advanced again to attack the heights on the left. They were bravely led forward by their officers, and made many desperate but unavailing efforts to win the summit of the hill. Nothing could shake the firmness of the British. They allowed the columns to mount the rugged ascent, until they had nearly touched the ridge. Then a close volley, a loud hurra, followed by a rapid charge, scattered the formation of the French, and sent them precipitously down the hill. Again and again the attempt was made, with equal ill-fortune, until, totally disheartened by repeated repulses, and leaving the ground heaped with dead, the enemy abandoned all hope of carrying this well-defended position, and retreated out of fire.

It was now half-past eight, and the fire had never intermitted from five that morning. The loss on both sides was frightful, the French infinitely greater than the British, and their troops, dispirited by want of success, and wearied by constant but unavailing exertion, showed little inclination to renew the battle.

The heat of the sun was intolerable. The movements on the French part were stayed, the firing ceased over the field, and by a sort of mutual consent the work of destruction was for a time suspended. The French commenced cooking their dinners, and the English and their allies produced their scantier rations. During this temporary cessation of hostilities it was a matter of some deliberation with the British commander whether in turn he should become the assailant, or remain quietly and await the result of the enemy's decision, and it was a fortunate circumstance that the latter was his determination.

At this time a curious incident occurred, that for a brief space changed the character of war, and, even on a battle-field covered with the dead

and dying, produced a display of kindly feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause occasioned by the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged brandy-flasks and wine-skins. All bitterness of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew.

But still nobler rivalry for the time existed. The interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and to the honour of both be it told that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction.

Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms, many of the most soldierly shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and within ten minutes they were again at the bayonet's point.

Having ascertained the part of the position and the extent of it that was occupied by the English brigades, the French marshals determined to direct their undivided energies against that portion of the line, and, if possible, crush the British divisions by bearing on them with an overwhelming force. They formed in four columns of attack: the first was destined against that part of the ground where the British and Spaniards were united; the second against Sherbrooke and Cameron's brigade; the third was directed against Mackenzie's and the Germans; and the fourth, in great strength, and accompanied by a mass of cavalry, moved up the valley to the left.

A fire from eighty pieces of artillery announced the forward movement of the columns, who soon presented themselves, covered by a cloud of light infantry. A destructive cannonade was borne by the English brigades patiently. In vain the *sirailleurs* kept up a galling fire, but not a shot was returned by the British. Their orders to reserve their fire were obeyed, and the files steadily and quietly closed up, for the men were falling by scores. Their assailants approached. Their officers called, "*En avant!*" (Forward!), and the drums beat the *pas de charge*. Nothing could be more imposing than their advance—nothing more complete than their discomfiture. Within twenty paces a shattering volley was delivered from the English line, the word "*Charge!*" was given, and the bayonet performed the rest.

Campbell's division on the right totally repelled the attack, and, charging boldly in return, drove the French back, and captured a battery of ten guns. The enemy endeavoured to retake them, but the Spanish cavalry charged home, the cannon remained with the captors, and the right of the British was victorious everywhere.

The left attack totally failed. The British cavalry were posted in the valley where the hostile movement was being made, and Anson's brigade, consisting of the 23rd Light Dragoons

and the 1st King's German Hussars, were ordered to charge and check the advance. It was gallantly attempted, and though, in point of fact, the charge failed, and the 23rd were nearly cut to pieces, the daring courage exhibited under circumstances perfectly desperate so completely astonished the enemy that their attack on the heights was abandoned. An eyewitness has thus described the gallant affair:—

"The ground upon which the brigade was in line was perfectly level, nor did any visible obstruction appear between it and the columns opposed. The grass was long, dry, and waving, concealing the fatal chasm that intervened. One of General Vilatte's columns stood at some distance to the right of the building occupied by light troops. These were directly in front of the 23rd Dragoons. Another was formed rather to the rear, and more in front of the German hussars, on the left of the line. Such were the immediate objects of the charge.

"For some time the brigade advanced at a rapid pace without receiving any obstruction from the enemy's fire. The line cheered. It was answered from the hill with the greatest enthusiasm; never was anything more exhilarating or more beautiful than this advance. Several lengths in front, mounted on a grey horse, rode Colonel Elley. Thus placed, he, of course, first arrived at the brink of a ravine which, varying in width, extended along the whole length of the line. Going half speed at the time, no alternative was left him. To have checked his horse and given timely warning would have been impossible. With some difficulty he cleared it at a bound, and on gaining the opposite bank endeavoured by gesture to warn the 23rd of the dangerous ground they had to pass, but, advancing with the velocity they did, the line was on the verge of the stream before the colonel's signs could either be seen, or if seen understood. Under any circumstances this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge, but when it is considered that four or five hundred dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry unbroken and fully prepared for the onset, to have persevered at all was highly honourable to the regiment.

"At this moment the enemy, formed in squares, opened a tremendous fire. A change immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back, dragging their unhorsed riders with them; the German hussars coolly reined up: the line of the 23rd was broken. Still the regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased, but no hesitation was betrayed by the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed forward with, if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left."

Still the remainder of the 23rd, led on by Major Ponsonby, passing under this murderous fire, assailed and overthrew a regiment of chasseurs, and, though attacked in turn by a squadron of Westphalian horse and some Polish lancers, it cut its way through these, and, riding past the intervals of the infantry, reached the base of the mountain, where the Spanish corps of observation secured it. Its loss was awful. In an affair that lasted but a few minutes 9 officers, 12 sergeants, 200 rank and file, and 224 horses were killed and wounded.

On the centre the attack was made with great steadiness and determination. The French column deployed before they attempted to ascend the heights, and, regardless of broken ground, advanced with imposing gallantry. General Sherbrooke, having fully prepared his men, received them with a volley of musketry which staggered their resolutions, and, the whole division rushing forward with the bayonet, the French were driven back with prodigious loss; but the Guards, carried away by victorious excitement, came loosely on. The French observed their want of order, perceived an opening in the line, and threw in a tremendous fire, causing a momentary confusion. They fell back, but, as whole sections were swept away, their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented a total rout. Their situation was most critical: had the French charged home nothing could have saved them. Lord Wellington saw the danger, and speedily despatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and the 48th moved from the heights to assist their hard-pressed comrades. As the latter regiment came on in double-quick time, and formed in the rear by companies, the broken ranks of the Guards retreated through the intervals of the lane left open for them. A close and well-directed volley from the 48th arrested the progress of the victorious French, when, with amazing celerity and coolness, the Guards rallied and re-formed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support the regiment that had supported them. As they came on the regiment answered each other with ringing cheers. It was taken up and passed along the whole English lines, and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort.

At every point the British were victorious. One forward movement of the Spaniards, and Talavera would have proved the most decisive defeat that ever the French armies on the Peninsula had sustained. But with troops so wretchedly disciplined it was impossible to change any previous formation when in face of an enemy, and thus the French marshals were enabled to retreat in perfect order, with the greater portion of their baggage, the whole of their wounded, and all the artillery, with the exception of ten guns taken by Campbell's brigade, and seven guns abandoned in the woods, and afterwards secured.

As victory is ever clouded by individual suffering, an event well calculated to increase the horrors of the battle-field occurred, which cannot be called to mind without the highest sorrow for those who suffered.

From the heat of the weather, the leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement both became ignited by the blaze of some cartridge papers, and the whole of the surface was presently enveloped in a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions who had escaped unhurt, but unhappily many of the wounded perished in the flames before it was possible to extricate them.

The battle was ended at about six o'clock, and after that hour scarcely a shot was heard. Both armies occupied the position of the morning, and

the British bivouacked on the field, with little food and no shelter, while the dead lay silently around, and the moans of the wounded broke sadly on the ear as they were being conveyed throughout the night to the hospitals in Salamanca.

The British loss was extremely severe, and from the heavy cannonade regiments not otherwise exposed suffered much. The whole force, exclusive of the Spaniards, did not exceed 19,000, and of these fully 4000 were killed and wounded. The Spanish loss was inconsiderable, as they were never seriously engaged—not amounting on the whole to more than 1000.

The casualties of the French army it would be difficult to estimate correctly. It has been set down at six, eight, and even ten thousand. The intermediate estimate would probably be the truest.

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.

In 1834 two gentlemen named Townsend and Nuttall agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia river and adjacent parts. On the evening of the 24th of March the two friends arrived in a steamboat at St. Louis, on the Missouri. Here they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket-ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three hundred miles farther up the Missouri, they set off to amuse themselves by walking and hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely-situated habitations of the frontier settlers.

One of the first indications of their approach to a wild country was the spectacle of a band of Indians of the Sague tribe, who were removing to new settlements. The men were fantastically painted, and the chief was distinguished by a profuse display of trinkets, and a huge necklace made of the claws of the grizzly bear. The decorations of one of the women amused the two travellers. She was an old squaw, to whom was presented a broken umbrella. The only use she made of this prize was to wrench the plated ends from the whalebones, string them on a piece of wire, take her knife from her belt, with which she deliberately cut a slit of an inch in length along the upper rim of her ear, and insert them in it. The sight was as shocking to the feelings as it was grotesque; for the cheeks of the vain being were covered with blood, as she stood with fancied dignity in the midst of twenty others, who evidently envied her the possession of the worthless baubles.

The travellers, tired of their long journey on foot, waited at a small village on the Missouri till their companions and baggage should come up. The steamer arrived on the 9th of April, and, the two pedestrians having gone on board, it was soon puffing up the river at the rate of seven miles an hour. In four days they reached the small town of Independence, the outermost Anglo-American post, and, disembarking, they began to prepare for their long and venturesome journey.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the

morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and 250 horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment, and gay and lively songs, constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night anything but pleasant.

In camping the party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an "old hand") receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c., for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. When travellers arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment the superintendent rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner as, in case of need, to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and "All's well" every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation.

On the afternoon of May 9th the party crossed a broad Indian trail, bearing northerly, supposed to be about five days old, and to have been made by a war party of Pawnees. Hoping to escape these formidable enemies of the white man, the party pushed on, but not without occasional mishaps. At one time the horses ran away, and had to be chased for a whole night, and even when the labour of the chase was over three were irrecoverably lost; at another time half of the party were drenched crossing a wide creek full of black mud, which the men had to flounder through on horseback. The weather, too, was becoming intolerably warm. They had frequently been favoured with fresh breezes, which made it very agreeable, but the moment these failed they were almost suffocated with intense heat.

One morning, at breakfast, three Indians, of a tribe called the Ottos, made their appearance. These visitors were suspected of being concerned in the loss of the three horses mentioned above; but as the crime could not be brought home to them by any kind of evidence they were received in a friendly manner. "While these people," says Mr. Townsend, "were smoking the pipe of peace with us after breakfast I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter (an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and

almost child-like simplicity of character), stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

"I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calumet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him now and then cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale. The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct.

"'Why,' said he, 'that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St. Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river—just a short distance beyond us here—I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No, I should have nothing; and if I did not start off immediately they would throw me under the ice of the river. And,' continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, 'that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever, and I again declare that if ever an opportunity offers I will kill that man.'

"'But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?'

"'To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes.'

"'But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you.'

"'Why, set to trappin' prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head.' (His hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders.)

"'But squirrels in winter, Richardson? I never heard of squirrels in winter.'

"'Well, but there was plenty of them, though, little white ones, that lived among the snow.'

Such is a trait of human nature in these far western regions.

On the 18th of May the party reached the Platte river, one of the streams which pour their waters into the Missouri. Wolves and antelopes

were abundant in the neighbourhood of the river, and herons and long-billed curlews were stalking about in the shallows, searching for food. Next morning the party were alarmed with the appearance of two men on horseback, hovering on their path at a great distance. On looking at them with a telescope they were discovered to be Indians, and on their approach it was found they belonged to a large band of the Grand Pawnee tribe, who were on a war excursion, and encamped at about thirty miles' distance. Having got rid of these suspicious visitors, the party moved rapidly forward in an altered direction, and did not slacken their pace till twelve o'clock at night. After a brief rest they again went on, travelling steadily the whole day, and so got quite clear of the Grand Pawnees.

The travellers were now proceeding across one of the large central prairies of North America, and on the afternoon of the 20th they came in sight of a large gang of the long-coveted buffalo. They were grazing on the opposite side of the Platte as quietly as domestic cattle; but as they neared them the foremost winded the travellers and started back, and the whole herd followed in the wildest confusion, and were soon out of sight. There must have been many thousands of them. Towards evening a large band of elk came on at full gallop, and passed very near the party. The appearance of these animals produced a singular effect upon the horses, all of which became restive, and about half of the loose ones broke away, and scoured over the plain in full chase after the elk. Captain Wyeth and several of his men went immediately in pursuit of them, and returned late at night, bringing the greater number. Two had, however, been lost irrecoverably.

The day following the party saw several small herds of buffalo on their side of the river. Two of the hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses. Away went the buffalo, and away went the men, as hard as they could dash. Now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard. Again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat, raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen leaf, and fell on his knees, but, recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted: he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned, and when the animal fell a shout rent the air which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling from their lairs.

Not long after this, about half an hour after their first encounter

with the buffalo Mr. Townsend, entering his tent about eleven o'clock after having served as a supernumerary watch for several hours, was sleeping as lay his gun in its usual place at the head of his couch, when he was startled by seeing a pair of eyes, wild and bright as those of a tiger, gleaming from a dark corner of the lodge, and evidently directed upon him.

"My first impression," he says, "was that a wolf had been lurking around the camp, and had entered the tent in the prospect of finding meat. My gun was at my shoulder instinctively, my aim was directed between the eyes, and my finger pressed the trigger.

"At that moment a tall Indian sprang before me with a loud wick," seized the gun, and elevated the muzzle above my head; in another instant a second Indian was by my side, and I saw his keen knife glitter as it left the scabbard. I had not time for thought, and was struggling with all my might with the first savage for the recovery of my weapon, when Captain Wyeth and the other inmates of the tent were aroused, and the whole matter was explained, and set at rest in a moment. The Indians were chiefs of the tribe of Pawnee Loups, who had come with their young men to shoot buffalo. They had paid an evening visit to the captain, and, as an act of courtesy, had been invited to sleep in the tent."

As the party, leaving the Pawnees and the buffalo behind, began to approach the mountain district, the country altered its appearance greatly for the worse. They were now on a great sandy waste, forming a kind of upper table-land of North America—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black Hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind River Mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness.

One afternoon one of the men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grizzly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame among some willows which skirted the river, and, approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and, with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover and gave chase.

The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was severely contested—the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels, while the equally terrified rider, who had lost his hat at the start, used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear, "Shoot him! shoot him!"

The man, who was a young hunter, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse or his own care-

lessness, but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his pitiable cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After the bear had received the contents of all the guns he fell, and was soon despatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears.

On the 10th of July the party encamped near the Blackfeet river, a small sluggish stagnant stream which empties itself into the Bear river. Here they had another adventure with a grizzly bear.

"As we approached our encampment," says Mr. Townsend, "near a small grove of willows on the margin of the river, a tremendous grizzly bear rushed out upon us. Our horses ran wildly in every direction, snorting with terror, and became nearly unmanageable. Several balls were instantly fired into him, but they only seemed to increase his fury. After spending a moment in rendering each wound (their invariable practice), he selected the person who happened to be nearest, and darted after him, but before he proceeded far he was sure to be stopped again by a ball from another quarter. In this way he was driven about amongst us for perhaps fifteen minutes, at times so near some of the horses that he received several severe kicks from them. One of the pack-horses was fairly fastened upon by the fearful claws of the brute, and in the terrified animal's efforts to escape the dreaded gripe the pack and saddle were broken to pieces and disengaged. One of our mules also lent him a kick in the head while pursuing it up an adjacent hill, which sent him rolling to the bottom.

"Here he was finally brought to a stand. The poor animal was so completely surrounded by enemies that he became bewildered; he raised himself upon his hind feet, standing almost erect, his mouth partly open, and from his protruding tongue the blood fell fast in drops. While in this position he received about six more balls, each of which made him reel. At last, as in complete desperation, he dashed into the water and swam several yards with astonishing strength and agility, the guns cracking at him constantly. But he was not to proceed far, for just then Richardson, who had been absent, rode up, and, fixing his deadly aim upon him, fired a ball into the back of his head, which killed him instantly.

"The strength of four men was required to drag the ferocious brute from the water, and upon examining his body he was found completely riddled. There did not appear to be four inches of his shaggy person, from the hips upward, that had not received a ball. There must have been at least thirty shots fired at him, and probably few missed; yet such was his tenacity of life that I have no doubt he would have succeeded in crossing the river but for the last shot in the brain. He would probably weigh at the least six hundred pounds, and was about the height of an ordinary bullock."

The proximity of the Blackfeet Indians caused the old hunters to recollect their former adventures in the same neighbourhood, and one evening, as the party sat around the camp fire, wrap-

ped in their warm blankets, these old hunters became talkative, and related their individual adventures. The best story was one told by Richardson, of a meeting with three Blackfeet Indians.

He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. To lighten his horse, he immediately threw off the meat he carried, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers.

In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart, but one of them happening to venture too near, in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition.

After having completed a fort on the banks of the Snake river, and raised the American flag upon it, the party on the 6th of August recommenced their journey westward, leaving some men in charge of the building. The company consisted now but of thirty men, several Indian women, and 116 horses. Having left most of the fresh buffalo meat brought in by the hunting party in the fort, for the subsistence of the small garrison, they had to be contented with the old dry meat they had carried for many weeks in their hampers, varied with the flesh of a grizzly bear, or any such animal which good fortune might send across their path. Nor was this the worst, for on the very day after leaving the fort, having travelled from sunrise over an arid plain covered with jagged masses of lava and twisted wormwood bushes, and where not a drop of water was to be seen, they began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. Every man kept a bullet or smooth stone in his mouth, mumbling it to provoke the saliva. At last one of the men, a mulatto, "cast himself resolutely from his horse to the ground, and declared that he would lie there till he died: 'there was no water in this horrid country, and he might as well die here as go farther.' Some of us tried to infuse a little courage into him, but it proved of no avail, and each was too much occupied with his own par-

ticular grief to use his tongue much in persuasion; so we left him to his fate.

"Soon after nightfall some signs of water were seen in a small valley to our left, and, upon ascending it, the foremost of the party found a delightful little cold spring, but they soon exhausted it, and then commenced, with axes and knives, to dig it out and enlarge it. By the time that Mr. Nuttall and myself arrived they had excavated a large space, which was filled to overflowing with muddy water. We did not wait for it to settle, however, but, throwing ourselves flat upon the ground, drank until we were ready to burst.

"Poor Jim, the mulatto man, was found by one of the people who went back in search of him lying where he had first fallen, and either in a real or pretended swoon, still obstinate about dying, and scarcely heeding the assurances of the other that water was within a mile of him. He was, however, at length dragged and carried into camp, and soured head foremost into the mud puddle, where he drank until his eyes seemed ready to burst from his head, and he was lifted out and laid dripping and flaccid upon the ground."

The ground over which the party was travelling was becoming more and more rugged and rocky. They entered a defile between the mountains, about five hundred yards wide, covered, like the surrounding country, with pines, and as they proceeded the timber grew so closely, added to a thick undergrowth of bushes, that it appeared almost impossible to proceed with their horses. The farther they advanced the more their difficulties seemed to increase. Obstacles of various kinds impeded their progress: fallen trees, their branches tangled and matted together; large rocks and deep ravines; holes in the ground, into which their animals would be precipitated without the possibility of avoiding them; and a hundred other difficulties.

Sometimes they mounted steep banks of intermingled flinty rock and friable slate, where their horses could scarcely obtain a footing, frequently sliding down several feet on the loose broken stones. Again they passed along the extreme verge of tremendous precipices at a giddy height, where at almost every step the stones and earth would roll from under their horses' feet, and they could hear them strike with a dull leaden sound on the craggy rocks below.

"The whole journey from the time we arrived at the heights until we had crossed the mountain was a most fearful one. For myself, I might have diminished the danger very considerably by adopting the plan pursued by the rest of the company, that of walking and leading my horse over the most dangerous places; but I had been suffering for several days with a lame foot, and was wholly incapable of such exertion. I soon discovered that an attempt to guide my horse over the most rugged and the steepest ranges was worse than useless, so I dropped the rein upon the animal's neck, and allowed him to take his own course, closing my eyes and keeping as quiet as possible in the saddle. But I could not forbear starting occasionally when the feet of my horse would slip on a stone and one side of him would slide rapidly towards the edge of the precipice.

"About noon of the 3rd of September," continues our traveller, "we struck the Walls Walls

river, a pretty stream of fifty or sixty yards in width, fringed with tall willows, and containing a number of salmon, which we could see frequently leaping from the water. The pasture here being good, we allowed our horses an hour's rest to feed, and then travelled over the plain until near dark, when, on ascending a sandy hill, the noble Columbia burst upon our view."

Having reached the Columbia river, on the 10th of September, the travellers found the captain waiting with three canoes, each provided with an Indian helmsman, and on the 11th they embarked and commenced their voyage downstream. They had hardly set sail, however, when the wind "rose to a heavy gale, and the waves ran to a prodigious height. At one moment our frail bark danced upon the crest of a wave and at the next fell with a surge into the trough of the sea; and as we looked at the swell before us it seemed that in an instant we must inevitably be engulfed. At such times the canoe ahead of us was entirely hidden from view, but she was observed to rise again like the seagull, and hurry on into the same danger."

For two or three days they were tossed about on the river, now attempting to make way, now forced to land again, and always drenched to the skin. On the 14th the three canoes were again loaded, and again made the attempt to proceed; but in a short while one of them was stove, and another greatly damaged, so that they had to be unloaded and drawn out of the water. An effort was now made to procure one or two canoes with a pilot from an Indian village five miles below. This proved a hazardous and fatiguing journey, but was rewarded by getting one canoe and several Indians to assist in the navigation. With this reinforcement, and with the boats mended, the party again attempted the descent of the river. The voyage this time was more fortunate, and next day they all arrived at the fort, which was the end of their journey across the wilderness. The time occupied in this dangerous expedition had been six months and three days.

PEMBROKE CASTLE.

PEMBROKE CASTLE is a name that recalls memories interesting to all classes of Englishmen. Its ruins overlook the town of Pembroke, and are still so massive as to form, with the surrounding country, one of the most magnificent views in Wales. The date of its erection is lost in obscurity: an old chronicler places it in the reign of Henry I., but there are accounts of its having been unsuccessfully besieged by the Welsh as early as 1092. After this we read of a lawless chieftain, who, having heard of the marvellous beauty of Nesta, the governor's wife, attacked the castle and carried off, as a prize, the object of his admiration.

But the fortress is chiefly noticeable as the scene of a gallant defence against overwhelming odds during the conflict between Charles I. and the Parliament. Colonel Poyer and Major-General Laugharne, having received some affront, deserted their party and went over to the King's side. Seizing Pembroke Castle, they rallied round them a considerable number of adherents, who made repeated attacks on the Parliamentary



forces, and acquired new courage in every encounter. In this threatening state of affairs Oliver Cromwell was despatched with reinforcements, but before his arrival a battle ensued, in which Laugharne was wounded and 3000 of his troops taken prisoners. Thereupon Cromwell, though tormented with the gout, addressed himself to the task of besieging the town and castle.

The garrison, by no means anxious for the tender mercies of such an opponent, held out manfully; dwellings were unroofed, that the straw in the thatch might supply fodder for the horses, and there is little doubt that the horses would have eventually become food for the men if Cromwell had not gained possession of certain mills, and forced a surrender by cutting off the water-supply of the castle. This he accomplished by planting a cannon so as to batter down the staircase that led into a cellar from which the water was obtained.

But now all hope had fled. The half-starved garrison capitulated, and, after a wearisome suspense, the two chiefs, with another named Powell, were sentenced by Parliament to draw lots as to which of them should die. In April, 1649, Cromwell sent these unfortunates the fatal intelligence, accompanied by three lots or tickets, on

two of which was written, "Life given by God," the third being a blank. The prisoners were unwilling to decide their own destiny, and a child therefore drew the lots. The lot having fallen on Poyer, he was shot in Covent Garden, London, on the 25th of April, 1649, just three months after his royal master had perished on the scaffold.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

TWO LARGE HEARTS IN A LITTLE BOAT.

JUST before the Peace of Amiens two sailors, prisoners of war at Verdun, effected their escape and contrived to reach Boulogne undiscovered. Here they remained for some time, being destitute of money, and having no means to proceed further. They had no hope of getting on board a vessel on account of the strict watch that was kept at all the points of embarkation. Despair spurred on the invention of these two sailors, so that they made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could,

Wherever the French overcame the regular troops this war commenced. It ate like a consumption into the vitals of the French army. Every day some outpost was surprised, some escort cut off, plunder was recovered, despatches were intercepted, and, above all, vengeance was taken. In every part of Spain there started up leaders, who collected about them the most determined spirits.

The length of the war had no effect upon the Spaniards, beyond increasing their hatred; and in some provinces the husbandman guided his plough with one hand, while he held a sword always unsheathed in the other, and which was only buried at the approach of the French if they showed themselves in too great numbers to be assailed by the rustic warriors. Like vultures eager for prey, the Spaniards frequently followed the French columns at a distance, to murder such of the soldiers as, fatigued or wounded, remained behind. If the French sought to avenge the death of their comrades, the inhabitants fled, and nothing was found in the villages but deserted dwellings, on which the invaders could not wreak their fury without destroying the places that were to afford them future shelter. This incessant warfare damped the ardour of the French soldier, and made him pant for the termination of the inglorious contest.

Wellington opened the campaign of 1812 at an early period of the year. In January, after a siege of ten days, he took CIUDAD RODRIGO by storm, and on the 6th of April BADAJOZ, a great fortress defended by a strong garrison. His loss, however, in the latter assault, was 2800 killed and wounded. On the 22nd of July he won the grand victory of SALAMANCA, which cost the French, under Clausel, 13,000 men. It is a curious fact that, although the allies lost 5000 in all, the Spaniards lost only six men.

Wellington advanced with the main body of his army to Madrid, from which Joseph Bonaparte retreated, leaving 200 pieces of ordnance, 900 barrels of gunpowder, and 20,000 muskets. The 12th of August was a universal jubilee, but how the countenances of the people changed when Wellington demanded a loan of £300,000! Like too many in this hypocritical world, they had sighed and languished for liberty, but were quite shocked at the idea of paying for it in hard cash. Truth to tell, however, the pockets of the Spaniards were well-nigh drained; so the British general was left to victual his troops and prosecute the war as best he might.

On the 1st of September he quitted Madrid for the purpose of laying siege to Burgos, where the French had concentrated their forces. On the 19th he reconnoitred the works, and on the following night his general-of-division Paoli carried the enemy's horn works by assault and esta-

blished himself on St. Michael's Hill; but so thick was the darkness that his men often fired upon each other, and his loss was therefore 300 men. The assault was so furious that of the 500 French stationed in the works only sixty-three survived to be made prisoners. As the rapidity of Wellington's advance had prevented him from bringing up his heavy artillery, he was compelled to adopt the slow and uncertain process of sapping the works, which General Dubreton defended with great skill and resolution. By degrees the British established themselves within 100 yards of the enemy's interior line, effected a breach in another part of it, and accomplished a lodgment. On the 11th of October a mine was successfully sprung; the breaches were instantly stormed and the lines escaladed, part of our troops actually entering the works, when the heavy fire of the garrison drove them back with severe loss.

To increase Wellington's difficulties, Balasteros, commanding the South Spanish army, refused to act under his orders, and all the French forces under Soult, Suchet, and Joseph Bonaparte were fast approaching the passes, and threatened General Hill, whom he had left at Madrid. This intelligence determined Wellington to raise the siege of Burgos, and recall General Hill, again leaving the ungrateful city to its fate. The French endeavoured at various points to turn the flank of Wellington's retiring army, nor would they let him rest at Salamanca. Continuing his movements from that place, he had the misfortune to lose one of his most able and dashing officers, Sir Edward Paget, who, in command of the centre column, missed his way in the dark, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The allies continued their retreat along miserable roads, till they reached the frontier of Portugal, where, in very roomy quarters, they recruited their strength for the toils of another campaign.

(To be continued.)

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER VI.—A GALE IN THE ATLANTIC.

"SAIL HO!"

"On what quarter?"

"On the weather bow."

"Who is it that hails from the maintop, Mr. Pelham?" demanded Captain Winterton, looking from the poop to the quarter-deck, where his first lieutenant was replying to the voice from the maintop.

"Your coxswain, sir—Maitland," replied the officer addressed. "He has got one of the sharpest eyes in the ship, and I sent him up to look out."

"Quite right. Tell him as soon as the sail lifts, and he can make out what she is, to report to me in the cabin."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the lieutenant went forward to despatch a middy to the top. The captain then descended from the poop, and made his way to his state cabin, where he sat down, took a letter from the desk before him, and began to read its contents with a radiant countenance.

"Sail ho!" came down clear and distinct from out of the cloud of canvas, that, like snowdrifts, floated round the head of the three masts.

"Ay, ay; you hailed so before," cried the lieutenant from the foot of the mainmast, rather petulantly.

"It's a consort ship, sir," was the reply, that followed so quick as almost to startle the first lieutenant, who had no idea that the latter part of his remark could have been heard at such a height, considering the tone in which it had been spoken.

"A consort! Maintop ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Is Mr. Hemmings there?"

"Yes; here I am, Mr. Pelham," returned the voice of the midshipman.

"Then tell the look-out to come down and report."

"I'm coming, yer honour." And, taking a hasty glance at the objects through the middy's glass, as a confirmation to the evidence of his naked eye, John Maitland threw himself on the top-gallant braces and descended past jacks and cross-trees without seeming to touch the rattlins. Then, seizing a halyard, he slid to the deck with an ease and despatch that had long made him noted among his messmates as the nimblest sailor in the ship's company.

"Here I am, yer honour," cried Jack, lifting his tarpaulin from his head, and making the customary scrape with his left foot.

"That's right, Jack," replied the lieutenant, with a smile at his agility, for Maitland was a universal favourite with officers and men. "Now go and report to the captain; you'll find him in his cabin."

"Thank yer honour." And, with a skip and a bound, Maitland cleared the deck, and in his hurry ran full tilt against the marine who, bayonet in hand, kept guard over the captain's cabin.

"Ax pardon for foulin' your figure-head, but was under press of canvas, and had no steerage way on the craft," Jack added apologetically, as the marine adjusted his helmet and drew himself up in a dignified attitude of reproof.

"Where are you bound for, and why don't you keep your weather eye open?" observed the sentry in a surly tone.

"Why, for the skipper in course, and under a press o' sail, as you see by my being taken all aback."

"Pass then. Wear to the starboard, and then put your helm hard a-port, and run into dock."

"Well, Maitland, what do you make of the look-out?" inquired the captain as John entered the cabin.

"Two square-rigged ships, yer honour," replied the coxswain, "but without a bit of bunting at main or fore."

"Can't you make out their nationality by their rig or build? Is there no mark to know them by?" he asked, with eager interest.

"Well, ye see, yer honour, they had only just lifted when I left, and I could only see the run of the first, but one I should take to be a Frenchman, and the other—"

"A Spaniard I suppose."

"No, I'm blowed if she is. I ax pardon, yer honour," he added, hastily correcting himself. "Nota bit of the Spaniard about her. She's safe to be a Dutchman."

"Indeed? A Frenchman and Dutchman together? Then it must be a detachment of Ville-neuve's fleet. Could you guess their tonnage or armament, Maitland?"

"I should take each to be about 850 tons, yer honour—frigates of 40 guns each."

"Very likely. How are they steering?"

"Right athwart our house."

"All the better. If this wind holds we shall overhaul him before nightfall."

"I'm afraid, yer honour, we shall have a gale—the weather looks very dirty to lu'ard—and if so, they are sure to cut and run, and not give us a chance to get a slap at them."

"I hope not, John, for I want to take a prize home with us."

"Are we bound for old England, yer honour, if I may make so bold as ask?" inquired John, with a heightened colour, and an interest he did not attempt to conceal.

"Yes; our cruise is nearly up, Maitland, and I shall not be sorry to go into dock for a time; and I have no doubt you will be equally pleased to lay up in port, eh, John?"

"You have almost took away my breath, yer honour. Pleased? Lord bless yer honour, I'm almost choked with joy at the hope of it only. It's been a longish cruise, captain."

"It has, John, and I know a trying one for you; but you have done your duty nobly, and if we can only get another prize to take into the Downs we shall have gained honour enough."

"Shall I go and have another look at the sails, yer honour, and see they don't sheer off?" inquired Maitland, all impatience to meet another enemy.

"First come with me to the deck, and see how the land lies." And, taking up his hat and glass, Captain Winterton and his coxswain quitted the cabin and ascended the poop.

One glance around convinced the captain that John had preaged truly, that a storm of no ordinary magnitude was brewing, and that, unless the enemy actually crossed their path, they would have enough to do for some hours in looking after their own safety, without thinking of fighting.

"There's no time to lose, Mr. Pelham, in making things snug. We shall have the gale upon us immediately. Call up all hands to take in sail."

Though a fresh breeze had been blowing all day, and the ship had gone through the water at the rate of nine knots an hour, the wind since noon had been steadily rising, and by the aspect of the sky and the turbulent state of the water, with the rapid fall of the mercury, there was every indication of a heavy gale.

The sea rose with the wind, and followed so fast as to threaten every moment to poop the ship. As it was, she took in seas so rapidly that the galley fires were extinguished, the dead lights had to be shipped, the hatches battened down, and men told off in parties to the relieving tackle in the gun-room, so enormous was the strain on the heavy ordnance as the ship lurched to or rolled over under the pressure of the storm. The wind at the same time howled in a manner so diabolical that many in their superstitious fears took it as a prognostic of disaster. Not a man in the ship but was wet to the skin and shivering with cold, while the extinction of the fires, and the flooded state of the deck, prevented the making of anything warm, or of even getting to the spirit-room.

For nearly two hours the labouring ship had been rushing through the water at the rate of twelve or thirteen knots an hour, at every plunge rolling her quarter-deck bulwarks under. At this time, when the situation of the *Ajax* was extremely perilous, the foresail, which had been furled, was blown completely away from the yard, and the larboard maintop sail-sheet snapped, the loose sail flapping so violently and with such terrific noise against the maintop masthead as to threaten instant destruction to the mast, and the utmost danger to the ship itself. It was a situation of terrible suspense and of extreme peril, for no man could stand, though life-lines intersected the deck, the hands being swept from their hold by every wave. The risk of ascending the rigging was so imminently dangerous that the captain was reluctant to peril the men's lives by ordering them aloft, every roll of the ship threatening to consign the hardy mariner who attempted it to instant destruction.

"Ben, will you come with me to cut away that larboard earing before it flogs the topmast to splinters?" cried Maitland to his messmate, holding on by the life-lines.

The man addressed gave a look to the sea and one to the mast, on which the strokes of the iron bolt sounded even above the roar of the tempest, and then, buttoning his jacket, said quietly—

"I'll try, my lad."

"Follow, then." And before Captain Winterton could call him back Maitland had sprung into the fore rattlins, and, though instantly deluged in a wave that swept through the rigging, he made good his hold, and got beyond the reach of the rolling seas. Laying out on the foreyard with his knife, he cut away the larboard earing, and then, passing to the assistance of Ben on the mainmast, severed the top-sail-sheet from the yard, when the sail split with a noise like thunder. This daring deed, that ensured the safety of the ship, was received with cheers by the drenched officers and crew.

With sunrise the tempest broke, and, though the sea still ran high, and a stiff breeze was blowing, the *Ajax* was scudding briskly along under double-reefed topsails and courses.

CHAPTER VII.—A NAVAL ACTION.

"Our suspicious friends of yesterday are on our lee bow, Captain Winterton," observed the first lieutenant, when the hatches had been unshipped, the galley fires lighted, and some degree of warmth imparted to the drenched ship.

"Does he show any flag?"

"No, but one is a French frigate, and the other, by her build, I should take for a Hollander."

"Yes, Maitland was right in his surmise yesterday," mused the captain as he examined the two vessels through his perspective. "He sees us, and means to escape; but he shall not balk me if we can only knock another knot out of the *Ajax*. Throw a reef out of the topsails, Mr. Stevens," he added, addressing the master. "Set stunsails, and be ready to crowd every stitch of canvas the spars will bear. And, Mr. Pelham—"

"Yes, sir."

"Pipe to breakfast." And Captain Winterton rubbed his hands with glee as he saw how gracefully the *Ajax* bent to her increase of sail, driving tons of water before her into foaming spray, as she dashed her prow through the long Atlantic waves.

The splendid sailing qualities of the *Ajax*, deep as she was in the water, with her heavy armament, soon convinced the strangers of the impossibility of escape, and, making a virtue of necessity, they hoisted their colours—French and Dutch—and continued their course, neither seeking to avoid or provoke an engagement.

As the enemy was under easy sail, and the *Ajax* staggering under every stitch of canvas that would draw, the distance between the vessels was rapidly diminishing, and half an hour at the same rate of sailing would bring the *Ajax* abreast of one or both ships, according as Captain Winterton decided upon attacking one vessel or running between them and engaging both at once.

At the expiration of twenty minutes the order was given to beat to quarters. Instantly two drummers started from the quarter-deck, one on the larboard and one on the starboard quarter, and, proceeding along their respective sides of the vessel, traversed the main, the gun, and the lower deck, rattling out the *réveil* with such a soul-stirring impulse that, throwing away stools and pannikins, the crew sprang to their feet with an alacrity more like that for a bridal feast than for a bloody game of life and death. At the first ruff of the drum the whole aspect of the ship was changed as if by magic, and though for some few minutes all seemed confusion worse confounded, there was, in reality, neither hurry, bustle, nor confusion, and in an incredibly short time all had resolved itself into order and precision.

Loose furniture was cleared away, bulkheads knocked out, partitions removed, cabins pulled down, and the gun-deck made flush from stem to stern. Fires were raked out and quenched, gunners rushed to the magazines, while powder monkeys ascended from deck to deck with ammunition, round shot, grape, and canister.

Carpenters and their mates, with shot-plugs and mallets, stationed themselves below the water line to plug any injury from the enemy's batteries. Water tanks were filled amidships, on every deck, while marines gathered on the poop, or, like troops of racing monkeys, tore up the rattlins and grouped themselves on the main, fore, and mizen tops, cross-trees, and jacks. The quarter-masters hurried about with arms, and at that first note of battle the blue-jackets rushed, in groups of ten, with a shout and a bound, to their several guns, throw off the relieving tackle, and placed their several implements in order, and while the

captain of each gun, with his priming-box, adjusted the elevation of the piece the men stripped for action. Some, throwing off shirt and jacket, drew the belt of their ducks tighter round their waists, and fought naked to the middle; some bound their heads in their black silk neckcloths or gaudy handkerchiefs; others, again, tucked up their sleeves; while some threw off both shoes and stockings; but all rejected the jacket, and took care that nothing should confine the free action of their limbs.

All these operations, to which the several parties addressed themselves with the utmost alacrity at the first sound of the drum, and which have taken so long to describe, were severally performed with remarkable order and despatch; and in less than ten minutes every man was at his post and a profound silence reigned through the vast ship and her human freight of seven hundred lives.

The captain and the first lieutenant commanded on the quarter-deck, the officer of marines on the poop, the boatswain on the fore-castle, the third lieutenant was posted in the waist, and the second officer on the gun-deck, midshipmen being told off at different points, while John Maitland, as captain of the first gun on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, assisted by Ben, was at his post, as the *Ajax*, with all her ports open, and every gun shot and ready, came on with the stillness of the grave.

"Now, my lads, cried the captain, moving his sword nervously as he addressed the crew, "you have the enemy before you, gunwale to gunwale, broadside to broadside. You know your duty too well to need any reminder from me; and, as I mean you to take both those rascals, I expect you to be able to give a good account of this day's action when the fight is over. Now, my lads, all of you to your guns."

Then, turning to the sailing-master, near the binnacle, he added—

"Mr. Stephens, place the *Ajax* right abreast of both ships; and, boatswain, be ready to take in and furl sail."

When this order was given the *Ajax* was within a hundred fathoms of the enemy, who, under reefed topsails, was gently going through the water, while the pursuing ship came surging on, dashing the foam in flying showers from her defiant bows.

Watching his opportunity, but delaying the order till the last moment, the boatswain gave the signal, and two score of blue-jackets were in the rigging, and lying out on the yards in a moment.

Sail after sail, like fleecy clouds, fell, and were brailed up to their yards, and by the time the hands had descended to the deck the headway and momentum of the *Ajax* had carried her in a line with both her antagonists.

"Now, my lads, quick there," cried the captain. "Fire from the main deck! Fire from below! Blaze away!"

One loud and deafening cheer rang through the ship from stem to stern in answer to this welcome order, followed by a crash, a roar, a blaze of fire, and wreaths of smoke, that filled the air with darkness and discord, and shook the vessel to her lowest timbers, as both broadsides were poured in and returned. Then, in the instant lull, was heard the groans and shrieks of the maimed and dying, when another cannonade was followed by the

stunning recoil of ship and guns, till, as each alternate broadside was poured in, the vessel rocked from side to side like a vast cradle.

Crash, crash, crash, splitting the ear, battery after battery was discharged, drowning the ceaseless fuillade that from masts, bows, and poop was carried on with small arms, while through the dense smoke that at times hid the ships from their antagonists was heard the hias of round shot, tearing through the rigging, or lodging their huge globes in the tall masts, that quivered under their fearful blows.

Captain Winterton hurried from point to point, now on the poop, now on the fore-castle, and then down the main hatch and along the gun-deck, already slippery with blood, a double line of dead amidships testifying, in so short a time, to the carnage, while in the cockpit the surgeons were busy at their dreadful work.

The powder boys flitted from gun to gun with their supplies, while the enemy's shot struck on the ship's side like the shattering of a hundred doors, hurling splinters of oak across the deck, or entered the port-holes, carrying death and agony before them.

"Go it, my lads; blaze away, my hearties. Remember you fight for old England," shouted the captain as he reached the companion to ascend to the deck. At that moment three of the enemy's shot took effect on one spot, and two of the larboard ports were beaten into one, making a formidable breach in the ship's side, and sending the splinters like hail about the deck, one piece transfixing the captain's hat and nailing it to the opposite bulkhead.

"Well done, little breeches; try it again," exclaimed a sailor, protruding his head through the rent port-holes, and complimenting his Dutch antagonist before replying to the broadside.

Calmly releasing his hat, the captain, with another cheery word to the crew on the gun-deck, mounted the companion and again took his stand near the binnacle.

As usual in this, as in all naval actions with the French, the chief aim of the enemy was to disable their antagonist in his rigging, that in case of retreat the other should be too much crippled to follow up the chase.

In the present case the Dutch frigate that lay on the *Ajax's* larboard quarter had fought her guns manfully, hull against hull. The French, or starboard, ship, however, had used several guns of her unengaged battery to play on the *Ajax's* masts and standing rigging, and had already done considerable execution aloft.

The firing on board the Frenchman had gradually fallen off, and the broadsides were not delivered with the regularity or the unanimity which had first characterised the combat on their part, showing either that they had suffered most severely in men or in their hull. This surmise was rendered a certainty by the attempt made to change her position, so as to bring the other broadside into action.

"By the Lord! the lubberly Frenchman is sheering off," cried Maitland, who had just drawn a dead mesmate to the foot of the mainmast, and at the moment noting the evolution taking place on the *Tonnant*, the French ship. "But if they must cut and run I'll be hanged if they take their colours with them." And, rushing forward, he leaped on to the sprit-sail-yard of the enemy

as her bows paid off, and, running along like a monkey, succeeded with his knife in cutting down the French flag and trailing it after him as he scampered along the bulwarks, when, making a sudden spring, he fell on the fore-castle of the *Ajax*, amidst a deafening shout from the crew who beheld the heroic deed, and a perfect storm of bullets and curses from the indignant enemy.

Rising to his feet and shaking himself after his fall, Maitland gathered up his trophy, and, hurrying back to his gun, flung the ensign on the deck, and resumed his former duties as if nothing had happened.

As the *Tonnant* were round to bring her star-board battery into action, while repairing the injuries received on her larboard or port side, she poured in the contents of her three stern chasers, which, loaded with chain shot and canister, produced a terrible effect on board the *Ajax*. The foremast, already weakened by a round shot, was cut down within ten feet of the deck, bringing with it all her top hamper in irretrievable confusion among the maimed and dying in the fore-castle, where the scattering grape had told with frightful consequences.

The Frenchmen sent up a perfect yell of triumph as they saw the effect of their well-directed discharge, and, taking advantage of the momentary confusion and alarm produced on board, instantly brought round the *Tonnant*, and as she surged up to her former position delivered a broadside from her port guns, and, grappling the *Ajax* amidships, poured in a swarm of boarders, covering the deck from the mainmast to the poop. Then began one of those hand-to-hand, blade-to-blade encounters only to be seen or paralleled on board a ship in close action.

The boatswain, though bleeding from more than one ugly wound, rushed forward, and, backed by a determined party, threw off the grappling irons, and cut all the lashings the enemy had so expeditiously secured to the *Ajax's* bulwarks. The consequence of this promptly-executed operation was to isolate the two ships, cutting off the retreat of the boarders, and causing the *Tonnant* to drift some two fathoms from her adversary.

"Now, lads," shouted the second lieutenant to the larboard crew of the gun-deck, "she's off again. Double shot your guns, and give her a crushing broadside. Steady, and wait for the word. Give it him hot and strong, and altogether. Ready! Fire!"

Tremendous was the effect of that broadside. The *Tonnant*, staggering, was forced bodily through the water, trembling in every plank to her lowest keel, and in the recoil heeling over on her starboard beam-ends, where she lay, with all her spars and top hamper a perfect wreck, taking in tons of water at each open port, and through every shot-hole in her riddled side.

While the distracted crew and officers were cutting at the masts in the hope of righting the vessel a fearful contest was taking place between the boarders, headed by their captain, and the quarter-deck crew of the *Ajax*, commanded by Captain Winterton, Mr. Pelham the first lieutenant, and two midshipmen. Amid the clash of pike and cutlass, the flash of pistols, the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the rending of splintering timber, the deadly *mêlée* on the quarter-deck was continued. The French cap-

tain, a tall powerful man, urged on his men by voice and action, sweeping down all before him, as with every blow he bounded farther forward in his efforts to reach Captain Winterton, who, at the head of three or four men, was forcing his way through an overpowering number of the enemy to encounter the haughty invader.

John Maitland, at the first irruption of the enemy, had armed himself for close quarters, and was hastening to his captain's side, when his commander was suddenly surrounded, and a midshipman, his only companion, cut down by the first blow from the French officer's sword. As he forced his way in front of Captain Winterton, who, engaged with a sailor, had hardly time to parry a pike-thrust, the officer made a savage cut at his head, which, by an exercise of great strength, Maitland was fortunate enough to intercept on his cutlass, as with a left-handed blow, delivered full in the face of the boarder with the pike, he sent that other antagonist of his captain, disarmed and bleeding, among his comrades, as much to their astonishment as to his own dismay.

The struggle now became hard and desperate. Unconscious of the position of their ship, the French, animated by the dauntless bearing of their leader, fought with a desperation that threatened to carry all before them, in their eager desire to storm the poop. At his captain's side, using the butt-end of his pistol in one hand to knock down his opponents, and with his heavy cutlass in the other slashing right and left at all opposition, Maitland kept a constant eye on his commander, parrying every stray thrust or blow made at his person. He had twice dashed aside fearful cuts aimed at Winterton's breast, when, losing his own weapon, he boldly thrust forward his bare head to receive the French captain's blow. At length, to relieve his beloved commander from an antagonist of such determined resolution, Maitland, half-blinded with the blood from his head, flung himself suddenly on the officer's breast, and, grappling him in his powerful arms, hurled him backwards on the deck.

At that moment the *Ajax* poured into the *Tonnant* the fatal broadside, when a shout of mingled horror and triumph rose in the momentary lull with deafening clamour from every part of the *Ajax*. The Dutchman had just hauled down his colours, while the *Tonnant*, before a blow could be well struck to free her of her masts, was rapidly sinking. Catching sight through the port-holes of the state of his ship, the French captain, with a sudden jerk, threw Maitland off his body, and, springing overboard, struck out for the sinking ship, which, rolling further over, went instantly to the bottom, sucking into the wild vortex the captain and the few men who had followed him into the water, which the next minute was covered with drowning wretches and the loose debris of the foundered ship.

The fight was over, and, while the second lieutenant took possession of the Dutch frigate, the boats of the *Ajax* were actively employed in picking up the survivors of her unfortunate consort, the foundered *Tonnant*.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[TIMELY INTERFERENCE OF SERGEANT BRAZILL.]

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

THE battle of Busaco conferred upon the British arms one of the most brilliant victories achieved during the entire Peninsular campaign. Immediately before the battle the best information made the French united force exceed 70,000. The exact strength of the allies was 23,868 infantry, 2870 cavalry, and about 2000 artillery, making 28,738 British soldiers. The Portuguese corps numbered 21,712 infantry, 1698 cavalry, and 1000 gunners, making a grand total of 62,146 men, of which nearly 25,000 were detached under Hill and Leith, leaving only 28,000 disposable

troops with Lord Wellington. The British position occupied a mountain range about eight miles long, its right touching the Mondego, and the left stretching over very difficult ground to the Sierra de Caramula. There was a road cresting the Busaco bridge, and a ford at Pena Cova communicating with the Murcella ridge; and the face of the position was steep, rugged, and well defended by the allied artillery. Along the front a sweeping fire could be maintained, and on a part of the summit cavalry might act if necessary.

To an assailing enemy a position like that of Busaco would present most serious difficulties, and therefore it was generally believed that

Massena would not offer battle on behalf of the French. But Lord Wellington thought differently, and coolly added, "If he does, I shall beat him." On the 22nd of August, 1810, Pack's division had fallen back, and on the 23rd Massena drove in the British cavalry. The third division took a position at Antonio de Contara, and the fourth at the convent, while the light division bivouacked in a pine wood. A singular circumstance here took place in the shape of a panic, which in warfare has been known occasionally to seize the best of troops. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were among them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses and the illusion was instantly dissipated.

On the 26th immense masses of the French were moving rapidly forward, and the cavalry had interchanged pistol fire, when Lord Wellington arrived and instantly retired the division. Not a moment could be lost: the enemy came on with amazing rapidity, but the British rear-guard behaved with its usual determination, and, after a series of quick and beautifully-executed manoeuvres, secured their retreat on the position. Both armies that evening bivouacked in each other's presence, and 65,000 French infantry, covered by a mass of voltigeurs, formed in the British front, while scarcely 50,000 of the allies were in line on the Sierra de Busaco, and these were of necessity extended over a surface which their numbers were quite incompetent to defend.

Ney and Reynier agreed that the moment of their arrival afforded the best chance for attacking Wellington successfully, and Massena was informed that the allied troops were only getting into their ground, and that their dispositions were accordingly imperfect. But the marshal came up too late; all the arrangements of Wellington had been coolly and admirably completed.

While these dispositions were being carried out evening had come on, both armies established themselves for the night, and, the atmosphere being mild and warm, the armies on each side were enabled to bivouac without inconvenience on the battle-ground. A few hours of comparative stillness passed: 100,000 men slept under the canopy of heaven, and before the first faint glimmer of light all stood quietly to arms and prepared for a bloody day.

Shrouded by the grey mist that still lingered on the mountains, the enemy advanced. Ney, with three columns, moved forward in front of the convent where General Crawford's division was posted, while Reynier, with two divisions, approached by a less difficult route the pickets before the feeble light suffered his movements to be discovered. With their usual impetuosity, the French pushed forward, and the British as determinately opposed. Under a heavy fire of grape and musketry they topped the heights, and, on the left of the third division, gained the summit of the mountain, their leading battalions securing themselves among the rocks and threatening the ridge of the Sierra; the disorder of a Portuguese regiment, the 8th, afforded them also a partial advantage. But the fire of two guns with grape opened on their flank, in front a heavy fusillade

was maintained, while, advancing over the crown of the height, the 88th and four companies of the 45th charged furiously with the bayonet, and with an ardour that could not be resisted. Both French and English were intermingled in the desperate *mêlée*, both fought hand-to-hand, both went straggling down the mountain, the head of the French column annihilated, and covering the descent, from the crown to the valley, with the dead and dying.

In this contest the French, ranged amphitheatrically one above another, took a murderous aim on our soldiers in their advance to dislodge them, and officers as well as men became personally engaged. Captain Dunne fought with his sabre, while Captain Dansey made use of a firelock and bayonet: the latter received three wounds, while Captain Dunne owed his life to a sergeant of his company named Brazil, who, seeing his officer in danger of being overpowered, scrambled to his assistance, and making a thrust of his halbert at the Frenchman, transixed him against the rock he was standing on. The 88th, arriving to the assistance of their comrades, instantly charged, and the enemy were borne over the cliffs and crags with fearful rapidity, many of them being literally picked out of the holes in the rocks by the bayonets of our soldiers.

Referring to their conduct on this occasion, the Duke of Wellington observes in his despatch that he never witnessed a more gallant attack than that made by these two regiments on the division of the enemy which had then reached the edge of the Sierra. In addition to this flattering testimony of his Grace, and in further evidence of the gallantry they displayed, it will be sufficient to state that the loss sustained by those two corps on the occasion amounted to 23 officers and 281 men, being nearly one-half of the entire British loss in the battle.

When a part of the Sierra had been gained, Leith, perceiving that the French had occupied it, moved the 38th on their right flank, with the Royals in reserve. The 9th formed line under a heavy fire, and, without returning a shot, fairly forced the French grenadiers from the rocks with the bayonet. The mountain crest was now secure, Reynier completely repulsed, and Hill, closing up to support, prevented any attempt being made to recover it.

The greater difficulty of the ground rendered Ney's attack still less successful, even for a time, than Reynier's had proved. Crawford's disposition of the light division was most masterly. Under a dipping of the ground between the convent and the plateau the 43rd and 52nd were formed in line, while higher up the hill, and closer to the convent, the Germans were drawn up. The rocks in front formed a natural battery for the guns, and the whole face of the Sierra was covered with riflemen and skirmishers. Morning had scarcely dawned when a sharp and scattered musketry fire was heard around and among the broken hollows of the valley that separated the rival armies, and presently the French appeared in three divisions, Loison's mounting the face of the Sierra, Marchand's inclining leftwards, and the third held in reserve.

The brigade of General Simon led the attack, and, reckless of the constant fusillade of the British light troops, and the sweeping fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the

advancing column from its leading to its last section, the enemy came quickly and steadily on. The horse artillery worked their guns with amazing rapidity, delivering round after round with such beautiful precision that the wonder was how any body of men could advance under such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came, and in a few moments their skirmishers, breathless and begrimed with powder, topped the ridge of the Sierra. The British guns were instantly retired; the French cheers arose, and in another second their column gained the height.

General Crawford, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43rd and 52nd to charge. A cheer, that pealed for miles over the Sierra, answered the order, and 1800 British bayonets went glistening over the brow of the hill. The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant, both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings, while volley after volley, at a few yards' distance, completed its destruction, and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, all down the face of the Sierra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken column nearly to the bottom of the hill, until Ney's guns opened from the opposite side and covered the escape with the relics of Simon's division.

And yet the bravery of the French merited a happier fate. No troops advanced more gallantly, and when the British steel was flashing in their faces, as with resistless force the rush was made over the face of the Sierra, every man of the 1st section of the French raised and discharged his musket, although he knew that before his finger parted from the trigger an English bayonet would be quivering in his heart. Simon was wounded and left upon the field, and his division so totally shattered as to be unable to make any second attempt.

On the right Marchand's brigade had gained the cover of a pine wood, threw out their skirmishers, and endeavoured to surmount the broken surface that the hill everywhere presented. Pack held them in check, while the Guards, formed on the brow of the Sierra, were seen in such imposing force as to render any attempt on the position useless. Crawford's artillery flanked the pine wood and maintained a rapid fire, when, finding his troops sinking under an unprofitable slaughter, Ney, after the effort of an hour, retired behind the rocks.

The roar of battle was stilled. Each side removed their wounded men, and the moment the fury ceased both parties amicably intermingled and sought for and brought off their disabled comrades.

The loss sustained by Massena in his attempt upon the British position in Busaco was immense. A general of brigade (Grandorge) and above a thousand men were killed; Foy, Merle, and Simon, with 4500, were wounded; and nearly 300 taken prisoners. The allied casualties did not exceed 1250 men, of which nearly one-half were Portuguese.

No battle witnessed more gallant efforts on the part of the enemy than Busaco, and that the British loss should be so disproportionate to that of the French can only be accounted for by the

superior fire, particularly of the cannon, which the position of Busaco enabled Lord Wellington to employ.

JOANNA, QUEEN OF NAPLES.

JOANNA, Queen of Naples, was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She was the granddaughter of Robert, King of Naples, who had originally seized the crown of that country and Provence in opposition to the right of Carobert, King of Hungary and son of his elder brother. Robert, a wise and active prince, was after a long reign deprived of the natural support of his throne by the death of his only son, the Duke of Calabria, who left two infant daughters. The old monarch might justly tremble for the future security of these helpless children, and therefore induced his nephew Carobert, whom he had wronged, to betroth his second son Andrew, at the age of only seven years, to the elder grandchild Joanna.

The young prince was removed to the court of Naples to receive his education as its future sovereign, and perhaps there never was a royal marriage planned apparently with more singular wisdom. But as Andrew advanced towards manhood he displayed a sullen and vicious temper: his habits were low and brutal, his capacity weak, and his manners barbarous; he associated only with rude Hungarians, whose gross propensities accorded with his taste. The old king, therefore, assembling the state council, made them take a solemn oath of allegiance to Joanna, and excluded Andrew from any share in her power.

Joanna was but sixteen years old when she succeeded her grandfather, and Andrew eighteen. Mistress of a brilliant court, she found but too many temptations to plunge into a career of thoughtless gaiety. Andrew, jealous of her authority, was surrounded and ruled by Hungarians, particularly by an artful and ambitious friar, his preceptor, who openly aspired to govern the kingdom in his name. The projects and monies of Andrew were communicated to Joanna by her courtiers; among these was a woman of low birth, Philippa the Catanian, who had been elevated by the royal family to wealth and distinction, becoming confidante of the queen's most intimate secrets. By this woman, her family, and associates a conspiracy was formed against Andrew.

Under pretext of a hunting party, the court was carried to the neighbourhood of Aversa, and after the amusement the king and queen, with a train principally composed of the conspirators, repaired for the night to the solitary convent of San Pietro, not far from that town. After supping gaily together the royal party withdrew to the chamber prepared for them, but just as Andrew was retiring to rest with the queen one of the conspirators came to the door of the chamber and stated that a messenger had arrived from Naples with despatches of the utmost importance. The victim rose unsuspectingly at the summons, but he had no sooner passed the door of his apartment than it was closed against him by the female attendants of the queen, and he was seized by the conspirators, who were waiting for him in the corridor. He was overpowered after a desperate resistance, in which he drew blood from several of the assassins.

sins. Stopping his mouth with their gloves, they dragged him towards an adjoining window, and, believing that a ring which his mother had given him was a talisman against death by sword or poison, they fastened a *silken cord* about his neck and pushed him out of the window, which was near the ground. Some of their associates, in readiness in the gardens below, then pulled him down by the legs as he hung, and completed the work of strangulation.

It was probably the intention of the murderers to inter the body in the convent garden, but Isolda, a faithful Hungarian woman, who had nursed the infancy of Andrew and watched over his manhood with undiminished solicitude, was roused by his cries, and rushing into his apartment found the queen there alone, seated by the nuptial couch with her face buried in her hands. The reply of Joanna to her agonised inquiry after her master increased the woman's alarm; she ran with a flambeau to the window, and from thence saw, by its light, the corpse of the unhappy prince extended on the grass with the fatal cord around his neck. Concealment was no longer possible; the assassins fled at the appearance of Isolda, and her shrieks immediately spread the alarm through the convent, and thence to the neighbouring town.

Amidst the general indignation and horror Joanna returned to Naples with the body of her husband, which was there privately interred. Meanwhile Charles, Duke of Durazzo, one of the princes of the blood, who had married the queen's sister, instigated the people to avenge the murder of the king, probably with the hope of ascending the throne himself. The queen, on her part, with Louis of Tarento, now her avowed lover, also assembled her partisans, and everything threatened a furious civil war. But, by order of the Pope, an inquiry was instituted to discover the murderers; the seneschal of the palace, on being put to the torture, disclosed his accomplices; and the justiciary, attended by the populace of the capital, bearing a standard on which the murder of Andrew was depicted, presented himself before the queen's fortified palace to demand the persons of the conspirators. After some resistance Joanna was compelled to deliver up the accused, who were her most devoted servants, and among them Philippa the Catanian. These miserable wretches, after being subjected to the most frightful tortures, were burnt alive.

It was remarked that, contrary to usage in these barbarous proceedings, the public were entirely excluded from hearing the confessions of the criminals. This secrecy, however, could neither remove the conviction which the world entertained of Joanna's guilt nor shield her from the indignation of an avenger. Her husband's brother, Louis, King of Hungary, entered the Neapolitan territories and drove her into exile.

She owed her restoration to the policy of the Pope, who got rid of the Hungarians by promising that a solemn trial should prove the queen innocent or guilty. So black appeared the case that her ambassadors set up a plea that sorcery had been exercised upon her, and even if guilty she must be absolved, as having yielded only to the resistless powers of hell!

On this ridiculous plea the Pope and his cardinals acquitted her. The King of Hungary submitted with good faith to the decision, and nobly

refused an immense sum of money which the Pope awarded him for the charges of the war.

Joanna reigned undisturbed for thirty years after. On the premature death of her second husband, Louis of Tarento, she married successively a third and a fourth, neither of whom would she suffer to share her throne. Her children died in infancy, and her life was at length hurried to its close by the revolting ingratitude of a second Charles Durazzo, whom she had united to her niece and destined for her successor. Invading the kingdom, he seized the unfortunate queen and required her to sign her abdication, but, with the certainty of death before her, she displayed a heroism worthy of her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She pretended compliance, and Durazzo accordingly introduced some Provençal barons to her prison to hear her release them from their allegiance, but they were no sooner admitted than she solemnly enjoined them never to acknowledge for their lord the ungrateful robber who, from a queen, had made her a captive slave. She added her will that they should own for their lord Louis of Anjou, whom she appointed her successor and champion to avenge her; and she bade them take no more thought for her, but to perform her funeral rites and pray for her soul.

She was shortly afterwards put to death in prison by command of Durazzo. The common story is that she was smothered with a pillow; but there is some reason for believing the account of the Pope's secretary, who was in Naples at the time, that four Hungarian soldiers were secretly introduced into the castle of Muro, where she was imprisoned, and, entering its chapel while she was kneeling before the altar, strangled her with a *silken cord*.

Thus fell Joanna, and, though five centuries have rolled away since her fall, she tells us even now that power and beauty are fatal gifts in a bold hand unguided by a righteous heart.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

THE battle of Copenhagen was our first naval engagement in the nineteenth century. At that period the horizon was dark indeed, for, in addition to French hostility, we were in danger from Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, who were united against us in an armed confederacy known as the Northern League. To break up this league a British fleet, consisting of eighteen ships of the line and four frigates, together with a number of gunboats and bomb-vessels, in all fifty-four sail, was fitted out in the North Sea, and on the 12th of March proceeded from Yarmouth Roads for the Baltic. The command of this expedition was intrusted to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, assisted by Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson and Rear-Admiral Tetty, the last of whom was so unfortunate as to lose his flagship on a sandbank off the coast of Lincolnshire.

It was hoped that the Danes might be prevailed upon to sue for forbearance, but the Prince Regent of Denmark, who had governed many years in the name of his father, frankly declared that he was determined to remain faithful to his engagements.

On the 30th of March the English squadron passed the Sound without encountering any resistance. A few anchoring about four or five miles

from the island of Huih, Sir Hyde Parker, in company with Lord Nelson and Rear-Admiral Greaves, surveyed the formidable line of ships, raideans, galleys, fire-vessels, and gunboats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries on the two islands called the Crowns. These were supported by two ships of seventy guns, and a large frigate in the inner road of Copenhagen, while two sixty-four gun vessels, without masts, were moored on the flat towards the entrance in the arsenal.

Lord Nelson, who had made an offer of his services to conduct the attack, and had for that purpose shifted his flag from the *St. George* to the *Elephant*, a vessel of smaller size, immediately gave directions for buoying the channel of the outer deep and the middle ground, after which the detachment selected for the assault, consisting of twelve sail of the line, with frigates, bombs, and fire-ships, passed in safety, and anchored off *Draco*. On the morning of the 2nd of April the vice-admiral made the signal to weigh and engage the Danish line of defence, which was found to consist of six sail of two-deckers, eleven floating batteries, mounting from twenty-six twenty-four to eighteen eighteen-pounders, and one bomb ketch, together with several schooner-rigged gun-vessels. These were supported by the Crown Islands, mounting eighty-eight cannon, and four sail of the line moored in the harbour's mouth, together with some batteries thrown up on the island of Amak.

In the meantime the shallowness of the water and the intricacy of the navigation prevented the complete execution of the projected plan, for the *Bellona* and *Russel* grounded before they had reached the stations assigned to them, while the *Agamemnon*, being unable to weather the shoal of the middle, was obliged to anchor. These vessels were intended to have outflanked and overawed the batteries of the Crown Islands, as well as the two outer ships in the harbour's mouth.

The action began at five minutes past ten; at half an hour afterwards the first half of the fleet was engaged, and before half-past eleven the battle became general. The *Elephant's* station was in the centre, opposite to the Danish Commodore Fischer, who commanded in the *Dannebrog*, a sixty-two gun ship. The distance was nearly a cable's length, and this was the average distance at which the action was fought. The *Glatton* had her station immediately astern of the *Elephant*, and the *Ganges*, *Monarch*, and *Defiance* ahead, the distance between each not exceeding half a cable.

At one p.m. few, if any, of the enemy's ships had ceased to fire. The *Isis* had greatly suffered by the superior weight of the *Provestein's* fire, and would have been destroyed but for the judicious diversion made in her favour by the *Désirée*, who raked the *Provestein*, and for the assistance afforded by the *Polphemus*. The *Monarch* was also suffering severely under the united fire of the *Holstein* and the *Zealand*, while the *Bellona* had received serious injury by the bursting of some of her guns.

The division of the commander-in-chief acted according to the preconceived plan, but could only menace the entrance to the harbour. The *Elephant* was warmly engaged by the *Dannebrog*, and by two heavy praams on her bow and quarter. Signals of distress were flying on board the *Bel-*

lona and the *Russel*, and of inability in the *Agamemnon*.

The contest had not yet declared itself in favour of either side, but in this posture of affairs the signal was thrown out on board the *London*, Admiral Parker's ship, for the action to cease. Lord Nelson, who was then walking the starboard side of the quarter-deck, said to Captain Foley, with considerable agitation, "Do you know what's shown on board of the commander-in-chief?"

"Why, to leave off action."

"Leave off action?" he repeated, and then added, with a shrug, "Now, d— me if I do! You know, Foley," added he, "as I have only one eye, I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then, with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!"

The brave Captain Riou, perceiving the blank in the original plan for the attack of the Crown batteries, owing to the *Bellona* and *Russel* having grounded, and to the *Agamemnon* having anchored, proceeded down the line with his squadron of frigates early in the engagement, and bravely attempted, but in vain, to fulfil the duties which three ships of the line had been directed to assist him in; and the general signal of recall made by the commander-in-chief had the good effect at least of saving Riou's squadron from destruction. When the gallant Riou, who had been previously wounded in the head by a splinter, found that he was obliged to retreat, he nobly exclaimed, "What will Nelson think of us?" At this moment his clerk was killed by his side, and by another shot several of the marines shared the same fate. The captain then exclaimed, "Come, my boys, let us all die together!" and the words were scarcely uttered when a raking shot severed him in two.

The action still continued with unabated vigour, but about two p.m. the greatest part of the Danish line had ceased to fire. Some of the lighter ships were adrift, and the carnage on board the vessels of the enemy, who reinforced their crews from the shore, was dreadful. The Danish commodore's ship was now on fire, and was found to be drifting in flames before the wind, spreading terror and dismay throughout the enemy's line. The usual lamentable scene then ensued, and the British boats rowed in every direction to save the crew, who were throwing themselves from her at every port-hole. Few, however, were left unwounded in her, and fewer still could be saved. About half-past three she blew up with a terrible explosion.

After the *Dannebrog* was adrift, and had ceased to fire, the action was found to be over along the whole line astern of the British fleet, but the ships ahead, and the Crown batteries, as well as the prizes made by the British, still continued to fire. Lord Nelson, losing his temper at this, observed that he must either send on shore and stop this irregular proceeding, or send in our fire-ships and burn the prizes. He accordingly retired into the stern gallery, and wrote with great despatch the following letter:—

"To the Brothers of Englishmen, the brave Dames.

"Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting, but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark Lord Nelson must be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries

he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them.

"On board his Majesty's ship *Elephant*,
Copenhagen Roads, April 2, 1801.

"NELSON AND BRONTE,
"Vice-Admiral under the command of
Admiral Sir Hyde Parker."

This despatch was conveyed on shore through the contending fleets by Captain Sir Frederick Theisger, who acted as his lordship's aide-de-camp, and who found the prince near the sally-port, animating his people, and sharing their dangers.

The firing from the Crown batteries, and from the leading ships of the British, did not cease till past three o'clock, when the Danish Adjutant-General Lindholm, returning with a flag of truce, directed the fire of the batteries to be suspended. The signal for doing the same was then made to the British ships, and the action closed, after five hours' duration, four of which were warmly contested, and during which the whole of the Danish line to the southward of the Crown Islands, amounting to seventeen sail, were sunk, burnt, or taken.

This mission of the adjutant-general's was "to ask the particular object of sending the flag of truce," to which Lord Nelson replied:—

"Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity. He therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore; and Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes, as he shall think fit.

"Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark, will consider this the greatest victory he ever gained if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious sovereign and his Majesty the King of Denmark.

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"On board his Majesty's ship *Elephant*,
Copenhagen Roads, April 2, 1801."

On this his royal highness, listening to the voice of humanity, sent his Adjutant-General Lindholm again on board the *Elephant*, and a negotiation was entered upon which terminated in an armistice for fourteen weeks, during which "the treaty of armed neutrality," as far as related to Denmark, was to be suspended.

In recording the memorable engagement off the city of Copenhagen the gallantry displayed by the Danes ought not to be passed over in silence. Notwithstanding the long peace they had enjoyed, the batteries both afloat and ashore were manned and the guns served with a degree of promptitude and valour that would have conferred credit on veteran troops, and which served to show how unnecessary it is that a nation should engage frequently in war for the purpose of keeping up a martial spirit. The English vice-admiral himself confessed that the combat was far more terrible than the action at Aboukir. Two captains of the British navy, Captain Riou and Captain Mosse, lost their lives. The British total of the killed and wounded amounted to nearly one thousand. The loss of the enemy was stated in Lord Nelson's despatches at four times that number.

THE TURKS AT VIENNA.

WHO that now visits the gay capital of Austria can imagine the throes of mortal agony that convulsed its people in the olden time? Who that now knows "the sick man at Constantinople" (as the declining Ottoman Empire is called) can picture the occasions when he strode forth, a terrible conqueror, to the gates of Vienna? Yet these things of the past have a special interest. They heighten by their contrast the value of an English home—they hold forth a rich array of romantic enterprises and daring deeds.

The first siege of Vienna by the Turks, in 1529, was undertaken by Soliman the Magnificent as a main step towards the foundation of a Moslem Western Empire. He had bided his time: the time was apparently come. The German princes were destroying each other: their sovereign, Charles V., was wasting his military strength in Italy: the road lay open to his capital, Vienna.

The aspect of the time for Austria was one of gloom and danger. The main force of the enemy was hard upon the frontier, which had already been crossed at several points by the terrible bands of Michael Oglou; and from the walls of Vienna the horizon was seen reddened with the flames of burning villages, while within the city little or nothing had yet been done for its fortification and defence. The city itself occupied then the same ground as at present, the ramparts were old and in great part ruinous, the walls scarcely six feet thick, and the outer palisade was a mere hedge. The citadel was only the old building which now exists under the name of Schweizer Hof.

The defenders, therefore, set to work with vigour. All the houses which lay too near the wall were levelled to the ground; where the wall was specially weak or out of repair a new intrenched line of earthen defence was constructed and well palisaded; within the city itself, from the Stuben to the Karnthner or Carinthian gate, an entirely new wall twenty feet high was constructed with a ditch interior to the old. The bank of the Danube was also entrenched and palisaded, and from the drawbridge to the Salz gate protected with a rampart capable of resisting artillery. As a precaution against fire, the shingles with which the houses were generally roofed were throughout the city removed. The pavement of the streets was taken up to deaden the effect of the enemy's shot, and watchposts established to guard against conflagration. Parties were detached to scour the neighbouring country in search of provisions, and to bring in cattle and forage. Finally, to provide against the possibility of a protracted siege, useless consumers—women, children, old men, and ecclesiastics—were, as far as possible, forced to withdraw from Vienna.

The Pfalzgraf Philip had taken the command in the city. Associated with him was the veteran hero Nicholas, Count of Salm, who had crossed the March field from Upper Hungary with a chosen band of light troops, and on whose proved fidelity and valour King Ferdinand principally relied for the defence of Vienna. These qualities had been tried through fifty-six years of service in the field, and recently in the victory of Pavia (1522), in which he had borne a distinguished share, having crossed swords and exchanged wounds with the French king, Francis I. At the

age of seventy, he now undertook a heavier responsibility than any he had yet incurred; but the confidence both of the soldiery and the citizens rested chiefly on the veteran leader.

The artillery mounted on the defences appears to have consisted of between sixty and seventy pieces, a small armament according to our present ideas, but respectable perhaps for the time, and more than a match for the light pieces of the Turks. The city would probably have been still less provided with this arm of defence but for the Emperor Maximilian, with whom the fabrication and use of artillery had been a favourite study and pursuit. After all these preparations the defences were very weak; there were no bastions on which the guns could be properly disposed, while several of the pieces which had been adjusted to embrasures or loopholes opened in the wall were found useless in that position, and were removed to the roofs of neighbouring buildings. In order to deprive the Turks of the advantage of a stronghold on an eminence near the city, it was unfortunately necessary to destroy the castle on the Kahlenberg. The last measure adopted was that of walling up and fortifying all the gates, except the Salz gate, which was left open as a sallyport.

On the 23rd September, while the suburbs were in full conflagration, a strong body of Turks pressed forward as far as St. Mark's, cut to pieces a number of invalids who had scandalously been left there to their fate, and ventured still further on the high road. This occasioned the first sally from the city of five hundred cuirassiers under Count Hardegg. These having pressed too far forward, the Turks took advantage of the ruins of some of the burnt houses to attack them in flank, while the front was also engaged with superior numbers. The cuirassiers fell back in disorder without waiting for a support which was detached to their assistance. They must have had good horses and sharp spurs, for only three were killed, but six, with a cornet, Christopher von Zedlitz, were taken. The Turks immediately placed the heads of the three killed on the points of lances, and, to make the number of the dead equal to that of the prisoners, they beheaded four of the invalids of St. Mark's, and compelled the prisoners to bear the seven heads to the presence of the Sultan, then on his march from Brück, on the Leitha, in order to gladden him as soon as possible with the sight of these grisly trophies of his first success over the defenders of Vienna. Upon this Soliman released four of the prisoners, presented each with three ducats, and sent them back to Vienna with the following message:—"If the city would surrender none of its people should be allowed to enter the city, and the property and persons of the inhabitants should be unmolested. It was Soliman's sole desire to follow the king till he should find him, and then to retire to his own dominions. Should the city, however, venture to resist, he would not retreat till he had reduced it, and then he would spare neither old nor young, and would so utterly destroy the city that men should not know where it stood. He would not rest his head till Vienna and the whole of Christendom were under his subjection, and it was his settled purpose within three days—namely, on the feast of St. Michael—to break his fast in Vienna."

At length, September 24th, the Grand Vizier

with the main army appeared before the city. On the 25th, nevertheless, two companies of imperial troops, raised from Nuremberg, effected their entrance through the Salz gate with drums beating and colours flying. They related that between Tulln and Traismauer they had fallen in with a body of 5000 fugitives on foot and 3000 in boats, mostly women, children, and regular clergy, who on the following day had been overtaken and destroyed by the bands of Michael Oglou.

On the 26th September Soliman sent into the city a Bohemian with the contemptuous offer that he would send the other Bohemian prisoners to strengthen the garrison of Vienna. The man was sent back accompanied by two Turkish prisoners, each of whom was presented with two ducats, with the reply that they had more garrison than enough in Vienna, and that Soliman might keep his Bohemian prisoners.

Soon after the arrival of the main army a discharge of arrows, which literally darkened the air, was followed by a first summons to surrender, succeeded by a second and a third. These remaining unanswered, Soliman sent in four prisoners richly dressed and liberally supplied with presents, with a repetition both of his offer of a favourable capitulation and of his threats in case of resistance. Officers should be put to death with torture, the site of the city sown with salt and ashes, &c. The stern commanders, however, merely despatched in return a like number of Turkish prisoners, as richly provided with presents and apparel, but without an answer to his threats or promises.

The Turkish army had scarcely arrived in the neighbourhood when the country within sight of the walls was covered with tents, the number of which was calculated at 30,000, nor could the sharpest vision from St. Stephen's tower overlook the limit of the circle so occupied. The flower of the Turkish force, the Janissaries, took possession of the ruins of the suburbs, which afforded them an excellent cover from the fire of the besieged. They also cut loopholes in the walls yet standing, from which they directed a fire of small ordnance and musketry on the walls of the city.

The tent of Soliman rose in superior splendour over all others at Simmering, on the spot and to the extent now occupied by the building called the Neugebäude. Hangings of the richest tissue separated its numerous compartments from each other. Costly carpets, and cushions and divans studded with jewels, formed the furniture. Its numerous pinnacles were terminated with knobs of massive gold. The colour of the chief compartment was green striped with gold. Five hundred archers of the Royal Guard kept watch there night and day. Around it rose in great though inferior splendour the tents of ministers and favourites; and 12,000 Janissaries, the terror of their enemies, and not unfrequently of their masters, were encamped in a circle round this central sanctuary.

The Pacha of Roumelia was posted opposite the Stuben gate, and thence down to the Danube, securing the baggage and its attendant train of horses, mules, and camels: the latter, some 20,000 in number, were at pasture in the fields. The meadows and islands of the Lobau as far as Nussdorf were occupied by the crews of the Turkish flotilla, which had arrived on the 26th of September, with charge to watch the banks and

prevent the passage of succours. Amid the ruins of the suburbs the Janissaries and sappers dug trenches, from which they plied their arrows and musketry. Their archers' aim was so accurate that they often sent their missiles through the embrasures and loopholes of the defences.

It happened, however, fortunately for the weak garrison, that the greater part of the Turkish heavy artillery had been left behind in Hungary, its further transport having been rendered impossible by heavy rains. For this reason the besiegers were reduced to limit their operations to mining, and to a discharge of arrows so heavy and incessant that through the town generally, and especially in the Karsthner Street, no one could walk abroad in safety. The line of actual attack extended from the rampart near the Augustine convent to the tower situate between the Stuben and Rothenthurm gates. In face of this line of defence they excavated a labyrinth of deep entrenchments, strengthened with earth and timber, the Karsthner tower being their principal point of assault. Their artillery fire was principally directed against the higher buildings of the city, especially St. Stephen's tower; but the arrows flew in all directions. Some of the latter, probably discharged by persons of distinction, were of costly fabric, painted, and even set with pearls, and were kept long afterwards as curiosities.

The investment of the city was completed and the passage of the Danube effectually closed by the Nassadiats on the 27th September. From this time forth, to prevent unauthorised alarms, all the bells in the city were silenced, and even the striking of the hour was forbidden, the only exception being in favour of the prime bell of St. Stephen's, which was allowed to strike the quarters.

On the 29th—that St. Michael's Day on which Soliman had declared his purpose of breakfasting in Vienna—the Vizier Ibrahim rode the circuit of the walls with a numerous suite. He had wisely laid aside the usual costume of his high office, and exchanged its turban of white-and-gold and flowing robe for a coloured shawl and a simpler soldier's attire. He adopted also the further precaution of keeping pretty well out of gunshot. The Viennese, who were possessed in the sixteenth century by the jocular propensity which they still retain, did not fail to indulge it at the Sultan's expense. Prisoners were released with a message to him that his breakfast had waited for him till the meat was cold, and he must be fain to content himself with such poor entertainment as they could send him from the guns on the wall. To this, however, about mid-day, they added a vigorous sally, conducted by the brave Eck von Reischach, from the Karsthner gate; through which also the Spaniard Luis d'Avallos led a company of his people, and killed many of the Turks, who had been attracted by the grapes of the neighbouring vineyards. The Spaniards only retired at last before superior numbers with the loss of their cornet, Antonio Comargo. On the same day, for the first time, a spy ventured out of the city: he twice swam the Danube and returned in safety, but on a third venture was no more heard of. From St. Michael's Day continued rains and frosts, unusual for the season, at night caused much suffering to the Turks in their light tents, unused as they were to the climate. The cold continued after the rain abated, and was aggravated by severe storms.

The 30th September passed with no other event than an assault by the Turks on the guard at the drawbridge, which was driven into the city with some loss. On this day a Christian boy and a girl escaped from the Turkish camp into the city. The girl had been appropriated by a rich pacha, who had lavished upon her ornaments and apparel. Upon a nocturnal alarm in the camp, which caused a general movement towards the walls, they had left their tent and succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in reaching the city. Much information was obtained from both.

Three hundred lanzknechts made a sally, October 1, from the Scottish gate, and a conflict ensued without advantage to either side. Towards noon a man made his appearance near the drawbridge attired as a Turk, who prayed earnestly for admission, saying that he had been brought up in Turkey, but had come of Christian parents, and was determined to revert to their faith. This man, being put to the torture,* gave much valuable information as to the strength of the enemy. Of their artillery he said that he had seen ten of the largest guns, called wall-breakers, each three fathoms long, in a boat on the Danube; that the number of the Turkish boats was 400, manned with 5000 soldiers. He gave also the first accurate information of the mines to the right and left of the Karsthner gate. The besieged, having now ascertained that one principal mine was directed against the Karsthner tower and the other against the convent of St. Clara, betook themselves with the utmost zeal to the excavation of counter-mines at these two points, propping, at the same time, the walls with posts and beams, so that upon any springing of the enemy's mines the ruins might fall outwards and impede the access to the breach. On the same evening a heavy fire was kept up on both sides, which led to the expectation of an assault, but none ensued.

On the 2nd of October the enemy's mine under the Karsthner tower was detected and destroyed. A large body of Turks, however, about the same time, pressed forward nearly to the Scottish gate, and retired, after a lively skirmish, with ten prisoners and thirty heads of the slain. To meet the danger of the enemy's mines, guards were placed in all the cellars near the walls, trenches dug near the fort of the rampart, and drums with peas strewed on their parchment, or tube filled with water, placed at the suspected spots, to indicate by their vibration the neighbourhood of the Turkish labourers, and guide thereby the operations of the counter-miners. By these precautions many of the enemy's galleries were discovered, and either ruined by counter-mines or penetrated and robbed of their powder.

October 5 was an eventful day, commenced by a sally of 8000 men from the garrison. The batteries of the enemy were in the first instance carried and left behind; the soldiers, well led by their officers, flung themselves on the enemy with the deadly weapons used in hand-to-hand conflict at this period, such as the morning star and the battle-axe, and with murderous effect, but as day

* This was the correct thing in those days, and probably the victim would have examined prisoners in the same way.

† The morning star was a formidable weapon with a round head, from which projected iron spikes in every direction.



[VIEW OF MODERN VIENNA.]

broke the alarm ran through the Turkish camp and brought heavy numbers to the rescue. A sudden apprehension of being cut off from the city, suggested by a few voices, degenerated into a panic, which ended in a general flight. The voices of their officers, the encouragement from the garrison on the walls, and the example of a brave commander, Wolf Hagen, were unavailing to check the torrent. Hagen himself, with a few brave men who remained about him, was surrounded and beheaded. His body was rescued and brought into the city for honourable burial. Five hundred heads and several prisoners remained in the camp of the Turks, who, however, on their part, suffered considerable loss. The retreat was conducted with such confusion that many were forced over the parapet of the bridge, and, maimed by the fall, remained at the mercy of the Turks, who pursued so closely up to the walls that they were only driven back from them at push of pike. At noon there was a fresh alarm that camels were conveying fascines of wood, straw, and vine-sticks to fill up the ditch. The expected assault, however, did not take place. The fire of the Turks recommenced at five in the evening, and was maintained without cessation, which caused the soldiers to remain at their posts through the night.

On the 7th, at nine a.m., the Turks assaulted two bastions, and sprung a mine at the Karnthner gate, by which the wall opposite the nunnery of St. Clara was destroyed for a space of thirteen fathoms. The following night the camp was illuminated with several thousand torches, and a general shouting and alarm took place, without further result. It was probably the

celebration of some festival. The garrison having been assembled at their posts, Count Salm announced to them that, by a trusty messenger, who had swum the Danube at midnight, he had received consolatory tidings from King Ferdinand and the Duke Frederick, who promised to come to their relief within a week. Though this cheering assurance raised the hopes of all, yet the difficulties of the defence became every day more urgent, and a proclamation was issued forbidding, on pain of death, all self-indulgence and neglect of duty. Two lanskanets, who, over their caps, remained absent from their posts after the alarm had been given, were hanged at the Lugeek as traitors.

On the 8th the whole artillery of the Turks played upon the city. The timber bulwark in front of the Karnthner gate was set on fire, and the walls, deprived of their breastwork, threatened to fall inwards. To avoid this possibly fatal catastrophe, trunks of trees and huge beams were brought to their support, and a new breastwork was thrown up with incredible celerity. A similar work was thrown up before the Scottish gate, and mounted with two guns, which did much mischief in the Turkish camp towards Sporkenbühl.

On the 9th of October an alarm took place at daybreak, and preparations for a storm were evident in the Turkish camp. At three p.m. mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate. The one on the left opened a breach in the wall wide enough for twenty-four men to advance in order. The assault was nevertheless gallantly repulsed by Salm and Katzianer in three successive advances.

Several Spaniards and Germans had been buried or blown into the air by the explosion; others were hurled back into the city without serious injury. The explosions would have been more effective if the besieged had not succeeded in reaching some of the chambers of the mines by countermining, and in carrying off eight tons of the charge. During the repeated assaults the heaviest artillery of the city was discharged incessantly upon the Turkish cavalry, and with such good aim that man and horse flew into the air. Upon every retreat of the storming parties, trumpets from St. Stephen's tower, and warlike music on the great square of St. Clara, celebrated the triumph of the besieged.

On the 10th all was quiet, and the work of repair proceeded. Two mines were discovered and destroyed, and in a small sally of some eighty men five camels were captured.

On the 11th, towards nine in the morning, a mine was sprung between the Karntner and Stuben gates, which made an enormous breach, equivalent to an open gateway in the wall. Heavy bodies of men rushed on to the assault. A second mine was sprung at the Stuben gate, and a Turkish standard-bearer had mounted the wall, when he was struck down by a musket-shot into the ditch. The assault and defence were continued with equal determination for three hours. Twelve hundred bodies were heaped up in the breach, and, though new assailants seemed to spring from the earth, their efforts failed before the unshaken courage of the defenders. The conflict ceased at midday. The loss of the garrison was far less than that of the Turks; yet, at a general muster of the armed citizens which took place in the evening, 625 were missing from the numbers mustered at the beginning of the siege.

The wrath of the Sultan was kindled to the highest pitch. He stormed, entreated, promised, and threatened; and on the following day the assault was renewed. Again two mines exploded in the same quarter as before, and again the ruin of the wall was extensive. The Turks were in the breach sooner almost than their approach could be detected, as they thought; but the wall was scarcely down before its ruins were occupied by a company of Spaniards, with their colours flying and courage undiminished. The assault was fierce, but short. The repulse was again complete, and depression and exhaustion prevailed in the Turkish ranks. From the towers of the city their officers were seen urging them forward with blows. In several places explosions were observed which did no injury to the walls. Although the attacks were several times repeated, and to a late hour in the evening, as the courage of the defenders rose that of the enemy quailed. The loss of the assailants could not be ascertained, as the Turks, according to their custom, carried off their dead. Late in the night of the 13th, however, a council of war was held in their camp, in which it was agreed to attempt on the following day, the 14th, one more assault with all their force; but, should this fail, to raise the siege. Numerous cries, therefore, perambulated the camp, proclaiming the great assault for the following day, and promising to the first man who should mount the wall a rise in military rank and a sum of 600 ducats. Nor were they idle in the city. While the sol-

diers stood to their arms, the citizens of both sexes, and of all classes, ages, and professions, were at work without cessation, removing rubbish, digging new intrenchments, throwing up works, strengthening the ramparts, and filling up the breaches.

At daybreak of the 14th October the flower of the Turkish army was arrayed in three powerful bodies for the assault, and towards nine o'clock they advanced, led on by officers of the highest rank. On this occasion, however, the desperate courage and cheerful contempt of death which had usually been conspicuous among the Turkish soldiery were no longer distinguishable. It was to no purpose that their officers, the Vizier in person at their head, urged them forward with stick and whip and sabre-edge: they refused obedience, saying they preferred to die by the hands of their own officers rather than to face the long muskets of the Spanish and the German spits, as they called the long swords of the lanskanets.

Towards noon two mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karntner gate, but a third, which had been carried under the Burg, was fortunately detected, and its entire charge of twenty barrels of powder fell into the hands of the counterminers. A breach, nevertheless, twenty-four fathoms wide, was the result of the mines which succeeded; and through this, supported by the fire of all their batteries, repeated attempts were made to storm, but in every instance repulsed as before. These attacks were the last expiring efforts of exhausted men.

On this occasion, two officers, a Portuguese and a German, who had quarrelled overnight, were proceeding to settle their difference with the sword in the morning, having selected the breach or its immediate neighbourhood for their place of meeting. Being interrupted by the Turkish assault, they naturally enough, instead of proceeding with their own foolish and useless purpose, agreed to turn their arms against the Turks. After one had lost his left arm and the other the use of his right, they stood to one another, making a perfect soldier between them, till both were killed. The brave Count Salm, after escaping all the previous dangers of the siege, was hit on the hip towards 2 p.m. by the splintered fragments of a stone, and carried from the breach, which till then he had never quitted. He survived till the spring of the following year, when he died of the effects of this injury at his residence of Salm Hoff, near Marchegg, in Lower Austria.

On the failure of these last attacks, Soliman abandoned all hope of gaining possession of the city, and the troops received accordingly a general order of retreat. The Janissaries broke up from their encampment an hour before midnight, and set on fire their huts, forage, and *nearly all the prisoners*. Of these the younger portion alone, boys and girls, were dragged along with their retreating columns, tied together by ropes, and destined to slavery. The old of both sexes and the children were for the most part flung alive into the flames of the burning camp, and the remainder cut to pieces or impaled. The glare of the conflagration and the shrieks of the sufferers disturbed through the night the rest so dearly earned by the brave defenders of the city. When this act of cowardly vengeance was accomplished a parting salvo from all their fire-arms was discharged at the walls, and after all remaining

buildings in the suburbs and adjacent villages had been set on fire the army commenced its retreat.

The loss of the invaders during the siege has been variously stated, at numbers varying from 80,000 to 30,000. According to Ortelius it was only 14,000. The return of 1500 killed on the side of the city is manifestly below the truth.

We reserve our narrative of the Second Siege, premising that the reader will find it as worthy of perusal and remembrance as the one we have now recorded.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

SHAM CRUELTY AND REAL KINDNESS.

WHEN Lord St. Vincent was cruising in the British Channel the ship's crew were one day ordered to bathe. On returning to their duty Lord St. Vincent observed a favourite seaman in tears, and, calling his secretary, his lordship said, "There's my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go and see what's the matter." It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on, and had forgotten that all his earthly possessions were in one of his pockets, in the shape of a roll of bank-notes. The consequence was that the water reduced the notes to a useless pulp. The admiral went into the cabin, but presently returned and ordered all hands out. Odell was ordered to stand forward, and the admiral, assuming a stern look, addressed him thus:—"Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears. What have you to say?" The poor fellow, overpowered by distress, could only plead that he had lost all he possessed in the world, that he had been many years saving it, and that he could not help crying a little. The admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said, "The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears." Then, softening down his tone, he proceeded, "Roger Odell, you are one of the best men in the ship. In my life I never saw a man behave better than you did in the *Victory*, in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your commander-in-chief will never pass over merit wheresoever he may find it, there is your money, sir (giving him £70); but no more tears mind—no more tears." The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hand, astonished and confused as he became by degrees sensible of the reality of the scene, said in a hurried manner, "Thank ye, my lord, thank ye," and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears, but this time tears of gratitude.

FIDELITY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

In the attack on Washington, during the war between England and America, the only officer among the enemy who showed any bravery commensurate with the occasion was the venerable Commodore Barney, whose age and extraordinary courage commanded the respect of the British, and who after his capture was treated with marked respect and permitted to go on parole. He had

received five wounds, and had destroyed most of his fine flotilla of gun-boats to prevent their falling into British hands. He was taken by a soldier of the 85th, whom he requested to stay by him, expressing a wish at the same time to remain where his captured guns were. The man replied that his comrades appeared to be warmly engaged, and that he must go and assist them. Barney, to induce the man to comply with his wishes, offered him his watch, which the soldier immediately refused, saying that no bribe would induce him to forego his duty, and so left him. After the action the British officers visited the commodore, and he related the fact to them, and requested that the soldier might be called out of the ranks to confirm what he had said. The soldier appeared, and the commodore said to him, "You would not receive my watch as an inducement for you to neglect your duty: will you now do me the favour of receiving it for having done your duty?" To which the soldier replied, "No, sir, I cannot: you are a prisoner."

A POPULAR SKETCH OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

(Continued from page 60.)

Meanwhile the power of Napoleon had been shaken to its foundation by the war with Russia, and Wellington, during his winter leisure, matured his plans for driving the French armies out of Spain. His disposable troops had by various reinforcements increased to 80,000 British and Portuguese, with upwards of 40,000 Spanish regulars, and a considerable guerilla force, which was hourly gaining additions. The French, on the other hand, though holding very strong positions, could not bring into the field more than 60,000. On his again advancing, in May, 1813, Madrid was abandoned without a struggle, and on the 13th of June he arrived at Burgos, where the French, who were rapidly retreating before him, had blown up the inner wall of the castle with so much precipitancy that thirty of the garrison perished by the explosion. From Burgos they continued their flight on the main road to the Ebro, hoping to place that river between themselves and the British; but on the 16th our main army crossed the river, continuing its march to VITTORIA, which city the French had made their central depot in the frontier provinces. Here Joseph Bonaparte, having Marshal Jourdan as his major-general, had taken up a position in front of the city, and, on the 21st, was defeated by Wellington in a pitched battle, with the loss of nearly 10,000 men. His retreat by the high road to France being intercepted by our troops under Sir Thomas Graham, the vanquished army was obliged to turn by the road towards Pampeluna; but even in this quarter the fugitives were unable to hold any position long enough to secure their baggage and artillery, and so complete were their

rount and dismay that they only carried off a solitary gun and one howitzer.

Ignorant of this defeat, General Clausel approached Vittoria with part of the northern army, but his flight across the Ebro was almost intercepted by a strong allied force, and it was only by a circuitous route that he gained the French side of the Pyrenees.

There still remained at Bilboa a division of the northern army, augmented by various garrisons withdrawn from the Spanish fortresses. In vain, however, it attempted to make a stand. Posted on an eminence at the junction of two cross-roads, it was quickly dislodged by our Colonel Williams, and, retreating on the boundary river Bidassoa, it was finally driven across the bridge into France by a brigade of Spaniards under Castaños.

The right and left wings of the French army were thus disposed of, but three divisions of the centre still occupied the fertile valley of Bastan, under cover of strong positions. After an arduous contest, Sir Rowland Hill forced them likewise across the frontier.

Alarm now seized the French Emperor, who despatched re-inforcements to Spain and appointed Marshal Soult his commander-in-chief. Wellington, therefore, had still hot work before him, especially while two such fortresses as St. Sebastian and Pampeluna were in the hands of the enemy. He had to divide his forces while carrying on both sieges at once, and he had to "maintain his communications" in a country where the face of nature is indented with deep valleys and puckered up into lofty parallel chains of mountains. Soult saw this, and attacked with some success the divisions under Generals Hill and Byng; but, massing his troops around Pampeluna to raise the siege of that place, he encountered Wellington in full strength, and was defeated (July 30) in a terrific engagement known as the battle of the PYRENEES. On the morning of August 31 he was frustrated by Spanish troops in his attempt to relieve St. Sebastian, and Lord Wellington carried the town by storm that very day, though with lamentable loss to the British ranks.

Pampeluna surrendered on the 31st of October to a Spanish general, but already, on the 7th, several divisions of the allied army had crossed the Bidassoa, both Spanish and Portuguese rendering valuable aid in the operations that ensued. On the 24th February, 1814, Sir John Hope, in concert with Admiral Penrose, crossed the Adour, below Bayonne, and took possession of both banks of that river where it empties itself into the ocean. Disputing the passage of the river by General Hill's forces, Marshal Soult was defeated in a sanguinary struggle at ORTÈRES, and was compelled to leave the road to Bordeaux open to the victors.

On the 8th of March that city joyfully received Marshal Beresford, whose ears were greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "Long live the Bourbons!" "Honour to the English nation!" At the same time the white flag was displayed from the steeple of St. Michael's, and most of the people donned the white cockade.

Louis XVIII. was proclaimed King of that France which had torn his brother from the throne to die by the guillotine.

And, while this revulsion in favour of the old royal family was gathering force and volume like the incoming tide, Napoleon's fortunes were ebbing fast. A few days later, and he gave up a sceptre which his own arm had seized, but which his own arm was now powerless to defend.

In ignorance of that fatal decision, Soult and Wellington once more came to blows, and the allies won a final battle before TOULOUSE, where nearly 8000 lives were thrown away after the war was virtually ended. But neither Soult nor a hundred Soult could have altered the course of events that were about to raise Wellington to the summit of renown.

Let all who emulate the deeds of the Peninsular War take to heart its brightest features: moderation in victory, and self-sacrifice in a righteous cause.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HOMEWARD CRUISE INTERRUPTED.

SAILORS are never long in repairing the damages sustained by their ship in action, and are doubly diligent when victory has rewarded their exertions.

The disabled *Ajax*, with her foremast gone, a huge rent in one side, her hull disfigured by unsightly shot-holes, indentations, and ragged splinterings, her braces cut, and loose ropes flapping in all directions about the masts and rigging, her sails punched full of holes or rent into waving tatters, and her decks presenting a scene of general breakage and ruin—such a picture of a king's ship, the general pink of order, beauty, and cleanliness, reminds one of an old Greenwich pensioner who has lost a leg, arm, and eye, and with his hard features bronzed and lined with furrows by time and tempest.

By the assistance of the master, carpenter, and boatswain, with their subordinates, before twenty-four hours had elapsed a new foremast had been stepped, the rigging made taut and seemly, the breaches in the hull covered over and painted, the stains flooded and holystoned from the deck, and all made shipshape and orderly, sufficient at

last for the run home and to bear the strain that was certain to encounter them in the Bay, and enable them to make a decent appearance at Spithead before going into dock.

The next duty, and one which had been going on concurrently, was repairing the prize—a comparatively easy task, as she had suffered but little injury. Her great loss had been in men, the slaughter between decks being awfully severe; and only when the diminished crew were unable to work their guns, and he saw his consort in a sinking state, did the Dutch captain strike his colours.

With those rescued from the *Townsend*, and the boarders who had laid down their arms, less than a hundred Frenchman survived the action as prisoners. These with the Dutch made about two hundred and fifty captives, the former being transferred to the prize and the latter to the *Ajax*.

The last and the saddest duty of all was the burying the dead. The Dutch having thrown theirs overboard during the action to clear the decks, there only remained, with the exception of those who had died subsequently, English seamen to bury.

When all these duties were performed the two vessels were ready to proceed on their homeward voyage.

The *Ajax* and her prize in company were running along the Spanish coast, the crew, with beating hearts, thinking of home and a brief respite from the fatigues of war, when, at the dawn of the following day, a sail was descried in their wake, hull down, which for some hours kept all on board in a state of anxiety, as she was evidently showing signals, which, from the haze, it was impossible to make out. As her hull lifted, however, and the rising sun fell on her masts and rig, it was evident that she was a despatch-boat, schooner-rigged, coming on, hand over hand, at a speed that would soon have overhauled the slower sailing ships if the increasing light had not revealed a signal flying at her main, "to lie to."

"What's up now, Pelham?" asked Captain Winterton, who had been called on deck, and when, in obedience to his imperative order, the canvas on the two vessels had been reduced so as merely to keep headway on both, the captain speaking in no placid humour at the interruption of his dreams.

"A despatch-boat from the admiral, without doubt," replied the lieutenant, still keeping his eyes on the approaching schooner.

"Yes, I suppose so," the commander rejoined, walking the poop with short irritable turns. "Just as we thought our work fairly done and over for this spell, to order us back to the old station and knock another year's service out of us! It's too bad."

"You feel it doubly hard, Captain Winterton, because you have a beautiful bride waiting for you at home. Now, as I have neither a wife nor a bride looking out for me, I don't care a jot whether I'm afloat or ashore."

"Still you must confess, Pelham, it's a confounded annoyance, when you expected in a few days to be at home and snug in port, to be ordered off for active duty, upsetting all your plans of peace and happiness. What is the lubberly rascal saying now?" he asked, as his quick eye discovered another signal at the truck, though the appellation of *lubberly* as applied to the schooner

was not merited, the trim little craft coming on with such speed being a very model of order and neatness. It was only the irritable condition of the captain's mind at the time that made him so unjust.

"Hullo! This means something indeed," ejaculated the first lieutenant, referring to his code of signals, after minutely inspecting the flag flying at the schooner's maintop.

"What is it, then?"

"He wants to know how many men we have fit for duty."

"That means more service, as sure as fate."

"It looks like it."

"Well, he must be answered, I suppose, and it is equally evident that we must do our duty, Pelham, however provoking it may be at such a time. Eh? What's that he says now?" inquired Winterton, with some surprise, as he partly recognised the meaning of the signal that now took the place of the last question at the masthead.

"He has got fifty marines to put on board, and a few blue jackets if wanted."

"What the deuce can be up now?" mused the captain, walking rapidly up and down the deck.

In another hour the schooner, with all her canvas set, came on like a breathless steed, and surging up with a rushing sound right abeam of the *Ajax*, when, furling her sails, she lay suddenly almost motionless, within a few fathoms of the war-ship. A boat was immediately lowered and manned, and, with an officer from the admiral's ship, was in a few minutes crossing the intervening space to the *Ajax*.

The officer brought a despatch ordering Winterton to embark the fifty marines and a score of blue jackets, and proceed at once to a French settlement on the western coast of Africa, which he was to bombard and take in any way he thought best suited himself, and then, leaving a small garrison, set sail with his prisoners for England.

The next three hours were a busy time aboard both vessels, boats perpetually passing from the schooner to the *Ajax*, first with men, and then with such supplies as the other required after her recent action. The *Ajax*, having sent on board the schooner some of her worst cases of sick and wounded to be treated in the hospital of Gibraltar, set courses, top and top-gallant sails, and, with her bows pointing south-south-west, took leave of her new acquaintance, and, accompanied by the prize, was before nightfall well down on the coast of Morocco, with the Atlas range, like a row of fleecy clouds, bearing due east on the horizon.

Favoured by a steady wind, in ten days the *Ajax* made the latitude of 16° north among the Cape Verd Islands. At this point the course of both ships was altered, and, running due east for about forty hours, the *Ajax* sighted the object of the expedition, the town and fort of St. Louis, a small island situated at the mouth of the great river Kokoro, or the supposed mouth of the Niger. St. Louis was a settlement of some importance to the French, on account of the gum, sandal-wood, sumach, drugs, and dye-stuffs brought down the river in native boats by the Foulahs of the district, and bartered to the French factors for arms, gunpowder, calicoes, &c.

The harbour was defended by a small battery

on a spit of land that protected the town on the south, and by a fort of some importance on the north. The fort, which mounted about twenty guns, was protected on the land side by a deep ditch or fosse, *chevaux de frise*, and an abatis of felled trees. Between these two points, the battery and fort, ran about half a mile of hard smooth beach. The town itself consisted of a number of houses of wood and bamboo, with verandahs and parapetted flat roofs. The stores and factories stood among the houses, and, with a number of negro huts, comprised some two hundred buildings, the governor's residence being situated in the centre of the fort.

A large number of native boats were either drawn up on the beach, or crowded the water opposite a rude platform or landing pier in the middle of the town. These latter were all filled with native produce, which a swarm of blacks were landing, and stowing away in different sheds.

At first sight of the *Ajax* and her consort, as they rounded the northern extremity of the island, a universal consternation seemed to have seized upon the inhabitants and the negro population. The men, with large square parcels on their heads or shoulders, unable to reach the landing, leaped into the water, and, gaining the golden-looking sand, rushed, like myriads of black ants with their cocoons, to the different tenements. Others, in the hope of escaping the enemy, paddled their boats towards the long sand spit on the south, and, doubling the battery at its point, were soon beyond sight or reach of danger. A few felucca-rigged boats lying further out in the harbour hoisted their latteen sails, and, seizing their long sweeps, rowed with such vigour that their light vessels seemed to fly over the surface of the still water, till their white wings, like sea-birds, were lost in the vast expanse of sparkling ocean, the drops from their nimble oars gleaming and flashing in the sun's rays like a shower of broken diamonds.

As soon as the ships took up their position in the harbour the commandant of the settlement made every disposition to repel any attempt at a landing. The flat roofs of all the houses stretching between fort and battery were covered with the best part of the male population, armed with musket, carbine, and rifle. At the same time the fort and battery seemed alive with men, and every post in an incredibly short time was placed in a condition of defence.

Captain Winterton saw the whole position of affairs in a moment, and felt convinced that a bombardment of the fort, armed as it was with some of the heaviest artillery, must be a protracted if not an unsuccessful undertaking. He resolved, therefore, while the *Ajax* engaged the fort in front, to endeavour to carry it by an assault in the rear.

The prize, under the second lieutenant, was sent to engage the battery on the spit, while, under cover of the *Ajax*, the launch and pinnace were got out, and, placing seventy marines in the first and fifty blue jackets in the second, Captain Winterton took command of the expedition in person, leaving Mr. Pelham in command of the ship.

"Now, Pelham, blaze away, and give us a chance of reaching the shore undetected," cried Winterton, addressing the first lieutenant, as he passed

through the gangway to take his place in the pinnace.

"Why, how's this, John?" he observed, in some surprise, when, taking his seat in the stern sheets, his eyes encountered his coxswain, Maitland, at the rudder. "I thought you were still on the doctor's list with that ugly cut on the scalp."

"Oh! that's nothing, yer honour, and don't nohows touch my legs or arms. Besides, I heard there was boating work to do, and it were my duty to do it, ye see."

"I shall be delighted to have you with me, John, if it won't hurt—"

At that moment there was a sudden crash and a discord that drowned every voice, while the rock and recoil of the *Ajax* from her broadside caused the boats to heel over in a manner that threatened serious peril. Waiting for the reply of the fort, whose heavy guns at length sounded with fearful distinctness, the commander gave the signal.

"Now, lads, to your oars, and pull with a will to the back of the fort," shouted the captain, standing up and waving his hat, as both boats started out from under the lee of the *Ajax*.

Covered by the smoke from the guns of their ship, and the attention of the enemy being at the same time engaged in returning shot for shot, the boats had reached half-way to the destined landing-place, when a shout from the fort showed that they had discovered the boats, the pinnace being at the moment just in a line with one of their great guns.

"Pull, lads, pull for your lives: they are depressing a gun to bear on you. Pull with a will," shouted the captain, hailing the foremost boat, as he still stood erect. Then, addressing his own crew, he continued, "Give way there, boys, give way, my hearties—it's coming—pull!"

A cloud of smoke, a roar, and a hissing noise succeeded, and the next moment the pinnace was half flooded with the deluge of water that poured in, drenching every one on board to the skin. The huge shot had struck the water within a yard of the boat and thrown up a perfect torrent of foam and spray.

"Curse the thief of a mounseer! If he ain't spoilt my priming," muttered Maitland, as, guiding the boat to shore, he looked at and re-adjusted his pistols.

Believing their shot had taken effect on the only boat the smoke allowed them to see, the French had taken no precaution to guard the land side of their fort: consequently the approach of the marines and the blue jackets was quite unobserved.

"The devil! here's a ditch," exclaimed Winterton, advancing to within a few feet of the rear of the fort. "And it seems very deep. Is there water below?"

"I'll soon see, yer honour," said Maitland, descending the escarpment. "Oh! the devil! Bagnits and prong-forks, knives and scissors, razors and porkypines, I'm most out to pieces!" cried Jack, scrambling out of the fosse. "I'm blowed, captain, if it isn't filled up with them cursed prickly cactus plants, worse than a line of infantry. But never mind, I see a way by which it is to be managed, and shiver my daylight if I don't do it."

"What do you mean, Maitland? Is the fosse practicable? If we descend on one side can we

get up on the other?" inquired Winterton, looking anxiously around. "Where's the carpenter? Pass the word there quietly for Bates or one of his mates," he resumed, unheeding Maitland's unaided operations at his feet.

"That's all right, yer honour. I knew I had my relieving tackle on board the pinnace, and I have put a bight round yonder tree, and I'll clear a way for the jollies easier than the carpenter could rig a pontoon or bridge," exclaimed Jack, as he completed his block and tackle. "That's right, old *Ajax*, thunder away, and keep the mounseers engaged, while I get all ready. That's right; go it like cripples. That's my gun Long Bess. I'd know her voice out of fifty. Here I go."

Suddenly the voice ceased, and Jack disappeared down the fosse or moat, which, instead of water, contained a perfect forest of the strong-leaved spinous plants, presenting a far more formidable opposition than a ditch even of twenty feet of water.

In the meantime the captain, in a high state of irritation, was walking along its margin and considering a hundred projects for passing this unexpected obstacle. At last, conceiving a plan by which the passage, after some delay, might be effected, he ordered all the marines into cover, and gave directions to the carpenter to cut down some tall trees growing near the margin of the fosse, in such a manner that if they fell across the moat a storming party might run across them, and so scale the fort from the rear.

At the moment that the carpenter, axe in hand, was about to execute the captain's orders Maitland issued from the moat, and, with a pleased smile, taking off his hat, as he leaped like a squirrel on the bank, cried—

"Please, yer honour, it's all ready now, and shipshape, that even a jolly could run up it like a cat."

"What do you mean, Maitland?" demanded Winterton, in no kindly tone.

"Please, yer honour, to look down there, and you'll see what I mean," replied Jack, backing out of the way, that his officer might note what he had done.

"Just the thing, by all that's good!" ejaculated the captain. "Call off Bates; tell him to fall back. And pass the word, Mr. Percival," he added, addressing a middy, "to tell off in single file the blue jackets and marines, one and one of each."

"Ay, ay, sir," and away flew the youth to execute the order entrusted to him.

While the men are mustering to storm the rear of the fort we must take the opportunity to explain what John Maitland had effected in that late region of "bagnits and porkypines' quills," as Jack had so energetically declared it to be. Having attached a rope and block (which he had run to the pinnace to obtain) to one of the trees, he gradually descended the fosse, mowing down right and left with his cutlass those giant plants that tore and lacerated the flesh in so frightful a manner, and which when made into a fence neither man nor animal will attack, however rich the prize or prey may be within.

Having mown the one side and the bottom, aided by his messemate Ben, he had, as he called it, "shaved" the opposite side; and, by means of a grapnel attached to a strong line, and by

climbing upon each other's shoulders, they had finally succeeded in fixing the hook of their grapnel where it would be impossible for the enemy to discover it. It was just after effecting this means of easy descent and ascent that John Maitland appeared before his commanding officer.

"Down with you, my lads, and keep close under cover till I come over, and on no account show yourselves till a score or two are over. Now, lads, forward!" cried Captain Winterton, as the mottled line of red and blue approached the fosse, and almost as quickly as they came disappeared down the steep side of the moat.

When about forty men had passed Winterton placed the rest of the marines in line, to cover, if necessary, the remainder of the party, should the enemy discover their scheme and attempt to drive back the stormers. Then, followed by his faithful coxswain and a middy, he descended by the rope John had prepared, and which had served as a ladder to all who had passed.

Having reached the bottom, Winterton bounded across the clearing, and, taking advantage of the rude ladder Jack had extemporised for the ascent, he passed through the disguised embrasure, and the next minute was in front of his marines and sailors, more than half having passed, and the larger number of the remainder being already on or between the two sides of the fosse. He then directed the lieutenant of marines to lead his party, when they had all crossed, to the right along the parapet, while he himself conducted those under his command to the left, and forced their way on till both met on the rampart in front of the flagstaff.

The heavy guns of the fort, Captain Winterton began to fear, had told with damaging effect on the *Ajax*, as her replies were much less frequent, and were evidently producing less results. From these causes, and the delay that had taken place in giving the first lieutenant the signal of his safe arrival, the captain was naturally in a most anxious state of mind.

Unwilling to venture from cover before all his men had passed over, Captain Winterton waited till the last marine had taken his place, and then, darting from behind the rampart that had hitherto (as he believed) screened his presence, made a dash forward with the whole of his party, intending at the turn of the rampart to divide into two parties, and so sweep the walls right and left. With this intention the marines and sailors came on with a ringing cheer, and, rushing round the parapet, came suddenly in front of the harbour, and on the serried lines of the whole strength of the garrison, who with fixed bayonets, the commandant at their head, were drawn up to receive them.

Astounded by the unexpected apparition, with the line of gleaming bayonets at their breasts, and by the numbers covering the whole rampart, the men fell suddenly back, the front ranks pressing on the rear, and driving the whole body on the embrasured wall. It was a critical and a perilous moment to Captain Winterton. He saw at a glance that his enemy outnumbered him by at least three to one, that they were fully aware of his presence, and had concentrated their whole force to dispute his further advance; but that which caused him the most serious disquiet was the inaction of the *Ajax*, which, with her broadside to the fort, lay calm and silent in the har-

bour, neither receiving a shot from the fort nor firing a gun in defiance or exchange.

He looked southwards towards the prize, but at that moment the loud voice of the commandant was heard, with a demand to surrender.

"A brave man should never hesitate to save the unnecessary effusion of blood," observed the French commandant, addressing Winterton, "especially when resistance is hopeless. One glance into the fosse will convince you that your retreat is completely cut off; your ship is disabled, and unable to renew the action; while the troops of the garrison surround you on every side, rendering your advance or retreat equally impossible. Once more I call upon a brave and honourable officer, whom the fortune of war has placed in my hands, to save the lives of his valiant men and surrender."

As he concluded he held out his hand, as for the captain's sword. During this short and unexpected speech the quick eye of Winterton had taken in all the particulars of the scene. The bank on the opposite side of the fosse, from which they had just descended, he saw was lined with the armed inhabitants of the town, while the perfect stillness that reigned on board the *Ajax* seemed to give confirmation to the Frenchman's assertion, that she was so far disabled as to be incapable of renewing the action. Another cause of anxiety disturbed the British officer: a cloud of dense smoke enveloped the end of the spit, shutting out of sight both the battery and the prize, and leaving it uncertain whether the Dutch frigate or the battery was in flames.

Long as this digression has taken to explain, the events themselves, and the ideas they gave rise to, hardly exceeded the duration of a minute. But, disheartening as the facts of the case appeared, the idea of surrender never for a moment crossed the mind of Captain Winterton, whose quick eye had rested more particularly on his vessel, a bright smile lighting up his handsome features as he drew himself up to reply.

"Your sword, Monsieur le capitaine. Surrender!" demanded the Frenchman, more imperiously.

"Surrender!" exclaimed an officer, stretching out his hand towards John Maitland, who stood by his captain.

"You be d—!" replied Jack, as he took the quid from his mouth, and hurled it full in the face of the French Lieutenant.

"An English officer never surrenders. On them, my lads. Marines to the front. Give them the bayonet. Charge!" shouted Captain Winterton, waving his sword.

At the same instant a puff of smoke hung like a cloud from the deck of the *Ajax*, followed by a tearing shriek, as a huge shell rose through the still air, and seemed suspended for a moment above the heads of the massed French on the rampart. Startled by the ominous sound, every face in the enemy's ranks was raised to contemplate this dreaded messenger of war and death. At that instant, with a loud cheer, the marines charged the compact body of the French, among whom the falling shell had produced excessive consternation.

So impetuous had been the rush of the marines and sailors, stimulated to their highest daring by the knowledge that the *Ajax* was taking part in the affray, that they broke into the centre of the

astonished French, who, dispirited by the havoc caused in their midst by the exploded shell, gave way, and finally broke up into two parties, retreating in opposite directions, to reach a bastion on one side, and the wall that covered the house of the governor on the other.

The fight that ensued was a fierce and a deadly one on both sides, hand to hand and foot to foot, bayonet clashing on bayonet, cutlass ringing on sword, volleys of musketry and stray pistol-shots, answered by shouts and cheers, oaths, exclamations, and groans; while the occasional boom of artillery, the rush of round shot, and the shriek that indicated the tearing passage of the dreaded shell, made up a discord that, for the time it lasted, filled the air with an appalling dissonance.

In a brief lull in the midst of this deafening tumult the notes of a bugle, pealing out a retreat, sounded hoarse and shrilly; the next moment, pouring in a volley, the French turned and fled, and it was not till the smoke had cleared that the enemy were seen to have taken up a strong position in the half-moon, or flagstaff battery, where, by moving their guns, they could oppose at pleasure an enemy both from within and without the fort.

"The commandant's house is in flames!" cried Winterton, as he formed his men to enable them to follow up their advantage. "The *Ajax* has done that for them; but we must get into that battery, or they will sweep us off the rampart with their guns. Pass the word for the ladders."

At that moment loud and piercing shrieks were heard proceeding from the burning house, separated from the bastion by a high wall.

"My God! the women are being destroyed in the flames! Where is the gate? Break open the outer doors!" cried the captain.

Before this order could be obeyed Maitland had mounted on Ben's shoulders, and, climbing up an angle of the bastion, gained the parapet unperceived by the enemy, engaged in repelling the assault of the marines. Gaining the flagstaff, he cut down the colours with his cutlass, and, amidst a deafening cheer from his comrades, flung the severed flag to his captain. Then, with the agility of a monkey, he dropped upon the crenellated wall that enclosed the governor's house, ran along its top, sprang into the yard within, and, opening the door or sally-port, was just in time to liberate some twenty ladies, who, between the blazing house and the outer wall, were nearly suffocated with the heat and smoke.

A loud cheer, taken up by those on board the *Ajax*, rose on the air as Maitland issued with the rescued ladies, for at that moment the French commandant hoisted a white flag on the bastion, and surrendered the fort and town of St. Louis to Captain Winterton. The victory, though complete, had not been obtained without great loss on the side of the English, who had to mourn the death of many a brave heart.

Two days later, a small garrison having been left, and the prisoners taken on board, the *Ajax* and her prize sailed for England.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SERGEANT MASTERMAN CAPTURING THE STANDARD.]

THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

On the 25th of February, 1811, an expedition consisting of 11,000 of the allies set sail from Cadiz under the united command of the English general Graham and the Spanish commander La Pena, the object being to make a combined attack upon the rear of the French.

A few days afterwards the expedition landed at Algeiras, where the army bivouacked for the night, and on the following morning set out for Tarifa, where they remained till the next day, in order to allow time for getting the horses and artillery on shore. On the 5th of March the

troops arrived at Cerro de Puerco, more generally known as the heights of Barossa.

Barossa stands upon an eminence overlooking a rugged plain, which is bounded on the right by the forest of Chiclana, on the left by the cliffs of the sea beach, and on the centre by a pine wood, beyond which the hill of Bermeja rises.

The utter want of regularity and energy on the part of the Spanish troops too plainly showed what might be expected from them in the field. They occupied fifteen hours in executing a march which English troops ordinarily accomplished in half that time, and they appeared more like peasants wandering from a fair than soldiers

moving to confront an enemy. La Pena, instead of waiting to correct his broken ranks, sent a portion of his troops forward, while his rear, entirely separated from the centre, was still straggling over the country; and, contrary to the express wishes of Graham, who begged of him to hold Barossa, he ordered the British to march through the pine wood on Bermeja. Barossa was thus abandoned, and the French general Victor, who lay concealed in the forest of Chiclana, watching the movements of the allies, quickly saw the fatal error made by the Spanish leader, and lost no time in attempting to profit by it.

The moment was most opportune for a decisive movement on the part of the enemy. Victor sent one of his generals, Laval, against the British, whilst he himself, with Ruffin's brigade, ascended the back of the hill, cut off the Spaniards, and captured the guns and baggage.

Graham, when apprised of this sudden and unexpected movement, countermarched directly on the plain, to co-operate, as he believed, with La Pena, whom he expected to find on the heights. Never was reliance placed by a brave soldier on a more worthless ally. The foolish and obstinate Spaniard had gone, his mob-soldiery were fugitives, Ruffin on the heights, the French cavalry between him and the sea, and Laval close on the left flank of the British.

The position was indeed a most perilous one, but Graham was equal to the emergency. He saw that safety lay in daring, and, though the enemy held the key of the position with fresh troops that far outnumbered ours, the brave old general determined upon an immediate attack.

The battle thereupon began. Major Duncan opened a powerful battery of ten guns in the centre, and Colonel Barnard, with the rifles and Portuguese Caçadores, extended to the left and opened a brisk fire. The rest of the British troops formed two masses; one, under General Dilkes, marched direct against Ruffin, and the other, under Colonel Wheatly, boldly attacked Laval.

On both sides the guns poured a torrent of grape and canister over the field. Laval's division, notwithstanding the havoc made by Major Duncan's battery, continued to advance in imposing masses till the left wing advanced firing, when the first line of the enemy was driven on the second, and, after a most obstinate resistance, Laval's division was routed with terrible slaughter.

Colonel Brown had meanwhile marched on Ruffin, and, though half his small force had been swept away by an overwhelming fire, he held his ground till General Dilkes came to his assistance. The British troops ascended the rugged hill in face of a murderous fire, but the ranks were now broken, and they struggled onward in disordered groups. At length they reached the ridge wearied and breathless, and their opponents advanced to meet them. A furious hand-to-hand combat ensued, and for a time victory hung in the balance. But the British fought with a ferocity which rendered opposition useless. Section after section was mowed down, but others pressed forward in their place. Again and again the generals Ruffin and Ronaseau threw themselves at the head of the troops and led the charge, until at length these brave officers fell mortally wounded. For a moment the French wavered, the British advanced with redoubled fury, volley after volley

was fired, ground was lost, gained, and lost again, until the enemy were at last driven from the heights in confusion, leaving their cannon behind them.

The divisions of Marshal Victor, though fearfully cut up, fell back on each other for mutual support, and endeavoured to rally, but Duncan's guns were moved forward and opened a close and murderous fire that precluded the possibility of re-forming. Nothing could save the shattered battalions from that exterminating cannonade. Victor retired, and in less than an hour and a half from the commencement of the action the enemy was in full retreat. Twice or thrice the flying divisions halted, met, and seemed inclined to re-form, but a new and more advanced position of our artillery quickly dispersed them. The British were thus left undisputed masters of the field, but they were unable to follow in pursuit, for the troops had been for twenty-four hours under arms, without tasting food, and encountering the utmost fatigue.

The behaviour of the Spanish general La Pena was dastardly in the extreme. Not only did he abandon his ally, but throughout the whole conflict he did not make a single movement towards the succour of the British, and, although he had under his command a fine field of cavalry, numbering 600 men, not a sabre was drawn nor the slightest demonstration made.

The French force engaged numbered 7600, and that of the English about 3700. The odds against us were therefore two to one, and when this is taken into consideration, together with the fact that the British troops were almost prostrated by want of food and rest before the battle began, the merit of the victory must be doubly apparent.

In this celebrated victory a portion of the 87th Regiment was engaged with the 8th Imperial, and after a close and severe contest drove the enemy back at the point of the bayonet. In the heat of the engagement Ensign Terry, a mere stripling of nineteen, perceiving the imperial eagle, called to the sergeant, "Do you see that, Masterman?" With these words he sprang forward to seize the trophy, but was shot in the attempt. The sergeant instantly avenged the death of his young officer by running his antagonist through the body. He then cut down the standard-bearer and took the eagle, which was afterwards brought to England and deposited with other military trophies in Whitehall Chapel. The gallant Masterman was rewarded for his brave achievement by a commission, and as an officer few were more popular or respected.

NICHOLAS, COUNT OF ZRINY.

THE Hungarian campaign of the Turks in 1686 was distinguished by the siege of the small fortress of Sziget, and the heroism of its defender, Nicholas, Count of Zriny. In early life he had distinguished himself at the siege of Vienna, and, having pursued a successful career in arms, now held, under the Emperor Maximilian II., the chief command on the right bank of the Danube. The aged Sultan Soliman had undertaken the siege of Erlau; and his general, the Pacha of Bosnia, on the march with reinforcements, was attacked near Siklos by Zriny, completely defeated, and slain. The Sultan, furious

at this disaster, raised the siege of Erlau and marched with 100,000 men upon Zriny, who, with scarcely 2500, flung himself into Szeged, with the resolution never to surrender it—a resolution to which his followers cheerfully bound themselves by an oath.

To the utmost exertions of his vast military means of attack Soliman added not only brilliant promises, but the more cogent threat of putting to death the son of Zriny, who had fallen into his hands. All was in vain. The Sultan's letter was used by Zriny as wadding for his own musket; and for seventeen days the town held out against repeated assaults. The enfeebled garrison were then driven to the lower castle, and at last to the upper one. No hope remained of repelling another general assault, for which the Turkish preparations were carried forward with the utmost vigour under the eye of the Sultan, who, however, was not destined to witness their issue. On the 6th of September he was found dead in his tent, but his decease afforded no respite to the besieged. The event was kept a rigid secret from the soldiery by the Vizier Ibrahim, who adopted the Oriental precaution of putting to death the physicians in attendance.

Zriny did not wait for the final assault. On the 8th September the Turks were pressing forward along a narrow bridge to the castle, when the gate was suddenly flung open, a large mortar loaded with broken iron was discharged into their ranks, according to their own historians killing 600 of them, and close upon its discharge Zriny and his faithful band sallied forth to die. From four swords he chose a favourite weapon which he had worn in the first campaigns of his youth, and determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he wore no defensive armour. He fastened to his person the keys of the castle and a purse of a hundred ducats, carefully counted and selected, of the coinage of Hungary. "The man who lays me out," he said, "shall not complain that he found nothing upon me. When I am dead let him who may take the keys and the ducats. No Turk shall point at me while alive with his finger." The banner of the empire was borne before him by Laurence Juranitch.

In this guise, followed by his 600 remaining comrades, he rushed upon the enemy, and was soon killed by two musket-shots through the body and an arrow in the head. From the massacre which followed some of his forces retired into the castle, where a few were captured alive. Some were spared in the conflict by the Janissaries, who, admiring their courage, placed their own caps on their heads for the purpose of saving them. Three pachas, 7000 Janissaries, and the scarcely credible number of 28,000 other soldiers are said to have perished before this place.

The Vizier Ibrahim's life was saved by one of Zriny's household, who was taken in the castle, which the Vizier had entered with his troops. This man, to the Vizier's inquiry after treasure, replied that it had been long expended, but that 3000lb. of powder were then under their feet, to which a slow match had been attached. The Vizier and his mounted officers had just time to escape, but 3000 Turks perished in the explosion which shortly followed. Zriny's head was sent to the Emperor, and his body was honourably buried, as some accounts state, by the hands of a Turk

who had been his prisoner and well treated by him. Szeged never recovered from its destruction, and some inconsiderable ruins alone mark the scene of Zriny's glory.

WANDERINGS OF CHARLES WATERTON.

THREE died lately a genial-hearted old Yorkshire squire, named Charles Waterton, whose wanderings in the great forests of South America attracted some years ago almost universal attention. A naturalist is perhaps one of the drier specimens of humanity in all creation, but a man who devotes the prime of his life to the pursuit of any science amid dangers and privations encounters many of those adventures which go to make up a good story. Not that we are intending to deviate from the rule we have laid down—that of telling the truth, and nothing but the truth. We collect from Charles Waterton's own words the substance of the following narrative.

He had long been looking out for one of those enormous snakes known by the name of Coloucanara, whose length sometimes extends to eighteen or twenty feet, and whose thickness is enormous in proportion. At length one of them, coiled up in his den, was discovered by a negro. It required some time to clear away gently the creeping and other plants that interposed; and Waterton's two blacks were urgent with him to shoot it, but his object was to get the animal alive, in order to obtain its skin perfect, and to dissect it while fresh. As he advanced one of the negroes stood close behind him with a lance, the other with a outlass, both terribly frightened. The head was observed to protrude from the second coil and to be resting on the ground, in a position favourable for pinning the monster down with a lance. Slowly and silently Waterton crept towards it, with the trembling negroes at his back; the snake remaining motionless, he took the lance and, with a spring, stuck him on the near side, just behind the neck, and fixed him to the ground. That moment the negro next to Waterton seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while Waterton dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On being pinned down to the ground with the lance he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the traveller's little dog ran away howling. They had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. Waterton called out to the second negro to throw himself upon him, as he found he was not heavy enough. The additional weight was of great service. Waterton had now got firm hold of the monster's tail, and after a violent struggle or two, finding itself overpowered, the reptile gave in. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping him, Waterton contrived to unloose his braces and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant position, tried to better himself, but his captors overpowered him, and, having contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, prepared to convey him out of the forest. Waterton stood at the head and held it firm under his

arm, one negro supporting the belly and the other the tail. In this order the party began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times, for the snake was too heavy for them to support him without recruiting their strength.

This creature measured fourteen feet, and was as thick in the body as a boa constrictor of four-and-twenty feet. The day being too far gone to think of dissecting him, the party contrived to get him into a large sack, in readiness for next morning's operation.

He did not allow Waterton a quiet night. Our traveller's hammock was in the loft just above his prisoner, and the floor betwixt them half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened between the naturalist and his amiable specimen, who was very restless and fretful, as evinced by continued and disagreeable hissing all night. At daybreak Waterton sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; he could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case the prisoner should try to escape from the house when they opened the bag. Besides, in wrapping up or unwrapping a snake fourteen feet long one need not be particular to one or two black men any more than one or two sheets of brown paper. Nothing serious, however, occurred; his throat was cut and he bled like an ox.

Soon after this Waterton had another affray with a young coloucanara, *only* ten feet long, which he had observed moving slowly onwards. He saw that the snake was not thick enough to break his arm in case it got round that limb, and, as there was not a moment to be lost, laid hold of the creature by its tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; and with his right hand Waterton took off his hat and held it as one would a shield for defence.

The snake instantly turned and advanced towards Waterton with its head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask him what business he had to take liberties with its tail. Waterton let it come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of his face, and then, with all the force he was master of, drove his fist, shielded by his hat, into its jaws. The snake was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere it could recover itself Waterton had seized its throat with both hands in such a position that it could not bite him. He then allowed his prisoner to coil itself round his body and marched off with it as his lawful prize.

But we think this feat outdone by our friend's adventure on the river Essequibo.

It was an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone beautifully bright. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the surly voice of the prowling tiger. Then all was still again and silent as midnight.

The caymen, a kind of huge crocodiles, were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers, and the frogs. It was a singular and awful sound. It was like a suppressed sigh bursting forth all of a sudden,

and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered it, and on looking at the countenances round him Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night.

Our friend had baited a shark-hook with a large fish, which, however, the cayman contrived to devour for four several nights without hooking itself. Having thus, from ignorance or bungling, failed in all his endeavours, he proceeded up the river to a deep creek, where he fell in with some Indians; he showed one of them the shark-hook, but the savage shook his head and laughed at it. Probably, thought our traveller, this poor wild man of the woods will succeed by some more simple process; and so it fell out. The Indian first made a sort of grapple with four barbed arms of hard wood, to which he fixed a rope thirty yards long, the other end being fastened round a stake driven into the ground; he then baited this hook with the flesh of some animal, and twisted the entrails round the rope for about a foot above this wooden machine, which was then, by means of a slanting stick, suspended about a foot above the surface of the water.

When all was thus prepared the Indian began to strike some heavy blows with an axe on the empty shell of a land tortoise; being asked by our traveller why he did so, he answered "it was to let the caymen hear that something was going on." All the party now went to sleep, except the Indian; even Waterton took to his hammock. Towards morning the Indian set up a tremendous shout to announce that the cayman was hooked. All hands repaired to the scene of action, including four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a creole from Trinidad, and Waterton. The difficulty was how to get the cayman alive out of the water without injuring his scales. The Indians did not relish the idea of dragging him upon dry land alive, for they said he would worry some of them, and they proposed to shoot some dozen arrows into him while floundering on the surface. This, however, would have ruined all, for Waterton had come 300 miles to catch a cayman unharmed, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. It occurred to him, therefore, that if he took the mast of the canoe, which was about eight feet long and as thick as his wrist, and wrapped the sail round the end of it, then, by kneeling on one knee and holding the mast as a soldier does his bayonet when rushing to a charge, he should be able to force it down the cayman's throat if it came open-mouthed at him.

Waterton began to feel uncomfortable. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; it plunged furiously and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, at Waterton's request, and out the monster came.

By the time it was within two yards of Waterton the latter perceived that it was in a state of fear and perturbation, and, instantly dropping the mast, he sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as he vaulted, so that he gained his seat with his face in a right position. Waterton immediately seized the formidable creature's forelegs, and by main force twisted them on its back and used them for a bridle.

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from its surprise, and, probably fancying itself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, lashing

the sand with its long and powerful tail. Though Waterton was out of reach of the strokes by being near its head, his seat was by no means enviable, and the contest must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

The people roared out in triumph, and it was some time before they heard Waterton tell them to pull him and his beast of burden further inland. He feared the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand, and so ended Waterton's first and last ride on the back of a cayman. "Should it be asked," says he, "how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer that I hunted for some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

CUTTING OUT THE CHEVRETTE.

In the summer of 1801 the French corvette *Chevette* was lying in Camaret Bay, and, as the batteries were just above her, her position was considered to be perfectly secure, and, indeed, the idea of attacking a vessel so protected would appear to be too daring of conception, much less of execution.

At this time a squadron of British frigates was stationed off Brest Harbour to keep a watch over the French and Spanish fleets, that were then blockaded. Tired of inaction, and thirsting to accomplish some creditable deed, the commander of the frigate squadron could find no better opportunity than attempting to capture the *Chevette* in the teeth of the batteries, and for this purpose he determined upon what is called in naval warfare a "cutting-out" expedition.

It was on the night of the 20th of July that this object was carried out. The boats of the *Doris* and *Beaulieu*, manned by volunteers and under the command of Lieutenant Losack, pushed away from the vessels a little before midnight, and, as is usual on such occasions, rowed on without speaking a word. In the intense darkness of the night, however, the boats got separated, and a portion only of the party succeeded in effecting an entrance into the bay, where they rested on their oars till daylight, in momentary expectation of the remainder. Their comrades, having, however, missed their course, did not appear, so that they were compelled to abandon the attempt, and had the additional mortification of observing that they had been seen from the corvette, which was thus made aware of their intentions.

This attempt opened the eyes of the enemy, and, to make his situation still more secure, he moved further up the bay, moving the corvette close under the batteries, and increasing her complement by troops from the shore, until it amounted to 400 men. A large quantity of ammunition and a liberal supply of arms were also conveyed on board, the guns were loaded to the muzzle, a gunboat was moored at the entrance of the bay, and even temporary redoubts were thrown up on the shore at different points to cover the ship.

But the French, not satisfied with adopting these precautions, had the audacity to display a large tricoloured flag over the British ensign, by way of challenge and defiance. This was too much for the spirit of English sailors, and it was

agreed that, come what might, the attempt should be made, and that immediately.

Accordingly, when night came again the boats put off, commanded, as before, by Lieutenant Losack, and in silence they again proceeded on their desperate enterprise. Some of the boats, in their eagerness, advanced too rapidly, and arrived at the place of rendezvous before the time appointed. While waiting for the rest of the party a look-out boat from the shore was seen making for the harbour, no doubt to convey the intelligence of an attacking party being again afloat. It was, of course, of the utmost importance to intercept this boat, and Lieutenant Losack with his own crew alone gave chase, but in the ardour of pursuit he ventured further than he intended, and had not rejoined the remaining party by the time appointed for the attack.

Affairs were now becoming critical; every moment's delay tended to thwart the success of the enterprise, and to add to the danger of the attacking party. At length Lieutenant Maxwell, the second in command, determined to proceed, and gave the signal for all the boats to follow him to the entrance of the bay.

About half an hour after midnight they entered the harbour; the moon was already sinking, and the wind, which had at an earlier period been blowing inshore, now died away and left a perfect calm. A slight pause now took place, waiting for Lieutenant Losack, but, as he still remained absent, Lieutenant Maxwell deemed it prudent to lead on the attack without further delay.

At this very moment the breeze again rose, and, by blowing towards the bay, considerably favoured the expedition. This circumstance, happening as it did at a most auspicious moment, animated the oarsmen to put forth their best efforts, and with a hearty will the boats dashed forwards to the corvette.

It was arranged that immediately on boarding the smartest topmen should fight their way aloft and cut the sails away with their cutlasses, while a trusty few were chosen to sever the cables, and one of the best hands was selected to take the helm. These orders were being given as the boats rowed along, so that each man's appointed duty was fresh in his memory, and by the time the *Chevette* was reached all were prepared to act.

The corvette was evidently on the alert, for no sooner were the boats within distance than a heavy fire of musketry opened upon them, while the guns from the batteries sent forth heavy and destructive showers of grape. The boats of the *Beaulieu* were the first to advance, closely followed by those of the *Uranie*, the commanders standing up and cheering on their men, while the bullets were flying about their heads like hail, and even at this early stage many were killed and wounded.

When they reached the vessel a simultaneous dash at all parts of the ship and a most desperate struggle ensued, and, notwithstanding every effort at repulse, the assailants succeeded in boarding, not, however, without losing all their firearms, leaving them only their cutlasses to depend upon.

The gallant topmen lost no time in carrying out their orders. Scrambling up with their cutlasses, in spite of every obstacle, they executed the service with inconceivable expedition, and in less than three minutes from the time the boats

were alongside down came the three topsails and courses, and, the cable having been cut outside by the appointed party, the ship at the same time began to move.

The prompt execution of these manœuvres proved decisive, and completely paralysed the enemy. Many of the French jumped overboard, others threw down their arms, while the remainder, having retreated below, kept up a constant fire of musketry from the main deck. All this while the batteries from the shore kept up a heavy fire, and the wind again falling left them becalmed and exposed to incessant showers of grape flying around them. The Frenchmen on the main deck, after continuing their futile efforts at resistance, at length surrendered, and, the breeze again springing up, the *Chevette* was safely carried out of harbour.

When morning dawned the terrible nature of the conflict was made apparent by the scene of carnage which the deck of the vessel presented. The English lost twenty-one killed and sixty-three wounded, while the French lost eleven officers and ninety-six seamen and troops killed, and five officers and fifty-seven seamen and troops wounded.

In connection with this daring exploit there occurred several incidents well worth recording. Mr. Brown, boatswain of the *Beaulieu*, after forcing his way into the *Chevette's* quarter gallery, found the door planked up, and so securely barricaded that all his efforts to force it were ineffectual; through the crevices of the planks he discovered a number of men in the cabin, armed with pikes and pistols, which they kept firing at him whilst attempting to force his way through. He next tried the quarter, and after an obstinate resistance gained the taffrail, and found the officer who commanded his party at this time forcing his way up a little further forward. For an instant, while looking round to see where he should make his push, he stood exposed a mark to the enemy's fire, when, waving his cutlass, he cried, "Make a line there!" gallantly dashed among them, and fought his way forward until he reached his friends on the fore-castle, of which the men, animated by his example, soon cleared the enemy. Here Mr. Brown remained during the rest of the contest, not only repulsing the French in their frequent attempts to retake his post, but attending to the orders from the quarter-deck. He assisted in getting the ship's head round and making sail with as much coolness as if he had been on board his own ship.

Henry Wallis, quarter-master of the *Beaulieu*, had been appointed by Lieutenant Maxwell to take the command of the helm. This gallant fellow fought his way to the enemy, killing two or three of them in his progress, and, although severely wounded in the contest, and bleeding, he steadily remained at his station, steering the *Chevette* out until she was in safety from the fires of the batteries. This brave fellow had served seven years in the ship, and constantly distinguished himself in every service of difficulty and danger. If any extraordinary duty was required Wallis was sure to be the foremost. If a man fell overboard he was always the first to jump in after him. If any accident occurred he was ever close by with a remedy.

One of the topmen selected to cut down the sails was wounded in the body and arm while

boarding. The commanding officer, observing him going aloft with the blood streaming from him, desired him to have his wound attended to by the surgeon, but the gallant fellow declined, saying that there would be plenty of time for that when he had done his duty. He persevered, and did not descend until the sails were set. The enemy having, among other precautions, removed the footropes, the wounded man was obliged to crawl out along the yard, and the exertion while aloft occasioned his wounds to bleed so profusely that he fainted the instant he came down, and was with great difficulty spared.

A SOJOURN AMONG THE VALIENTE INDIANS.

IN the year 1817 Orlando Roberts, an enterprising Englishman, made a voyage to the Mosquito shore with a view of establishing a trade there, and, having ascended the river Chirco Mola, he set off for the Valiente settlement in one of the numerous canoes that surrounded the vessel, taking with him three hundred pounds worth of goods of various descriptions. On landing he was received in a most friendly manner, and the talks, or councils, having held a meeting, came to a resolution to give him every protection and all the facilities in their power for trading. As a further proof of their good will, the principal headman offered him an Indian wife and every other accommodation.

Soon after Roberts landed considerable alarm arose in the settlement, and the whole population were on the alert. A strange ship of war had arrived in the lagoon and come to an anchor off the mouth of the river, after having fired at two Valiente fishing-canoes. The intruders were judged to be Spaniards, whom the Valientes regarded as their natural enemies, and of whom they were constantly in dread. A red flag had been hoisted on a small island off the mouth of the river, the drums beat, the evening gun fired, and a large boat was seen making its way down the river, with armed Europeans. Roberts, seeing the commotion which the arrival of the Spaniards caused, and the total absence of organisation among the Indians, constituted himself their leader, and, calling the people together, he told them that it was probable the Spaniards, having reconnoitred the place, would attempt to force their way up during the night or early in the morning, and that if they were allowed to pass the falls the destruction of the settlement was inevitable, but that by fighting at each fall successively they might easily defend themselves against any force likely to be sent against them.

The Valientes were well pleased with the Englishman's words, and agreed to obey his orders and second him in every particular. Roberts then distributed among them all the fowling-pieces and fire-arms he had intended for sale, besides spears, bows, and arrows. He also served out several kegs of gunpowder and a large quantity of shot and bullets he had in store. A little army, well-appointed, was thus got together, and the men were posted at the different falls to await the enemy.

In the middle of the night the sound of canoes paddling towards the shore was distinctly heard,

and shortly afterwards a body of about a hundred armed men were observed forming on the beach. Owing to the clearness of the night, their movements could be distinctly made out, the Indians being meanwhile hidden from view. After some little delay the invaders were seen to march inland. The Valientes, with characteristic impetuosity, would now have rushed out and given the enemy battle, but Roberts, who had taken his station at the first fall, ordered them not to stir, but to remain where they were, with their guns to their shoulders, until he should give the order to fire.

Meanwhile the Spanish came on, hugging themselves on an easy conquest with plenty of plunder, and little dreaming of the reception that awaited them. As they came on Roberts passed the word among the Valientes to make ready, and when the enemy was within about twenty yards he gave the word of command in a loud voice—"Fire!" an order that was instantly obeyed, and with such effect that several of the assailants fell, while the remainder immediately took to their heels and made for the canoes.

Roberts, wishing to render the victory as complete as possible, ordered his men to give chase, and the Spaniards, having alighty the advantage of the start, put off, with their pursuers, however, close upon them.

It happened that the Indians who paddled the canoe carrying Roberts inadvertently allowed it to drift so near a tremendous precipice that they had no chance of guiding her out of danger, seeing which they instantly leapt overboard and swam ashore. Roberts, being thus completely taken by surprise, saw no chance of safety but by keeping in the canoe, which went over the fall and was dashed to pieces.

When Roberts recovered his recollection he found himself in the water by the side of a small island a little distance beneath the fall, grasping firmly some bushes that overhung the river. Some Indians who had seen the accident swam to him, rescued him, and conveyed him to his hut. In the meantime his companions in the canoe had gone home and reported his death, in confirmation of which they pointed out the splinters of the canoe floating past the settlement.

Roberts had scarcely been an hour in his hammock when the chief of the council and other headmen came in lamenting the death of the Englishman, and proposing to take an account of his effects previously to their being put by in a place of safety for his relations or creditors. Nothing could equal their astonishment when Roberts sat up and asked what they were about to do. "By Robert!"—a favourite exclamation of the old chief—"you no drown?" Then he added, with a certain degree of reverential awe, "This is God business, Robert, only God business!" meaning to imply that the escape from drowning was a providential one.

The affair with the Spaniards ended in eight of them being killed, and ten drowned by the upsetting of one of their canoes, while thirty-three muskets, which had been thrown away in their flight, resulted as the spoil of this short but effective skirmish.

As may be supposed, Roberts, by his opportune wisdom and courage, won the hearts of the settlers; and indeed the whole of the Valientes, from their chief downwards, were willing to pay him homage as their king. Some idea of their fidelity and

genuine feeling may be gathered from the following incident:—

One day the chief of the settlement told Roberts that some of the women had discovered the track of an extraordinary animal, and that none of the hunters could make out from the description what it was, the women insisting that it could only be "devil's track." The curiosity of Roberts was excited, and he formed a hunting party to go in quest of the mysterious animal. After searching a night and a day they came by an unusual route to a deep ravine, which the party ascended nearly a mile to a place where the track became visible, and shortly afterwards an animal of the panther species was seen at a few paces distance, lying down, as if asleep, beneath a tree. Roberts approached cautiously to within range, and was about to lift his piece when the animal suddenly sprang towards him, and with a blow of the paw laid him prostrate. The Indians were afraid to fire lest they should kill or wound their "master," as they now called him; so, without a moment's hesitation, two of them ran straight towards the animal, so as to divert his attention from Roberts to themselves. This ruse had the desired effect. The panther, instantly quitting the prostrate body, sprang upon one of the advancing Indians and killed him, while the second Indian felled the animal to the earth with the butt-end of his musket, and afterwards despatched him.

Roberts made a stay of several months among these children of nature, and having at length accumulated a large stock of sarsaparilla, cocoa, tortoiseshell, and other products of the settlement, he bethought himself of setting sail for Europe. On the day of his departure the whole of the population came to the shore to see him off, exhibiting every token of sorrow, and bringing every variety of present as keepsakes. At the last moment the chief of the people stepped forward and, with tears in his eyes, expressed the general concern felt at losing so good a friend, and begging of him soon to return and bring with him some of his countrymen, who should receive an honest and hearty welcome. With these kind words and good wishes Roberts stepped into the canoe that was to bear him to the vessel, and as long as he remained in sight he could discern these simple and warm-hearted islanders waving their farewells to him.

PRAGUE AND ITS MASTER-SPIRIT.

THERE are few places more worthy of a mental excursion by stay-at-home travellers than the rare old city of Prague. Not, however, for its beautiful situation, divided by a fine river and encircled by lofty mountains; nor for its massive bridge, whence St. John of Nepomuk was cast into the Moldau and drowned, for refusing to betray secrets that had been told him in confession; nor for its castle, where the crown of one emperor was snatched away and the ambassadors of another were thrown out of window; but for its palace, and (if the dead return) the grim spirit that haunts the walls of that fabric—do we notice Prague.

That grim spirit was once the mighty Wallenstein, than whom perhaps no prouder, sterner, more sinned-against, more sinning prince ever walked the earth.



[PRAGUE, FROM THE RIVER MOLDAU.]

recruiting standard, for it had ever led to pillage and to fortune.

On the raising of this army Wallenstein became virtual dictator, for at his demand the emperor made him generalissimo of all the imperial forces. He did not accomplish much, however. After retaking Prague and driving the Saxons from Bohemia he was confronted by Gustavus for eleven weeks, each party remaining behind strong intrenchments, which the other could not safely assail. Gustavus, foiled but not defeated, broke up his encampment and marched away, with sounding trumpets, past Wallenstein, who would not venture to attack him.

After the battle of Lützen (in which Gustavus was killed) Wallenstein summoned a court-martial and condemned several of his generals and superior officers to the axe, and adjudged a great number of private soldiers to be hanged, besides ordering the names of more than fifty absent officers to be nailed to the gallows in Prague as those of traitors and cowards. He then enlisted fresh troops, replaced his artillery by melting down the bells of the churches, and was soon in possession of an army as powerful as his former one. Instead, however, of marching against the Swedes, he entered into various consultations with the enemy, and this roused the suspicions of the emperor that his servant was about to become his master.

Then ensued that final scene of treachery and cowardice which will ever rank the Emperor Ferdinand II. among the meanest of mankind.

Wearied with various mortifications inflicted on him by the emperor, and so tormented with the gout that he was obliged to have pieces of raw

flesh cut out of his foot, Wallenstein determined to resign the supreme command, but, full of misgivings for the future, he summoned his friends to consult on the threatening aspect of his affairs. On the 12th of January, 1634, forty superior officers assembled at the sick man's house in Pilsen, including Marshals Illo and Terzka, and entered into a solemn compact to support him in life and death as long as he should remain in the emperor's service. They all signed this agreement, Marshal Piccolomini among the rest. *But Piccolomini was a traitor*, and represented the meeting as a conspiracy against the emperor and the Catholic religion. Ordinances were issued interdicting all the chief officers from taking any further orders from Wallenstein, Illo, and Terzka. In vain those brave men protested their innocence: in vain Wallenstein despatched two officers to the emperor, submitting to resign his command and vindicate himself before any tribunal the emperor might appoint. These two officers were met and detained on the road by Piccolomini. Their message only reached the emperor after the death of Wallenstein!

Piccolomini marched with his own troops against Pilsen, and Wallenstein was obliged to withdraw to the citadel of Eger. He quitted Pilsen on the morning of February 22, borne along in a litter, and suffering severely from the gout. He was accompanied by only ten followers, including Colonel Butler, and at the end of the second day's journey reached Eger, taking up his quarters in the house of the burgomaster. On the following evening Terzka, Illo, and Wal-

lenstein's brother-in-law, Count Kinsky, proceeded to the citadel to sup with Colonel Gordon, the commandant. Whilst they were regaling themselves thirty dragoons under Captains Deveroux and Geraldin, suddenly burst into the hall from the ante-room in which they had been waiting, and, falling upon their victims, pierced them to death; not, however, before Tarzka had killed two of the murderous band.

Immediately after, Deveroux proceeded to complete the sanguinary plot by assassinating Wallenstein himself. It was now midnight, and the duke had already retired to rest. Having, however, been roused by the shrieks of the Countesses Tarzka and Kinsky, who had just learned the fate of their husbands, he rose, and, opening the window, asked the sentinel what had happened. At the same moment Deveroux forced open the door of the chamber, and, rushing upon him, exclaimed, as he stood at the window, "Death to Wallenstein!" The victim, without uttering a word, laid bare his breast and received the fatal blow.

Thus silent and reserved at the hour of death, all the mysterious thoughts of his heart remained hidden from the world, and a veil of obscurity was cast over his life and actions. We sicken to enumerate the treasures that rewarded his murderers, or the paltry compensation vouchsafed to his widow and his only surviving daughter. Ferdinand published a long statement of his reasons for the perfidious deed; but we venture to say that of all his readers and hearers there was none less contented with the explanation than himself.

UNCLE SANDIE, OR THE SLAVE'S STRATAGEM.

In the early days of the United States a slave of Maryland, familiarly known as Uncle Sandie, married a free woman, and after nine years of incessant toil the thrifty couple had managed to accumulate the sum of 3200 dollars, with which they purchased the great object of their lives—Sandie's freedom. They then settled down in Florida, and Sandie had become a prosperous farmer, when a terrible misfortune befell them. Their house was burnt to the ground, their whole family perished in the flames, and the faithful mother shortly afterwards died of injuries received at the fire. But even these horrors were crowned by another. The devouring element that had robbed Sandie of his wife and children had not spared even his "free papers"—those few magic lines which are alone the protection of a liberated slave. He soon had bitter reason to believe that all these calamities had not resulted from an accident, but from a fiendish conspiracy of men calling themselves Christians. These villains, jealous of the thriving negro farmer, had resolved upon his ruin, and had determined to kidnap him and sell him as a slave in the New Orleans market. Under pretence of sympathising with Sandie, one of their number, named Horney, a hypocritical Presbyterian elder, induced him to accept of a refuge in his house, where not only would his temporal wants be supplied, but he would share in the blessed spiritual privileges enjoyed by its Puritan owner. The simple-minded negro fell into the snare. From Horney's house Sandie was invited to one near the sea-coast, and, being

enticed into a small vessel under pretence of a sailing party, was conveyed by his captors to New Orleans, and there, in the public square, offered for sale in the usual manner.

When the poor negro saw himself about to be put up as the next "lot" in the slave auction he started forward and uttered a vehement protest against the cruel injustice; but, though his appeal fell upon deaf ears, he was prepared with a desperate expedient for avoiding the doom of a slave. We will let him tell his story in his own words:—

"I gave free yells, so dey cud be heard all ober town. Everybody gathered roun' the squar. When de people was all standin' roun', but some little distance off, I tole 'em I didn't want dis (putting his hand on his right leg), nor dis (left arm), nor dis (left leg), but did want dis (right arm). Den I libitly run my knife froo de heel-strings and cut 'em out. Den I stooped down on de wheelbarrow wid my needles and sew it up, and stuck sticking plaster on it. Den I tuck a knife and drove it into my right hip, heah, and dey sed I worked de knife back and forward four times, but I don't know 'xactly how many times. But I cut hole ten inches long and four inches deep, till my leg hung useless. Den I set down and chopped my hand as hard as I cud wid de hatchet, and cut one finger clean off. Dat little finger I tuck up and put into my mouf and smoked it for a cigar, till de blood from it run down my lips. Den I tole 'em if dat wouldn't do I would cut open my belly and pull out de entrails before 'em, but dat I wouldn't go down to New Orleans for a slave agin, for I was free. Dey den tuck me, not de whites, dey not come near me, afear'd, but de brack people, and wheel me home on de wheelbarrow."

From that mutilation Sandie recovered, and when last seen he was a hale old man "in his seventy-tree yeah," owner of a respectable plantation, and a patriarch among the free negroes of the district.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A SERGEANT'S DESPATCH.

At the battle of Culloden Sergeant Molloy, of the 6th foot, with only twelve men of his regiment, held the Ruthven Redoubt against the enemy, numbering 300. How the defence was conducted will be best told in the sergeant's own letter, written to his commanding officer, Sir John Cope, as follows:—"Honoured General,—This goes to acquaint you that yesterday there appeared in the little town of Ruthven above 300 men of the enemy, who sent proposals to me to surrender this redoubt, upon condition that I should have liberty to carry off bag and baggage. My answer was, that I was too old a soldier to surrender a garrison of such strength without bloody noses. They threatened hanging me and my men for refusal. I told them we would take our chance. This morning they attacked me about twelve o'clock. They assaulted foregate and Sallyport, and attempted to set Sallyport on fire with some old tar-barrels and other combustibles, but several of the attempters lost their lives by it. They drew

of about half an hour after three. About two hours afterwards they sent to me that two of their chiefs wanted to talk to me. I admitted them, and spoke to them from the parapet. They offered conditions; I refused: they desired liberty to carry off their dead men; I granted. They went off westward about eight o'clock this morning. They did the like march yesterday in the afternoon, and came back at nightfall. They took all the provisions the poor inhabitants had in the town; and a merchant of the place, who spoke to me this morning, told me that there were 3000 men lodged in the cornfields, and that their camp is hard by. I lost one man, shot through the head by foolishly holding his head too high over the parapet. I expect another visit this night, I am informed with their pateraoes, but I shall give them the warmest reception my weak party can afford. I shall hold out as long as possible. I conclude, honourable General, with great respect, your humble servant, MOLLOY, Sergeant."

QUELLING A MUTINY.

On the *Resolution* sailing for America in 1781 Lieutenant Nowell distinguished himself by his spirited conduct. The captain was ordered to be manned for the purpose of unmooring, but the crew came up one hatchway and went down another, at the same time lowering the ports. This was the first hint the officers received that a mutiny was brewing. On inquiry, Lieutenant Nowell learnt that the ringleader was one of the carpenter's crew, and he immediately volunteered to go below and secure him. Accompanied by another officer, Lieutenant Shordich, he went down the after hatchway and made the men haul up the lower deck ports, as he advanced forward to the berth abreast of the mainmast, where the mutineer was haranguing and exhorting the men collected about him. Lieutenant Nowell planted a blow under the throat that knocked him backwards over a chest, then seized him, and declared he would run any man or men through who should attempt his rescue. A compromise now took place, on the ship's company promising obedience if their leader was released; but the next day they acted in a similar manner, and it was not until the officers and marines were drawn up under arms, and about to attack them, that they proceeded to get the ship under weigh, even then declaring they would surrender to the first French man-of-war they were laid alongside of. To this threat Lord Robert Manners replied, "I will take care you shall be placed close enough." Their only plea for these acts of insubordination appears to have been that a draught of men had lately been sent on board without receiving their advance. This batch of mutineers was sent into the port admiral's ship at Plymouth.

A MERRY LOT OF PRISONERS.

At Arroyo de Molinos nearly the whole of Girard's corps were captured. In the French column one of the regiments was numbered 34; in the British column also the 34th led the pursuit and got quite mixed up with the enemy. Several of the French officers, as they tendered their swords, embraced the officers of the English 34th, saying, "Gentlemen, we are all brethren. You are brave men. The English always fight fairly and treat their prisoners well. Ah! gentlemen, the fortune of war is very capricious." At the

close of the day's march a chapel was allotted to them for the night, and to have seen them take possession of it one really would have thought they were still marching free and in arms. They entered it singing, "Grenadiers, here; voltigeurs, there," and ran tumultuously, the grenadiers to the altar, and the voltigeurs to the gallery. In ten minutes all were at home—some playing at cards, some singing, some dancing—here a man was performing Punch, behind a great coat, with infinite drollery—there, again, quieter men were occupied in repairing their clothes, while a self-elected orator was addressing a group on their late capture, declaring they had been sold by an abominable Spaniard. Just then, the rations making their appearance, the Frenchmen hurried to the door, singing in chorus, "Good soup! good soup!" which, after all, was better than glory.

A PORTICAL SAILOR.

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE, commander of the British frigate *Miranda*, a man of undaunted bravery, manifested an unconquerable aversion to cats. A sailor who for some misconduct had been ordered flogging saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition:—

By your honour's command
A culprit I stand—
An example to all the ship's crew.
I am pinioned and stripped
And condemned to be whipped,
And if am flogged, 'tis my due.

A cat I am told
In abhorrence you hold:
Your honour's aversion is mine.
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout spirit quail,
Oh! save me from one that has nine!

A PARROT OUT OF PLACE.

DURING the battle of Camperdown a parrot which had become a great pet with the crew on board one of the ships, and which was allowed to hop about the shrouds as he pleased, occupied his customary post while the fight was going on, and every now and then screamed out some of the phrases which had been previously taught him, but which at such a moment as this were particularly incongruous. He accompanied the loading and firing of each cannon with "Shoot! bang! fire!" and every now and then he would ejaculate, "Well done, my lads, well done," "Steady, boys, steady," and similar injunctions. At length a shot whizzed by him and nearly hit him. Poll looked in the direction whence the shot proceeded, and, screaming out at the top of its voice, "You rascal! what do you mean by it?" popped indignantly below.

NELSON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WILLIAM IV., who served as a midshipman in the royal navy, gave the following account of his first impression of Lord Nelson:—"I had the watch on deck, when Nelson came alongside in his barge. He appeared to me to be the merest boy of a captain I had ever beheld. He had on a full-faced uniform, his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff tail of extraordinary length, the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my attention, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he

was or what he had come about. In his address and conversation, however, there was something irresistibly pleasing, and when speaking on professional subjects he betrayed an enthusiasm and knowledge which showed he was no common being."

NOBLE FORBEARANCE.

In an action with the French fleet Captain Killigrew, on coming up with one of the enemy's vessels (the *Content*), discovered that the whole of the crew were at prayers. At that moment he might have poured in his broadside with great advantage, but he refused to do this, saying, "It is beneath the character of the English nation to surprise an enemy when thus employed, and in such a defenceless posture." Shortly afterwards the action commenced, and Captain Killigrew was among the first who fell.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

JOHN MAITLAND; OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER IX.—LAND HO!—HOME AT LAST.

WITH every sail set aloft and aloft, and dashing the sea from her bows in sheets of blinding soud, flooding her decks as far as the main hatch, and sending the spray in showers of hissing foam aft to the poop, the *Ajax* came breasting out of the Bay of Biscay like a drenched sea-bird. Now proudly rising on some mountain wave, now gracefully careening over till her copper sheathing flashed clear and bright in the rising sun, the proud ship tore along, cleaving the briny way like a racer, and leaving in her wake a long belt of foam rolling across the billows.

Despite the half-drowned aspect of the ship and the flying soud that drove past in blinding showers, and regardless of the early hour and the cold spring morning, all the officers, from the captain to the surgeon's mate and chaplain, were congregated on the poop and quarter-deck, while marines and sailors mustered on the forecastle and waist, or clustered thick as bees in the starboard ratlines, or, in defiance of waves or spray, bestrode the spritsail boom.

The captain's coxswain had an hour before, from his look-out from the maintop gallant, hailed the deck with "Land ho!" and to the "Where away?" of the master had replied, "On the starboard bow."

Hardly had the glad tidings gone through the ship (for all knew the land in view was home, and the Lizard the point in sight) when half-conscious marines rolled from their hammocks, and officers left their bunks and state rooms, and, hastily dressed, hurried on deck, eager to catch a first sight of their dear native land.

"Who's on the look-out, sailing master?" inquired the captain as he took his place at the binnacle.

"Maitland, sir—your coxswain."

"Ay, ay. I might have surmised as much."

"Sail ho!" was shouted from aloft.

"Where away?"

"Over the starboard quarter, steering nor'-east. Stay, your honour; there's two—yes, nine sail, square-rigged. The sun's just on them now; it's a fleet, and the van ship makes signals."

"It's the Channel fleet, no doubt. Take a glass, Mr. Wentworth, and look to the signals," said the captain, addressing the officer entrusted with the signalling department.

"Maintop ahoy!" hailed the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the voice of the coxswain from the cloud of canvas overhead.

"Can you make out her numbers?"

"There's three of 'em, sir."

"Well, well, read them from the top downwards."

"All right, your honour. The first is number 9, then 7, and the third's number 2."

"Are you sure, before I come up, that those are all right?" inquired the signal lieutenant, opening the book of private signals and tracing the import of the question put from the numbers ranged along the margin of each page.

"All right, sir. The sun falls full on them, and I can see them plain," replied John decisively.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Wentworth?" inquired the captain, taking short quick turns across the deck in front of the binnacle.

"Who are we, show our number, where bound, and what sail is that on our port quarter," was the concise reply of the lieutenant, glancing his eye down the columns on the open page.

"Give the answers at once."

"And the sail? How shall I call her?"

"Our prize—that's enough."

"They have just run up to the trucks of the foretop gallant a white flag, your honour," cried Maitland from his lofty perch.

"Vice-Admiral of the White! Pass the word, Mr. Pelham, to salute the admiral's flag," cried Captain Winterton, addressing his first lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the officer addressed, despatching a midshipman to the master gunner to prepare for saluting. Then, turning to the captain, he said enthusiastically, pointing with his telescope to some object abeam of the *Ajax*, "Here they come, sir, walking down upon us on the larboard tack in a bee-line. They have just lifted all at once, as if by magic. You can see them here from the poop with the naked eye, bearing down in splendid style. One!" he exclaimed, suddenly breaking off in his rhapsody as the boom of an unshotted gun echoed on the ear, and a cloud of snowy vapour floated to leeward across the waist and quarter-deck of the *Ajax*, as the compliment of seven guns was given from her main deck.

Waiting till the smoke had cleared away, the prize edged round a little more to windward, and, the officer in charge having, in obedience to the signals from his own ship, showed the proper numbers to the admiral, wore round, till a mile in the wake of the *Ajax*. He then brought her broadside towards the advancing line-of-battle ships, when she saluted the admiral's flag with seven guns, once more wore ship, and in half an hour later had taken up her former position to the leeward of the *Ajax*.

It was a splendid sight that for the next hour regaled the eyes of all on board. The extended line of ships came on at almost geometrical dis-

tance from each other, and at the same time sailing in a straight line (or what sailors call a *bee-line*), dashing the sea in torrents of foam from their high bows, and growing each moment larger and more imposing.

The sun was now high in the heavens; the land, so lately a seeming belt of misty haze, had developed itself into lofty beetling cliffs and granite boulders, frowning ominously over the chafing ocean at its feet, while to the east, stretching as far as the eye could reach, rose a white wall of varying altitude, the chalk cliffs of southern England. The fleet, in all the grandeur and formality of a review or royal inspection, was coming down under full sail upon the *Ajax*, as with her prize she silently scudded up Channel. Suddenly, and as if only one mind had actuated the conduct of each vessel, the whole line wore ship, and, sailing on the same course, ran for some hours beam to beam on a parallel line with the *Ajax*.

On that day, from the mess-table of the gun-room to that of the fore-cabin, healths were drank to the memory of long-sundered friends, and many a beating heart on board the *Ajax* thought the ten knots she was recording on the log intolerable creeping, so far did their impatience outstrip the speed of the splendid vessel that with outstretched wings was literally flying towards England and home. Perhaps of all those on board none felt this impatience more acutely than Captain Winterton and his humble but devoted coxswain, John Maitland. The marriage of the one had been suddenly broken off and put aside on account of his immediate orders to go on active service, while the other had been torn, in the manner we have already described, on the very day of his marriage, from his new-made wife and home; and now, after so long an absence, cruising about in every part of the world, exposed to constant danger and hardship, he was returning to his young wife and happiness.

By cheerfulness and good conduct he had gained the esteem of his messmates and the crew generally, while among his officers he was regarded as one of the best seamen on board, and for good conduct and determination in the performance of his duty there was not a better or a braver blue jacket in the fleet.

It was a proud moment for Jack when, with nearly three years' pay in his pocket, an order for prize-money far exceeding that amount, and a handsome gratuity from his captain and officers, the one for saving his life, and the other as a reward for carrying off the jack from the French frigate, and for cutting down the tricolour from the flagstaff of St. Louis—it was a proud moment, we say, for John Maitland, when, five days after reaching Spithead, and after discharging the greater part of her armament, the ship was paid off, and John found himself adrift in the town of Portsmouth, with one burning and paramount idea in his mind—how in the briefest possible space of time to reach London, steer for Battersea, and hail the port of his own beloved Mary.

As the means of conveyance between Portsmouth and London in those days were neither so numerous nor so expeditious as at the present time, John found, to his infinite annoyance, that the only way open to him was by the night-coach, for which he was just in time to secure the only vacant place, or berth as he called it.

Though Maitland, like every other sailor, was fond of his grog, he was particularly sober and temperate in his devotion even to that beloved liquor, or "tippie," to use his own phrase. He was consequently sorely troubled at first to know how to fill up the spare hours between meridian and nine bells, or eight in the evening, till, glancing over his person, he remembered all at once that he wanted a new set of standing rigging fit to go back to his darling Polly in. Besides, there was another article, the very apple of a sailor's eye, that he remembered he *MUST* have—namely, a watch, and one of the showiest and largest that money could buy. Hitherto he had drawn so little on account from the purser, and had so few opportunities of going ashore, that this coveted article had remained still a desideratum.

It must not be supposed that John possessed a special exemption from those heartless victimisers of the poor sailor, the land sharks who prey on the ignorance and simplicity of the Jack tar—the Jew crimps and dealers who swarm round the crew of a paid-off ship, and seldom let their victim escape till they have either fleeced him of all his hard-earned money in exchange for heaps of worthless trumpery, or have contrived to deprive him of a very large share of it.

John had, like the rest of his messmates, been surrounded both on board and on landing with his toga (his sea-chest and hammock) by a mob of Jews, tempting him by the offer of every imaginable piece of finery, flaming bandanas, brilliant watches and jewellery, gown pieces for his Sal or his Poll, of dazzling hues and matchless quality, and each for an amount ridiculously small, for the Jew vendor's heart was so full of gratitude to the brave tar who had fought so well that he couldn't reconcile it to his conscience to take a farthing of profit from a sailor, this disinterested assertion being always confirmed by an appeal to the Deity to attest its truth.

Through these lying scoundrels John Maitland had passed scatheless, while his comrades were being fleeced right and left. For this protection he was indebted to the considerate forethought of Captain Winterton, who had called his coxswain into his cabin before the harpies, male and female, were allowed to approach the sailors. Having pointed out to him the dishonest practices of these people, who would assail and rob him, he reminded him of the necessity there was for his carrying home to Mary as much of his money as possible, and then exacted a promise that he would only purchase what he wanted in a respectable shop. Captain Winterton then gave him instructions to call upon him at Putney as soon as he had found his wife, or whenever he required his advice or assistance, and then, giving him his hand, and entering the admiral's barge, he quitted the *Ajax* a few hours in advance of his coxswain.

Remembering his captain's advice to keep clear of the Jew sharks, John put his helm astern, and bore up for one of the first-class outfitters in the town. When next he made his appearance it was in the form of a thorough-rigged sailor: his loose blue trousers flowed in the most approved fashion over a pair of natty sharp-pointed shoes, highly polished, and embellished by brilliant steel buckles; a watch was in his fob, with a gold chain depending from it; a silk handkerchief of gaudy colours was tied loosely round his throat,

while the corners of another, equally bright in its hues, were allowed to hang easily out of the side pocket of a superfine blue jacket, the lappels flying loose in the wind, displaying a perfect expanse of shirt front. The barber who had just shaved him had oiled and brushed his well-trimmed whiskers and gathered his long hair into a heavy pigtail, natively braided at its point, and terminating with a small bow. On the top of all he had mounted a glazed hat with a blue ribbon.

John Maitland, having arranged to send his bed and chest by waggon, issued from the Blue Posts inn, where he had dined sumptuously on beef-steaks and onions, and lots of soft tack (new bread) and fresh butter, and then started down the street to the coach office. Here Jack's equanimity was a little disturbed, on discovering that the guard was about to shove him into what he called the hold of the craft, when he had, as he thought, bargained for a fok'sell berth—namely, on the seat beside or behind the coachman. The matter was at length arranged by an old gentleman consenting to give up his outside seat for Jack's inside berth, and the *Highflyer* started for the metropolis.

It wanted a quarter to twelve on the noon of the following day as John Maitland, under full press of sail, made the porch of Battersea Church. At the moment he did so a peal of joy-bells rang out from the old grey steeple with jangling clangour, making the air musical with their swinging melody. The burst was so sudden and all so unexpected that the strong man, who had never blanched in storm or battle, turned pale and grasped the old palings of the church fence for support, as, half in fear and half in shame at his own weakness, he looked towards the church door as if he feared to see—what? He could not give a name to his momentary terror.

"What a fool I am! I do think I'm getting spooney. Whew! it was awful like," he said, drawing a deep breath and wiping his forehead as he began crossing the bridge. "I must get more knots out of my timbers than this, or I shan't make port in daylight. What's the matter with you, Jack? Crowd more canvas, and scud." And, knocking his hat firmly on his head, Maitland set off running and kept it up till he came in view of the cottage so endeared to his heart and memory. Pausing to recover breath, he walked steadily forward, till, reaching the cottage, he again halted abruptly. The door stood open, and he heard voices within, one that caused him to place his hand on his heart and stand a moment irresolute. Striking his chest as if to inspire himself with courage, he strode on, crossed the threshold, and knocking on the door with one hand, with the other removed his glazed hat, and stood in the centre of the well-lighted room.

A young woman with her back to the window was at the moment talking to an aged female. At the sound of steps she turned round, and, walking up to the sailor, began to inquire his business. Checking herself, however, abruptly, she only looked into his face, her own becoming alternately crimson and deadly pale, as John stood speechless before her. Taking a step in advance, he opened his arms, when, with a leap and a cry of joy that almost became a scream, Mary sprang into his arms, exclaiming—

"It is John himself, mother, it is John!"

"To be sure it is, my darling." And, pressing

her firmly to his heart, he only paused to cover her tear-bedewed cheeks with passionate kisses.

"My son, oh! John, God has heard my prayer, and let me live to see you once again," cried the old lady, as she crossed the room and flung her arms on her son's neck. Without resigning his wife, John opened his arms to include his mother in the one long and tender embrace, where tears instead of words became the exponents of the deep happiness of those three loving hearts.

We shall here drop a veil over the domestic happiness of John Maitland and his beautiful but long-widowed bride. Suffice it to say that, what with back pay and prize-money, John was enabled to live at home with his Mary till Captain Winterton was subsequently appointed to another ship, when John immediately joined in his former capacity, refusing a warrant officer's post because it would separate him from his captain. In this and all subsequent cruises Mary always found a friend and protectress in Mrs. Winterton, for the captain had got married directly on his return.

At the termination of the war Winterton retired from the service, and John, with a pension for wounds and good conduct, and plenty of prize-money, retired also on his laurels, and passed the end of a long life in the bosom of domestic peace and happiness.

THE END.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER I.—A FIRST FIELD.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Sir John Stuart?"

"Even so, Hardinge. What makes you abroad from your brigade at this time of night?" demanded the English general of his friend, and one of his most devoted and reliable officers of brigade.

"Much for the same reason, general, that brings you from your warm marquee this cold and ungenial night—to look over the ground of our to-morrow's engagement, and ruminate, as Richard says, on the morn's disaster."

"True; I wanted to study the ground, so as to place our handful of men in the best position to-morrow, for Regnier, the French commander, means battle I think."

"No doubt of it. But why this anxiety, general? The force is about equal on either side, and British pluck and the bayonet are sure to carry all before them," replied the officer.

"You know as well as I do, Hardinge, how superior Regnier is in artillery," rejoined his commander.

"We must carry that hill, now shrouded in mist," replied Hardinge, pointing to a wooded eminence on the plain, almost indistinct in the dense fog that from the Gulf of St. Euphemia hung like a fleecy canopy over the plain and heights of Mida—"carry it by storm. Our bayonets will do it."

"If we had veteran troops, Hardinge, I should have no doubt of the result; but my whole force is composed of new levies. Not one man in ten has

ever been in action, and, with the exception of the non-commissioned officers, the 6th, which forms your chief strength, is made up of mere recruits. Can you depend upon them for a charge, Hardinge?"

"Yes; they are of the right sort, and I haven't a doubt as to the result. They only want leading."

"I am safe there; I know your enthusiasm of old. Did you note the enemy's lines before the sun went down?"

"Not particularly. Why, general?"

"Regnier has been reinforced since sundown."

"The devil! From where, and to what extent?"

"Then you have not heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"Nothing very remarkable in these days of wonders. The French autocrat, Napoleon, has taken offence at the reigning family of Naples, declared the Bourbon dynasty at an end, and his brother Joseph Bonaparte King of Naples in their stead. This new king, with 30,000 men, has just entered Naples, and has detached 3000 men to reinforce Regnier, and these arrived in his lines some six hours ago."

"Then the enemy is nearly 8000 strong—two to one. No matter, we are ready."

"Hark! the outlying pickets are having a little skirmishing on their own account." As he spoke a few random shots and then a volley were heard far away on the right of the plain below, followed in a few seconds by the sharp but distant rattle of a drum.

"Those are the pickets of my brigade. I must go down to my post. If I mistake not, general, the enemy won't stop for breakfast—he'll attack as soon as the sun is up."

"Farewell, then, for the present," replied Sir John Stuart as he took leave of his officer, and walked up and down the plateau that among the hills of Calabria overlooked the wooded and undulating plain on which the two small but hostile armies of France and England lay encamped, a few miles before the little town of Mida.

The brigadier was not far out in his estimate of the enemy's alacrity. As soon as the sun was high enough in the heavens to disperse the fog and mist that enveloped the scene the bugles of the enemy were heard ringing through the woods and defiles in the rear of the French position, and immediately after their serried columns were observed deploying out of their intrenchments to the front, where they were drawn up in order of battle, with their artillery on the left and a thick wood covering their right, while several squadrons of horse were placed as a reserve behind the hill on which they had massed their artillery.

The English force opposed to this formidable front of the enemy barely numbered 4000, composed almost entirely of raw troops, with about three scores of dragoons.

The action commenced on the part of the enemy by a cloud of tirailleurs, who, darting from the front, spread themselves all over the open ground up to within an audacious proximity to the English line, when, dropping on their knee, they fired; then scampering off they loaded as they ran, and, returning, fired again, and so continued firing and retreating till called in by the bugle or driven back by the enraged adversary.

These light skirmishing sharpshooters formed one of the most efficient corps in the French

army. They were composed of short nimble men, below the standard of any regiment of the line, and, being armed with a long rifle which they used as a leaping-pole when pursued, were enabled to clear walls, ditches, hedges, and streams with a bound, so that, while they effected great mischief on the enemy, their speed and agility rendered it almost impossible to retaliate on them in anything like an adequate degree.

These tirailleurs had proved positively galling on the British right, where the brigade commander Hardinge was arranging his men for an assault upon the hill that, crowned with artillery, formed the key of the enemy's position. These nimble skirmishers irritated the young English soldiers beyond measure, especially as the men were ordered to reserve their fire. Their officers had consequently a hard duty to perform in keeping their men from firing on the audacious pigmies who scattered death among them with impunity.

For the ten minutes the English line was advancing to the attack from end to end of the extended column this skirmishing was carried on with extraordinary spirit and considerable execution; but all in vain, nothing could break the advancing line, and not a shot was returned by the British, who saw their comrades fall with an unshaken front, the men merely giving vent to a muttered oath of vengeance.

A shrill cry from the French bugles was heard for a moment, and then, wheeling round, the tirailleurs fled like a flock of birds, leaping, bounding, or running over the intervening space, some losing themselves in the vineyards or groves, others disappearing through the open ranks of the embattled regiments, till not a man of the corps was visible.

On the instant that the skirmishers retired under cover the artillery opened fire on the British right with grape and round shot, firing for a time over the heads of a column of French grenadiers who had suddenly deployed from an orange grove and drawn themselves up at the foot of the hill, under their artillery. From that moment the battle became general along the whole front, and volley replied to volley with a rapidity that filled the air and deafened the ear with its clamour.

Regnier, as if anticipating the design of the English to storm the battery height and turn his left, had covered the important position with one of the most celebrated regiments in the French service—a corps of the grenadiers, and these were brought on in three enthusiastic charges on the 6th, which in numbers was the strongest British corps on the field, but, as we have already said, composed entirely of young soldiers, who were this day for the first time undergoing the awful baptism of fire and blood. Both their brigade chief and Sir John Stuart watched with extreme anxiety the result of these determined onslaughts of the French; and, in some alarm lest the regiment should give way, Sir John ordered up a wing of a corps, already hotly engaged on the left, to support the 6th if it should waver under the attack.

Though terribly cut up by the ploughing shot from the hill, that swept down their men, making whole alleys and vistas through their ranks, and almost decimated by the deadly fusillade of the

grenadiers in front, the regiment stood its ground with the courage and coolness of veterans, closing up their ranks, and each time presenting a defiant front to their assailants. Twice had the French charged with their customary enthusiasm, and twice had they been hurled back in rout and confusion, when they closed up, and, making a third and more desperate charge, drove back their opponents, gained the crest of the plateau on which the 6th were stationed, and in a moment were fighting man to man. Before the English could close up their lines or reload their pieces the enemy were in their centre, pressing forward to reach the colours, that, weakly guarded, were only a few paces in the rear.

Then began a hand-to-hand contest that, for the time it lasted and the number of men engaged, has no parallel in the wars of the period. The English clubbed their muskets, or, using their bayonets as swords, fought with a fury more like that of bulldogs or wild beasts than that of Christian men. The French artillery, seeing the hopeless confusion in which both parties were engaged, withheld their fire for a time, from the dread of destroying friends as well as enemies. A body of grenadiers, with several officers, seeing the unprotected state of the colours, made a rush on the non-commissioned officers and subaltern who guarded those precious trophies, and, pouring in a volley, rushed on the unsupported line.

Before that volley, the cut and thrust of sword, and the plunge of bayonet, the devoted band were swept away, the colours fell to the ground, and a cheer from the victorious French told over the field the prowess of their arms.

So rapidly had all this taken place that Sir John Stuart had no time to bring up his handful of reserve, when fortunately at that moment the rout of his right wing and the total annihilation of the army was prevented, and the seeming defeat converted into a victory.

When the colours went down in the dying grasp of those who held them, and the French gave utterance to their wild shout of triumph and the exultant cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" a young man, a private in the 6th, who had already shown repeated acts of heroism, rushed forward, and, using his bayonet with deadly execution, forced his way through the wounded and dying colour-sergeants and ensigns. Seizing the sword that had dropped from the hand of an officer, he grasped the upper end of the regimental colours as one of the enemy was lifting the trophy of many a well-fought field from the ground, and with one vigorous blow on the bent neck of the grenadier the almost decapitated body fell to the earth, and the flag was in the possession of the dashing young soldier.

With an oath and execration, the French officer who had commanded the party made a desperate lunge at the soldier as he seized the flagstaff, and, with a violent jerk, endeavoured to wrench it from his grasp, but, strong of limb and quick of action, the young man parried the thrust with such vigour that the sword slid from his antagonist's hand, while a downward stroke on the arm that held the staff sent the French officer *hors de combat* on the field, as the soldier, waving the liberated flag above his head, rushed upon the remaining members of the party, dealing wounds or death with every blow.

It was at this moment that Brigadier Hardinge, hurrying forward to take the command of the regiment, closed up the ranks, and, though the 6th had suffered severely both in men and officers, succeeded in massing every man not disabled by wounds. Giving the order to charge, he led them on, hat in hand, upon the baffled French, the young soldier, waving the regimental colours over his head, taking his place in the foremost line.

The effect of the charge was resistless. Coming on with a deafening cheer, the 6th carried all before them, driving the enemy pell-mell down the slope, and, though the artillery once more opened upon them, nothing could delay the onward rush of the double line. The French turned and received their antagonists with a discharge of muskets, and then, before the push of the bayonet, broke like a terrified herd and fled in every direction, leaving a line of writhing wretches on the earth to mark the ghastly execution of that fearful weapon in the sinewy arm of an English soldier.

At the same time that the left of the enemy broke in such irretrievable ruin a loud cheer pealed from their right, where the charge of the English bayonet had been equally successful, the right wing of the French being routed and hurled back on their centre, which, shaken by the defeated troops from the left, was now completely disorganised, and, giving way right and left, fled in all directions.

"They give! they fly! hurrah! Now, boys, let us take their guns," cried the youth with the flag, as he rushed to the side of the hill, followed by a score of his comrades.

As they reached its accessible side the French cavalry, who were in a ravine in the rear, were ordered out to cover the retreat and keep the enemy in check.

Seeing in an instant the irreparable evil that would result to his scattered regiment, and to their small army generally, if that well-mounted body of dragoons and lancers was allowed to issue on the plain, the young hero sprang to the mouth of the narrow gorge through which the French cavalry were about to pass, and ran the spearhead of his flagstaff into the counter of the first horse, and, striking the rider a fierce blow across the face with his sword, brought down man and horse in the very throat of the defile, thus effectually blocking up the entrance.

"Now, lads, give them a volley, bring down a few more, and prevent the others leaping out. Hurrah! that's it. Down, down they come!" shouted the enthusiastic private, as his comrades, in obedience to the order, poured in a murderous discharge, emptying half a score of saddles, and piling up a rampart of dead and plunging horses.

"Well and bravely done, my lads," cried the brigadier, as he brought the rest of the regiment up to the spot, and, ordering two companies to guard the outlet, he leaped from his horse, drew his sword, exclaimed, "The rest follow me, for those guns must be ours," and, bending his shoulders to the hill, with a shout of "Forward!" instantly began the ascent.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[CAPTAIN RAMSAY CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH THE FRENCH HUSSARS.]

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORO.

IN April, 1811, the French general Massena took the field, his great object being to raise the blockade of Almeida, then closely invested by Lord Wellington. The English commander resolved that this important fortress should not be relieved, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable nature of the ground and the inferiority of his force to that of the enemy, he determined to risk a battle.

The river Coa flows past Almeida; its channel is rocky and broken, and its banks steep and dangerous. On its left bank is situated the village

of Fuentes d'Onoro, a hamlet situated in front of a sloping hill of easy access. This village represented an important military post, and here, over a surface occupying nearly six miles, the allied troops, numbering 32,000 infantry and 1600 cavalry, were disposed.

On the evening of the 3rd of May Massena, with an army 40,000 strong, appeared on the heights above Fuentes d'Onoro, and they immediately opened a brisk cannonade, followed by a furious assault upon the village.

The light troops that held Fuentes, although forming a comparatively small force, sustained the attack with their accustomed bravery, but it was at

fearful odds; rank after rank was swept away, and a mere handful of men were left, their commander (Colonel Williams) and nearly all the officers being among the wounded. Just at the moment when further resistance appeared hopeless two regiments arrived to aid the gallant defenders, and Colonel Cameron, placing himself at the head of the men, led them on and renewed the battle with redoubled fury. Up to this moment the French had gained considerable ground. This Cameron determined to regain; he charged time after time, and hurled his troops against the French with an impetuosity truly appalling. The enemy, no less courageous than our own troops, sustained these repeated shocks with amazing intrepidity; they disputed the ground inch by inch, but inch by inch they were surely driven back. In the main street of the village the fight was hand to hand, the roadway was strewn with wounded and dead, and the gutters literally streamed with blood. This obstinate contest was maintained for upwards of an hour, until at length the French were driven out of the village, and the British became victors, in one of the most desperate conflicts of the many that marked the Peninsular campaign. Night now closed in, and our brave troops had fairly earned rest and repose, but through the haze of the evening they saw, as they thought, a cannon on the adjacent heights. This they determined to possess themselves of, and the 71st, dashing across the rivulet that separated them from the prize they coveted, and overcoming all resistance, gained and won the object of their enterprise. On reaching it the Highlanders discovered that what they had mistaken for a gun was in reality a tumbrel, and, although this was but a poor reward for their energy and valour, they bore it back in triumph to the village, and were received, as may be supposed, with mingled cheers and laughter.

The British regiments held the village, but Massena was not idle: favoured by the darkness of night he reconnoitred the position of his opponents, and marched his troops bodily to the left. But the watchful eye of Wellington was upon him, a correspondent movement of the British troops was made, and the French marshal was checkmated.

Massena, chagrined and enraged to find that his designs had been understood and provided for, determined more than ever upon the assault, and at daybreak the attack was made. Success at first favoured the French, and their cavalry drove in that of the allies. But the infantry, supported by the horse artillery, were speedily brought up, the fortunes of the hour were changed, and the enemy was repulsed and driven back with fearful slaughter.

Lord Wellington now considered it prudent to alter his position. The change involved a difficult and daring movement, nearly the whole of the infantry being compelled, in the face of a bold and powerful cavalry, to retire upwards of two miles, and never were the combined steadiness and rapidity for which the British infantry are famous more urgently required.

The operation necessitated the crossing of a bridge, and here the enemy collected in large numbers to impede our passage. To keep off the assault of the enemy, and allow the regiments time to re-form, the 43rd and 96th were drawn up in front of the pass, with orders to oppose to the last every attempt the French should make.

Most gallantly were these instructions obeyed. The enemy seemed determined to force the pass, the British were equally determined to prevent them, and thus our men were furiously assailed again and again, but they sustained the repeated charges with such admirable coolness and courage that the enemy were in the end fairly worn out, and abandoned their enterprise in despair.

It is said that the annals of modern warfare fail to furnish us with a more marked instance of desperate valour and individual gallantry than occurred on this occasion. During the progress of the movement many portions of the British army were placed in the most critical position, and the escapes were in some cases marvellous. A troop of artillery, under Captain Ramsay, was at one time actually cut off and surrounded by hussars. This dashing officer called to his men, "My lads, we must get out of this!" They answered with a ringing English cheer, and, drawing their swords and spurring their horses, they absolutely cut and galloped their way through the French horsemen, who appeared perfectly paralysed by an act at once so daring and unexpected.

At length the new position of the British was attained. It was a most formidable one, extending over a hill topped by an ancient tower, and so thickly studded with troops that Massena did not venture to assail it.

While these operations were going on a furious attack was repeated on Fuentes d'Onoro. Each arm of warfare—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—was brought to bear. A tremendous cannonade was opened on the village, and assaults were made at every point. The desperate street-fighting was renewed, the churchyard was converted into a battle-field, and gardens were trampled down under the feet of scuffling combatants.

The desperate and deadly nature of this conflict may be gleaned from the fact that the French kept re-inforcing their troops with fresh numbers, while the three regiments that had originally taken possession of the village—namely, the 74th, 83rd, and 88th—were left to sustain the onslaught unaided. At length, after one of the closest and most desperate combats ever maintained, the 88th charged the enemy with their bayonets, and rushed upon them with such fury that a panic seized the French soldiers and they turned and fled in the utmost terror. The other two regiments well supported their comrades, and, notwithstanding the vastly superior force of the enemy, they were completely driven out of the village and chased beyond its precincts, never once looking back or attempting to return.

Evening closed the combat; Massena withdrew his troops, and the opposing armies lighted their fires for the night, and lay down to rest with a confident assurance on their minds that the battle would be renewed at daylight.

A brigade of the light division relieved the brave defenders of Fuentes, and throughout the night these gallant men, notwithstanding the fatigues they had endured, threw up some works of defence, in anticipation of the attack on the morrow.

But these precautions were rendered unnecessary. During the whole of the following day the British were under arms from dawn to dusk, but Massena remained in front of his antagonist without betraying the slightest anxiety to continue the conflict. On the morning succeeding this

the French columns were observed in full retreat, marching on the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, Massena, with a numerous and splendidly appointed army, having been virtually beaten by a wing of the British army consisting of three divisions only.

This sanguinary contest was attended by immense loss on both sides. The British had 220 killed, 1128 wounded, and 294 missing. The loss sustained by the French was much heavier, it being computed that the killed and wounded numbered between five and six thousand.

HOW THE SCORPION CAPTURED A PRIZE.

In the early part of 1798, when the English were at war with the Dutch, the admiral of the fleet ordered Captain Hardinge to proceed with his vessel, the *Scorpion*, on a reconnoitring cruise along the coast of North Holland. On reaching Vlis the captain saw anchoring in the roads two of the enemy's brigs. Captain Hardinge was prevented reaching the brigs with his ship by the shoals with which that part of the sea abounds. He did not, however, feel inclined to give up the project in despair, so he determined that if a favourable opportunity presented itself he would make a dash in the ship's boats.

While thinking over the scheme he was joined by the *Beaver* sloop, the commander of which vessel heartily entertained the idea, and offered to act in concert, and Captain Hardinge accepted the reinforcement, not from any lack of confidence in himself or his men, but from a conviction that the superior numbers would, by facilitating the capture, spare many valuable lives.

It was arranged that the expedition should set out under cover of darkness, and, accordingly, about ten o'clock on the night selected three boats put off from the *Scorpion*, and two from the *Beaver*. The party numbered about sixty men, Captain Hardinge acting as leader in the foremost boat. They rowed on with muffled oars, and in perfect silence, and after a hard pull for two hours they safely got alongside of the enemy. It was now midnight, and totally dark. Not a sound was to be heard, and the general supposition was, that most of the crew of the enemy's ship were asleep.

Not an instant was lost. Captain Hardinge was the first to grope his way up the ship's side, and his men followed in quick succession. The captain of the vessel had no doubt been watching the *Scorpion* and the *Beaver*, and had apprehended mischief, for his vessel was in a state of preparation for attack, with boarding nettings up, and the customary implements of defence at hand. This circumstance rendered the act of boarding all the more difficult; but after a short time the attacking party finally overcame the obstacles and leaped on board. The surprise and consternation of the crew at this unexpected and daring act were such that many were panic-stricken, and ran below, leaving their more courageous comrades to fight it out in the best way they could.

Captain Hardinge grappled with the first man within his reach. This happened to be the mate, one of the strongest and bravest of the crew.

Owing to the great quantity of rain that had recently fallen, the deck was in a very slippery state, and during the struggle Captain Hardinge tripped up and fell. The mate was on the point of putting an end to his prostrate adversary with his cutlass, but by a quick and dexterous movement Captain Hardinge evaded the blow, and at the same time recovered his feet. The two now fought on even terms, and the mate was in a few minutes killed.

Captain Hardinge now engaged the commander of the vessel, who proved to be a most dexterous fencer, and who succeeded in disarming his opponent. At this moment two of the English seamen sprang forward with loaded pistols, and were about to fire upon the commander of the foreign vessel at once. Captain Hardinge ran up to the men and held them back, earnestly begging the commander to ask quarter, but he disdained doing so, whereupon the men fired upon him, and he fell dead.

By this time the whole of the attacking party had come on board. The two chief officers of the vessel were killed, the surviving defenders were seized, so that in a few minutes after first boarding the vessel had come into complete possession of the English. Those of the crew who remained below, to the number of forty, were made prisoners and put into irons, and the hatches were secured.

Having completed these arrangements, Captain Hardinge was about to make off with his prize, but at that moment an adverse wind arose that kept the vessel stationary, and, notwithstanding every effort at extrication, it was impossible to make the least headway.

Captain Hardinge's next thought was to attack the enemy's other brig, so that he might, perchance, secure a second prize, or, at any rate, keep the one he had taken. He accordingly stationed his men at the guns, and made every preparation for attack; but when morning broke it was found that the gale had forced the other brig from her moorings, and she was at such a distance as to preclude all hope of reaching her.

With the advance of day the wind redoubled in violence, and for forty-eight hours Captain Hardinge, with his newly acquired ship, was beaten about, and during the whole of this time the prisoners below kept up such a howling as might be supposed to come from a lunatic asylum. In the midst of the storm two of the boats broke adrift, and two others were dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

At length the wind shifted, and the gallant captain put out to sea; but that part of the coast is so difficult and dangerous of navigation that the Dutch always employ a pilot there, and it may be readily understood in what a critical position Captain Hardinge was placed, in a strange ship, surrounded by treacherous shoals, and without any aid at hand. It took, in fact, three whole days to guide the vessel through the roads, at the end of which time the prizetakers, to their great joy and relief, found themselves once more in the open sea.

Meanwhile the *Scorpion* and the *Beaver* had been visited by the same gale, and carried a long distance out of their course, and it was some days before Captain Hardinge came up with them. The captain, however, at length regained his ship, and set sail for England with his prize, which

proved to be the *Atalanta*, a Dutch war brig of sixteen guns and a crew of seventy-six men.

In this adventure the captain and mate of the *Atalanta*, and three others, were killed, and eleven wounded. The English had none killed, and only two slightly wounded.

For the courage, ability, and dexterity which Captain Hardinge had displayed in this affair he was highly complimented by the Admiralty, and shortly afterwards promoted, while those who assisted him were also appropriately rewarded.

ADVENTURES OF BAYARD,

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

PIERRE DU TERRAIL (for such was the chevalier's name) was born in the Château de Bayard, in Dauphiny, in 1476. His family was connected with the best and noblest in that province, where the nobles called themselves the Scarlet of the Nobility. His ancestors for three generations had fallen in war; one at the battle of Poitiers, another at Agincourt; his grandfather, with six mortal wounds; and his father, at the battle of Guinegate, received such hurt that he was never after able to leave his house. The old knight, however, reached the age of fourscore, and resolving, a few days before his death, to set his house in order, called in his four sons, to learn from them, in the presence of their mother, what manner of life each chose to pursue. The eldest replied that his wish was never to leave the house, but to stay and attend upon his father till the end of his days.

"Very well, George," replied the old man. "Since you love the house, you shall stay here to fight the bears."

(A mighty hunter was a very useful personage in Dauphiny, where the inhabitants were sometimes at peace with the Duke of Savoy, but never with "Sir Bruin.")

Pierre's turn came next—a lad about thirteen, or little more, with eyes like a hawk's, and a cheerful countenance; and he said that what his father had told him concerning the brave men of past times had taken root in his heart, and he desired to follow the profession of arms.

"My child," replied the father, weeping for joy, "God give you grace so to do! You are like your grandfather both in features and in make, and he in his time was one of the best knights in Christendom. I will put you in a way of obtaining your desire."

The third and fourth sons entered the church, and became respectively an abbot and a bishop.

Next morning the father despatched a servant to Grenoble, requesting that his brother-in-law, the bishop, would visit him at Bayard to confer with him upon some family affairs. This prelate obeyed the summons, and arrived the same night at the castle. Other friends and kinsmen were assembled there. Pierre waited upon them at table so well as to obtain the commendation of all, and when dinner was done and grace said the father informed his guests of Pierre's choice, and asked their opinion as to the lord or prince in whose house he should be placed till he was old enough to take up the profession of arms. One proposed that he should be sent to the King

of France; another was for placing him in the house of Bourbon; but the bishop said there was a close friendship between their family and the Duke of Savoy, who would no doubt gladly receive him as one of his pages. It was therefore determined that on the morrow the bishop should take his nephew to Chamberry, and present him to the duke.

The business of equipping him could not have been performed more expeditiously even in modern London. The bishop sent in all speed for his tailor from Grenoble, with orders to bring velvet, satin, and other materials, with, it is presumed, other sons of the thimble to assist him. They worked all night, and after breakfast, in those times an early meal, young Bayard presented himself in the court, in his new presentation suit, mounted on a fine little horse with which his uncle had provided him.

The boy, who had not left school a fortnight, kept his seat well, in spite of the horse's efforts to throw him, and, giving him the rein and the spur, brought the spirited animal fairly under command. The father asked him if he had not been afraid, for the beholders, with some reason, had feared for him. "Sir," he replied, "I hope, with God's help, before six years are over, to make either him or some other bestir himself in a more dangerous place. Here I am among friends, but then I shall be among the enemies of the master whom I shall serve."

His mother, who till now had been sitting in one of the towers, weeping, called him apart and enjoined him, as much as a mother can command her child, to love and serve God, and never omit the duty of praying night and morning; to be mild, courteous, humble, and obliging to all persons; to be temperate, loyal in word and deed, kind to the widow and the orphan, and bountiful to the poor. She then took out of her sleeve a little purse containing six crowns in gold and one in smaller money, which she gave him; and she delivered a small portmanteau with his linen to one of the bishop's attendants, charging him to pray that the servant of the squire under whose care he might be placed would look after him a little till he grew older, and entrusting him with two crowns which were to enforce the request.

Chamberry was so near the Castle of Bayard that the bishop, setting out after breakfast, arrived there in the evening early enough for the clergy to come out and meet him. On the morrow, after mass, he dined with the duke, and the boy, serving him to drink at table, was noticed as he had hoped, and afterwards presented on his horse, and courteously accepted as a good and fair present, with the hope that God would make him a brave man.

Charles, fifth Duke of Savoy, in whose service young Bayard was thus placed, was one of the best princes of a good race; and the duchess, Blanche de Montferrat, then in the flower of her youth, was worthy of such a husband. The bishop, therefore, could not have placed his nephew in a better school, and while young Bayard exercised himself in the manner suited to his age and profession, in leaping, wrestling, riding, and throwing the bar, he derived all the moral benefits of good example.

Six months afterwards the duke, having an interview at Lyons with Charles VIII. of France, presented him and his horse to the king. On this

occasion the boy obtained the name of Piquet, by which he was for some time called, because when he was displaying his horsemanship before the king and his company the pages, echoing the king's desire to see him make the horse curvet again, called out to him, "*Piques! piques!*" ("Spur! spur!") Charles put him under the care of the Lord of Ligny, with whom he continued as page till he was seventeen, and then was enrolled in that lord's company, though he was so much a favourite that he still kept his appointment in the royal household, with an allowance of 300 francs a year and three horses.

In this company he came again to Lyons when a Burgundian knight, Claude de Vauldré, hung up his shields, defying, with the king's permission, all adventurers, either at spear on horseback or battle-axe on foot. Piquet stepped before the shields and looked at them thoughtfully, saying within himself, "Ah! good lord, if I knew how to put myself in fitting array I would right gladly touch them."

Upon his communicating that wish to a companion, Bellabre, and expressing his regret that he knew not any one who would furnish him with arms and horses, Bellabre said, "Have you not an uncle who is the fat abbot of Emay? I vow to Heaven we will go to him, and if he will not supply the money we will lay hands on crozier and mitre; but I believe that when he knows your good intentions he will produce it willingly."

Piquet upon this touched the shields. Montjoye, King-at-arms, who was there in due form to write down the names of all appellants, said, "How, my friend! your beard is not of three years' growth, and do you undertake to combat with my lord Claude de Vauldré, who is one of the fiercest knights known?"

The youth answered that he was not influenced by pride or arrogance, but by the desire to learn the use of arms from those who could teach him, and the hope also that, by God's grace, he might do something to please the ladies.

It was soon the talk of the court that Piquet had touched the shields, and the king, with the Lord of Ligny, was well pleased with the spirit shown by the young soldier. Piquet, however, looked with more apprehension to his adventure with the abbot than that with the knight. Next morning early he took boat with Bellabre for Emay, but the news had arrived there before them, and the abbot, suspecting at once the object of the visit, gave him an ungracious reception, not failing to remind him that he was a page the other day and still a boy, whose presumption would be fitly punished by the rod. Piquet pleaded the desire of emulating his ancestors. "Faith!" replied the abbot, "you may go elsewhere for money; the property bestowed on this abbey by the founder was to be expended here for the service of God, and not for jousts and tournaments." Perhaps Piquet thought, when he glanced at the abbot's well-fed form, that the revenues were not all applied to religious uses. Bellabre, however, said that had it not been for the prowess of his ancestors the abbot would not have possessed the abbey of Emay; that it would not cost 200 crowns to equip his nephew, and the honour to his uncle would be worth ten thousand. The abbot stood out a while, but at length gave Bellabre 100 crowns to buy two horses, and a written order on a mer-

chant at Lyons for such apparel as the youth may want. They no sooner left the abbot than Bellabre exclaimed, "What one takes from monks is blessed bread," and proposed making the most out of the abbot's order. He therefore told the merchant at Lyons that the abbot had given him 300 crowns for horses, instead of 100, and obtained from him gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, velvet, and other silks, to the amount of 800 crowns. The abbot's messenger, restricting the order to 100 or 120 crowns, arrived too late!

Piquet duly encountered the formidable Claude de Vauldré, and his gallantry was enthusiastically praised by king, lords, and ladies. After this adventure he was sent by the Lord of Ligny to join his company at Aire, in Picardy, receiving from the king 300 crowns and one of the best horses in his stables, besides a good horse and two complete suits from the Lord of Ligny. Some twenty-six of his comrades, knowing of his approach, rode out to meet him; a supper had been provided for his arrival, and before they separated his companions made him promise to give a tourney. Next morning accordingly it was announced that Pierre de Bayard, a young gentleman and apprentice-at-arms, under the orders of the King of France, caused a tourney to be cried and published for all comers, outside the town of Lyons and adjoining the walls, of three strokes of the lance without lists, twelve of the sword with edged weapons, and in harness of war, the whole on horseback; and to those who did best a golden bracelet should be given weighing thirty crowns, and enamelled with his device. Next day there was to be a combat at point of lance on foot, and at a barrier half-stature high, and, after the lance was broken, with battle-axes, the prize being a diamond of forty crowns value.

A trumpet was sent from garrison to garrison to proclaim the ascent of arms: forty-six adventurers contended for the prizes, which, however, were won by Bayard himself.

The gallant fellows were withdrawn from their pleasant quarters in Picardy to Sicily and Naples, where the wars between French and Spaniards destroyed some of the finest chivalry. At the battle of Taro our hero had two horses killed under him, but was fortunate enough to capture a standard, which he presented to the king. He was soon after in garrison about twenty miles from Milan, and led out his companions upon an adventure against 300 of the enemy's horse in Binasco. A sharp encounter took place, in which Bayard is described as cutting off heads and hewing arms and legs. The Italians at length fled full speed to Milan, and Bayard, unsupported by any of his comrades, madly rushed into the heart of the city, where he was surrounded and taken in front of Duke Sforza's palace. Fortunately that ruthless warrior was in a merciful mood, and released him with many compliments for his valour.

In a skirmish during the Neapolitan war Bayard took prisoner Don Alonzo de Sotomayer, who agreed to pay 1000 crowns for his ransom, but, breaking his parole, was recaptured and put into close confinement till the money was paid, a fortnight after. Bayard, as usual, distributed the whole money among his soldiers. This was done in the presence of Sotomayer, who, on his return, spoke in the highest terms of Bayard's knightly qualities, but complained of his own usage as so bad that it would stick with him as long as he

lived. A Frenchman, at that time a prisoner, heard this bitter speech, and on his liberation related it to Bayard. A challenge followed, and the two knights met in single combat, when Sotomayer was killed on the spot by a thrust in the throat.

This adventure wounded the Spaniards, and led, during a truce that had ensued, to their proposing a combat of thirteen to thirteen, and one of the conditions was that whoever should be unhorsed was to fight no longer. The Spaniards killed eleven horses in the first encounter. Bayard and the Lord of Orosi, the only Frenchman who remained on horseback, maintained their ground the whole day, assaulting the enemy when they saw their advantage, and when threatened retiring behind the dead horses of their comrades as a rampart. At nightfall it was a drawn battle, but the honour remained to the two Frenchmen who for four hours had baffled thirteen assailants.

When King Louis XII. undertook an expedition to Genoa, neither an ague that had lasted seven years nor an ulcer in the arm from an ill-treated pike-wound could deter Bayard from crossing the mountains with his sovereign and sharing the danger of a campaign.

He next appears at the siege of Padua, in which, before the assailants could take up their ground, there were four barricades to be won upon the Vicenza road, 200 paces from one another, and which, on account of the ditches on each side of the road, could only be attacked in front. The charge of winning them was entrusted to Bayard. He got possession of the first, the enemy falling back upon the second. Here were brought up a body of peasants who had been trained as pioneers, and after a good half-hour's assault this was carried also. The enemy could not rally at the third barrier, but the fourth was defended by 1100 men, who, being only a stone's throw from the city bulwarks, made a resolute stand for about an hour with pikes and arquebuses. Bayard grew impatient, and said to his companions, "Sirs, these people detain us too long. Let us alight and press forward to the barrier!" Thirty or forty immediately dismounted, and, raising their visors and couching their lances, pushed on to the barricades. But the defenders were continually reinforced by fresh men from the city, and Bayard, seeing this, exclaimed, "They will keep us here these six years at this rate. Sound trumpet and follow me!" At his fierce onset the Venetians retired a pike's length from the barricade. "On, comrades!" he cried; "they are ours," and, leaping the barricade, was gallantly followed and not less perilously received; but the view of his danger excited the French, and he was speedily supported in such strength that by mid-day this last of the barricades was won.

Bayard, who never grudged money if he could learn what the enemy were doing, was in general well served by his spies, because he paid them well. Once by their means he laid a scheme for catching the Pope, and his Holiness must inevitably have been taken if he had not turned back on account of a violent snow-storm, yet Bayard was so close upon him that as the Pope was about to enter the Castle of San Felice he heard the French in the town, and, leaping out of his litter at the alarm, helped to raise the drawbridge himself.

At the assault on Brescia a rampart was gained and Bayard was the first person who entered, but he received a deep wound in the upper part of the thigh from a pike, which broke and was left hanging in the wound. "Comrade," said he to Molart, "make your men march; the town is won. As for me, I can go no farther. I am slain." And, that he might not die without confessing, he withdrew, with the help of two of his archers, who tore their shirts to staunch his wound. As soon as the citadel was taken they broke down a door and carried him on it to the goodliest mansion in the neighbourhood.

The owner, a man of great wealth, had fled to a neighbouring convent, leaving his wife and two fair daughters to the care of Providence rather than be butchered before their eyes without any possibility of protecting them. The daughters hid themselves in a hay-loft, and when the soldiers knocked, the mother, putting her trust in God, opened the door herself.

The happiest fortune that ever befell that family was when Bayard entered their house. His first orders were to set a guard there and admit none but his own people, and he assured his soldier-attendants that though they missed some booty for his sake they should lose nothing in the end. The lady of the house fell on her knees and besought him to spare her life and that of her daughters. "Madam," replied he, "it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine, but while I live no wrong shall be done to you or your daughters,—only keep them in their chamber—let them not be seen."

When the wound had been dressed, and he had leisure to think of others, he inquired for the master of the house, sent for him, and had him escorted home. They looked upon themselves, however, as his prisoners, and all their goods as his property by the lot of war, and, in the hope that a handsome offer might prevent his exacting a ruinous sum, the lady, on the day he was about to depart, entered his room and presented him with a little steel box full of ducats. Bayard laughed, and asked how many ducats it contained. The lady said, only 2500, but if he was not content she would bring more.

Upon his refusing to take any she entreated him to accept that trifling gift as a mark of her gratitude. He then took the box, sent for her daughters, gave them each 1000 ducats towards their marriage portions, and delivered the remaining 500 to his hostess for distribution among the poor nuns whose convents had been pillaged.

A little before the storming of Brescia an astrologer had predicted a dreadful battle for the next Good Friday or Easter Sunday, and assured Bayard that he would not fall therein, but that within twelve years at farthest he would be slain by artillery. And so it fared, for, though on the retreat after the battle of Ravenna he was desperately wounded between the neck and shoulder, he "lived to fight another day," when, while he was retreating before the Spaniards, a stone from an arquebus struck him across the loins and fractured his spine. He instantly knew that the wound was mortal. "Jesus!" was the first word that he uttered; and then, "O God! I am slain."

He had ever wished to die in battle; and now, holding up his sword and kissing the cross at its handle, he pronounced aloud these words in Latin,

"Pity me, O God, according to Thy great mercy." He then grew faint, but kept his seat by holding the saddle-bow till his steward helped him from his horse and placed him under a tree, where, there being no priest at hand, he confessed to the steward. A Swiss captain would have carried him off upon pikes, but Bayard felt that the motion would accelerate his death, and he entreated that he might be left to his meditations.

When the Spaniards came up they spread a tent for their noble enemy, laid him upon a camp bed, and brought a priest, to whom he again confessed very devoutly. Before he expired the Marquis of Pescara came up and said, "Would to God, my gentle Lord of Bayard, that by parting with a quart of my own blood I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have proved how highly I esteemed your noble courage."

The Spanish general appointed certain gentlemen to convey the hero's body to a church, where solemn service was performed over it for two days. His own people then bore it home for interment. As they passed through Savoy orders were given by the duke that wherever the corpse passed or rested as much respect should be paid to it as for his own brother. The magistrates of Grenoble, with most of the inhabitants and nobles of the surrounding country, went forth to meet it, and it was finally deposited in a convent of Minims which his uncle the bishop had founded half a mile from the city. A monument was afterwards erected there to his memory by an admiring native of the same province.

Bayard thus passed away in the forty-eighth year of his age.

UNDERGROUND ENCOUNTER WITH A WOLF.

ESSEKIAN PUTNAM resided in Connecticut at a short distance from the town of Pomfret. At the time of our narrative the country was thinly settled, and wolves made fearful ravages among the flocks. On one occasion they killed no fewer than seventy of his finest sheep and goats, besides wounding others. The principal offenders were a cunning she-wolf and her annual litter. Her cubs generally fell beneath the rifles of the farmers, but the wily dam would never come within gun-shot, and pursuit only drove her into the western woods, whence she was sure to return at the proper season with a new train of destroyers. The mischievous beast having lost the toes of one foot in a steel trap, it was easy to distinguish her footsteps in the snow; and Putnam, with four of his neighbours, agreed to hunt her down.

They set out, therefore, accompanied by bloodhounds, and in scouring the woods endured all the hardships of a savage country and a bitterly cold climate. When they had arrived in the open plain a cloud or mist far before them indicated the presence either of buffalo or wolves, and, urging their horses, the hunters came up with a drove of wolves, whose course must cross their path. At the head of the drove they soon recognised the footless she-wolf, and resolved to single out and track her. The rank and file of the savage procession broke into very loose order when brought face to face with the hunters, but

kept prowling in front and rear, intent upon replenishing their wolfish larder. The hunters, however, kept well together, and set their bloodhounds on the likeliest track that might lead up to the scent.

At last, having fallen upon her footsteeps, they followed her all the way to the Connecticut river, where, to their great disappointment, they discovered that she had made a directly retrograde movement. Ultimately the bloodhounds were again on the right scent, and succeeded in driving her into her supposed den, in a cavern or quarry near Pomfret. Now came the exciting stage of the pursuit, and a large crowd of people collected at the place, desirous of participating in the sport of catching the wild wolf in her lair. The retreat the wolf had sought proved so well defended that no effort of the huntmen could stir her; the dogs that went in came out wounded and cowering; and twelve hours were passed in vain endeavours to dislodge her.

Farmer Putnam said he would descend the pit in which the brute lay intrenched, and ascertain for himself her actual position. Having taken off his coat and waistcoat, he was provided with a torch, consisting of strips of birch bark; the torch was lighted, and, holding it in his right hand, he was let down head foremost into the den by a long rope.

This gloomy cave (still shown) is on the side of a high hill; its entrance is only two feet square, and in winter is exceedingly slippery, from its being covered with ice. For about fifteen feet the passage descends; it then runs horizontally for ten feet; and then has a gradual rise of sixteen feet till it terminates. It is nowhere wider than three feet, or high enough for a man to stand upright, and the top, bottom, and sides are of smooth and solid rock.

The flame of his torch being scarcely sufficient to break the intense darkness, Putnam groped his way along the horizontal part till he reached the ascent, up which he cautiously proceeded on his hands and knees. He now looked into the den, and the object of his search became visible, sitting at the extremity of the cave, and aware of his presence. Our adventurer now discovered that he was only in the situation of an explorer, not only without weapons, but much hampered by the torch and the long dangling rope. The fiery eyes of the wolf, now at bay, glared upon him, and she made a sudden spring, which, though it fell short of the ledge of rock by which he clung, made a retreat imperative. He therefore kicked the rope as a signal, and, sobbing in every bone, was hauled up to the light of day, with his apparel torn to shreds and bloodstained by the wounds he had received in dashing against the flinty sides of the cavern, both in the descent and ascent.

His admiring comrades advised him to desist from further pursuit of the wolf at present, but Putnam was not a man to be deterred from an enterprise he had set his heart upon; he seized his double-barrelled rifle, and, torch in hand, was again, but more carefully, let down into the cavern. Pursuing the same course and tactics that had first led him to his prey, Putnam approached her now provided to make either attack or defence. Finding the wolf crouching almost in the same place, he sought a firm footing on a broader ledge of the rock, and, carefully poisoning

his rifle, discharged barrel after barrel into the animal's head and body. A loud hyena-like scream and a succession of growls, ending in laboured breathing, told that the shots had been well aimed.

Putnam now descended from his vantage-ground and approached cautiously to the animal's side, prepared to use the butt-end of the rifle, should the wolf, as wild animals have often been known to do, be feigning death, in order to draw her enemy unguardedly into her power. However, the hunter soon saw that his game was effectually killed. Returning to the proper spot in the cavern for the renewal of the signal, he was drawn up again, and proclaimed the destruction of the wolf. Several men afterwards descended into the cave and secured the body of the animal as a trophy of bold wolf-hunting on the prairie.

ROBERT BLAKE, THE ADMIRAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

ROBERT BLAKE, one of the bravest men who ever trod the quarter-deck, was born in 1598, and had passed his fortieth year before he became a public character. Wise heads had long foreseen a dreadful struggle between the King and the Parliament; each party was gathering its forces; and the first note of battle found Blake a captain on the popular side. He distinguished himself in all the hot work between Cavaliers and Roundheads in the western counties, and when Bristol, at that time the second city in England, was besieged by the Royal forces, he defended his post so obstinately that Prince Rupert threatened to hang him. Blake, however, escaped from the wrath of his powerful enemy, and eventually, in return for so delicate a compliment, never gave him rest by day or by night—by land or by sea.

Afterwards, with 500 men, he held the poor weak town of Lyme for eight weeks against an army under that prince's brother Maurice, whom he compelled at last to abandon the siege. He defended Taunton with equal success, and would have attained the highest rank as a Parliamentary general had not Oliver Cromwell appointed him to the chief naval command.

In April, 1648, Blake sailed in quest of Prince Rupert, who, after the king's execution, had become rather a pirate than a partisan, and, cruising with a small fleet in the narrow seas of Britain, was obtaining supplies and paying his men by the capture of any ship that fell in his way. He had even established a station at Kinsale, then in the hands of Irish insurgents. Here Blake followed him, and, having taken a frigate on his way, blockaded him in the port. Blake, however, compelled by bad weather and the dangerous navigation of that coast, stood out to sea, and Rupert, with Maurice, made all sail to Portugal. Here they were received with great distinction by the king, who, when Blake appeared off the mouth of the Tagus, forbade the Republican admiral to attack them. The fortresses beneath which Rupert's squadron lay were so formidable that Blake endeavoured by fair words to alter the king's intention; these, failing, were followed by menaces equally fruitless, and Blake, as a first blow, seized the Brazil fleet of nine sail. The enraged king thereupon added thirteen ships of

war to Rupert's fleet, but Blake held his position at the mouth of the river, from which the allies never dared to emerge. Thus cooped up, they had the mortification of beholding a valuable prize fall into his hands, for on the arrival of the home-ward-bound Brazil fleet he dashed into twenty-three sail off the entrance to the harbour, sank the admiral, burned three other ships, and captured the vice-admiral, with eleven richly-laden vessels.

At last the King of Portugal, for his own sake, got rid of this troublesome customer by favouring the escape of the princes, which they effected while Blake was prowling about for more Brazilian prizes. Eventually the brothers scudded off to the West Indies, and subsisted by piracy as before, until they parted in a tropical storm and Maurice was never heard of again. Rupert was henceforth insignificant.

After a brief but honoured repose at home, Blake engaged upon a new service—that of snapping up the smaller fry who, as pretended Royalists, were imitating Rupert's example. First he took the Scilly Isles, well fortified and garrisoned by 1000 men, commanded by Sir John Grenville, and, after a desperate resistance, the Island of Jersey, defended by Carteret.

But we turn from these exploits to enterprises in which a dreadful necessity no longer forced the admiral to shed the blood of his own countrymen. A Dutch fleet of more than forty sail, under Van Tromp, the greatest admiral of the day, suddenly appeared in the Downs. Its arrival was first discovered by Major Bourne, commanding eight ships off Dover, and on his information Blake immediately stood out to sea. Van Tromp having approached within cannon-shot without saluting the English flag, our admiral fired three guns, one after the other, to remind him of the omission. Van Tromp derisively replied by a single gun, fired towards the offing! Blake, apparently nowise offended, singled himself out from the rest of the fleet and approached Van Tromp's flagship the *Brede-rode* to demand an explanation. But all this amiable simpering was only the whine of two bulldogs eager for the fray. Without waiting for any questions, Van Tromp poured a broadside into Blake's vessel, the *James*. The English admiral was in his cabin at the time, and, angrily exclaiming that he took it very ill in Van Tromp to break his windows, he ordered the broadside to be returned. And thus the battle began.

Van Tromp, besides the forty-two men-of-war, had several frigates, while Blake's fleet numbered only fifteen sail. Blake, however, did not trouble himself about arithmetic at that moment, but, rushing to the conflict, bore in his own vessel the chief burden and heat of the day. The Dutch brought every available gun to bear upon the *James*. Shot after shot plunged into her hull; her masts toppled over with a crash; her sails and her rigging were riddled to rags. The other vessels of the fleet soon came up, but for four hours the contest raged, involving the *James* in one tornado of artillery. About eight in the evening Blake was getting the advantage, when Bourne's squadron came up in full sail, and attacked the Dutch rearguard with such fury that Van Tromp sheered off under cover of the night.

This was our first great battle with the Dutch, who at that period held complete supremacy at



sea. Blake followed up his exploit by "sweeping the Channel," and in less than a month sent forty of his prizes into the Thames. The Dutch had for years occupied our fishing-grounds off the northern islands, and employed thousands of boats for that purpose. Blake now heard that a fleet of six hundred, laden with fish, were on their way home, under convoy of twelve men-of-war. Of these twelve he succeeded in capturing nine and sinking three, but, like a true British tar, he scorned to ruin defenceless men, and let the fishing-boats proceed home after paying a tenth of their cargo as ransom.

Meanwhile the Dutch retaliated upon our merchant shipping, and Van Tromp, in command of 120 men-of-war, sailed triumphantly into the Downs to try again the fortune of war. On the 6th of August the rival fleets came in sight of each other; but a violent storm sank, damaged, or dispersed seventy of the Dutchmen, and Blake was compelled to take refuge in the Shetland Isles. Van Tromp was quickly pursued by Blake, who committed great ravages on the coast of Holland, till a powerful fleet put to sea under De Witt and De Ruyter, when he gathered his forces and scoured after them.

Dunkirk, however, was at this period besieged by the Spaniards, and Blake, desiring its fall, attacked a French squadron that had sailed to relieve it, and brought every ship, boat, and man into an English harbour.

On the 28th of September the Dutch were discovered off the North Foreland, but, truth to say, by no means equal to encounter Blake. Apathy, intrigue, and discontent, says Hepworth Dixon, were in every ship. The English bore down, and, reserving their fire until within a few yards of the enemy, poured in a crashing broadside,

and there ensued a close and furious contest. In two hours, after fearful destruction, the Dutch began to give way, and, though they fired while retreating, retreat they did. Had not night come on De Witt would have been annihilated in an hour.

Though deserted by a large portion of his fleet, which stole off in the darkness, yet De Witt would have renewed the conflict at daybreak; but, dissuaded by the cooler-headed De Ruyter, when Blake bore down to offer battle he hoisted sail and stood up the Channel. Blake pursued him into harbour, and then returned victorious into the Downs.

The common people of Holland were almost frantic at the mishaps of their admirals. When De Witt returned he was mobbed and almost heart-broken by the violence and ingratitude of his humbler countrymen. He does not seem to have reflected on the fact that crowds never reason. Van Tromp, disgusted by the same cause, had serious thoughts of retiring from the service, and it was only the urgent appeal of the whole nation that induced him to resume the command. Once more arsenals and dockyards resounded with the clang of preparation; and once more Van Tromp was ready for sea with a vast fleet. His sudden appearance off the Goodwin Sands, with 100 sail of the line, frigates, and fireships, astounded the English admiral, whose fleet was dispersed in squadrons up and down the coast and in the North Sea. Blake, however, with his forty ships, resolved to meet the enemy. All one day, says Mr. Dixon, the two admirals watched each other's movements, the object being to gain the weather-gage. The night proved cold and tempestuous, even for mid-winter, and the ships were unable to keep well together. At

early dawn the manoeuvres of the previous day were renewed, the *Triumph* (Blake's ship) and the *Brederode* (Van Tromp's) dodging each other for several hours in a slight and variable wind. At three in the afternoon the fleets were near each other off the Naze, in Essex. Van Tromp began the action by making a sudden effort to get alongside the English admiral at an advantage, but glided past him and came crashing into the *Garland*. The two ships quickly engaged, the English vessel, of only forty-eight guns, fighting bravely against its huge foe until the *Bonadventure*, a trader of thirty guns, came to the rescue, and put Van Tromp himself in peril. Everts, however, saw his critical position, and brought his own ship to bear upon the *Bonadventure*, thus placing the gallant little merchantman between the fire of two admirals. The four ships were all grappled together, and for upwards of an hour the English held out manfully against tremendous odds, until the survivors were too few or too weak to defend the decks, and the Dutchmen captured both vessels.

At one period of the action the *Triumph*, *Vanguard*, and *Victory* were attacked by twenty ships of the enemy, but, after great loss and damage, came off safely from the desperate encounter.

Night was already separating the fleets when Blake heard of the unequal battle waged by the *Garland* and *Bonadventure*, yet he ordered his weary men to bear up to the *Brederode* and recover the prizes. Other ships of the enemy, however, came up, and the battle raged more hotly than ever. Blake was surrounded. His ship was thrice boarded, and, though the boarders were each time driven to their boats with fearful carnage, she lay a mere wreck upon the water, with foretopmast shot away, mainstay gone, sails and tackling in ribbons, hull shattered by hundreds of balls. Had it not been for the assistance rendered by the *Vanguard* and by the *Sapphire*, a trader of thirty guns, Blake must have perished or been taken. As it was, the fog and gloom of a December night enabled him to draw off his ships, the *Triumph* being the last to retire towards Dover roads.

With what manly sorrow did Blake this time withdraw into the Thames with his crippled fleet, while Van Tromp insolently paraded the Channel with a broom at his mast-head, as if to sweep the English from the seas!

Parliament, however, would not listen to Blake's offer of resigning his command, nor would it let the brave man languish for want of scope to display his marvellous abilities. In three months he put to sea with sixty sail, which were joined at Portsmouth by twenty more. At his own request two first-rate commanders, Deane and Monk, were appointed his associates, the latter coming on board with 1200 soldiers from the camp.

It was now Van Tromp's turn for astonishment. His vanquished rival of yesterday, his equal of to-day! Such may have been his thoughts when, early on the 18th of February, 1663, he found Blake's vanguard of twenty vessels close upon him. As before, the admirals were in advance of their fleets, and the *Brederode*, in passing, poured a tremendous broadside into the *Triumph*, tacked, and delivered another. Down bore the other vessels in Blake's rear, and the action became general. On both sides, says a gifted writer, the wreck was awful. In less than an hour after the first

shot was launched from the guns of the *Triumph* the sea was covered with spars, torn sails, and broken planks. Almost every ship engaged in the action had already had its cables cut asunder and its masts shot away. One moment an English crew were seen boarding a Dutch man-of-war, the next moment the boarders were driven back, and their own vessel was assailed in turn. Here there was a ship wrapped in flames; there one was heard going down with all her men, their cries unheard, or their terrors unheeded by friend or foe; elsewhere a fearful explosion sent decks and crew whirling into the black and lurid atmosphere. The tremendous roar of artillery could be heard along the shores of the Channel from Boulogne on the one side to Portland on the other.

Thus the conflict waged from eight to twelve o'clock, when Monk came up with a large squadron, and shortly afterwards the whole English fleet were united under their admiral. The booming of these reinforcing guns, as they came into action, raised the fury of the combatants to its highest pitch. At one point three or four vessels grappled together maintained a sanguinary struggle over the very bulwarks. At others, like so many dots on the wreck-strewn sea, pairs of ships engaged in a deadly duel. The *Prosperous* was boarded by De Ruyter, and his boarders instantly repulsed. Again she was boarded, and this time taken. Blake bore down with three or four ships, rescued her, and was about seizing De Ruyter's vessel when several of the Dutch fleet came to his assistance, and, locked together, the combatants blazed away until they were compelled to lie off from each other by sheer exhaustion.

In this fiery encounter one Dutch vessel, the *Ostreck*, was fought by her captain till his rigging and masts were shot away to the very hull, and his deck covered with the dead bodies of his comrades. Boarded by the English, she appeared to be sinking, and was abandoned, to drift away with her dead and dying. Next morning Blake found her floating at her own will without a living soul on board! Another Dutch captain, De Port, wounded and unable to stand, lay upon the deck, and, flourishing his sword, directed and encouraged his men till the ship went sighing down into the deep with the remnant crew at her guns.

It should have been said that when the fleets fell in with each other Van Tromp had a vast number of homeward-bound merchantmen under convoy, and, secure of victory, ordered them to stand off while he vanquished Blake. By dusk of this memorable day Blake found the advantage so greatly his own that he resolved to spare a squadron for the pursuit and capture of Van Tromp's rich charge. Perceiving this intention, the Dutch admiral fell back upon his convoy, leaving Blake master of the scene.

After two days' more fighting the enemy were forced to run for shelter close in upon the French coast. Blake came to anchor before their place of refuge, and again spent the night in making good his damages, that with the morning light he might be in good trim to receive their defiance or surrender; but in the darkness Van Tromp stole away.

Such are the details of this memorable victory. On the first day the English took or destroyed eight ships of war; Blake's own ship, the *Triumph*, as before, was the greatest sufferer.

On that day her captain, Blake's secretary, and above a hundred men (nearly half her crew) fell, and Blake himself received so serious a wound in the thigh as to lame him for life; spite of which, we see how he conducted the fight through two succeeding days of incessant fatigue. So complete a crippling of the whole Dutch armament was an immense gain; but he brought in seventeen or eighteen men-of-war besides, and a number of richly-laden merchantmen, computed at fifty sail. Seven Dutch captains were slain, and three taken prisoners. England lost three of her best and bravest, with the admiral and rear-admiral wounded. The loss of life on each side was very great.

It was thought by the Dutch that political dissensions in the English navy would favour an attempt to strike another blow. Van Tromp, De Witt, De Ruyter, and Evertz, therefore, again put to sea, with a fleet of 120 sail. Blake was at the north; in his absence the Channel fleet, comprising 165 ships, was commanded by Monk and Deane.

On the morning of the 2nd of June, 1653, the fleets sighted each other; at eleven o'clock the firing commenced, and at three the action became general. Deane was killed early in the day by a chain-shot, which almost cut him in two. Monk covered the body of the fallen hero with his cloak. Tromp calculated on an easy or at least a certain victory; but ere the night fell he found that the spirit which Blake had kindled in the hearts of his men was not extinguished in his absence, as the worsted condition of his fleet evinced.

The action was renewed the next morning, perhaps with equal chances of success; but early in the afternoon the squadron of Blake came crashing down upon the rear and flank of the Dutch fleet. Breaking the enemy's line by his first onset, the rapid and destructive delivery of his guns put the whole fleet in rout and panic within an hour. Twice was Van Tromp's own ship boarded, and would certainly have fallen into the hands of the English had not the admiral, grown desperate, thrown a lighted match into the magazine, thus blowing the upper deck to splinters, and with it the English boarders. By a miracle he himself escaped; but his captains, assured of his death by this terrible means, made no further pretence of holding out, and fled. The English pressed hotly after them, sinking, burning, and capturing till the night fell. Thirteen hundred and fifty prisoners, with eleven men-of-war, were taken, while six men-of-war were sunk, two blown up, and one burnt. The English admirals counted 126 men slain, and 236 wounded, and never a ship absolutely lost, though almost all were fearfully damaged.

Blake then kept up a vigorous blockade of the Dutch coasts, and constantly sent home prizes; but he fell sick, and in his absence from the command the Dutch made their last effort. Van Tromp, Evertz, and De Ruyter, however, were as signally defeated by Monk, Penn, and Lawson as on the previous occasion. Van Tromp himself was shot through the heart, and the complete and unsparring destruction which Monk commanded left Holland scarcely a ship to hoist a flag on, or a crew to man her with. The war was thus brought to full and triumphant conclusion in less than two years. During this time Blake and his captains took or destroyed 1700 ships: the Dutch

themselves admit their loss at 1100. Peace then became a necessity to the proud Hollanders. For peace they sued, and obtained it, one of the conditions being, that they should yield the honour of the flag to their conquerors.

Ere long Blake was again at sea, in command of a powerful fleet. We pass over his minor achievements in the Mediterranean, and hasten to close our narrative with his attack on Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe.

Santa Cruz was one of the strongest naval positions in the world. Shaped like a horse-shoe, the outer extremity was defended by a very strong castle, bristling with artillery, and stored with ammunition. From this castle, and round the harbour, seven formidable forts were ranged, while a line of earthworks, manned by musketeers, united the whole. Before this extraordinary defensive array a double line of battle-ships, broadside on, were moored, the intervals between them serving only as openings for the play of the batteries.

Upon reconnoitring the enemy Blake at once discovered the great Silver Fleet, of which he was in search, but, from the admirable arrangement of its position and the formidable defences of the harbour, it was impossible to bring it off. He resolved, then, to destroy it at anchor. Upon going into action every man throughout the fleet went on his knees in that same devout spirit which so signally marked the Puritan army. This was on the morning of the 28th of April, 1657. At seven o'clock a powerful division was despatched under Captain Stayner, with instructions to engage the ships in the harbour. Blake meanwhile was to keep up a fire upon the castle and batteries.

Stayner's squadron broke through all opposition, and, amidst a perfect storm of shot from all sides, he made his way clean up to the enemy's vessels, engaging them without the loss of an instant, and with every available gun. Blake immediately bore down with all his fleet, and, opening a thundering cannonade upon the castle and the forts, soon compelled them to leave Stayner to his peculiar business of destroying the ships. The Spaniards defended themselves with heroic determination; the engagement raged for hours. But, one by one, Blake silenced the batteries, and at length the fire from the shore became so feeble that he found two or three frigates sufficient to reply to it, and accordingly carried the rest of his forces to the aid of Stayner. For four hours this brave seaman had been successfully engaged against a force vastly superior to his own. Blake's reinforcement decided the victory. By three o'clock, of all the great force not a single vessel of any kind remained afloat—or only floated in flames. Two vessels were sunk; of the rest, not a spar, not a plank remained, but such as drifted helpless and worthless upon the surface of the sea. The victory accomplished, Blake made out of the harbour, and, terrible as had been the losses of the Spaniards, he brought out of the bay every ship he carried in. True, several were mere hulks, and worth no more than the shattered and shot-laden timber, which only held together.

This battle of Santa Cruz was regarded at that time as the most brilliant exploit in all naval history; and to this day, great as have been the victories of our admirals, it has never been surpassed. Says Clarendon, "The whole action

was so miraculous that all who knew the place concluded that no sober man would ever undertake it, whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils, and not men, who destroyed them in such a manner."

Blake's last days were his best. Though dying, he would not return to England before he had procured the liberation of Christian slaves from the monsters of Salee. On the way home, "lying in his cabin, he longed continually to see the white cliffs of dear England; but while every other man in the fleet delighted his heart with the old familiar hills heaving high over green seas, Blake died."

Westminster Abbey was the guardian of his remains until the miscalled Merry Monarch had them disinterred, with those of other Puritans, and shot into some hole not far from the same spot. As for Blake, the quarrels of that age are wellnigh forgotten; his name survives in all its lustre; and some of his admirers go so far as to say that our immortal Nelson, if re-endowed with speech, would proclaim him the greatest admiral that England ever produced.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

AN UNKNOWN GUEST.

An old Austrian officer, who had a pension very insufficient to the demands of his family, explained to the Emperor Joseph II. his indigent situation, and entreated his majesty's compassion, concluding by saying that he had ten children. As it was a common trick among petitioners to exaggerate the extent of their families, with a view of more surely exciting sympathy, the Emperor determined on this occasion to test the truth of the representation. He therefore dismissed the officer with a promise that the appeal should have his consideration. Some days after a wayfarer soliciting refreshment at the officer's house found him seated at a scanty board surrounded by his wife and eleven children. The officer introduced them to the stranger, saying, "The eleventh child is a destitute orphan of one of my deceased comrades. We could not see it want, so we took the child into our house, and have brought it up as one of our own." The visitor (who was no less a personage than the Emperor) took his leave without discovering himself, and immediately ordered a thousand florins to be sent to each of the children, and a thousand to the generous-hearted officer.

A SHOT WITH A TAIL.

DURING the war of 1812 between England and America a number of the American troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara, and while so engaged the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of the repairing party to keep on the look-out for the shots of the British. Finding the work thus interrupted, an Irishman was stationed near the spot to give warning whenever a shot or shell was coming. This duty the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out "shot," "shell," "shot," "shell," until a con-

greve rocket was started, which Pat had never seen before. He hesitated, and, seeing it elevate, he shouted, "Shot! and by jabsers the gun with it!"

A SAILOR'S IDEA OF GOOD MANNERS.

WHEN Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.) embarked as a midshipman on board the commodore's ship the captains of the squadron attended to pay their respects to his Royal Highness. A sailor, standing with some others in the fore-castle, and attentively observing what passed, whispered to a messmate, "Why, the young gentleman ain't over civil, I think. D'ye see how he keeps his hat on before our captains?" "You lubberly fool," replied the other, "how should he know manners, seeing as how he was never at sea before?"

THE PIPER PAID.

At the battle of Porto Novo, in 1781, the 73rd Regiment was on the right of the first line, leading all the attacks, to the full approbation of General Coote, whose notice was particularly attracted by one of the pipers, who always blew up his most warlike sounds whenever the fire became hotter than ordinary. This so pleased the general that he cried aloud, "Well done, my brave fellow; you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this." The promise was not forgotten, and a handsome pair of silver pipes was presented to the regiment, with a suitable inscription.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER I. (continued.)

With a ringing cheer, the men threw themselves on the steep ascent, and, led by the gallant daring of their comrade with the flag, pressed boldly up. More than two-thirds of the height had been scaled, when the enemy, depressing one of their pieces, swept the whole breadth of the ascent with a discharge of grape and canister. Down went flag and bearer—down went brigadier and whole lines of the lately triumphant 6th—down, down, rolling or sliding in apparent defeat and ruin, went the files of the hardy climbers. The consternation was, however, only of short duration: by far the greater number of the prostrate were those who had been dashed down by their falling comrades. These quickly regained their feet, and the standard-bearer, with his staff out in two by the scattering shot, the next moment bounded to the crest of the hill, and, waving his tattered ensign, shouted to his comrades to advance.

A party of the enemy, seeing only one antagonist, made a dash forward to cut him down, while the rest loaded their pieces and wheeled them round. The brigadier, who had regained his feet and re-climbed the hill, leaped with a shout upon the plateau, and, followed by a wing of the regiment, was just in time to save the flag and its heroic bearer from the mounted artillery.

With a loud and triumphant shout, that sounded far over the plain, the united scalars, officers and men, threw themselves forward, spiked three of the six guns, and, again wheeling them round, poured in the deadly discharge on the flying troops, as they ran or galloped down the gentle slope that led to the French lines, or rather to where the French, in the utmost confusion and under a general panic, were retreating, pressed on their rear by the left wing and centre of the British forces, and harassed on their flank by the few dragoons belonging to the small army.

The battle had been short but decisive. The enemy, though nearly double the strength of their antagonists, had been beaten at every point, and driven in ignominious rout from the field, and for some miles beyond it.

In this sharp encounter the enemy lost seven hundred men killed, and above a thousand prisoners. The casualties on the side of the English amounted to only forty-five killed and two hundred and fifty wounded.

Two hours later in the same day a group of officers were collected in front of the British headquarters, the hunting lodge of a Calabrian noble.

"Let me have your reports, gentlemen, as soon as possible, as I shall send off my despatches to-night," observed General Stuart as he joined the group on the lawn. "I have every reason to be well satisfied with the conduct of every officer and man under my command; and to you, gentlemen, I at once tender my sincere thanks."

"Our young recruits and fresh levies have behaved splendidly," remarked one of the brigadiers.

"They have, indeed, Effingham, behaved like veterans," replied the general, "and, though there have been many brilliant instances of heroism to-day, there are two that call for some special notice from me in my despatch. I believe, Colonel Sawbridge, that you pride yourself on knowing the name of every man in your regiment," the commander observed, turning to the colonel of the 6th, who, with a bandaged head and his arm in a sling, formed one of the fifteen or twenty officers who composed the group.

"Well, I believe I do, general, though our term of acquaintance has not been very long yet," replied the officer addressed.

"What is the name of that young man who behaved so splendidly with the colours? He was the first, too, on the hill, and among the enemy's guns. But the greatest service he rendered, and one that showed the possession of no ordinary capacity, was his bringing down that French dragoon and his horse, and thereby blocking up the throat of the ravine, and making the enemy virtually prisoners in their own position."

"It was cleverly done. I did not think you could have seen it, Sir John," observed brigadier Hardinge.

"I have had my eye on that young man all day," was the reply. "You will of course report the whole affair to me, Hardinge; but I wish to know his name, Colonel Sawbridge."

"I only saw part of that gallant affair with the colours, general, for a rascally Frenchman had just knocked me down with the butt of his musket, but I saw enough to identify the man as the best conducted and smartest soldier in my regiment. His name is Edgar Havering."

"A good Saxon name. He must be promoted at

once. Make him a sergeant, colonel. I'll not lose sight of him. What became of the other stand of colours? I hope the enemy haven't that to boast of," replied Sir John Stuart.

"No, general. Poor Beverley had just strength enough to tear them from the staff, and, thrusting the flag under his back, covered it with his body as he fell dead."

"So much for that for the present. Now, Major Seymore, who was that young griffin of yours who led that bayonet charge that turned the enemy's right, and drove them like chaff upon their centre? It was a very dashing affair."

"His name is Lionel Clinton, Sir John. He at present only holds a nominal command; but he is a youth of great promise, and if he will only pay attention to detail duties will make a first-rate soldier," replied Major Seymore.

"What family of Clintons does he belong to?"

"The Clintons of Gloucestershire. His father is a wealthy baronet, Sir Jasper Clinton."

"Colonel Sawbridge, send your report to the brigadier by that young Havering," the general cried, as the wounded officer, with a salute to his commander, was turning off the lawn. "I have taken a strong interest in that youth."

"Your wish shall be complied with, general," replied the colonel, as with a few others he returned to his own quarters.

"And you, Hardinge, send him on with the report. I must know more of that Edgar Havering. Come, gentlemen, let us see what my cook has improvised for dinner."

And, attended by a number of his officers and aides-de-camp, Sir John Stuart entered the house or head-quarters, to discuss over the meal the events of the day, while on the plain patrols were turning over the dead, to find their names and number on the muster-roll, the wounded having already been removed to the hospital tents. Fatigue parties were in other quarters digging trenches and preparing for the interment of the dead.

While these events are taking place on the field of battle we must make a short digression, and in the following chapter give the reader some account of the two youthful heroes of this day's action, and who as yet are all unconscious of the approbation their conduct has elicited from the general and commanding officers—youths whose eventful history forms the groundwork of our stirring narrative.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE, AND THE KING'S SHILLING.

ALFRED HAVERING was a substantial yeoman living on his own estate, a farm of some three hundred acres on the banks of the Severn. On this hereditary freehold Farmer Havering, like his ancestors from before the Conquest (for he was of Saxon blood, and gloried in the descent), had reared a large family and meant to pursue the same routine through life as that followed by his progenitors. From generation to generation they had given one or two sons to the defence of their country, one occasionally going into trade or entering the Church, but the oldest always succeeding to the farm and homestead, where in due course he married, and, like his fathers before him, reared his family, lived in comfort and independence, and eventually died in peace. Thus from age to age had most of the Haverings

lived and died, esteemed and valued by all within twenty miles of the Grange.

But to our story. Night was closing in as Alfred Havering, in front of a substantial repast, prepared to recruit himself after the day's toil. But he sat restless and impatient: the ale had lost its relish, the knives would not cut, and neither his four well-built handsome sons nor his ruddy wife and daughters met with their usual kindly greeting.

"Why, Edgar," he suddenly exclaimed, "you are like to lose your crony, Lionel Clinton. I met Sir Jasper just now in the Hernshaw, and he said he had just bought Lionel a commission, and he means to pack him off to his regiment to-morrow."

"To-morrow, father? That's very sudden. Why, we were going out fishing over breakfast," replied Edgar, evidently much annoyed.

"He is to take the post, to-morrow, as Sir Jasper calls it."

"What is it, father: an ensign's or a cornet's commission?" inquired Harold, the eldest son.

"Cornet be hanged!" rejoined the father contemptuously. "Sir Jasper means his Norman sapling to be a field-marshal in six months. Ensign, indeed! No, lads, by the Lord Harry, Lionel is a colonel—Colonel Lionel Clinton. Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed loud and boisterously.

"A colonel, master? Impossible!" observed Mrs. Havering, in great astonishment. "Why, Lionel is only nine months older than our Edgar, and he's just turned nineteen. I can't believe it."

"A fact for all that, dame."

"Going to-morrow," mused Edgar.

"Why, what will you and Ethel do if Lionel goes? You cannot run through the woods or sail on the lake as you have been in the habit of doing, having no brother with you. Why, Edgar, you will lose, with Lionel, nearly all the enjoyment of your life," remarked Constance, his eldest sister, as she noted her brother's dejected looks.

"For my part," observed her father, as, having finished the substantial part of his meal, he took the complimentary cup of tea his wife handed to him—"for my part, I am surprised that Sir Jasper has allowed him such long and intimate acquaintanceship with his daughter."

"Why so?" exclaimed the dame, all her motherly pride and natural prejudice in arms. "Our Edgar is as good as his Ethel any day, although her father's a baronet."

"Good is not the question, dame. As far as purity of blood and length of honourable ancestry go, Edgar comes of an older and a better race than that of any of the mercenary knights who aided Black William in his descent on England. But socially Sir Jasper is far above me and mine, and his wealth makes him a great man."

"For all that," persisted his wife, "Edgar is quite as—"

"There, now, say no more on the matter, good dame. Your affection for your children will not let you hear reason, so drop the subject," interposed her husband mildly, but in a tone that she well knew meant that the subject should be no farther discussed.

"You will have to go to the hall early, Edgar, if you want to see Lionel before he starts," remarked Constance, as her father, leaving the table, took up his place in the capacious settle under the tall wide chimney.

"I propose to do so, Constance," replied her brother. "I don't know what I shall do without Lionel. I shall have no heart for fishing or shooting, and as for cricket, I shall never care to play a match again."

"He may be coming back soon," she said soothingly. "By the bye, I want you to carry a book to Ethel for me in the morning, Edgar, and to bring back the second volume. You will do so?"

"Of course he will," broke in the father. "And, talking of books, whose turn is it to read to night? Yours, I think, Harold, so get a book and let us have some intellectual amusement."

We shall now change the scene, and introduce two or three new characters to the reader's notice.

Clinton Hall was a fine old baronial residence, with lovely gardens, a stately park, and a rich domain that spread as far as the eye could reach. North, east, south, and west, all around was the property of Sir Jasper Clinton. All, we have said, but not exactly so—all but what appeared a very atom in the landscape, a mere corner some two miles distant, embracing the three hundred acres and grange of Alfred Havering, to whom the whole of the Clinton estate, tradition or Doomsday Book said, had once belonged.

It was a lovely morning in early spring, the sun shone bright and warm, the woods and groves were filled with the melody of birds, while the perfume from beds of violets and bright spring flowers, that met the eye on every side, charmed and gladdened every sense.

Out of an open French window that led from one of the morning rooms of Clinton Hall to the broad gravelled terrace stepped two young men nearly of the same age and height, both eminently handsome, but as different in features and expression as in figure and mental attributes.

The one who first passed through was tall, slender, and somewhat delicately made, yet with nothing effeminate in face or figure. He was as straight as a poplar, easy and agile in all his movements, and always graceful; his face was long and oval, with a Grecian cast of features; his forehead high and intellectual, with a small well-formed mouth and soft brown eyes that under certain lights looked almost black; his hair, of a dark brown, was clustered in wavy curls round a well-shaped head; his hands were small, white, and delicate; the chin and mouth, however, were the two faulty features of the face, indicating weakness and indecision. Yet, despite his slim figure and almost girlish features, Lionel Clinton (for it was he) had the heart of a lion, and feared neither danger nor fatigue.

His companion, Edgar Havering, was well built, strong, and muscular; his head was large, his forehead broad, with well-developed eyebrows; the other features were eminently Saxon, well defined and positive, lighted up by large grey eyes that could become eloquent in a moment, either with love or resentment. His skin, tanned by sun and exposure, had a healthy vigorous tone, that contrasted strongly with the habitual pallor of his friend Lionel.

"I knew nothing of it, Edgar, till my father laid the commission before me yesterday," Lionel said, replying to some previous remark of his friend, "and I must start for head-quarters after luncheon."

"Where is your regiment?" inquired Edgar, as the two walked up and down the terrace.

"The head-quarters, and I believe two companies, are at Chatham; the rest of the regiment is in Ireland."

"And how long are you likely to remain in England, Lionel?"

"I believe about three months. The regiment is under orders for Gibraltar. I shall not act, of course, for some time. The senior major, who is an experienced officer, will command till I am fit to take the responsibility."

"And how long do you think that will take you?"

"I don't know, but I mean to study hard, for I am determined to rise in my profession and win a name for myself. Good bye to all idleness and folly from this day. Arms are henceforth my mistress, ambition my god."

"Ah! Lionel, how I envy you your opportunities and your good fortune!"

"Oh! Edgar, I wish you could induce your father to buy you a commission as a subaltern in my regiment. I would take care you did not languish for promotion. Urge him, like a good fellow. I shall want you more than ever now."

"Impossible, Lionel. My father, you know, couldn't afford it. All the money he is worth is saved for the girls: the boys in our family always have to work. If I ever entered the army it could only be as a private."

"A what?" exclaimed his friend, in disgust. "A common soldier? You would never disgrace yourself and family by doing such a mad, such a wretched thing?"

"Disgrace, Lionel? You cannot mean what you say."

"Yes, I do. Do you think any of your friends would know or recognise you if you were so to degrade yourself? What gentleman could be seen shaking hands or taking the arm of a private soldier?"

"True. I see the impossibility of retaining old friendships of an aristocratic class in the ranks, but—"

"Of course you would be cut by everybody."

"I forgot you look on all work as derogatory, if not dishonourable, forgetting that I have been accustomed to work all my life, and must and will to the end of it."

"Oh! I make you an exception in everything."

"All but as a private soldier," replied Edgar, laughing.

"That's quite another thing. But I must run round to the stables to see the charger my father has had brought down for my approval. You will come and give me your opinion when you have seen Ethel. You will find her in the garden among her flowers." And, turning sharply round, the young aristocrat hastened with rapid strides to the stables in the rear of the hall, as Edgar descended one of the flights of marble steps that led from the terrace to the garden.

Though innumerable paths and alleys led in all directions before him, Edgar had evidently no doubt which to choose, for, turning to the right, he pursued the devious path till he came on a small but exquisite garden shut in on all sides by high laurel hedges.

Stooping over a bed of violets and bright spring flowers, herself the most lovely flower of that

rich parterre, was Ethel Clinton, the most beautiful of all Sir Jasper's daughters, and Lionel's youngest sister.

Slightly turning her head aside, and shaking back a cluster of rich brown tresses that she might better note a distant footfall that fell on her quick ear, Ethel hastily gathered another flower, and, adding it to the cluster already in her hand, rose with graceful ease to the height of her full stature, and, turning with a beaming smile, confronted the open handsome countenance and manly form of Edgar Havering.

"Oh! you truant! See, I have gathered your morning bouquet, and without your assistance. I have a great mind not to give it you for being so neglectful. Fie, Edgar, you are no *preux chevalier*, to keep a lady waiting. I have been in the garden half an hour. No, sir, I don't think I will," she added, with pretty petulance, drawing back the flowers she was tying up, as Edgar advanced his hand to take them.

"Not give me the flowers, dear Ethel?" he replied, with a tone of lover-like sadness. "Nay, I am sure if you knew how wretched your refusal would make me you would not withhold your precious gift."

"Would it, indeed? Well, don't look so melancholy, and—there, then," and she presented the flowers, which Edgar took, pressing as he did so the pretty fingers of the giver to his lips.

"Now then, sir, tell me why you were not here at your proper time," she demanded, with a slightly imperious toss of the head.

"I was so anxious to see Lionel and ascertain if all I heard last night was true that it detained me. Ethel, dear, I am full of apprehension. Lionel's departure will, I fear, prove a serious hindrance to our future meetings."

"How so, Edgar? How can it?" she asked, but in a voice by no means firm or confident.

"Good morning, young sir. You take an early hour for botanising, and seem to have an interested pupil." The countenances of both Edgar and Ethel had become a little paler at the sound of that well-known and to one rather dreaded voice, as, hastily turning round, they encountered Sir Jasper Clinton.

Edgar raised his hat respectfully to the baronet as he returned the morning salutation. Without, however, giving the young man the opportunity of further conversation, he turned to his daughter, saying—

"You seem, Miss Ethel, to have overlooked the fact that your brother leaves his home in a few hours."

"Oh! no I have not, papa; but Lionel is too much taken up with his new horse, and giving directions for the management of his hounds in his absence, to care for any society but that of stable helps and grooms," she retorted, rather defiantly.

"Nevertheless, I desire you to go into the house. Your mother will find you more profitable occupation than studying the language of flowers, however poetical the pursuit or *interesting* the teacher."

"Is mamma to be seen so early?"

"I would advise you to ascertain that fact for yourself," was the curt reply.

For a moment Ethel seemed half disposed to rebel, but, catching a glance of her father's gloomy face and a pained expression in her lover's eyes,

she made a virtue of necessity, and, extending her hand to him in her usually frank and lively manner, said—

"Good bye, for the present, Edgar."

Not stopping to hear her father's muttered displeasure or note the frown of anger with which he regarded her familiarity with a plebeian, she tripped lightly along the gravelled paths, and ran up the marble steps. Gaining the terrace, she turned defiantly round, waved her hand to Edgar, took a flower from her bosom and threw it towards him, then, darting through the open window, was lost to sight.

Fortunately Sir Jasper's back was turned at the moment, and he did not see the last rebellious action of his daughter. Edgar, however, noted all, returned a telegraphic answer, and observed where the gift of the parting flower fell.

"You are aware, of course, that Lionel, who has hitherto honoured you with his friendship, joins his regiment to-morrow, and commences that career of honour and distinction he is so eminently qualified to run," observed Sir Jasper, as Ethel disappeared, and he walked slowly back towards the mansion.

"I have heard the news, Sir Jasper," replied Edgar, "and I have no doubt of Lionel's success in any pursuit in which he may engage."

"Of course not. Now, as a sensible young man, you will, of course, see the necessity, in your friend's absence, of reducing your visits to my house as much as possible, and especially as regards my daughter Miss Ethel Clinton."

"Has anything in my conduct, Sir Jasper, warranted this abrupt dismissal?" replied the youth, nettled by the arrogant pomposity of the baronet.

"I am not bound to reply to that question; but in courtesy I will say no. But the truth is—for I wish to be perfectly candid—I cannot permit your further acquaintance with my daughter. Who knows but her affections might become engaged, and that would mar the splendid alliance I have in view for her."

"But her feelings are already engaged. I love her, Sir Jasper, and she reciprocates my love," replied Edgar, fearlessly disclosing the truth.

"Love you?—you?—my daughter? Impossible!"

"I had not meant to tell you this till I had made myself a name and was in a position to claim her as my wife; but, having broached the subject, I could not in honour allow you to remain an hour in ignorance of the truth."

"And pray, young man, what position above that of a hewer of wood and drawer of water do you ever aspire to?" he asked, with insolent irony. "Do you know that my daughter has the blood of the Salisburys and the Talbots in her veins? And do you, in your boyish arrogance, think that a scion of such a lineage will mate with a plebeian—in fact, a farmer's son?"

"It would not be the first instance, Sir Jasper," replied Edgar calmly.

"There shall be no precedent of it in my family, at all events. Look here, young man; I will be generous with you, in return for your candour. If in six years you can come to me with the stamp of gentleman—gentleman, mark you—with an honourable name, and sufficient wealth to maintain a household, then—then—"

"What then, sir?"

"Then I will give my consent, always provided that Ethel is not engaged to another."

"You have alluded, Sir Jasper, to one of your collateral ancestors, the Marquis of Salisbury; and if your memory will carry you back to that noble's history you will remember that the daughter of his proud house loved and was beloved by her brother's squire, a young soldier with no titles but truth and honour. That was William Hastings, first knighted by the king-making Earl of Warwick, in admiration of his courage in asserting his love for Salisbury's daughter and Warwick's own sister. I need not tell you that Lord Hastings became the trusted companion of a king, was the flower of chivalry, a sound statesman, and to the end of his spotless history an honest man."

"And what has this bit of musty history to do with the matter in hand? Am I to infer that you are another William Hastings?"

"No, Sir Jasper; but, as that incident occurred in your family, it is somewhat pertinent. I mean by it this much, that as love for Salisbury's daughter was the spring that gave life and vigour to every act of Hastings, till he rose to fame and power, so shall the love of Ethel Clinton be the leading star of my life—it shall win me both wealth and honour, or find me an undishonoured grave. Till then, Sir Jasper, I bid you farewell. Here is my gage," he exclaimed with sudden vivacity, as he stooped and picked up the rose Ethel had flung to him, "and there stands Ethel," pointing to the open window, where her graceful figure was seen watching her father and lover.

"Farewell, beloved one! This is the talisman that shall work joy for both." And, waving the flower above his head and raising his hat to his love, he rushed down one of the walks, and, clearing the low wall at a leap, entered the park and disappeared at a rapid pace.

"The boy's mad!" observed the baronet as he slowly ascended the steps of the terrace, where Ethel was vainly trying to catch another view of one she might never see again.

"James," cried Sir Jasper, addressing a groom he met a few hours later on the terrace, "what is the meaning of that fife and drum I hear in the direction of the village? The lively strain has been playing for some time."

"A recruiting party, Sir Jasper; and they are picking the lads up fast."

"Indeed? Poor fools!"

"Yes, Sir Jasper; and, you'll hardly believe it, young Mr. Havering has just enlisted."

"What, Edgar?"

"Yes, Sir Jasper, Mr. Edgar. I saw him take the bounty, and he didn't seem at all ashamed."

"He's mad; I thought so in the morning. Poor fool! That position will soon take the romance out of him. Still I am heartily glad of it, as he has now placed an insurmountable barrier between him and all acquaintanceship. Oh! I am glad of this! A common soldier! Ha! ha!" And, thus muttering and reflecting, Sir Jasper resumed his afternoon walk.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR
Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[MARSHAL BERESFORD'S ORDERLY DESPATCHING THE POLISH LANCER.]

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

AFTER the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro Lord Wellington was obliged to return to the north, in consequence of Massena's movements for the relief of Almeida, while Beresford endeavoured to reduce Badajoz, but in the midst of his preparations intelligence arrived that Soult was marching upon him. Beresford at once abandoned the siege, and, having united himself with Blake, Castaños, and Ballasteros, the combined armies took position behind the Albuera, where the Seville and Olivenca roads meet.

On the westward of the ground, where the allies

determined to abide the battle, the surface undulated gently, and on the summit, and parallel with the river, their divisions were drawn up. The village of Albuera was in front of the left, and the right was formed on a succession of knolls. On the eastern side of the river an open country extends for a considerable distance, terminating in thick woods, and in these Soult bivouacked on the night of the 15th of May, 1811, and there made his dispositions for attack.

The French army, though numerically the weaker, was composed of veteran troops and amounted to 20,000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 40 pieces of cannon. The allies numbered 27,000

infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 32 guns, but of the force 14,000 were Spanish.

Beresford's position had been carefully reconnoitred by Soult on the evening of the 16th, and, with a view of attacking early in the morning, he disposed his troops on a height which formed a key to the position. A wooded hill behind Albuera, within cannon-shot of the allied right, afforded the French marshal the means of forming a strong column for attack without his design being noticed by his opponent; and so surely did darkness favour these operations that fifteen thousand men and forty guns were concentrated within half a mile of Beresford's right wing without that general either seeing a man or hearing a sound betraying the imminence of attack. The remainder of Soult's corps were placed in a wood on the banks of the Fria, to bear against Beresford's left, and, by carrying the adjacent bridge and the village of Albuera, sever the wings of the allied army. Early on the morning of the 16th Beresford made his dispositions for receiving the enemy, and this was scarcely completed before the French cavalry were perceived to be in motion, marching out of the wood opposite as if to attack the village and bridge of Albuera; but this was only a feint, for under cover of his cavalry Soult was filing the principal body of his infantry over the river, with the intention of turning the flank of the allied army. This intention was, however, perceived in time, and a new disposition made.

But this was not accomplished without considerable difficulty and danger. While the Spanish line was confusedly endeavouring to effect the difficult manœuvre of changing its front, the French, in compact order of battle, attacked them, the artillery opening a furious cannonade, the infantry firing volley after volley, and the cavalry charging at those points that were deemed the weakest. Already their ranks were wavering, and Soult, bent on completing the ruin he had commenced, ordered up the reserve and advanced all his batteries.

While these were occurring a heavy storm of rain was pouring down, which, with the smoke from the firing, rendered it impossible to discern anything distinctly, and greatly aided the enemy's manœuvres. The end was that the assaulting columns of the French gained the heights and entirely commanded the whole position of the allied army.

At this perilous moment, when, indeed, the day seemed lost, General Stewart pushed his brigade, under command of Colonel Colborne, up the hill, performing this difficult exploit in a most brilliant style, in the face of a murderous fire which was poured down upon them from the heights. On reaching the top, finding that the enemy's position could not be shaken by fire, the British formed line and advanced with the bayonet. While in the act of charging, a body of Polish Lancers, who in the mist were mistaken for Spanish cavalry, surrounded the companies, spearing right and left and causing great slaughter.

This scene of carnage, by a partial dispersion of the smoke and fog that hitherto concealed the battle-ground, was fortunately observed by General Lumley. The order was instantly given, and the cavalry galloped to the relief of the remnant of Colborne's brigade. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and boldness of the charge, nor

the success with which it was conducted. The heights were reached in an incredibly short space of time, and while the Polish lancers were still engaged in their work of slaughter they were in turn surprised and set upon with such impetuosity that in the space of a few minutes the greater portion fell beneath the sabres of the English, and the remainder fled in terror.

The mist, which had so far favoured the enemy, had at the same time obscured the field of battle from Soult, and prevented him taking immediate advantage, and exterminating the half-ruined brigade. Meanwhile Houghton's corps pushed up the heights, the artillery came forward, and a furious cannonade, together with a raking fire of musketry, was poured into the French masses. For an instant the enemy seemed paralysed, and the battalions recoiled, but it was only a momentary panic, for they quickly rallied, and came on with greater fury.

The action now became hotter than ever, the artillery of both armies was brought within almost pistol range of each other, volleys of musketry followed in quick succession, and the field became heaped with dead. The French resolutely endeavoured to gain ground, but the British would not yield an inch, and nothing could exceed the obstinacy and determination which the troops of the opposing forces displayed.

At length the inferiority of the British in point of numbers began to tell, and their ammunition being nearly exhausted caused the fire to slacken. Soult, taking advantage of this weakness, charged furiously with his cavalry, drove off our artillerymen, and captured six guns. The battle now appeared to be lost, and retreat seemed inevitable, but, after a hasty consultation with his officers, Marshal Beresford determined that another effort should be made. Accordingly the division under General Cole advanced, and with it the brigade commanded by Colonel Abercrombie. General Harvey also brought up the Portuguese regiments, and, the whole force pushing forward, the fight was renewed.

At this moment a singular and fatal blunder occurred. A Spanish and English regiment, having mistaken each other for foes, attacked one another with terrific fury, and were engaged in a work of mutual destruction precisely at that juncture when every hand was needed to repel the foe. Colonel Arbuthnot perceived the error, and at once proceeded to rectify it by one of those acts of gallantry for which British officers have ever been famous. At the moment when the firing was at its height this brave officer galloped his horse in between the double line of musketry, and by his voice and gestures explained the mistake, and stopped the firing.

Cole meanwhile, pushing up the hill, recovered the guns that had been taken, and passed the right of the skeleton of the British brigade on the same instant that Abercrombie appeared upon its left. Leaving the broken regiments in its rear, the new force came forward with imposing gallantry, and boldly confronted the French, now reinforced by a portion of its reserve, and who were, as they believed, coming forward to annihilate the feeble few that had still survived the murderous contest. From the daring attitude of the fresh regiments Soult perceived, too late, that the battle was not won, and under a tremendous fire of artillery he endeavoured to re-form his corps, in order that

they might better cope with the unexpected strength arrayed against them.

The storm of artillery with which the British were received staggered them for a moment, but for a moment only. Our fusiliers advanced upon the enemy with a murderous fire of musketry, which absolutely mowed down the French as they stood, and frustrated every effort that Soult made to open out his huddled line. Slowly but surely the English pushed forward, the volleys of musketry rolled on faster and more deadly than ever. At the distance of about twenty yards orders were given to charge with the bayonet, the firing ceased, and our soldiers rushed forward with their usual impetuosity. The slaughter was now for a minute dreadful, for the French, endeavouring to hold their position, were transfixed as they stood. At length, further opposition being useless, the enemy turned and fled, was hotly pursued, and driven across the Albuera. For a short time the battle continued at Albuera, but the French withdrew from the village, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the firing had totally ceased.

Throughout this sanguinary conflict Soult could be distinctly seen rushing into the thickest of the fight, animating and encouraging his men, and endeavouring to his utmost to turn the fortunes of the hour. The closeness of the struggle brought the British under Soult's immediate notice, and the gallant marshal, with characteristic magnanimity, declared that it was impossible to excel the bravery and excellent order of our troops. But what made the most impression upon Soult was the English cheer that fell upon his ears at the distance of a few paces only, and which it is said he afterwards recognised at Waterloo as the death-knell of French hopes.

This hard-contested and sanguinary fight lasted four hours, and the loss on both sides during this comparatively short interval was fearful. The allies lost 7000 men—4500 English and Portuguese, and 2500 Spaniards—and almost all the field officers were killed or wounded. The loss of some regiments was terrible: a brigade composed of the 29th, 48th, and 57th Regiments lost 1050 men killed and wounded, having entered the field 1400 strong. The brigade went into action led by a major-general, and with its due proportion of field officers and captains. At the close of the battle a captain commanded the brigade, the 57th and 48th Regiments were commanded by lieutenants, and the junior captain of the 29th Regiment was the senior effective officer of his corps. Not one of these regiments lost a man by the sabre or the lance; they were never driven, never thrown into confusion; they fought in line, sustaining and replying to a heavy fire, and often charging, and when at length the enemy fled the standard of these heroic battalions floated in proud though mournful triumph in the centre of their weakened but victorious lines.

The loss on the side of the enemy was even greater, amounting it is said to 10,000: between 2000 and 3000 were found dead upon the field, and five of their generals were killed or wounded. The result of the battle must have been a terrible disappointment to Soult and his soldiers; for so confident was the French marshal of success that before setting out from Seville he boasted in general orders to his army that he was going to meet and defeat the British, and he repeated this

verbally to his troops. Moreover, Philippon, the stupid governor of Seville, had made so sure of the defeat of the allies that he had ordered the whole town to be illuminated, and erected triumphal arches, and prepared other demonstrations to welcome back the victorious general!

One of the peculiarities of this battle was the presence of the Polish lancers. These desperadoes, under the influence of brandy, galloped recklessly about the field in every direction, spearing every one with whom they came in contact. Cowards at heart, and without the slightest knowledge of legitimate warfare, they were enabled under specially favouring circumstances to do considerable execution. But before the day ended our brave men who fell beneath their maniacal fury were avenged to the full: few of these bloodthirsty wretches were suffered to escape; they were overtaken in groups and cut to pieces, and as the influence of the drink which supplied them with a momentary courage wore off they showed themselves to be miserable poltroons and despicable curs.

This memorable battle gave rise at the time to much controversy as to the generalship displayed by Marshal Beresford, but, whatever his faults as a commander-in-chief may have been, his personal courage and gallantry do not admit of question. When defeat seemed all but certain no man could have made greater exertions to retrieve the day and maintain the glory of our arms. From first to last he was seen moving incessantly from regiment to regiment, exhorting officers and men not to give in. The Spaniards as usual kept in the background, and left the English to bear the brunt of the battle, and this show of cowardice so irritated Beresford that he actually seized an ensign, and dragged him forward with the colours, hoping that these worthless troops would be inspirited to follow. Not a man stirred, however, and the standard-bearer, when the marshal relaxed his grasp, instantly flew back to herd with his cold-blooded associates. At another period of the day Beresford was furiously attacked by one of the drunken Polish lancers. Dismaying to lift his sword against so unworthy a foe, the marshal seized the lancer's spear, unhorsed him by sheer strength, and his orderly dragoon despatched the fallen man with his sabre.

BATTLES OF CAPE ST. VINCENT AND CAMPERDOWN.

WE class these two renowned battles together because, though separated by an interval of eight months, they both resulted from one circumstance. At the stormy termination of 1796 it was arranged that the greatest part of the Spanish navy should sail for Brest, and, being joined by the French vessels in that port, should afterwards unite with the Dutch fleet and wreak summary vengeance on "perfidious Albion." The British government, however, took measures to thwart the whole scheme. A squadron under Sir John Jervis was appointed to blockade the port of Cadiz, where the Spanish fleet lay; and Admiral Duncan was stationed off the coast of Holland to watch the movements of the Dutch fleet in the Texel.

In February, 1797, while SIR JOHN JERVIS was yet off Lisbon, he received intelligence that the

Spaniards, with twenty-seven sail, had already issued from Cadiz. He accordingly sailed at once with nine ships, and, though one of these was nearly lost by running aground, he proceeded with his remaining eight in search of the enemy. On the 6th he was reinforced by Sir William Parker, with six ships, and on the following day by the *Culloden*, making fifteen sail of the line. Near midnight of the 13th, when off Cape St. Vincent, he was joined by Commodore Nelson, and at that solemn hour, while the signal-guns of the adversary were booming in their ears, the brave commanders planned the coming battle.

At the dawn of the 14th, while the British fleet was on the starboard tack, standing to the southward, the wind west by south, Cape St. Vincent bearing east by north at eight leagues' distance, weather hazy, the Spanish fleet was discovered extending from south-west to south. Shortly before ten it was perceived by the *Bonne Citoyenne* sloop of war that the enemy had twenty-seven ships of the line; and soon after Sir John Jervis communicated to the fleet his intention of cutting through them. Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, was ordered to lead the van. The British fleet was formed in line of battle on the starboard tack, the distance between the two fleets being about two miles. Between the eighteenth and nineteenth ships of the Spanish line there was a considerable interval; and through this gap Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, led the British fleet, opening a well-directed fire on both sides, and effectually cutting off nine sail of the enemy's line on the rear division. As soon as he had got through the line Troubridge tacked again and engaged the weather or centre division of the enemy. He was followed in this gloriously successful manoeuvre by the *Blenheim*, *Prince George*, *Orion*, and *Irresistible*, a heavy fire being now awakened in either fleet.

Nelson was in the rear of the line. He observed the van of the enemy keeping off the wind, with the evident design of forming a junction with the separated ships. He therefore wore, and made all sail to assist the *Culloden*, at that time hotly engaged. His example was followed by Collingwood, in the *Excellent*. These, with the British ships before named, turned the Spaniards, who again hauled to the wind, on the larboard tack.

The *Principe de Asturias*, 112 guns, one of the rear division, which had been cut off, and bearing the flag of a vice-admiral, made an effort to cross ahead of the *Victory*, and break the British line. This bold and creditable attempt was frustrated by the *Victory* throwing in stays. The Spaniard did the same, and as she turned her quarter to the *Victory*, while paying off, received the whole well-directed broadside of that renowned ship, at the distance of not more than two cables' length. Warned by the execution thus inflicted upon her, the Spaniard hastened to regain her station, considerably damaged.

Our van ships, which Troubridge had so gallantly led through the enemy's line, with the *Captain* and the *Excellent*, under Nelson and Cuthbert Collingwood, were all this time engaged in close and deadly combat with the enemy. The *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Leandro* successively struck to the overwhelming impetuosity of a British division with Nelson and Troubridge in command, and were taken possession of. The *San Nicolas* and *San Josef* having fallen aboard

of each other, Nelson speedily discovered it, and, with instant resolution, ran under their lee with his fore-topmast hanging over the side, put his helm down, and his ship, having no head-sail, quickly flew up in the wind, and fell on board the *San Nicolas*. This was Nelson's object. He rushed aboard the enemy at the head of his boarders and officers, carried her in a twinkling, and then proceeded to the *San Josef*, which he took in the same gallant manner, thus capturing two ships by one well-timed and brilliantly-executed manoeuvre.

The boarding of the Spanish ship is vigorously described in Nelson's latest letter:—"The soldiers of the 69th, doing duty as marines with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson, of the same regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant (Captain Miller was in the very act of going also, but I directed him to remain); he was supported from our sprit-sail yard, which hooked on the mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th Regiment having broken the upper quarter-gallery window, I jumped in myself, and was followed by others as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and some Spanish officers fired their pistols; but, having broken open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier fell as he was retreating to the quarter-deck. I pushed on immediately for the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down.

"I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pearson along the larboard gangway to the fore-castle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen: they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets opening from the admiral's stern gallery of the *San Josef*, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern, and, calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the *San Nicolas*, and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me in the main-chains. At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds. I asked him on his honour if the ship was surrendered: he declared she was, on which I gave him my hand and desired him to call on his officers and ship's company and tell them of it, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearnay, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest sang-froid, under his arm. Thus fell these two ships."

The *Santisima Trinidad* had been also completely silenced; but unaccountably was not taken possession of, and escaped.

About half-past four, P.M., the British admiral, observing that nine sail of the enemy's line which had been separated in the morning were coming down to reinforce the ships that had borne the brunt of the action, made the signal to discontinue and form the line, so as to cover the prizes, as well as our own disabled ships—the *Culloden*, the

Captain, and *Colossus*. The Spanish ships were therefore at liberty to re-unite; but, reduced to twenty-three sail of the line, they stood away on the starboard tack, and the action ceased.

The day after the action, whilst the British ships were close under Cape St. Vincent, refitting and getting the prizes in a condition to carry sail, twenty-two sail of the Spanish fleet hove in sight, and bore down in a regular line of battle, as if determined to engage the British and endeavour to rescue their unfortunate companions. They, however, thought it most safe to haul off, and, after encountering tremendous weather, retired into Cadiz.

After repairing at Lagos Bay, the British squadron sailed for Lisbon, where 3200 prisoners were landed from the four prizes, amidst the cheering shouts of the populace.

So important a victory with so decisive a disparity of force is perhaps unparalleled in our naval annals. The ability displayed by the commander was only to be equalled by the valour and adroitness of the seamen; indeed, the fire of the British was superior to that of their opponents in the proportion of five or six to one during the whole of the action. The expenditure of ammunition was something enormous, the *Culloden* consuming 170 barrels of powder, the *Captain* 146, and the *Blenheim* 180.

Our loss in this engagement, in killed and wounded, was exactly 300 men; that of the Spaniards in the captured ships alone amounted to 603, and those which escaped must also have suffered considerably.

On our part, honours were the order of the day. This battle won for Admiral Jervis the title of Earl of St. Vincent, the scene of his glory; he also received the gold chain and medal, and a pension of £3000 per annum. Vice-Admiral Thompson and Rear-Admiral Parker were created baronets; the honours of the Irish peerage were afterwards conferred upon Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, and on Commodore Nelson the Order of the Bath.

Earl St. Vincent and the officers under his command behaved as patriotically as gallantly in regard to the war. The gloom which had overspread the country consequent upon a great commercial crisis and panic was certainly dispelled by the news of the victory; but the government also needed material aid, which the glory of its fleet and commanders could not bring: in short, the public treasury needed replenishing. A subscription was therefore raised which realised a large sum to be employed as fresh sinews of war. The subscription of Earl St. Vincent and his officers alone amounted to nearly £7000, of which his lordship contributed £1000.

We have now to record the grand victory of ADMIRAL DUNCAN. It was not till the month of October, and not till the British admiral had returned to Yarmouth to refit, that the Dutch fleet put to sea. On this the English commander, who had received the most early and accurate information of the enemy's movements, suddenly returned to his former station.

The command of the enemy's fleet, which consisted of twenty-six sail, including frigates, had been confided to Admiral De Winter, who, besides his naval attainments, had distinguished himself as a soldier under General Pichegru.

No sooner had De Winter quitted the Texel than Captain Trollope, who had been stationed with a light squadron of observation at the mouth of that river, gave notice of his approach, and on the 11th of October Admiral Duncan gave orders for a general chase, when the Dutch ships were soon discovered drawn up in line of battle on the larboard tack, between Camperdown and Egmont, the land being about nine miles to the leeward.

Of the action that followed we have only the most scanty details. Admiral Duncan, whose fleet consisted of fifteen sail of the line, exclusive of frigates, finding there was no time to be lost, made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward, each ship her opponent, so that the British squadron might place itself between the enemy and the land, which they were fast approaching. The admiral's signal was obeyed with promptitude. Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, bore down on the enemy's rear in the most gallant manner, his division following his example, and the action commenced about forty minutes past twelve o'clock. The *Venerable* soon got through the enemy's line, and a close action was begun on their van, which lasted near two hours and a half, when all the masts of the Dutch admiral's ship were observed to go by the board; she was, however, bravely defended for some time, but, being overpressed by numbers, her colours were struck, and Admiral De Winter was brought on board the *Venerable*; soon after the ship bearing the vice-admiral's flag was also dismasted, and surrendered to Vice-admiral Onslow; and these, with three of sixty-eight guns, two of sixty-four, two of fifty-six, and two vessels of inferior force, were taken possession of by the English.

In the early part of the action Rear-Admiral Story, who commanded the centre division of the Dutch fleet, fled for the Texel in the *States-General*, of seventy-four guns, with part of his division, and afterwards made a merit of having saved, at all events, a portion of the fleet.

This action, which was gallantly contested by the principal part of the enemy's fleet, proved one of the most brilliant and decisive in our naval annals. The British squadron suffered much in masts, yards, and rigging, and many of the ships lost a number of men, but in no proportion to the loss of the enemy. The carnage on board the two ships that bore the Dutch admirals' flags was beyond all description, and did not amount to less than 250 killed and wounded in each ship. The total loss of the British amounted to 191 killed, including the brave Captain Burgess, with 560 wounded.

Thanks from both Houses of Parliament greeted the arrival of the gallant sailors; many of the captains were gratified by medals; the venerable admiral was rewarded by the king with the dignity of Viscount Camperdown, and a pension of three thousand pounds per annum; while Vice-Admiral Onslow was created a baronet, and Captains Trollope and Fairfax knights banneret.

Perhaps we cannot better conclude this article than by a personal account of the two gallant admirals that entered the ranks of the peerage in reward for these victories. Both were rigid disciplinarians, and, considering the "rough lot" they had to deal with, no better men could be

found for holding the command. But, while Jervis was all iron, Duncan had the hardness and the brightness of steel. Let the following anecdotes, perfectly true, show the distinguishing features of the two leaders:—

It was during the blockade at Cadix that the mutiny which had ceased to exist at home broke out in Lord St. Vincent's fleet. St. Vincent repressed it with a promptitude and severity which has not always been called righteous. Two men on board the *St. George* were seized as ringleaders in an uproar occasioned by the condemnation of two of their shipmates for a breach of the twenty-ninth article of war. A court-martial was appointed to be held upon them the following day, and as the prisoners passed to the ship in which they were to be tried, Lord St. Vincent said to them, "My friends, I hope you are innocent; but, if guilty, I recommend you instantly to set about making your peace with God, for, if you are condemned, and there is daylight to hang you, you will die this day." They were found guilty, but, as it was late when the trial was over, the president of the court-martial gave them till Monday morning to prepare themselves—the next day being Sunday. This respite was reversed by Lord St. Vincent. He ordered the men for execution the following day, at nine o'clock. "He also commanded," says Captain Brenton, "that as soon as the culprits were suspended at the yard-arm every ship in the fleet should proceed to the performance of divine service. Accordingly, at the appointed time the fatal gun was fired, and the unhappy men were run up in the midst of the smoke of it. Each ship hoisted a pendant at her mizen-peak, the signal for divine service; and all were assembled at prayers."

Perhaps it was fortunate that the awful solemnity of this scene was broken or diverted by the guns of the enemy. The Spaniards had become aware of our dissensions, had seen the men executed, and seized the opportunity to send out their gun-boats against the inshore squadron. Consequently, the moment prayers were concluded the men were ordered to man all the boats, and proceed to the place of action: an order which they obeyed with all the greater alacrity, because it turned their minds from the dreadful hour just past. The Spaniards were driven back into Cadiz with much loss and more confusion.

Contrast the genial Admiral Duncan:—

Just before the battle of Camperdown the *Nassau* and *Montague*, two ships of his squadron, refused to put to sea, as their wages were in arrears. Their example was caught and followed by the other ships, so that the *Venerable* and *Adamant*, whose crews alone remained loyal and steady in their duty to the country, were left to proceed by themselves up the Texel, whither Duncan, unattended as he was, immediately repaired. In this critical position Duncan brought stratagem to supply the place of numbers, for, making a variety of signals, as if to ships in the offing, he deceived his opponent, De Winter, into the belief, as he afterwards confessed, that he was blockaded by a squadron superior to his own. About this time the only symptom of mutiny that was ever observed on board the *Venerable* made its appearance. A plot to carry the ship home was actually on foot, but discovered and reported by some of the gunner's crew. The admiral, as he had been compelled to do more than once be-

fore during this critical period, ordered all hands to be called on deck, and proceeded to address them in the firmest and, at the same time, in the coolest terms. After addressing them for a few minutes upon the folly as well as the disloyalty and shame of such mutinous conduct, he ordered six men who were charged with being the ringleaders of the plot to stand before him, and concluded by addressing them as follows:—"My lads," said he, "I am not in the least apprehensive of any violent measures you may have in contemplation, and though, I do assure you, I would much rather obtain your love than your fear, I will with my own hand shoot the first man who displays a symptom of rebellious conduct." Then turning round suddenly upon one of the mutineers, "Do you want, sir," said he, "to take the command of the ship out of my hands?" "Yes, sir," replied the man, with an unblushing front. The admiral's sword was drawn; he raised it. Heaven knows whether he would not have killed the mutinous seaman on the spot had not his arm been arrested by the chaplain and secretary. The blow—luckily, perhaps, though it would have been perfectly justifiable—was arrested; the admiral did not attempt to make a second, but called to the ship's company, in a voice shaken by the agitations of the moment, "Let those who will stand by me and my officers pass over to starboard, that we may see who are our friends and who our enemies." In an instant the whole crew, except the six fomenters of the mutiny, had gone over to the starboard side. Duncan sheathed his sword. The culprits were seized, put in irons, and confined in the gun-room, but were afterwards liberated one by one, as the signs of true regret appeared. It was thus, and by such judicious lenity, that he endeared himself to a faithful crew, who, in the very focus of tumult, and amidst the reproaches of the tumultuous, stood firm and uncorruptible to their duty.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A HUMAN HOG-IN-ARMOUR.

In a skirmish with the Turks a Flemish cornet, named Von Zedlitz, was attacked by twelve of the enemy and struck to the ground. When he had wounded one of them through the arm they wrung his sword from him, and endeavoured to loose his armour, but, as he was armed with a whole cuirass, no one could strip him; else, without doubt, they would have sabred and cut him to pieces. As it was, they made him prisoner, and carried him off among them a good quarter of a mile, and then, setting him in his cuirass on a baggage mule, carried him to the head-quarters of the Turkish emperor.

When they entered the camp crowds began to stare at the figure of a man in full harness, cuirass and headpiece, all screwed up, so that there was nothing but sheer iron to be seen. One of the bystanders asked him what he could do with such a load of iron upon him. He answered, "If I had a horse, and were loose and free, you would quickly see what I could do." Being desired to touch the ground with his fist, he did so, but the

girth of the baggage saddle burst, and he fell with a crash to the ground. The laughter of the Turks, however, was turned to wonder when he rose nimbly, and, without a run, jumped in his heavy armour upon the tall mule.

When he was brought before the Grand Vizier the latter ordered him to be taken out of his armour, but its fastenings were too complicated for the Turks, and he remained armed till questioned by the Sultan himself. On receiving an assurance of safety he showed the interpreter two little side-screws, on loosening which the cuirass fell to pieces. He was afterwards ordered to exhibit himself in full cuirass, armed at all points for fight, and to prove whether in this fashion he could, without vantage, raise himself from the ground. Next day, mules and several kicking horses being produced, Von Zedlitz laid himself on the ground with his cuirass screwed, and, rising nimbly, sprang on a horse. This feat he repeated several times.

But (in another sense) Von Zedlitz was *steel inside as well as out*. When asked whether, if liberated, he would still make war upon the Sultan, he answered, "More hotly than ever." The Sultan replied, "You shall be free, my man, and make war on me as you will for the rest of your life."

After very handsome treatment during a month's captivity, Von Zedlitz was released without ransom.

A REAL PHANTOM SHIP.

WHEN a steamboat was first introduced at Trinidad, the governor, Sir Ralph Woodford, patronised the venture by taking a trip of pleasure in her through some of the inland streams into the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande there was no one on deck but Sir Ralph and the man at the helm. When they were in the middle of the passage a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf at that period, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable, but what was their surprise when they observed that on nearing the coast the privateer never tacked, and finally that she ran herself directly on shore, her crew at the same time leaping out over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off as if they were mad, some up the mountains and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight that Sir Ralph ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close the vessel appeared deserted; Sir Ralph went on board of her, and, after searching various parts without finding any one, he opened a little side cabin and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with a broken limb. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end. "*Misericordia! Misericordia! Ave Maria!*" faltered forth the South American. "Do you know who I am?" asked the governor, in Spanish.

"The — the — O sir — *misericordia!* — *Ave Maria!*" answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter: that they saw a vessel apparently following them with only two persons on board, and steering, without a single sail,

directly against wind and tide; that they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep roaring noise and saw an unusual agitation of the water, and accordingly drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror and escaped as they could; that he himself was not able to move, and that when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps he verily believed he had fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.

Only that the man was ill, and therefore a little subdued, one would have thought this the best company for a smuggler to fall into.

A JUVENILE HERO.

THE following affecting anecdote is introduced in the work ascribed to Louis Bonaparte on the government of Holland:—

"During the fatal explosion of the *Orient* the conduct and death of the young Casabianca were deserving of remark. This boy, whose age did not exceed thirteen, displayed the utmost activity. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors, and when the firing happened to be impeded, in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

"He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the *Orient*, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself and called loudly on his father to tell him if he could leave his post, like the rest, without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. 'I must die—I will die with my father!' answered the generous child. 'There is but a moment remaining,' observed the sailor; 'I shall have great difficulty in saving myself. Adieu!' The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up with the young Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis on landing at Alexandria."

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF SOLDIERS' REGARD FOR THEIR OFFICERS.

IN June, 1805, orders were issued for Colonel Tottenham and four subalterns of the 78th to join the battalion in India. The day before the colonel left the regiment the soldiers held conferences with each other in the barracks, and in the evening several deputations were sent to him, entreating him in the most earnest manner either to make application to be allowed to remain with them, or to obtain permission for them to accompany him. He returned his acknowledgment for their attachment and for their spirited offer; but, as duty required his presence in India, while their ser-

voices were at present confined to this country, they must therefore separate for some time. The next evening, when the colonel went from the barracks to the town of Hythe to take his seat in the coach for London, two-thirds of the soldiers, and officers in the same proportion, accompanied him, all of them complaining of being left behind. They so crowded round the coach as to impede its progress for a considerable length of time, till at length the coachman was obliged to urge his horses onward, and force his way through them. Upon this the soldiers, who hung by the wheels, horses, harness, and coach doors, gave way, and allowed a passage. There was not a dry eye among the younger part of them. Such a scene as this, exhibited by more than 600 men, and in the streets of a town, could not pass unnoticed, and was quickly reported to General Moore, whose mind was always alive to the advantage derived from mutual confidence and esteem between officers and soldiers. The circumstance was quite suited to his chivalrous mind. He laid the case before the commander-in-chief, who, equally appreciating the incident and its bearings, ordered that for the present there should be no separation, and that Colonel Tottenham should return to the battalion in which he had so many friends ready to follow him to the cannon's mouth, and when brought in front of an enemy either to compel them to fly or perish on the field.

A SAVAGE PASSENGER.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, of the *Urania*, when rounding the south of New Zealand, observed three large canoes, containing seventy or eighty men, making for his ship with all haste. The first having approached within a short distance, Tippahoe, the chief, stood up and by signs desired to come on board. Captain Reynolds, suspecting some treacherous intention, returned signs of refusal, but as the canoe came alongside the resolute savage sprang upon deck, from which he waved off all three canoes. Being asked what he wanted, he replied, in broken English, "Go Europe, see King George." The captain, however, not wishing to be embarrassed with such a guest, and knowing how well all these islanders swim, ordered three of the stoutest seamen to cast him overboard. Tippahoe, understanding their design, threw himself flat on the deck, and, seizing hold of two iron ring-bolts, grasped them with such surprising force that it was found impossible to remove him without maiming him, which of course Captain Reynolds would not permit. He still persisted to go see King George; and Captain Reynolds, unable to land him on any part of the coast, was obliged to bring his unwelcome guest to Europe.

Tippahoe, though gentle and tractable, was easily roused, and on one occasion, being teased by a burly tar, he seized the culprit by the neck and shoulders and, holding him above his head for some moments, dashed him on the deck with great violence. Tippahoe was nevertheless a favourite among the crew. He also evinced a strong attachment to the captain, who fell overboard near Montevideo, and, being unable to swim, soon disappeared, but Tippahoe plunged at once into the waves and saved him.

A GENEROUS OFFICER.

At a review on the Champs de Mars of Algiers a private incurred a just punishment for disrespectful language to his colonel. One year later

he was doing duty as a sentinel at an outpost at Kabylia. The colonel, now general and commanding officer of the district, rode slowly by. It was twilight. A ball whizzed within a few inches of him, but lodged in a tree. The general rode straight up to the sentinel, who fell on his knees and prayed for mercy. "Silence!" was his reply. "They are coming; you will be lost." The patrolling party, having heard the shot, came up while he was speaking. "It's nothing," said the general. "I was trying the new cartouches; I fancied they might be damp." The culprit is at this moment valet to the worthy general, and wears the ball, which he extracted from the tree, constantly round his neck, only so roughened as to cause a constant irritation of the skin, which, he says, reminds him of his attempted crime and of his general's mercy.

A HIGHLANDER AT COURT.

At the battle of Quebec a brave soldier, Macpherson, with his trusty *ferrara* mowed down whole ranks of the French. His captain, who had marked the incredible valour of the gallant Caledonian, saw him, after the fate of the glorious day was decided, set himself down by a heap of Frenchmen slain by his valiant arm, wipe the dust and sweat from his sun-burnt brow, and refresh himself with a hearty pinch from his snuff-mill. The king, on the regiment's return to Britain, expressed a desire to see this brave old Highlander, who being introduced by his captain, his Majesty presented his hand to Donald to kiss. Honest Donald, unacquainted with the ceremonial of courts, and thinking the king asked him for a pinch of snuff, clapped his horn into the monarch's fist, accompanying it with a hearty squeeze. The king laughed heartily, accepted of a pinch, made Donald a lieutenant, and gave him half-pay for life.

RELIGIOUS PERSUASION.

At a naval court-martial the following dialogue took place between one of the witnesses and the court:—"Are you a Catholic?" asked the court. "No, sir." "Are you a Protestant?" "No, sir." "What are you, then?" "Captain of the foretop."

WELLINGTON AND HIS CRITIC.

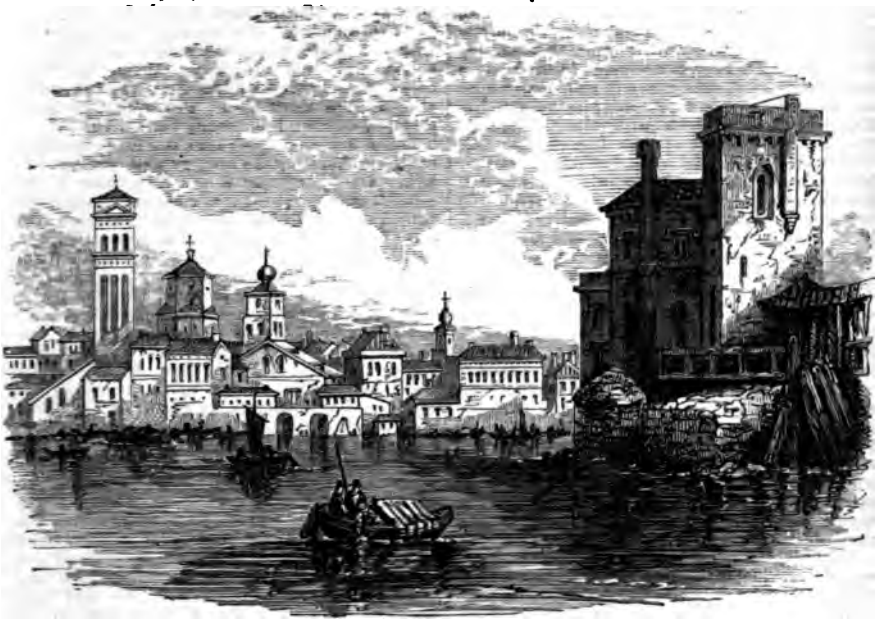
CERTAIN letters in a morning journal criticised with much severity the military movements of Lord Wellington's Spanish campaign, and he discovered the author to be no other than Sir Charles Stewart, the late Lord Londonderry. For this breach of the articles of war he summoned Sir Charles to head-quarters at Torres Vedras, and, without the least preface, addressed him thus:—

"Charles Stewart, I have ascertained, with deep regret, that you are the author of the letters which appeared in a morning journal abusing me and finding fault with my military plans."

Lord Wellington here paused for a moment and then continued:—

"Now, Stewart, you know your brother Castle-reagh is my best friend, to whom I owe everything; nevertheless, if you continue to write letters to the papers, by G— I will send you home."

The brave Sir Charles shed tears at this rebuke, and for the future had a salutary dread of rushing into print.



[PAVIA, FROM THE RIVER TICINO.]

KING FRANCIS THE FIRST.

ONE of the boldest spirits of the sixteenth century was Francis the First. Ascending the French throne before he was twenty-one years old, he at once plunged into the whirlpool of love, war, religion, and politics. No wonder that, with all the romance of the Middle Ages clinging round him, he seems to have hurried from a bower of roses to gird on his knightly sword, but only to find himself confused and overmatched by the monk's cowl and the statesman's pen.

He began his martial career by crossing the Alps with a powerful army and attacking the Northern Italians at Marignano. The battle raged for some hours after sunset, and was continued on the morrow. Francis behaved with the greatest valour, and during a suspension of hostilities he slept for a time on the carriage of a cannon in the midst of the enemy. After tremendous carnage, including about 12,000 of the Swiss alone in the ranks of his adversaries, he was hailed the victor, and shortly entered Milan in triumph. It was in this battle that he received knighthood at the hands of his own general, the gallant Chevalier Bayard, whose deeds we have narrated at page 100 of this volume.

These successes, however, bore fruits that embittered the remainder of his existence. He had set his foot on a soil more soaked with brothers' blood than any known spot on the face of the earth, for in those few hundred square miles Germans against Germans, Italians against Italians rushed to the fatal charge, indifferent whether they fought under French or Spanish

banners. Our hero was quickly confronted by a rival whose fate it was to make him drink the cup of humiliation to its dregs.

He had reigned only four years when King Charles V. of Spain was elected Emperor of Germany. In two more years war ensued between the rival monarchs; Charles quickly retook Milan, the noble Bayard fell, and the French were driven out of Italy. Charles then invaded France and laid siege to Marseilles, but the city was not to be conquered, and his great general, Pescara, was forced to retreat. It was, indeed, a dangerous march, for the French king followed close at his heels, and, again taking possession of Milan, proceeded to attack Pavia.

The commandant who defended Pavia, Don Antonio de Leyva, most obstinately maintained his position against the besiegers during the entire winter until February, 1625. By this time the imperial army was reinforced by a strong body of 15,000 lancers from Germany under the command of the brave warrior George of Frundsberg, when a combined attack was made upon the French king. Francis imagined that the rear of his army was perfectly secured by a wood enclosed within an extensive strong wall; Pescara, however, caused a road to be cut through the entire forest during the night, and with the dawn of morning his troops rushed upon the surprised enemy and completely overthrew them at this point. At the same time Leyva made a sally from the citadel itself, whilst two of the imperial generals made an attack in another quarter, and the entire French army was put to the rout.

Francis had his horse killed under him, and he

continued fighting on foot, defending himself against a host of Spaniards who had surrounded him without knowing the royal chivalric warrior they were endeavouring to overcome. Fortunately for the king, a French nobleman in the adverse army came up at this moment, and, recognising the sinking monarch, summoned him to surrender. This he refused to do, but with reluctance desired him to send for Launoy, the imperial general. The combatants paused until that officer arrived, when the king resigned his sword into his hands. Launoy received it kneeling, and, giving the monarch his own in exchange, said, "It is not becoming that so great a king should stand unarmed before a subject of the emperor."

Francis was conveyed a captive to Madrid and closely guarded. Here he preferred remaining, and even ending his days, to signing the harsh conditions on which he might obtain liberty. His health, however, began to suffer, and the lofty-minded Charles could not tolerate the idea of a royal captive pining to death. The rivals met; other sovereigns interceded; and after an imprisonment of one year and twenty-one days Francis was released. He was exchanged for his two sons in a boat in the midst of the stream which separates France and Spain. Instantly upon touching the opposite shore he mounted a horse, and, waving his hand over his head, exclaimed, "I am yet a king!"

He had obtained his liberty by promising to cede the province of Burgundy, but on his evading that promise the emperor challenged him to single combat as a perjured prince and a disgrace to his noble birth. Hostilities again ensued between them, each more or less animated by unjustifiable ambition; but, whoever was most worthy of censure, the unfortunate subjects of both paid the penalty.

Francis died, after a turbulent career, on the last day of March, 1547. His age was 53. He may, by thoughtless lips, be called a great king, but a great king may be little as a man. To measure Francis, let his own sense of honour be the gauge. Take him from his dazzling court, strip off his imposing armour, look into his inmost heart, and you see the coward who could kneel before the altar and swear on the Holy Bible to keep faith with Charles—then break his word—then plead a papal absolution, *obtained beforehand*, that warranted him to break it!

THE TWO BEARS OF GURRUG.

MAJOR ROBINSON and Captain Campbell, while marching with their regiment from Belgium to Dharwar, in India, had their horses attacked by two bears of unusual size. They were attacked in return, but managed to escape unhurt down the side of a rocky hill.

On the regiment arriving at Dharwar scouts were despatched to scour the country, and intelligence was gained that the hiding-place of the animals had been discovered about fifteen miles off.

Major Robinson, Captain Campbell, and Dr. Macphoe immediately started on horseback, and fortunately reached the ground before the beasts had been disturbed. They were lying asleep in a snug corner under cover of a projecting rock, and they might both have been despatched with-

out trouble but for the hardihood of the doctor, who fired a shot at them before they were properly surrounded. The wounded bear started up with a loud roar, and made off at an awkward gallop, while his companion, putting her head between her legs, rolled over the edge of the rock, plunged into thick cover, and, although hotly pursued, succeeded in making her escape.

Major Robinson then gave chase to the wounded bear, and, knowing the country well, managed to head him by cutting across a shoulder of the hill. The moment the major showed himself the animal rose on his hind legs with a savage growl and prepared to do battle. The major fired, but the shot missed its mark, and the enraged animal sprang towards his antagonist, at whom he aimed a blow with his enormous paw, but, the major slipping quickly aside, the bear overleapt himself and stumbled, the major accelerating his descent to earth by a vigorous blow from the butt-end of his rifle. The bear, still more enraged than before, was up again and facing his foe, evidently intending to give him that hug from which a man seldom escapes with life. The major, noticing the intention, kept on his legs until the bear was close upon him, when he threw himself suddenly to the earth, and the animal again fell forward, the major as he did so wounding him in one of the hind legs with his knife, which he had contrived to open. Before the animal could recover his surprise, and get the better of his pain, Major Robinson had slipped behind an adjacent tree. He had here leisure to reload his rifle, while the large trunk kept him entirely concealed from view. The major, having reloaded his rifle, ventured to look forth from his hiding-place, when he saw the bear again on his legs, looking about him as if to discover his tormentor. The major fired and grazed the animal's skull, when, with redoubled rage, he rose again on his hind legs and howled savagely as before. The major now, calculating that this was his last chance, took deliberate aim, and sent a bullet right through his head. He uttered one roar, the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth, and, sinking to the ground with his head between his fore-paws, as if composing himself to sleep, he expired without a struggle.

Major Robinson now rejoined his companions, who had indeed been looking for him, and the three now commenced a tedious chase after the bear that had escaped, and, with infinite trouble, succeeded in tracking her through a dense underwood to another hill about a mile from the one on which she had been started.

Here all traces were lost of her among the rocks, but the nature of the ground afforded some clue to further search. The hill was composed of a rugged pile of enormous stones, intermixed with brushwood, and presented a perpendicular face of scarped rock from thirty to forty feet high, along the face of which ran a ledge about two feet wide, which the natives informed the hunters led to some deep fissures likely to afford shelter to the hunted bear. The three pursuers now felt satisfied that they had tracked the animal to her lair, and laid their plans accordingly.

It was arranged that Captain Campbell and the doctor should proceed along the ledge of the rock, accompanied by a skilful tracker, while Major Robinson guarded the only apparent outlet

at the opposite extremity, and that the natives who accompanied them should take up commanding positions on various parts of the hill to observe the motions of the bear, in the event of her attempting to break away by some other pass that might have escaped notice.

Major Robinson was making his way to his post through the tangled brushwood that skirted the base of the rock, and Captain Campbell climbed some distance up the hill for the purpose of stationing the look-out man, when the doctor, who had been left on the ledge at the top of the precipice, moved forward a few paces to obtain a view beyond a projecting point of rock that concealed the remainder of the rugged pathway. He had hardly thrust his neck beyond the impediment, when he drew back with an exclamation of astonishment, and, levelling his long fuses, shouted at the top of his voice, "Come here, some of you, come here; the virago is grinning in my very face."

"Hold your hand, doctor," cried Captain Campbell, "till I get down to you."

"I cannot," answered the doctor. "The beast is coming at me with every hair on her back standing on end, and she is almost gripping me."

"Then," returned Captain Campbell, "reserve your fire till she is close to you, and make sure work of it."

But the words were scarcely uttered when the doctor's piece exploded, and the bear, uttering a savage roar, rushed forward at a swift pace. She was evidently hard hit, for her fore-quarters were streaming with blood, but she was still strong and active.

The moment she came in sight Major Robinson fired, but with unsteady aim, for the bullet, rebounding from a rock under the bear's feet, went whistling idly over the hill.

"The spare gun! the spare gun!" shouted the doctor to the native who had been stationed near him, holding out his discharged weapon with one hand to fend off the enraged bear, and extending the other behind him to grasp the spare gun carried by his attendant. But the cowardly knave had fled at the first appearance of danger, and was already a hundred yards from the spot.

The bear was now pressing hard upon the doctor, and, seizing the barrel of the gun in her teeth, wrenched it out of his hands. Another moment, and his head would have been between her jaws; but the doctor, with great presence of mind, sprang boldly over the precipice, alighting on the top of a thick bush, which broke his fall, and, although stunned and bleeding, he reached the ground without sustaining any material injury. The bear, to the astonishment of all, also took the leap without hesitation, and was on the point of seizing her unresisting victim, when Captain Campbell, who had by this time reached the ledge overhead, levelled his rifle with his accustomed coolness, and the shot was answered by a hoarse bubbling cry that relieved every mind from a load of anxiety, for, although by those on the lower ground nothing could be seen of either the doctor or the bear, owing to the thick underwood that intervened, that peculiar cry was the sure tell-tale of the death-wound having been administered.

On reaching the spot where the doctor lay he was found just recovering his senses, and struggling violently to disengage himself from the car-

case of the bear, which was lying across him quite dead, with the doctor's cap firmly grasped between her paws. It appeared that she was in the very act of seizing the doctor by the head when Captain Campbell fired with such admirable coolness and precision. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell dead with the cap in her mouth, leaving the head uninjured. The poor doctor was so stunned and confused that it was some time before he could be made to understand that his formidable antagonist was actually dead; and he sat for at least ten minutes gazing in stupefied wonder at the bleeding carcass before he could find words to return thanks for his almost miraculous escape.

A DARING AND DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

EARLY in the year 1802 a Cornish gentleman of unsettled habits and enterprising disposition, named Penruddock, chartered a small vessel called the *Petrel*, and set sail on a roving expedition, with no other intention than seeing as much as he could, and touching at as many places as were accessible.

After several minor adventures he arrived at the harbour of San Juan de Nicaragua. It was scarcely daylight when he entered the port, and before discovering two large schooners he was under their guns. The appearance of these vessels alarmed Penruddock and his crew, but it was too late to recede, and he had scarcely come to an anchor when the *Petrel* was boarded by a large boat full of people. The officer in command of the boat ordered the *Petrel* alongside the schooner to be searched, and assumed as much importance as if he had made a valuable capture.

On the following day Penruddock underwent an examination before the commandant of the fort respecting the object of his voyage, and, after a tedious examination, the Englishman was told that he was at liberty to depart whenever he chose.

The schooners were the *Flor-del-Mer*, mounting ten guns, and the *Estrella*, mounting eight guns: they had been originally American privateers, the smaller of them having a crew of fifty men. The captain of the first-mentioned vessel, desirous of information, insisted upon Penruddock breakfasting with him, and during the time of the repast the man on the look-out at the masthead descried a sail to windward. In a moment all was hurry, bustle, and confusion; and the captain of the *Estrella* commenced questioning Penruddock in a distrustful manner. It was in vain that the Englishman asserted he knew nothing of the approaching vessel; his protestations were disbelieved. A few minutes, however, served to show that the strange sail belonged to a brig of war, and immediately preparations were made for action.

As Penruddock's liberty and property were now at stake, he went to the commandant of the fort, and requested that the *Petrel* should be taken over the bar into the river for safety, offering in return the services of his crew to assist in working the guns of the fort, and tendering his own services to the captain of the *Estrella*. The commandant coolly replied that his officers strongly suspected Penruddock to be a spy for the vessel

now in sight, but that if he assisted in repulsing her, that would, in some measure, remove the impression.

By this time the schooners were moored with their broadsides completely commanding the entrance of the harbour. Their commanders ordered the red flag to be hoisted, which was immediately answered by a similar defiance from the vessel in the offing. Penruddock could now see that the vessel was the *Centinela*, belonging to the republic of Buenos Ayres.

The Spaniards immediately began to fire from the battery and from both schooners, while the brig advanced silently and steadily towards them, with the evident intention of boarding. Fortunately for the Spaniards, the breeze died away almost to a calm at the moment when the *Centinela* came in contact with the current setting out of the river; consequently she was under the necessity of letting go an anchor within musket-shot of the fort and schooners. After an action which lasted nearly four hours, the *Centinela*, taking advantage of a breeze that sprang up, contrived to drift away out of reach of the guns, and finally got clear off.

After the action the officers of the *Flor-del-Mer* came on board the *Estrella* to congratulate the captain on his victory, or rather his escape from defeat. One of the officers, going up to Penruddock, and looking him steadily in the face, falsely swore that he knew him, and called out to have him seized, saying that he was a prize-master belonging to the *Centinela*, who had lately taken his vessel and plundered his person, under the worst circumstances of aggravation and insult. Penruddock indignantly denied this false accusation in vain: he was carried on board the other schooner, put in irons, and the crew were desired to see if any of them could recognise him. Thereupon a hard-featured villainous-looking fellow stepped forward, and accused Penruddock of being the sailmaker of the brig in question, and said that he would swear that when he was boarded and captured on his last voyage from the Havannah to Truxillo Penruddock had, in his insatiable thirst for plunder, cut his trousers, in which he had a number of doubloons, with a boarding-knife, and nearly murdered him.

This was considered sufficient evidence, and, after undergoing a mock trial, Penruddock was ordered to be executed on the following morning. At sunrise, therefore, he was conducted by a sergeant and six men to the back of the fort. Arrived there, he was ordered to sit upon an empty cask placed in a certain position, and the commandant addressed him, telling him that he had been regularly tried, and found guilty on sufficient evidence, that the punishment was death, and that he had better prepare himself, as in half an hour he would cease to live. The soldiers were then ordered to load their pieces, and were drawn up in a line at a distance of twelve yards. The sergeant then came forward to blindfold Penruddock with a handkerchief, but the courageous Englishman refused to submit to this, saying that, as an innocent man and a subject of Great Britain, he could die without being blindfolded.

Every tongue was now hushed, and the soldiers stood with their pieces aimed, awaiting the signal to fire. Penruddock was in the act of offering up his last prayer, when suddenly the splashing of oars was heard, and a large boat, hitherto con-

cealed by the bushes and bamboos, appeared close to the party.

The commandant ordered the execution to be suspended, and the boat proved to be a government express with a reinforcement under the command of an officer who was to supersede the present commander.

Penruddock was now examined by the new commandant, and was told that he would be sent to San Carlos, where his case would be heard, and all justice done him. To San Carlos he was accordingly transported, and after a bungling examination there he was ordered to be sent across the lake to Granada. At Granada Penruddock underwent two examinations before the governor, who seemed to be fairly puzzled, and resolved upon sending the accused to Leon. Arrived at Leon, he was immediately conducted to the Government House, and lodged into an apartment, where Don Miguel Seravia made his appearance. The governor addressed Penruddock with the urbanity and mildness of a gentleman, inquiring in good English what unfortunate circumstance had induced him to enter the harbour of San Juan. Encouraged by his manner, Penruddock then briefly narrated to him everything that had happened to him then and subsequently. The governor seemed convinced of his innocence in a moment, expressed dissatisfaction at the stupidity of the commandants who had ordered him forward, and told him that he should forthwith return by the same route.

In a few days Penruddock was offered a passage in a small schooner which was about to leave the island with government despatches. All went well for some time, when the vessel became becalmed, and in that condition she was suddenly set upon by a large piratical row-boat, containing a numerous crew of ferocious desperadoes of all colours. Without the means of effectual resistance, and being suddenly taken at a disadvantage, the crew had no alternative but quietly to submit to their fate. Having taken away everything valuable, the pirates ordered those in the vessel to leave her and get into a leaky old canoe which lay alongside, and await their further pleasure at a small desert island at a little distance off.

When in the act of going over the schooner's side one of the pirates took a fancy to the jacket which Penruddock wore, which he pulled off and threw at the pirate's feet in a disdainful way, saying, "Take it." Not relishing the manner in which the request was complied with, the pirate, without ceremony, struck a violent blow at Penruddock's head with a cutlass, and the blow sent him reeling into the canoe in a state of insensibility. When Penruddock recovered his recollection he found that he had instinctively put himself into an attitude of defence, the pirate, meanwhile, taking deliberate aim at him with a pistol, which on being fired happily missed its aim. In the meantime the rowers of the canoe kept pulling away from the vessel.

After about an hour's hard row the fugitives got to Sandy Island, but, having no doubt that the pirates, after plundering and burning the schooner, would complete their crime by murdering the defenceless crew, they determined upon endeavouring to effect their escape. Stopping the leaks in their crazy canoe in the best manner they could, they got her round to the side of the island opposite to that on which the

schooner was being plundered, and, keeping the island interposed between them during the night, in the course of which they saw the light of the schooner burning, they rowed in the direction of the island of Cuba, the south side of which they managed to reach, and, entering a small creek, they waded for some distance through mud and swamps until they came to a small Spanish outpost, where they were well treated, and shortly afterwards sent across to the island of Havannah, whence Penruddock and his companions readily obtained a passage to England.

Penruddock landed at his native place literally without a shilling; but it happened that during his absence a rich uncle had died, leaving him heir to large estates and property, so that our adventurous voyager was rendered rich and happy for the rest of his days.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER III.—FRIENDS IN A NEW POSITION.

"You have a man in your company of the name of Havering, have you not, Nimmo?"

"Of course, sergeant. Why, he's our smartest man, learnt his drill in no time, and, though only four months in the regiment, is our fugleman. Why?"

"And where is he now?" demanded the other.

"Out on fatigue duty, burying the dead."

"Our loss has not been heavy, so that work won't take long," replied the first speaker, Sergeant-Major Brown, addressing a non-commissioned officer of the grenadier company of the 6th on the afternoon of the day of the battle.

"You forget, Brown, that the enemy has left us the same duty to do for them."

"I thought they had only fallen back behind the village, and would have sent a flag of truce for leave to bury their dead," rejoined Brown, looking over the lately-contested field, now left to a few stark bodies of men and horses that here and there dotted its surface, to a party of men digging a long trench-like grave, and to an irregular line of pickets, who, either leaning on their muskets or moving sentry-fashion backwards and forwards, guarded the silent field.

"Fallen back, sergeant? Why, it was a regular retreat—a perfect scamper at the double for ten miles to Reggio. Our dragoons followed them half the distance, and then thought it prudent to return, lost the enemy, seeing our handful of cavalry, should in very shame take heart of grace and turn on their pursuers."

"A wise precaution. What party is this returning with mattock and spade from their labours?" inquired Brown, pointing to a number of men who in fatigue dress were seen wandering back to quarters.

"The very man we want, sergeant. That tall well-made fellow on the left of the first line, with the hand-barrow, and a mattock on his shoulder,

is your man Havering," replied Nimmo, as the party of workers approached the spot where the two non-commissioned officers were standing.

"Havering," said Sergeant Brown, tapping the young man on the shoulder, "you must report yourself at head-quarters; the colonel wants to see you."

"Me, sergeant? The colonel wants me?" asked Edgar, in considerable astonishment, while certain fears that he had exceeded his duty in the course of the day, in taking the liberty of ordering his comrades to fire on the French dragoons, flashed across his mind. These thoughts seriously annoyed him, as he had resolved in this his first action to perform his duty to the letter and gain credit from his officers for good conduct and soldierly obedience. "When, if you please, sergeant, am I to report myself to the colonel?" he added respectfully.

"Directly. Return your tools into store and go at once," suggested the other.

Thanking the sergeant for the advice, Edgar hastened to the commissariat tent, gave up his implements, and, without stopping to alter his dress, took his way to the marquee of the colonel, which stood in the centre of the rows of tents that formed the quarters of his regiment.

"A rebuke, perhaps a reprimand, on the day of my first field," Edgar soliloquised as he walked slowly from the scene of the late battle. "This is not fulfilling the solemn promise I made in my own and Ethel's name, to perform well and to the letter every duty appertaining to a soldier, making love the impulse and truth and honour the sword and buckler of my career."

"Who goes there? The sign."

Looking up with a start, he beheld a fixed bayonet within an inch of his breast, and a determined-looking sentry on guard within a few feet of the entrance to the marquee.

"Pass the word to the orderly, if you please, that Private Havering, of the grenadier company, is here according to orders," Edgar instantly replied, after giving the countersign.

"Pass," was the curt reply, as the sentry, recovering his piece, wheeled round and resumed his monotonous guard in front of the colonel's tent.

Stepping up to one of the orderlies, Edgar repeated his message, and waited with some anxiety the return of the soldier. He was not long kept in suspense, for the man almost immediately returned and, standing at the entrance of the marquee, exclaimed, with formal precision—

"Private Havering, of the grenadier company, pass in to the colonel."

As Edgar entered the vestibule or porch of the tent the orderly drew aside the inner folds of the canvas, and with a firm step and erect mien Edgar at once passed through, the curtain was instantly dropped, and he found himself at the end of a long mess-table, with the colonel, major, senior captain, and one or two subalterns seated at the farther end.

Passing his right hand to the front of his foraging cap, Edgar stood like a statue while saluting his commanding officer.

"Oh! Havering, is it?" ejaculated Colonel Sawbridge, looking up from the reports before him, and, to Edgar's infinite satisfaction, in a tone far different from that official one in which reprimands are usually administered. "Come down

here, Havering; we want to have a little conversation with you."

Edgar immediately changed his place, and, taking up his position behind a lieutenant, and directly in front of his principal officers, again saluted and stood as before, erect, easy, and statuesque. Indeed, there must have been something very different from the stiff formal salute and attitude of the ordinary soldier in the look and bearing of the man before them to cause the colonel and major to fix their eyes so intently upon him.

Having taken in every point of the youth's figure, and closely scrutinised his features, Colonel Sawbridge at length observed—

"I find, Havering, from the roll-book, that you have only been four months in the regiment; yet you have already mastered your drill so thoroughly that you have been made fogleman to the regiment. This bespeaks great perseverance, and shows that you take pride in your duty."

"I deserve no credit, colonel, for that," Edgar fearlessly and truthfully replied. "Years ago I made myself master of the drill of both infantry and cavalry, and only required a few days of practice to bring it all back."

"It's to your credit to acknowledge so much, and I am glad to hear you so candidly disavow a fact you might have taken pause, if not reward, for. I presume, from your energy and character, that you have had some education, and are, I hope, able to write and keep some degree of accounts."

The bright flush that rose to Edgar's countenance at this question was so evident that the colonel, who kept his eyes on his face, felt pained that he had put it or for a moment doubted the youth's educational abilities.

"I have received the best education, colonel, that the grammar school of our town could afford; and, if I may say it without the imputation of a boast, I am not deficient in the principles of mathematics."

"I am delighted to hear it; it was the only fear I had on your account. Now, then, Havering, we'll proceed to business. You have acquitted yourself so well to-day that I should of myself have rewarded you for it; but I have received special orders from Sir John Stuart to promote you for your gallant conduct in saving the regimental colours. The ensign in charge of the king's colours hid the flag in his breast before he fell. Thus both standards have been preserved to the regiment. For this most meritorious service you will from this day be rated as a full sergeant, with a recommendation to the War Office for an extra grant or pension for your conduct in this battle. And now, Sergeant Havering, in congratulating you on your promotion, I have only to say, go on as you have begun, and there is no knowing to what eminence you may not arrive. Now take these despatches to the general's headquarters, say you come from me, and deliver them into the general's own hands."

The feelings with which Edgar quitted the colonel's marquee, after briefly returning his thanks for the unexpected promotion conferred upon him, were very different indeed from those with which he had entered it.

For some moments after gaining the open plain he seemed to be walking on air, so light and so elastic were his thoughts and hopes.

"The first step is gained, the first successful move on the great chessboard of life has been played and won!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "O Heaven be propitious to my future career, guide me in the path of honour and duty, and I care not what hardships, what labours may be before me, if success only finally crowns my exertions!" With these aspirations, he bent his steps towards a richly-wooded ravine, through which a devious path gradually led by many turns and romantic swells and falls to the thick groves of oak and cork trees that crowned the heights, in one of whose hollows was situated the hunting lodge and offices that formed the headquarters of Sir John Stuart, a mile and a half to the rear of the right wing of the army, and nearly the same distance from the extreme left of the British position.

About the same time that Edgar quitted Colonel Sawbridge's quarters on the right, with despatches for the general, Major Seymore, Lionel Clinton, and three or four field officers, all mounted on fine strong chargers, set out from the left wing, and followed a mule track that led in a zigzag manner to the high road that traversed the whole length of the ridge. It was not till they had reached the open road, and the horsemen were enabled to ride abreast, that the conversation began on the plain was resumed, by the major observing—

"As I partly told you before, Clinton, the general expressed himself so pleased with the manner in which you led the wing of the regiment into action, and particularly at the result of the charge that may be said to have decided the fate of the day, that I have resolved to present you at the levee which will be held at the general's quarters this evening."

"Was the general in our quarter of the field, then, to enable him to see the deploying of the wing?" inquired Lionel, evidently much gratified by what he had heard.

"In action Sir John is everywhere, and sees everything that occurs in the field, and woe betide the pultroon who, under the plea of removing a wounded comrade, leaves his rank to proffer unrequired assistance."

"I suppose there are such fellows."

"Of course there are, but I don't believe we have had such on the field to-day, where I am told we had some remarkable instances of bravery."

"Among the officers, major?"

"No doubt. Officers are always sure to acquit themselves with honour and credit, for most of them have the reputation of a long line of ancestry to support, and, independent of the natural bulldog in their natures, strive to emulate or surpass the achievements of their ancestors. But the cases I heard the general talking of to-day had reference I believe to privates," replied the major.

"Privates? And would the general notice the conduct of mere rank and file?" Lionel rejoined, with a slight show of contempt.

"Of course every conscientious and true commander will note the behaviour of a private quite as soon as of an officer. The field of battle is an impartial commonwealth, where every man who risks his life in defence of his country, and performs a special deed of heroism, is equally entitled to the notice of his general and the appro-

bation of his king, whether he be a private or an officer."

"Such impartiality may be strictly fair, major, but it is not very encouraging, nor very gratifying either, to the officer who bears an illustrious name. I should think that a Berkeley, a Talbot, or a Percy would hardly like to see himself catalogued in the *Gazette* with a Tom Jones or a Bill Styles," retorted Lionel.

"Why not?" cried one of the others. "The Percys, Talbots, and the like have had the trumpet so long to themselves that they can afford to be generous, and allow the Noakeses and Styleses to have an occasional and solitary blast on fame's bugle."

"The fact is, in our service the private has no chance of distinguishing himself, for, however brave or deserving he may be, he can never rise above the level of a non-commissioned officer," added another of the party.

"And quite right too," cried Lionel quickly, "or we should have the mess-table inundated with the riff-raff of the army, fellows who would substitute beer and gin for claret and madeira, while the woman who washed your linen one day would be claiming companionship with your lady wife the next, and all on the strength of her Dick having been made a 'officer.'"

"You'll modify your exclusive sentiments I hope, Clinton, when you grow older, and before you take command of a regiment of brave men, whose only reward for constant peril and much toil and hardship is the approval of their commanding officer," replied the major sadly.

"I shall always give them their honest due, no doubt, but I shall never alter my sentiments as regards their right to promotion," Lionel rejoined, rather piqued at the major's remark upon his youth and want of experience.

At this moment a soldier, carrying a despatch case, was seen in advance, but, as the horsemen were at the time crossing a narrow stretch of elastic turf, their approach was unheard by the pedestrian in front.

"Room there, you in front! Stand back, and allow us to pass," Lionel called imperiously, as he placed his horse before the major's, while the rest instantly fell into single file.

Startled by the unexpected voice, the soldier wheeled suddenly round, taking a backward step as he did so, but, though astonishment was plainly depicted on his countenance, he instantly drew himself up, and, firm and straight as a pillar, saluted the line of mounted officers who suddenly drew rein before him.

The incident we have recorded did not in all probability occupy more than two minutes, though if measured by the thoughts that passed through the mind of Lionel Clinton and Edgar Haverling, who since the morning of their hasty parting on the garden terrace had neither seen nor heard of each other till that moment, the time must have seemed an age. Edgar, struck by the well-remembered voice even before he wheeled round, fixed his large intelligent eyes on the face of his friend with a look of such kindly greeting that it would have been impossible to misinterpret their meaning; then, instantly remembering himself, he gave him the military salute, and, removing his eyes to those of the major, again brought his hand with formal precision to the front of his fraying cap. Lionel, whose face had become in-

stantly scarlet, unconsciously checked his horse and gazed intently into Edgar's countenance, but, meeting no response in the altered gaze of his late friend, almost started, as the major, having returned the salute, exclaimed—

"Now, Clinton, what are you waiting for?"

Striking his horse's sides, the animal bounded into a canter, that placed him so far ahead that the rest had to spur their steeds to overtake him.

"One would have thought that you knew the soldier, Clinton," observed one of the party as they overtook and surrounded the young aristocrat.

"Friend? Is it likely that I should have a private soldier for a friend?" replied Lionel.

"Who said anything about friend?" retorted the speaker. "No, I confess that would have been absurd; but you looked so hard at him that I thought you might have seen the fellow elsewhere."

"No, no; but I was, I confess, struck by the intelligent look of the young fellow's eyes."

"It would have been but courteous in you, Clinton, to have returned his salute, especially after such an unconscionable stare," observed the major quietly.

"I think that saluting is one of the most annoying duties an officer has to perform—a servility on the part of a gentleman to an inferior, and a recognition both irksome and uncalled for."

Before any rejoinder to Lionel's opinion could be expressed the pace at which they were going brought the group in front of the general's quarters, where a number of orderlies instantly started forward, and the officers, dismounting, proceeded to the house, while their steeds, with those of several others, were being walked up and down, in charge of those who had stepped forward to hold their bridles.

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" ejaculated Edgar, as Lionel and his companions swept past him, and, without a parting look at the fast disappearing form of his friend, he turned once more to the road. "To think of finding Lionel here, and that he and I should be under fire for the first time on the same day! I wonder what regiment he belongs to. How glad I am he did not acknowledge me! It would never do for him, a staff or field officer, to be seen talking to a private, and it would do me no good. Besides, I want no fine friends to interfere between me and my duty. And, again, he would lose caste by such conduct. Still I did not like that haughty look; he could have passed me by and ignored my existence altogether without that insulting supercilious stare. No matter, it is better as it is; my course in future is clear. Colonel Clinton, or whatever he may be, can henceforth be nothing to me but a superior officer, and I'll take care he never sees the least signs of recognition in my manner should we meet twenty times a day. How happy the news of my promotion will make my dear mother! It will half reconcile her to my abrupt leave-taking, while my father will be as proud as Sir Jasper would be if Lionel had been made a field-marshal." As he gave expression to these thoughts Edgar looked up, and, noting the flagstaff, sentries, groups of horses, and idle soldiers and civilians about, had no difficulty in satisfying himself that he was in front of the temporary residence of the general in command.

Delivering a message from Colonel Sawbridge

to Sir John Stuart to one of the disengaged orderlies, the man, as if expecting the visit, led him directly into an ante-room, while he proceeded to apprise the general of his arrival.

Returning in a few moments, he led him by a side door into a large apartment, where Sir John was seated at the end of a long table, a number of officers quitting the room by the principal entrance as Edgar was ushered into it by a private doorway.

Having delivered his despatch into the general's hands, Sir John, after carefully perusing its contents, asked so many questions connected with his home, family, and objects in entering the army that he made himself master of nearly all the leading features of the young soldier's history; and, though Edgar had carefully guarded all the approaches to his heart's secret, his questioner was not slow to define even that, and discover the motive to the young man's enthusiasm.

Commending him highly for his conduct in the battle, and more particularly for the judgment he had displayed in preventing the French cavalry from escaping, he wrote and sealed a letter, and, placing it in Edgar's hand, said, as he rose to close the interview—

"If ever you set your mind on the performance of a special duty to which your rank might not entitle you, direct this envelope, on which I have written my name in the corner, to the commanding officer, and deliver it yourself. Now farewell, and success attend you." And with a wave of the hand Sir John quitted the apartment, as Edgar, after saluting, retired by the way he had entered.

Returning quickly to his own quarters, he reported himself to his commanding officer, having a despatch to present from the general. As he entered the marquee the major and several of the officers of the regiment were seated at the table in eager conversation, discussing the military news of the day.

"I cannot credit the report," observed one of the speakers. "Had there been any truth in it, Regnier would never have retreated as far as Reggio."

"For my part, I think it highly probable. Napoleon is bent on aggrandising every member of his family, and depend upon it he'll find a throne for all his brothers and sisters before his political scheme is filled up," replied the major.

"Ah! here's Sergeant Havering," remarked the colonel, looking up as Edgar stood before him. "And with a despatch from the general. We shall soon see if there's any truth in the rumour."

Taking the letter and reading it attentively, while the rest observed a strict silence, Colonel Sawbridge laid it on the table before him, and then, looking up with a grave countenance, continued—

"This letter, gentlemen, confirms all that we have heard reported, both by our prisoners and from our scouts. Napoleon has made his brother Joseph King of Naples, and the new king, supported by Massena and 30,000 men, is now in the capital."

"We shall never be able to maintain our hold of Calabria against such a force," observed the major.

"Of course not, and here's our route at once, so you must prepare to march in the morning."

"Where to, colonel, where?" was eagerly demanded.

"To the rocky fortress of Scylla, which we are to strengthen, and hold as long as possible."

"But that confined spot will not accommodate a third of our force. Besides, most of our ladies are there."

"Of course not. That delightful duty is left for the 6th. The rest of the expedition embark immediately on board the fleet and Sicilian transports, and return to Palermo to protect the deposed king and queen."

"King of the one Sicily now."

"True indeed," rejoined the colonel. Then, turning to Edgar, he continued, "You can return to your quarters, Havering. The quarter-master and adjutant will give all the non-commissioned officers their instructions for the morning. You will have a busy day of it."

Saluting the commander, Edgar quitted the marquee, and sought his own tent, where he was immediately joined by a number of non-commissioned officers, who, having been apprised by the adjutant of Edgar's promotion, had come to congratulate him, and welcome him with cordial greeting to their mess and company.

The next day was truly what the colonel had prognosticated it would be, a busy and an onerous time. The mists were still hanging like sombre clouds round the higher peaks of the Calabrian Alps, and rolling in wreaths of dun vapour up the hillsides, as the bugles of the regiment rang out their first note of warning to up and dress.

Half an hour later the drums rattled out the *réveil*, when the men from all quarters, having made a hasty breakfast, began to fall in, while camp followers and pioneers, having struck the tents and loaded the waggons, drove their teams, the stores, ambulances with the sick and wounded, and the baggage-wains into the centre of the regimental square.

All being in readiness for the march, the light companies started to the sound of the bugle, followed by a large portion of the baggage and heavy material, and guarded another portion of the regiment. This advance column having been despatched, an hour's interval was given before the remainder of the regiment, with its due proportion of vehicles in the centre, set forward after the main body.

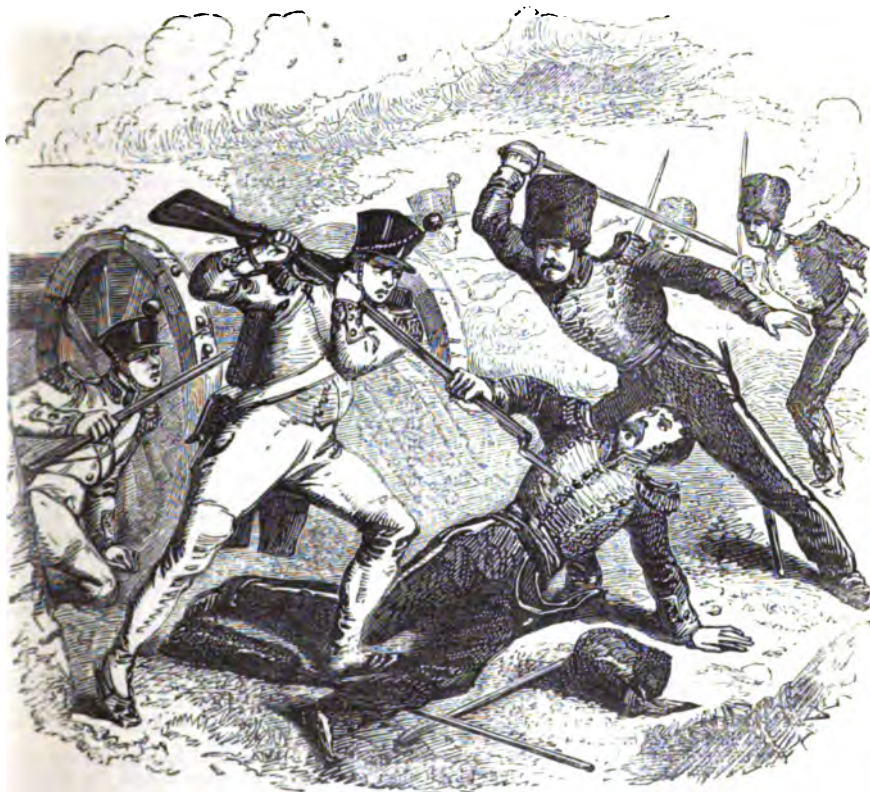
It was a fortunate circumstance for Edgar that from the moment of his enlistment he had devoted every hour, when free from drill, guard, or fatigue duty, to the study of his profession, his small library consisting of works on the requirements and duties of a soldier in every grade of the service; for the knowledge so acquired, with the result of close observation in others, stood him now in good stead, his functions as a sergeant becoming as easy to him as those of a soldier had been, under his cheerful temper and determined resolution.

Having obtained the first great move in the scheme of life he had set himself to achieve, Edgar's task now was to make himself fully competent for the next grades in fortune's ladder that he might be called upon to fill.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE STRUGGLE AT THE GUN.]

THE CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

AMONG the many brilliant exploits achieved by the British troops during the Peninsular campaign there are few more deserving of record than the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo.

This place was a fortress of remarkable strength, on the north-western frontier of Spain. It was originally erected by the Spaniards as a point of defence against invasion from Portugal, and also as a depot for arms and ammunition to facilitate offensive operations against the latter country. As the fortress had been seized by the French,

its recapture was deemed by Lord Wellington of vital moment for completing the defence of Portugal, and opening a way for his troops into the centre of Spain.

Ciudad Rodrigo is situated on the banks of the river Aguada, which, in addition to having a strong current, is at certain seasons of the year so greatly swollen by the torrents from the neighbouring mountains as to render it impracticable to throw a bridge across it. It was therefore arranged that the troops should ford the river in divisions at certain intervals, and, in face of almost unheard-of obstacles, this was successfully accomplished.

On the evening of the 20th January, 1812, the memorable attack was commenced. At dusk the troops were under arms, and at a given signal they advanced to the assault in five separate columns, three of which were commanded by Generals Picton, Mackinnon, and Crawford. The night was tolerably clear, and the enemy evidently expected their assailants, for as soon as they approached the whole breach became alive with fire-balls, and a deadly fire of muskets poured into the storming parties, but our gallant fellows, without wavering an instant, advanced steadily to the points of attack.

In order to facilitate the advance of the main storming party under General Mackinnon, and remove such obstacles as the enemy might interpose to the ascent of the main breach, Colonel Campbell, with the 94th Regiment, descended the counterscarp by means of ropes, and crept silently to the breach, which they succeeded in reaching without discovery.

Aware of the danger of delay at such a critical moment, Colonel Campbell, on his own responsibility, resolved upon the daring deed of storming the town. The colonel could avail himself of only one battalion of his regiment, placing himself at the head of which, he commenced ascending the breach. By the time he had reached the summit the enemy was on the alert, and our soldiers distinctly heard their artillerymen receive orders to fire. Before the order could be executed our men had thrown themselves flat on their faces. A shower of shot and shell passed over them; then, instantly springing to their feet, the troops rushed forward, and the breach was cleared.

In endeavouring to reach the rampart on the right an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The enemy had cut a wide ditch between the breach and the ramparts. By a singular piece of good fortune, however, a plank which the enemy had left behind in their confusion was discovered placed across the ditch. Over this slight bridge the troops passed to the ramparts, driving the artillerymen from the guns, and carrying everything before them.

New difficulties, however, soon arose. The storming party under General Mackinnon had not yet appeared, and the garrison, recovering from their panic, made a fearful attack on their assailants. Amidst the bursting of shells, and an incessant shower of bullets and shot, the unequal combat had to be maintained. Men and officers were mown down in heaps, literally choking the passage, which was every minute raked by the cannons planted on the summit of the breach, at only a few yards distance. To alter this state of things, Colonel Campbell resolved upon one of those impetuous and hand-to-hand assaults for which English soldiers are so famous, and which the troops of no country have been able to withstand. After addressing to his men a few inspiring words, the colonel ordered a volley to be fired, and, leading the charge at the head of his detachment, they advanced to the heights, and the enemy's soldiers, in a panic of terror, uttering shrill cries, threw down their arms and fled. Such was the activity with which these movements were executed that the troops without the town, not dreaming of the ramparts being so soon stormed, actually fired upon their brothers in arms in mistake. The hoisting of the English

standard, however, soon made the truth known, and a ringing cheer from the troops below hailed the British ensign.

A third division had three hundred yards of ground to clear, and a deep ditch to cross: hay-bags had been provided to facilitate this latter operation; but, disdaining these aids, the impetuous troops jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet, and rushed up the opposite bank in the very cannon's mouth. When two-thirds of the ascent had been accomplished the leading men, huddled together by the narrowness of the place, staggered under the weight of the enemy's fire. In the midst of the *mêlée* the commander, Major Napier, was struck to the earth by a grape shot, which shattered his arm; but he called on his men to trust to their bayonets, and, the officers rushing to the front and waving the men onwards with their swords, an impetuous charge was made, with a furious shout, and, the enemy being completely swept away at this point, an easy entrance was effected.

Meanwhile Generals Picton and Mackinnon dismounted from their horses, and, placing themselves at the head of the right brigade, the troops rapidly entered the trenches by sections, right in front. The two divisions got clear of the covered way at the same moment, and each advanced to the attack of their respective points with the utmost regularity.

Once clear of the covered way, and fairly on the plain that separated it from the fortress, the enemy had a clear view of all that was passing; their batteries, charged to the muzzle with case shot, opened a murderous fire upon the columns as they advanced, but nothing could shake the intrepid bravery of the troops. The light division soon descended the ditch, and gained, although not without a serious struggle, the top of the narrow and difficult breach allotted to them; their gallant general, Robert Crawford, fell at the head of the 43rd, and his second in command, General Vandeleur, was severely wounded, but there were not wanting others to supply their place, and the brave light division carried the left breach at the point of the bayonet. Once established upon the ramparts, they made all the dispositions necessary to render every assistance in their power to the third division in their attack. They cleared the rampart which separated the lesser and the grand breach, and relieved Picton's division from any anxiety it might have as to its safety on its left flank.

The head of the column had gained the top, when a discharge of grape cleared the ranks of the three leading battalions and caused a momentary wavering; at the same instant a frightful explosion near the gun to the left of the breach, which shook the bastion to its foundation and killed General Mackinnon, completed the disorder. The French, animated by this accidental success, hastened once more to the breach which they had abandoned, but the leading regiment of Picton's division, which had been disorganised for the moment by the explosion, rallied, and soon regained its summit, when another discharge from the two flank guns swept away the foremost of those battalions.

There was at this time but one officer alive upon the breach (Major Thomas, of the 74th, acting engineer); he called out to those next to him to seize the gun to the left. The gun was

completely cut off from the breach by a deep trench, and soldiers, encumbered with their firelocks, could not pass it in sufficient time to anticipate the next discharge—but to deliberate was certain death. The French cannoneers, five in number, stood to and served their gun with as much *sans froid* as if on a parade, and the light which their torches threw forth showed to our men the danger they would have to encounter if they dared to attack a gun so defended.

The first that reached the top after the last discharge were two of the 88th, led by Sergeant Patrick Brazill, who called out to his companions to unscrew their bayonets and follow him: the three men passed the trench in a moment, and engaged the French cannoneers hand to hand; a terrific but short combat was the consequence. Swan was the first, and was met by the two gunners on the right of the gun, but, no way daunted, he engaged them, and plunged his bayonet into the breast of one. He was about to repeat the blow upon the other, but before he could disentangle the weapon from his bleeding adversary the second Frenchman closed upon him, and by a *coup de sabre* severed his left arm from his body, a little above the elbow; he fell from the shock, and was on the eve of being massacred, when Kelly, after having scrambled under the gun, rushed onward to succour his comrade. He bayoneted two Frenchmen on the spot, and at this instant Brazill came up; three of the five gunners lay lifeless, while Swan, resting against an ammunition chest, was bleeding to death.

It was now equal numbers, two against two; but Brazill, in his over anxiety to engage, was near losing his life at the onset. In making a lunge at the man next to him his foot slipped upon the bloody platform, and he fell forward against his antagonist, but as both rolled under the gun Brazill felt the socket of his bayonet strike hard against the buttons of the Frenchman's coat. The remaining gunner, in attempting to escape under the carriage from Kelly, was killed by some soldiers of the fifth, who just now reached the top of the breach, and, seeing the serious dispute at the gun, pressed forward to the assistance of the three men of the Connaught Rangers.

While this was taking place on the left the head of the column mounted the breach, and, regardless of the cries of their wounded companions, whom they indiscriminately trampled to death, pressed forward in one irregular mass, and, putting every man to death that opposed their progress, forced the enemy from the ramparts at the bayonet's point. Yet the garrison still rallied, and defended the several streets with the most unflinching bravery; nor was it until the musketry of the light division was heard in the direction of the Plaza Mayor that they gave up the contest.

In less than half an hour from the commencement of the attack Ciudad Rodrigo was in possession of the British. The success of the undertaking was owing more to the energy and endurance of the troops than to the skill of the engineer, and when the general terminated the order for the assault with this sentence, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening," he well knew that it would be nobly understood and implicitly acted upon.

Generals Mackinnon and Crawford were buried on the following day at the part of the breach

they had so gloriously carried. Their funerals were attended by Lord Wellington and all the officers that were able to attend, for both were held in high esteem, and were deservedly lamented.

The loss of the British in this brilliant affair amounted to about 1300, killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was estimated at 1000, and 1700 were made prisoners. The cannon, small arms, and stores of ammunition taken were immense, and the conquest, as a whole, was one of the most important throughout the campaign.

In consequence of this splendid victory, Lord Wellington was created an earl, with an annuity of £2000, and thanks were voted to the army by Parliament for having vindicated in so signal a manner the honour of Great Britain.

ENGAGEMENT IN THE BAY OF QUIBERON.

IN 1759 Great Britain was threatened with an invasion by the French, and the most active preparations were accordingly being made by them. At Brest, in particular, a formidable armament was equipped, which rendered it necessary for the British government to send a sufficient force to cruise off that port. Accordingly, in the month of June, Sir Edward Hawke was despatched from Spithead with a powerful fleet. After cruising about for some months a violent gale arose, seriously damaging several of the English ships, and compelling Sir Edward Hawke to take shelter in Torbay.

A few days after the British fleet had been forced from its station M. de Bompard with a French squadron got safe into Brest. M. Conflans, the commandant at that port, being convinced by this circumstance of the departure of the English fleet, put to sea on the 14th of November, and steered for the Bay of Quiberon, in the hope of surprising a small British squadron lying there. On the same day the English admiral sailed from Torbay.

On the morning of the 20th the *Maidstone* gave notice that she had discovered a fleet, on which the admiral made a signal for a line ahead, and the *Magnanime* to lead towards the land. The latter had not got more than two miles from the fleet, when she made a signal that she had discovered the enemy, and the headmost ships of the squadron were soon in sight of them.

Sir Edward, on discovering the enemy's fleet, observed that they were making off, on which he put out the signal for six of the ships nearest the enemy to chase, and draw into a line of battle ahead, and to endeavour to stay the enemy until the rest of the fleet should come up. At the same time he directed the other ships to form as they chased, that no time might be lost in the pursuit, telling his officers that he intended to fight in the old way and make short work of it.

The French admiral, on discovering the English fleet, appeared to be forming a line to receive them, and from the equality of the numbers of the ships on each side the action was expected to be long and obstinate; there was not, however, one English bosom which did not beat with the expectation of victory. As Sir Edward Hawke advanced the French admiral changed his plan, and stood off towards the shore with all the sail

his ships could carry, and the English squadron pursued with all possible expedition. It was two in the afternoon before the headmost ships could get up with the enemy, when the *Warspite* and *Dorsetshire* began to fire. Soon afterwards the *Revenge*, *Magnanime*, *Torbay*, *Montague*, *Resolution*, *Swiftsure*, and several others came into action, and about half-past two o'clock the British admiral made the signal for a general engagement.

The firing now became very brisk on both sides, and the combatants were so enveloped in smoke that it was impossible to distinguish between the colours of the two nations. The *Resolution*, of sixty-four guns, Captain Speke, gallantly bore down on the French rear-admiral in the *Formidable*, of eighty guns, and closely engaged that ship till four o'clock, when she struck to Sir Edward Hawke, who was passing to attack the French admiral. This, however, was only a point of etiquette on the part of the enemy, the honour of taking her being very justly given to Captain Speke.

The gallant admiral himself continued to advance, and ordered the master of the *Royal George* to lay him alongside the *Soleil Royal*. The master respectfully represented that if he approached much nearer the ship would certainly be on shore. "That may be," answered Sir Edward drily, "but the enemy will be on shore first. At all events, their fleet must be destroyed." M. Conflans, on his part, did not seem to shun the encounter, and the two admirals bore down upon each other.

The *Magnanime* now attacked the *Thésée*, of seventy-four guns, but the *Montague* running foul of the former, she received so much damage as to compel her to fall astern. Captain Keppel, in the *Torbay*, then attacked the *Thésée*. Soon after the commencement of the action a sudden and heavy squall came on, and the lower deck ports of the French ship not being shut, she filled and went down immediately. She had on board a crew of 815 persons, every soul of whom perished. At the moment she sank the decks were crowded, but the poor creatures had only time to utter one dreadful shriek, and were never heard more.

When the *Magnanime* had got clear of the *Montague* she bore down on the *Héros*, of seventy-four guns, and attacked her with such fury that she was soon compelled to strike, but the weather was so tempestuous as to prevent the boats being sent to take possession of the prize, which afterwards ran on shore and was burned.

The two admirals had now approached very near each other, and Conflans poured a broadside into the *Royal George*. Sir Edward immediately returned the compliment, but after exchanging two or three broadsides the French admiral declined the combat and sheered off. The French vice-admiral now gave Sir Edward his fire, but soon followed the example of his commander. Another and another did the same, but the fifth did not escape so well. This ship was the *Superbe*, of seventy guns, which fired several broadsides without doing any damage to the *Royal George*. Sir Edward, in return, poured his whole fire into her, and she almost immediately sank. The crew of the *Royal George* gave a cheer at the destruction of their enemy, but it was a faint one, for the honest tars were touched with the fate of many hundreds of poor creatures. The *Superbe*

had on board 750 men, all of whom perished, with the exception of some twenty, who were taken up on the following morning from the wreck.

The English admiral, having got into the very centre of the French rear, was now attacked by every ship at once. The situation of the *Royal George* would have been very critical had the enemy preserved coolness and fired with precision, but so great was their confusion and disorder that of 2000 shots which they fired not more than thirty struck the ship. Perceiving the dangerous situation of their commander, the English vice-admiral, with the *Mars*, *Héro*, and several other ships, were crowding to his assistance, when the obscurity of the evening put an end to the engagement. This was a fortunate circumstance for the enemy, for had the light served two hours longer the whole of their fleet must have been taken or destroyed.

As it grew dark the enemy separated, part of their fleet standing to the southward, and the remainder making for the mouth of the river Vilaine. The wind was now blowing with great violence towards the shore, and the fleet was among the islands and shoals on a part of the coast of which the pilots were totally ignorant. These considerations induced the British admiral to desist from pursuit, and to come to an anchor off the island of Dumet.

The weather continued very tempestuous during the night, and frequent signals of distress were heard by the fleet, but the admiral was unable to judge whether they proceeded from friends or foes. The next morning a fearful spectacle presented itself. The sea was strewn with the mangled remains of the *Thésée* and *Superbe*; the *Resolution* and the French ship *Héros* were discovered aground. The *Resolution* was in a most shattered condition, her masts and rigging being entirely cut away, her upper deck beat in, and her guns thrown overboard. Part of the crew were clinging to the sides begging for assistance, but about eighty of them, in spite of the captain's remonstrances, made rafts and put off, together with several French prisoners taken in the *Formidable*: these fugitives arrived safely on the coast of France.

The *Soleil Royal* had cast anchor during the night in the midst of the British squadron, but the French admiral no sooner perceived his situation in the morning than he ordered the cables to be cut and ran his ship on shore. Sir Edward Hawke immediately ordered the *Essex* to slip and pursue her, but she unfortunately struck on the same bank as the *Resolution*. This accident gave the crew of the *Soleil Royal* time to escape. A great quantity of the stores belonging to the *Essex* were saved, together with all her people. The remains of the *Essex* and the *Resolution* were then set on fire and destroyed.

As soon as it was broad daylight seven or eight of the enemy's ships were discovered at anchor. The English admiral made the signal to work up and attack them, but the weather was so boisterous that this design could not be put in execution. Most of the enemy appeared to be aground at low water, but by lightening the ships and taking advantage of the wind and flood all except two got clear off that night.

On the 22nd, the storm being abated, Sir Edward Hawke sent three of his ships to destroy

the *Soleil Royal* and the *Héros*. On the approach of the English ships the French set the *Soleil Royal* on fire, while the *Héros* soon afterwards met with the same fate from our people. In the meantime the English admiral got under weigh, and worked up to destroy the two French ships which still lay outside the river Vilaine, but before the vessels sent ahead for that purpose could approach them the enemy, being quite light, seized the opportunity of the flood tide and made their escape. The remainder of the enemy's fleet got safe to Rochfort.

In this memorable engagement the British fleet had about fifty men killed and 250 wounded, the only officers included in the list of casualties being Lieutenant Price, of the *Magnanime*, and Captain Baird, of the *Defiance*. The number of killed in the French fleet could never be ascertained, but, to judge from the carnage on board the *Formidable*, the slaughter must have been terrible. The enemy lost six first-rate ships of seventy-four and eighty guns.

The news of this victory was well received in England, and Sir Edward Hawke, returning soon afterwards, not only received the thanks of the House of Commons, but had a pension of £2000 a year voted to him.

CAPTAIN BEAVER'S COLONY.

SEVEN years after King George III. came to the throne a country clergyman named Beaver died, leaving his widow in that most distressful of situations, genteel poverty. At the request of a military officer, Captain Joshua Rowley entered her son Philip as a midshipman on board the *Monarch*, and at thirteen the brave little fellow was in that vessel when it received the fire of the enemy's whole line in Admiral Keppel's action, July, 1778. We pass over Philip's youthful adventures, by which he won the approbation of his commander, and we arrive at the time when, having reached the grade of lieutenant, he was early placed on half-pay.

Undecided as to his future course, he was introduced to Mr. Dalrymple, whom the directors of the Sierra Leone Company had chosen to be governor of the settlement which they were about to found. Dalrymple invited the young officer to go out with him. After a few days Mr. Dalrymple and the directors disagreed, and this engagement fell to the ground. But Beaver had now conceived a strong inclination to form a colony in Africa, and, upon Dalrymple's observing that when with his regiment at Gorse he had heard much of Bulama, an uninhabited island at the mouth of the Rio Grande, Beaver said, "Let us colonise it ourselves!"

"With all my heart," was the reply, and thus originated the expedition to Bulama.

In little more than three months they were ready to sail with three vessels and nearly three hundred persons; but, not having had the foresight to obtain a royal charter, they left Portsmouth in utter confusion, without one person whose authority might control the rest for the benefit of all. Among their number was a large proportion of scoundrels, including men of so villainous a description that the galleys was seldom more grievously defrauded than when they set sail for the coast of Africa.

One hundred and fifty-three men, fifty-seven women, and sixty-five children sailed in two ships and a Gravesend boat. One of the ships, the *Hankey*, was under Beaver's command; and both the others (the *Calypso* and the *Beggar's Benison*) were commanded by lieutenants in the navy. The ships lost sight of each other on the third day. Rough weather came on, and in Beaver's ship most of the landmen and all the women were sea-sick; the latter, some of whom had infants at the breast, were more than twenty-four hours without food, and would have been so much longer if he had not undertaken to cook for them. The surgeon was wholly destitute of feeling and left the charge of his patients to those who had folly enough to feel. There was not, indeed, an office or gradation of rank in the naval service, from admiral and commander-in-chief down to the Jack of the bread-room, which Beaver did not exercise in that ship. However, by an utter disregard of his personal comfort, he so won upon the hearts of the licentious crew and passengers that they at last obeyed him like an emperor.

At the Canaries the *Beggar's Benison* joined company with the *Hankey*, and the two vessels, proceeding to their destination, anchored in sight of the three islands of Bissao, Aroas, and Bulama on the 6th of June. When Beaver landed at the factory in Bissao he was mistaken for a pirate, the long boat was seized, and he and its crew lodged in an empty room. Beaver told the governor that he expected two things—"first, that you send us a good supper, for we are hungry; secondly, that you send us beds, for we are weary." The good-humour and plain dealing of this demand had their effect, for the governor promised both and kept his word. On the 7th Beaver returned on board to find a noisy, dirty, disorderly ship, the *Calypso* having joined them in the interval, bringing tidings of misfortune far beyond the endurance of that motley assemblage.

The unlucky vessel, getting sight of Bulama on the 24th of May, had sent all the boats armed on shore, and the crews had taken possession of the island, erecting a block-house, or shed, of inoh planks, as temporary head-quarters. The Bijugas, who claimed the island, watched their opportunity. They had observed that in the morning the men straggled into the woods by twos or threes; that those who remained at the block-house were generally asleep from one to three, during the greatest heat of the day; and that no watch whatever was kept. Accordingly, at two o'clock on Sunday, the 3rd of June, they approached the block-house, where the people were sleeping, and fired into it; as the colonists ran out they were killed or wounded one by one; the negroes then rushed into the house, found sixty stand of arms there ready loaded and primed, which they instantly seized, turned against the miserable adventurers, and killed them with their own weapons. Early next morning, without attempting to revisit the block-house, or look for the bodies of the slain, the *Calypso* got under sail and went to Bissao in hopes of meeting the other ships. A fever, too, had spread from the *Calypso* to the *Hankey*, and in both vessels there was a settled gloom on the countenances of all.

Beaver nevertheless acted with promptitude and decision; through Cardoso, a Portuguese merchant at Bissao, he ransomed the prisoners taken

by the negroes, and, through an American slave-captain, purchased Bulama in due form from the two Bijuga kings, Bellochore and Jalorem, for goods worth about \$80. Having sought for the remains of the dead, the few scattered bones which the hyenas had left he buried in a deep grave close by a large tree, on which his party cut deeply the figure of a cross to mark the spot. He went himself to conclude the ransom of a woman and her child who had been separated from the other prisoners. Landing alone and unarmed, to show that he had no fear, he made friends with King Jalorem and brought away the woman and her child, though they were in such a state that it was only to die in peace among their countrymen. A white skin was so disgusting to these negroes that he could hardly find a black man to assist in carrying those poor creatures to the boat.

Having now purchased the island and read the treaty to the colonists, he expected that they would go to work immediately, and in good earnest, clearing away the woods and erecting houses; but a dead silence followed, and his audience moodily retired to various parts of the ship. He landed, however, with a party of twelve men and worked till sunset, when, returning on board, he rated the passengers for their cowardice till night closed over the discontented scene. By the next morning between eighty and ninety had volunteered to remain with him; and it was then settled that the *Calypso* should proceed with the rest to Sierra Leone and England.

Beaver remained at Bulama with forty-eight men, thirteen women, and twenty-five children, besides four seamen and a boy in the cutter. He refused, however, to take charge of the colony till the assembled emigrants had agreed to certain regulations conferring on him a useful amount of authority. Thereupon he began to clear ground for a garden, sent the cutter to Bissao for fresh provisions, and took the opportunity of writing to Cardoso and proposing to contract with him for a regular supply during the rainy season. Beaver's next care was to become acquainted with the Biasaras on the opposite shore. He learned that they were an inoffensive people, but they would expect to be paid for the island, because it rightfully belonged to them. Accordingly he visited them, and with goods to the amount of \$26, not only satisfied them for the island, but purchased a much greater extent of land on the opposite shore, together with all the adjacent isles.

Though he had thus paid twice over for his little domain, yet apparently he had not made a bad bargain. The island of Bulama lies at the mouth of the beautiful Rio Grande, and is about seven leagues long, by five to two in breadth. The soil was everywhere rich and prolific, affording ample pasture to innumerable elephants, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals. The surrounding sea was sheltered at all points from violent agitation, and abounded with excellent fish of various kinds; in short, there reigned abundance of everything requisite to the comforts of savage life. But only for savages. It was not at that time generally known that Europeans could not flourish on the coast of Western Africa.

The effects of the climate, however, were soon felt. Returning on the 4th of August, he found that in his absence four had been added to the sick-list, and fear, the sure forerunner of illness,

had begun to show itself among the sound. Beaver himself nearly fell a victim to the climate thus early in the attempt. He was seized with a fever, and on the fifth day his life was despaired of. As the front of the cabin where he lay was one continued window from side to side of the ship, he could overhear everything that was said, but was hidden by a canvas screen round that part where his cot hung. The poor racked creature heard every one speaking in his praise, and declaring that when Beaver was "gone" they all must return to England for want of a protector. Between seven and eight one evening he could no longer articulate, but was seized with a rattling in his throat, which he conceived to be a symptom of approaching dissolution. He rallied, however, and the disease, severe as it had been, left no debility behind. In six days from the commencement of his recovery he was strong enough to trace the lines for a block-house, and set the people to work.

He had now a visit from the old Bijuga king, Bellochore, with men enough in his company to render some precaution necessary in case their intentions should be evil or any accidental quarrel should arise. The old king, who had by no means spared the rum which had been set before him on his arrival, would not go to bed without having a bottle and glass within reach. "For," said he, "suppose I might wake in the night, that time I can drink rum too." A mat and pillow were spread for him on one side of Beaver's cot; three of his men slept on the other side of the cot, and four under it.

This cordial treatment kept the old African in a placable mood after a gross provocation he had received that morning. He had gone on board the ship to dine, and Beaver, thinking no harm could possibly arise, went ashore to keep peace between his people and the Bijugas there. But when he returned to dinner he saw immediately by Bellochore's countenance that all was not right. A bullock having been killed on board, one of the negroes carried to the king in the cabin some of the entrails, dressed in the most approved manner of Bijuga cookery; that is, just warmed through on the coals, and like a woodcock with its trail. The sight so offended one of the passengers that he turned the poor Bijuga and his food out of the cabin, and, upon Bellochore's interfering, turned him out also.

When this negro saw the extent of ground which had been levelled for the foundation of the block-house (180 feet by 115) he observed, "Plenty of time must pass before that house can be done." The old man anticipated, indeed, with some foresight, the fate of the colonists. By the end of September their number was reduced from eighty-six to sixty, and when after much labour they had completed a new storehouse some one secretly chalked upon the door, "It is death to stay!" So, indeed, too surely it was. By October 7 there was not a carpenter able to lift a tool. All appeared not only sick, but seized with a kind of stupor, a general depression of spirits, and a total unconcern for their own safety. Beaver soon perceived that he should not be able to complete the block-house, or to keep it if completed, unless it were by means of the natives.

Cardoso sent him two Africans of the class who serve Europeans for wages, and who are called by the Portuguese name of *grumetas*. These men

worked well and willingly, but so great was the horror which they felt at a white corpse, or anything relating to it, that he was obliged to dig graves and bury the dead himself. These grumetas chose to leave him at the end of the month; and, most important as their services were, he did not even ask them to remain, but paid them their wages and gave them presents besides.

When the *Hankey* (whose time was up) sailed on the 22nd of November, taking fourteen persons, he was left with twenty-seven, all invalids but three men and one child. Besides these he had a sailor belonging to the cutter, and seven grumetas, whom his zealous friend Cardoso had sent him. A week after the *Hankey* had sailed all the emigrants were ill except himself, but he and the grumetas continued to work at the building. Four men had recovered sufficiently to be capable of bearing arms when Belchore was seen with two canoes coming round the point. Beaver beat to arms, fired a salute, and then loaded his eight four-pounders with grape and canister. By that time the old African had landed and marched up to the eastern part of the square with thirty-two well-armed negroes. Beaver placed two sentinels at each gateway, with orders not to admit any one within the square, and to put to death any who might attempt to force their way.

He then went out to meet Belchore, conducted him to his own tent, and put his men in possession of a hut which had been built for the grumetas. His own force, eleven in all, he divided into two watches, taking the command of one himself. The intention of such visitors in the then state of the colony could be no matter of doubt, and he was advised not to trust himself in the tent with the Bijuga chief and two of his men; but, believing that the danger would only be heightened by showing any symptom of fear, he dined there unarmed with Belchore, the other negroes squatting on their hams, one on each side of him, and Belchore giving them occasionally large pieces of meat. It was thought that Beaver ran great risk of assassination during this meal, and he thought so himself. After dinner Belchore was particularly solicitous that he might be admitted into the square and through the store-room; Beaver took him there accordingly.

The negro then returned to his people, and told them that most of the white men were dead; that all the survivors except the captain were sick and defenceless. A grumeta who heard this reported it to Beaver, and said that Belchore meant to attack him. Beaver therefore assembled his little company, and, exhorting them to show a bold front, declared that, rather than be taken by the Bijugas, he would blow all up together. The sequel must be told in his own words.

"There was about a ton of gunpowder a few feet only from my cot in the store-room; and I ordered Naah, the cooper, to take the heads out of two of the barrels, one at either end, and by these were placed lighted matches. The north and west gateways were blocked up, and there was a four-pounder in the east and south ones. The Bijugas occupied a hut about thirty yards from the block-house, and I made their king Belchore, having first pointed out the powder and the matches, sleep in my cot. A few minutes afterwards Naah, who had been accustomed to

sleep on board the cutter (where I had only one man, who was now on board, with orders to fire directly into the hut if he heard two muskets discharged in the night), came and requested me to go on board the cutter to sleep as usual. This I refused. He threatened to swim on board, and I promised to shoot him if he made the attempt. He had never yet known me to break my promise, and therefore went to the post where I had ordered him. I lay down wrapped up in a cloak, in the middle of the east gateway, with a brace of pistols under my head. Five sentinels called, 'All's well,' every five minutes, and the night passed in peace."

Of a certain Thursday he writes—"All day taken up with Belchore, endeavouring to get him away before night, without his perceiving that it arises from fear. I succeeded about an hour before dark, saluting him as he went out of harbour. I attribute our safety to the powder; he certainly meant to attack us."

After such a visit, and the sight of the open powder casks, all the grumetas but one desired to leave him. Beaver told them that every one on that island was free to leave it whenever he chose; but our courageous lieutenant was at this time again very ill of the fever, and the discussion with these men made him worse; the next day he was delirious, and on the following, having somewhat recovered, he sent for Fielder and Hood, the only emigrants that were able to move, made his will, and gave them advice how to act in case of his death. Two days after, poor Fielder died—he who within a few hours, young and brave, had seemed strong enough to draw a lion's tooth!

After numberless dangers and privations the block-house was so far advanced that Beaver deemed it perfectly secure from the natives, and he therefore ceased working on the Sabbath, for he had rightly judged that any such cessation from work on that day was not justifiable till the people could go to prayers in safety. He now began again to fell trees and extend the cleared ground, made little excursions into the island, and felt himself so far secure that, towards the end of March, he undressed himself for the first time, except when he was ill, for eight months and nine days. The fact was, he had no improper fears, but he had hitherto always thought it prudent to have arms within his reach, and to be ready to act in a moment, without losing the time necessary for dressing, in case of a surprise.

One day there was such a riot that he was obliged to beat to arms, when he knocked down the black servant Watson with the butt-end of a gun, and was about to seize another named Johnson, who was particularly violent, and put him in irons, when the grumeta presented a cocked pistol in each hand, and said that he would rather be killed at once. Peter Hayles (who had been a pirate) was close by, and asked if he should fire at the grumeta, saying that if orders were given he would shoot him dead on the spot. "This sanguinary fellow," says Beaver, "I called a scoundrel, and, ordering his musket to be taken from him, gave my own to Mr. Hood, and then went up to Johnson and seized him by the collar, when he immediately burst into tears and dropped both pistols, saying he could not fire on an unarmed man.

Belchore now paid another visit with twenty-

eight men. Beaver, who was now strong enough to stand in no fear of this treacherous tribe, intended at first to reproach him with his projected villany, then flog him, and turn him out of the island; but he gave him a friendly reception, as if ignorant of what had passed. Some six-pounders were fired to amuse him, and to confirm his opinion that "all white man witch!" an exclamation which he frequently repeated. Beaver astonished his negro visitants with his theodolite, telescope, and quadrant, bringing down the sun upon one of the Bijugas' heads, to the amazement of all his countrymen—an amazement that became almost appalling when he remained seated upon a cannon while a boy fired it.

Just twelve months after the departure of the *Calypso*, when he was sitting down to a boiled fowl for supper, his door opened and two Englishmen came in. Their florid complexions, their appearance of health and vigour, were such a contrast to the yellow skins and shrivelled carcases which he had for a long time been accustomed only to see that he gazed upon them the whole evening. He thought them the handsomest mortals he had ever beheld. They were from a vessel bound for Sierra Leone, but charged with letters for him and some provisions for the colony. The letters requested him to persevere, and promised further colonists, but they never arrived, and he was left to toil on with the grumetas. That worthy Peter Hayles soon after absconded, leaving the following farewell epistle:—

"To MR. BEAVER.—*Sir, —I hope that you will pardon me for rising to you, which I know I am not worthy of, but I hope you will forgive me for all things past, for I am going to try to get a passage to the Cape Deverds, and then for America. Sir, if you will be so good as to let me go I shall be greatly ob bleaght to you. Sir, I hope you will pardon me for running away. Sir, I am your most obedient umild servant, PETER HAYLES.*

"*Sir, I do rise with tears in my eyes.*"

Gallows-bird as he was, it may be believed that he spoke the truth, and that in circumstances less desperate he would have served Beaver to the last.

Bellchore now paid him another visit, and pressed him to return it, saying his women did nothing but cry to see him, and he must come and satisfy them, or they would die. The cunning old rascal, knowing that he could do nothing by force, wanted to get Beaver into his power, and then get rum, powder, tobacco, and arms, of which he thought the block-house was full, for his ransom. A friendly trader sent Beaver word to arm his grumetas and beware of the Bijugas. But the grumetas were at this time the more dangerous of the two, and the four remaining colonists, stupefied in other respects as they were, distinctly perceived their danger. At the end of October they presented to him a humble petition, declaring their intention of departing by a vessel which was hourly expected. "We are all sorry to leave you," they wrote, "but we hope that you will leave a place which you cannot hold without risking your life every moment, both night and day." Beaver replied that he could not prevent their deserting him, but that he would procure some Portuguese soldiers at Bissao to keep the place.

For a fortnight after this he went on with his

works, making a pond, clearing up stumps, and finishing enclosures. The colonists then presented a second petition in a more determined tone, and Hood said that, sorry as he was to leave the island, and more so to leave Beaver alone on it, go he would, he and the rest having done their duty by remaining so long. If he would not go with them in the cutter they would run away and leave him to his fate. Beaver represented the danger of going to sea in a cutter without ropes, sails, anchors, chart, pilot, or any individual who knew anything of the place; without sailors, also, for there was but one among them, and he was lame, and had a fever whenever he was exposed to the air. The answer of the emigrants was, "If we remain, death is certain: if we go, we have a chance."

At this Beaver yielded. Most of the stores he sold to an agent of the Portuguese government and to his friend Cardoso; the rest he shipped. When going out of harbour he felt a great reluctance at being obliged to abandon a spot on which he had lavished such labour. By this time the trees of about fifty acres had been cut down and burnt, and thirteen of these acres cleared of the stumps and divided into three enclosures; a garden of half an acre, and a cattle and poultry yard of twice as much more, had been enclosed with pales. There was a block-house, two nests of grumetas' houses, a good broad road leading to each, a well in the block-house, and a pond of fresh water in the field. Almost all, except the block-house, had been done by the labour of free natives. Tropical fruits, esculent vegetables, and other trees were thriving in the garden, and fields were ready for the plough. Beaver had done more than this. In a part of the world where it was an established opinion that "all white man rogue" he had obtained the confidence and respect of the natives: it became, indeed, a saying that "white man of Bulama can't do bad."

Upon reaching Sierra Leone he sold the cutter, disposed of four of his companions according to their own wishes, recovered of another fever, and of the jaundice which followed it, recruited his greatly exhausted strength, and then returned to England in one of the company's vessels with Mr. Hood, the only surviving emigrant!

Within two months after his return he was made first lieutenant of the *Stately*, in which ship he distinguished himself at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. His subsequent performances, as captain and commodore, belong to the naval history of our country. At last, from a fatal obstruction, which timely medical aid might have cured, he ended his career, composed and manly, in the confidence of one who had always endeavoured to do his duty to the utmost, and in Christian faith a pattern to all who, whatever their misconceptions, devote life's best years to the good of mankind.

His widow was, through the kindness of Lord Viscount Melville, appointed matron of Greenwich Hospital School—a situation which she could have little contemplated when her husband was so conspicuous in the high road to the brightest honours. In her bereavement, however, it was no small consolation when, with eager desire, the veteran sailors crowded round her door, entreating to see her six children, those interesting portraits of the late revered commander.



ADMIRAL VERNON.

EDWARD VERNON, well born, well educated, might have risen to distinction among the Upper Ten Thousand, but preferred sea breezes to the atmosphere of a king's court, and threw in his lot with the honest rough-handed British tar.

His first trip was under the care of Admiral Hobsen, when the French fleet, and with it the Spanish galleons, were destroyed in the harbour of Vigo. In 1702 he served in an expedition to the West Indies under Commodore Walker, and in 1704, on board the fleet commanded by Sir George Rooke, he was present at the battle off Malaga.

Having passed through the subordinate stations of the service, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain on the 22nd of January, 1706, and appointed to the *Dolphin* frigate. In this vessel he was employed on the Mediterranean service, under the command of Sir Cloudealey Shovel, or of his admiral, Sir John Leake. There is, however, no particular record of Vernon's services on this station.

In 1711, when only twenty-seven years of age, Captain Vernon captured on this service a French ship of thirty guns and 120 men.

The peace of Utrecht, which was signed soon after this period, gave Europe almost thirty years' repose, and placed Captain Vernon in comparative retirement. In 1727 he was sent to Parliament to represent the borough of Penryn, in Cornwall. He soon rendered himself a marked man there by his blunt opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, against which he spoke at every opportunity with equal frankness and warmth. The Spaniards had for some time acted in a haughty and insulting manner, and ultimately went the

length of seizing, under any frivolous pretext, whatever British ship fell into their hands. English commerce was not safe in the West Indies, and the presence of an English squadron in the Mediterranean was necessary for the protection of our merchantmen even there. These guarda-coastas boarded and plundered every British ship they met, under pretence of searching for contraband goods. They even seized several, took possession of their cargoes, and threw the sailors into prison. Fired by such reiterated insolence, the people of England began to lose all patience; petitions poured in from all parts of the kingdom, calling for energetic measures, and in a debate concerning the Spanish depredations Vernon offered to take their West Indian head-quarters, Porto Bello, with six men-of-war. Sir Robert Walpole was only too happy to get rid of a troublesome opponent, and gain some popularity, by appointing Vernon to the task he had undertaken to perform.

Porto Bello, situated on the north side of the Isthmus of Darien, was at this time considered one of the strongest places in the world. At the entrance of the north side of the bay, close by a steep rock, stood a strong fort, called the Castle de Ferro, mounting seventy-eight guns of unusual calibre, and strengthened beneath by a battery of twenty-two guns, parallel with the water. On the opposite side of the bay, but about a mile further inwards, stood Gloria Castle, presenting two regular bastions towards the sea, mounting ninety guns, the curtain between mounting twenty-two more, with a battery of eight guns pointing across the harbour. A little above this castle, and near the town, stood Fort St. Jeronimo, a strong quadrangular redoubt; and under the guns of this fortress and Gloria

Castle rode the ships at anchor. The town itself lay at the bottom of the harbour, built in crescent form.

Vernon, advanced to the rank of vice-admiral of the blue, hoisted his flag on board the *Burford* (70), and sailed for Jamaica, where he arrived on the 23rd of October, the day on which war was proclaimed in England. On arriving off that island he had the satisfaction of seeing an English man-of-war standing into the harbour of Port Royal with two Spanish prizes in tow, one with 120,000 pieces of eight aboard, and clothing for 6000 men. Sailing from Jamaica, the admiral sighted his place of destination on the 20th of November, and anchored for the night about six leagues from shore. On the 21st, early in the morning, he weighed, and plied down to windward in line of battle, with his squadron of six ships, averaging sixty guns.

Orders had been given for a general attack, but, the wind veering to E., the admiral was obliged to confine his attack to De Ferro Castle, close under which the squadron was piloted. When the *Hampton Court* came within a cable's length of the fort she was suddenly becalmed by the high land to windward, and before she could bring her guns to bear was exposed to a smart and telling fire from the enemy. But as soon as she was in a position to return the salute, having dropped anchor, she lost no time and spared no pains in doing so. In a moment she was enveloped in a cloud of lurid smoke, from which the thunder and the flash of her guns were incessant. She appeared at one time, to the rest of the fleet, to be all on fire—so rapid was the discharge of her guns, and so heavy and red the smoke which enveloped her: she is said to have delivered four hundred balls in twenty-five minutes. Not that she was unassisted for that time: the *Norwich* and *Worcester* soon came up to the assistance of the gallant ship, and, catching the fury of the *Hampton Court's* fire, plied the fort with such continuous and telling rounds that within half an hour from the time when the booming of the latter ship's artillery gave token of what sailors were at the guns the batteries began to be deserted.

Perceiving this, the admiral threw out the signal for landing—a service to be performed by some forty seamen and a company of marines—and luffed up as near the fort as possible, in order to engage the lower battery, and so favour the landing. The *Burford*, however, met with a vigorous reception: almost every shot from De Ferro Castle told upon her. One carried away the stern of Vernon's barge, a second went crashing through his foretopmast, a third disabled a gun on the upper deck, while a fourth killed five men, and wounded three others near the spot where Vernon himself stood. These accidents, however, were not to stand in the way of the capture of Porto Bello. A cool but sharp fire from the *Burford's* small arms drove the garrison from the lower battery, and, this difficulty done away, the boats landed under the walls of the fort, though no breach had been effected. The sailors were no sooner landed than, mounted on each other's shoulders, they scaled the fort, entered an embrasure immediately under the mouth of a gun, hauled the soldiers up after them, struck the Spanish colours on the lower battery, and planted there the more glorious English ensign.

The meaning of such conduct being perfectly plain to the governor, he hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

The town, however, had yet to be taken, and the night fell upon an effectual cannonade of Gloria Castle. The following morning the admiral called a council of war, when it was decided not to attack Gloria Castle by day, and orders were issued for working up the ships at night. This circumspection proved unnecessary. A white flag was soon seen waving from the castle and St. Jeronimo, and soon after a boat came out offering terms of capitulation. In a few hours Porto Bello was in possession of the British forces.

Thus Admiral Vernon fulfilled his promise, and with an ease, a completeness that no man dreamed of, and, what must be regarded as something when such brave seamen are concerned, with very small loss. His conduct towards the captured town, which lay at his mercy, is not the less worthy of record than the capture itself. Two guarda-costas in the harbour, in anticipation, as they supposed, of the English, plundered the town the night previous to the surrender. On the other hand, Vernon strictly enjoined his men to abstain both from insult and extortion: a charge they so honourably obeyed that he distributed among them, as prize-money, 10,000 dollars, which had been sent to Porto Bello for the payment of the garrison a few days before the town fell into British hands.

As it was never intended by the government to retain possession of Porto Bello, which from its unhealthiness was called by the Spaniards themselves "the grave of the New World," Vernon took on board all the brass cannon found in the forts, spiked the rest, and proceeded to demolish the fortifications: a task which was completed in three weeks, at an expense of 122 barrels of Spanish gunpowder. Having thus utterly destroyed that asylum of pirates, whose chief point of rendezvous it was, and whence they had issued to devastate English commerce in those seas for many years, the brave admiral sailed for Jamaica, despatching a Captain Rentone, in a Spanish vessel captured in the port, to convey the news to England.

Upon the arrival of this intelligence the people were frantic with joy. Both Houses of Parliament voted their thanks to the brave Vernon and his men. The cities of London and Bristol (then the second city of England) presented congratulatory addresses. Songs were sung, medals were struck in Vernon's honour, and his effigy was carried through almost every important town in the kingdom. There had been no successes like these since the days of the sea-king Blake.

Meanwhile Vernon quitted Port Royal, in Jamaica, where he had refitted, and on the 25th of February following the reduction of Porto Bello sailed for Carthagena, but, finding his forces inadequate to a regular attack of the place, he gave up the attempt, and sailed westward along the coast to Porto Bello, to repair the damages sustained by the enemy's small craft in the late bombardment. This business completed, he again put to sea, and, steering south-west close along shore, entered the Chagres river, a few leagues from Porto Bello. At the mouth of this river stood a castle, especially obnoxious as having served as a rendezvous and protection to the

piratical guarda-costas. The only two of these Spanish pirates remaining in those seas (Vernon had already destroyed two at Porto Bello) were now in this river, and it was resolved to take or sink these, and destroy the fort which protected them. This latter object was found more difficult than could have been anticipated. Though mounting only twelve small guns, it sustained a continued and furious cannonade from three of the most powerful ships in the squadron for two days. At length, however, it was compelled to surrender. Possession of the town and the piratical ships was now easy; both were taken. The custom-house was burned to the ground; the batteries, the fort, and the guarda-costas utterly destroyed; and, with a prize of ordnance and the merchandise in the custom-house, the squadron retired.

Vernon had now become a national favourite, and the news of his success at Porto Bello raised a vigorous outcry for the reduction of the more important Spanish settlements in the West Indies. Accordingly twenty-five sail of the line, under Sir Charles Ogle, with numerous frigates and transports, carrying 10,000 troops, were despatched to join him. The troops were commanded by Lord Cathcart, a nobleman of high character and great military experience, but he died soon after his arrival in the West Indies, and the command devolved upon General Wentworth. This armament arrived at Jamaica early in January, 1741, swelling Vernon's force to thirty line-of-battle ships, 100 frigates and auxiliary vessels, 15,000 seamen, and 12,000 soldiers and marines.

With this fleet, the most powerful that ever collected in the American seas, Vernon sailed on the 28th of January for Port St. Louis, in St. Domingo, in quest of a suspicious French squadron, but it had left that harbour homeward-bound, and he pressed all canvas for Carthage. Unfortunately, when the expedition came to anchor in Playa Grande Bay, the admiral and the general remained four days in hot and angry debate as to the plan of attack. Things were almost at a dead-lock: Vernon domineering, resolute, and abhorring to stick at trifles; Wentworth, void of genius or vigour, making mountains of molehills; and councils of war called on board, in which, as will ever be the case in councils, the men of words outspoke and outvoted the men of deeds.

The admiral, however, got under weigh with two divisions of his fleet, and brought them under the forts which bristled at the entrance to the harbour. This entrance was a narrow passage (called Bocca Chica, or "little mouth"), defended on the one side by the castle of St. Louis, which mounted eighty-two guns and eight mortars, with Fort St. Jago, Fort St. Philip, and the battery of Chamba. On the other side of the passage was a fascine battery of fifteen guns, a second of four, and a third, called Fort St. Joseph, of twenty-one. Between the last of these and the castle on the other side of Bocca Chica were thrown a strong boom and cables, just within which rode four men-of-war, in immediate command of the Spanish admiral.

Moored under the walls, in less than an hour the *Norwich*, *Russel*, and *Shrewsbury* succeeded in silencing the guns of Forts Philip, St. Jago, and Chamba, which were immediately occupied by a detachment of grenadiers. On the 10th the two regiments of foot, under Harrison and Went-

worth, and six regiments of marines, were landed without opposition on the island of Terra Bomba, where they pitched their tents, and began to erect a battery against the castle. Five days were then consumed in landing artillery, ammunition, and stores; but General Wentworth showed lamentable ignorance in his choice of ground; for the tents were no sooner pitched than the troops found themselves exposed to the fire of a masked battery of fifteen 24-pounders. Upon this Vernon despatched Captains Watson and Boscawen, with a considerable number of seamen and soldiers, to silence it. They soon effected a landing, but on setting foot ashore found themselves in the face of another battery of five guns. Dashing up to it, however, they soon took possession of it, and then proceeded to capture the larger fort, which having successfully accomplished and spiked all the guns, the tars returned to their ships with inconsiderable loss and much honour.

Relieved by this success, on the 22nd Wentworth's troops opened a battery of 24-pounders against the castle, and the next day Commodore Lestock was ordered to attack it by sea. This attack was renewed on the 24th, on which day fell Lord Aubrey Beaulieu, captain of the *Prince Frederic* (70), a brave and experienced commander. Meanwhile the Spaniards had remounted their fascine battery, which was a second time destroyed by the impetuous gallantry of a detachment of sailors. A small breach was now made in the castle. Wentworth communicated his intention of storming it to the admiral, who, in order to divert the notice of the enemy, manned his boats. The sailors landed near the castle, and waited for the general assault, which was no sooner commenced than the garrison threw down their muskets and fled from the walls. The garrison of Fort St. Joseph followed the example, and our sailors took possession of it unharmed by a single shot. Emboldened by this success, and perceiving that the enemy, panic-struck, were preparing to sink their ships, the *Galcia*, with the Spanish admiral's flag flying, was boarded and captured, with the captain and sixty men. Two ships of war had already been sunk and one burned by the Spaniards themselves.

Our seamen then proceeded to cut the boom, and thus opened a passage for their ships into the harbour. Next morning the fleet entered unchallenged; but, the wind blowing fresh and contrary, it was several days before they reached the narrow entrance into the inner harbour, on which the town was built. This passage was defended by a fortress of considerable strength—the *Castello Grande*, mounting fifty-nine guns; but it was abandoned by the enemy as soon as the fleet was seen bearing down.

Our sailors then opened a channel through the sunken ships of the enemy; the bomb-ketches, covered by two frigates, entered the harbour, and on the succeeding day were followed by three fire-ships, which were so stationed as to cover the intended landing of the troops. The *Weymouth*, Captain Knowles, got into the harbour on the 3rd of March, and early in the morning of the 5th the troops began to land; the whole army being disembarked and encamped on the evening of the 6th.

Fort St. Lazaro, which commanded the town, was well fortified, and held a numerous garrison. Wentworth was of opinion that any attempt to

take it without regular approaches would be attended with much danger and difficulty; the admiral, on the contrary, was convinced that it was practicable by escalade. From that moment discord divided their councils. The general upbraided the admiral for not cannonading the town; Vernon reproached Wentworth for not storming the fort. All this time the Spaniards were using every exertion to strengthen their position.

At length it was resolved to attack St. Lazare by escalade, the season being too far advanced to allow time to erect a battery in order to open a breach; and on the 9th of April, at break of day, 1200 men marched to the attack under Brigadier-General Guise. But his guides were shot before he reached the walls; his scaling-ladders, applied at random, proved too short; the officers were disconcerted for want of orders. The confusion naturally consequent upon such a melancholy state of things ensued; and the troops were obliged to retire, with an absolute loss of half their number killed or wounded.

Immediately upon this disastrous repulse the rainy season, which is peculiarly unhealthy, set in. The troops were decimated with sickness, so that it was resolved on the 16th to re-embark them. The peculiar diseases of the climate broke out, too, on board the ships; and, after a few days spent in the destruction of the forts already taken, the disappointed and disgraced armament sailed out of the bay.

Similar ill-success followed its attempts on the Cuban port of St. Jago, and on the rich Spanish settlement at Panama, on the isthmus of that name. Both commanders were ordered home, and Vernon remained unemployed till the memorable year 1745, when he was created admiral of the white, and appointed to command a squadron to watch the proceedings of the French at Dunkirk and elsewhere, which were evidently directed to the invasion of Great Britain. Prince Edward Stuart, encouraged by promises of support from the French king, and allured by invitations from the disaffected in England and Scotland, whom not all the lessons of history could alienate from Stuart prejudices, determined to make an attempt to recover the crown. The kingdom was in considerable consternation at the idea of an invasion which might place a Catholic on the British throne, and Admiral Vernon's appointment was hailed with universal approbation. He sailed into the Downs in the month of August. He continued on this station till the 1st of January, 1746; and this period of his command was perhaps the most interesting of his whole life.

There was no fighting; the British navy did not belch its thunders; but the mere aspect of its shotted guns, with such an admiral as Vernon to bid them roar, kept the terrified French in port.

For a whole year our faithful sentinel watched the cunning foe. His task was done. The young Pretender's hopes were blasted for ever.

And now Vernon, impatient of men at home wielding their pens instead of their swords, resumed his old habit of scolding his official superiors. He was ordered to strike his flag, *for the last time*. Soon after, fretting in retirement, he so offended the king by certain revelations that his name was removed from the admiralty list.

This happened on the 11th of August, 1746, and he was never afterwards restored to his rank. From this period he lived almost wholly in retirement, seldom interfering in public business, except as member for Ipswich. He died suddenly at his seat at Nacton, in Suffolk, on the 30th of October, 1767, in the 73rd year of his age.

The character of Vernon may be summed up in few words. He was brave and courageous in the highest degree; his abilities as a seaman were of the first class, and as a man his honour was unsullied. But he was irritable, imperious, and impatient of control; faults which were considerably increased by the unbounded and almost unexampled popularity in which he was held, which attached to him a good half-century after his decease, and exists traditionally still. With the seamen he was a great favourite, and many anecdotes of him still circulate in the navy. He it was who introduced the practice of diluting the spirits served out to the men: hence the name which the diluted beverage now universally bears, which was simply a transfer of Vernon's own sea cognomen, "Old Grog."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A COUNCIL OF WAR WITH FEW WORDS.

CAPTAIN FORREST, with three ships, was sent to cruise off Cape François to endeavour to intercept a French convoy. On their way they met with a squadron of seven ships, mounting 370 guns, and with a total strength of 3880 soldiers and sailors, the three English ships having no more than 184 guns, and their united crews amounting to 850 men. Captain Forrest immediately called a council of war, and addressed his colleagues in these words: "Gentlemen, you see the force of the enemy; is it your resolution to fight them or not?" To which the other two captains instantly answered, "It is." The vessels engaged, and after a furious battle of several hours the French were defeated, but the English ships had suffered so severely that they were unable to pursue the enemy.

A FEMALE SUBSTITUTE.

DURING the heat of the action in which Rodney gained a complete victory over Count de Grasse, a gunner being disabled and sent below, a woman was found supplying his place at the gun. After the battle she was brought before the admiral, when it turned out that she was the gunner's wife and had been concealed on board. She declared she was not afraid of the French, and thought it right to supply her husband's place. Rodney threatened her for a breach of the rules, but privately sent her a purse of ten guineas.

PRIZE-MONEY.

THE term "prize-money" is often made use of in naval history. It is a certain share which falls to the captain, officers, and crew of a vessel that takes a prize, and the amount of each share is apportioned to the rank of the recipient. Few of our readers can form an idea of the large sums

which have from time to time been paid as prize-money in individual cases, as, for instance, the following :—On the 21st of May, 1763, the *Active* frigate, Captain Sawyer, while on a cruise off Cadix, fell in with, and captured without resistance, a large Spanish ship. The nett proceeds of her cargo, after paying all charges, amounted to £519,706, and the prize-money was distributed as follows :—To the captain £65,063 13s. 9d., to three commissioned officers £13,004 14s. 1d. each, to eight warrant officers £4336 3s. 2d. each, to twenty petty officers £1806 10s. 10d. each, to 160 seamen and marines £485 5s. 4d. each.

SPIRITED BEHAVIOUR OF A DRUMMER.

AN English drummer, having wandered from his camp into the French lines, was taken prisoner, and taken before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy attired in drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was the captive answered, "A drummer in the English service." This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he instantly did to the French general's satisfaction. He was then asked to beat a retreat. "A retreat, sir?" replied the Briton. "I know not what that is, nor is it known in the English service." This answer so pleased the French officer that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general commending his spirited behaviour.

A STRANGER TO FEAR.

LORD HOWE was once awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, in great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the powder-room. "If that be the case," said this resolute officer, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon hear a report of it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid, sir. The fire is extinguished." "Afraid?" exclaimed Howe. "What do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life." And, looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "How does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

A SPEECH TO THE PURPOSE.

At the battle of the Nile General Savage commanded the marines on board the *Orion*, and just as the ship was going into action he pointed out to his men the line of French ships on the one side, and the low shore of Egypt on the other, and said, "There, my lads, you see the enemy's ships; and there," pointing on the other side, "is the land of Egypt; and by Jove! if you don't fight like lions, and give the Frenchmen a good licking, to-morrow you will find yourselves in the house of bondage." The part which the *Orion* played in the memorable engagement, and the distinguished share which the marines took, proved that their gallant commander's address was not thrown away upon them.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAILORS—A DIFFERENCE.

In Admiral Hotham's naval victory off Genoa, in 1796, when the surviving officer of one of the enemy's ships was taken his sword was returned to him, and he thereupon congratulated himself upon receiving it, at the same time observing that he had been obliged to thrust that sword through the bodies of several of his sea-

men to make the remainder stand to their guns. He at the same time asked the first lieutenant of the admiral's ship how the English officers contrived to keep the men to their guns. "We have no necessity to keep them to their guns," replied the lieutenant, "for when once they are there no power on earth could drive them from them."

A FRIEND AND A FEATHER.

In an action between Petion and Christophe the officers of the latter pointed out Petion to their men as their grand mark, he having a long yellow feather in his hat. Captain Cotillay, a man of colour, rode up to Petion, and, informing him of his danger, solicited an exchange of hats. Petion refused, and the aide-de-camp rode away. About half an hour afterwards a detachment of cavalry was ordered to cut Petion off, and the movement would have succeeded had it not been for Captain Cotillay, who, perceiving the imminent danger of his general, rode up to him, seized the feather, put it into his own hat, and took an opposite direction, accompanied by three other aides-de-camp, and thus saved the general's life.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER IV.—THE ESCAPE FROM SCYLLA.

THE march was a long and fatiguing one, oppressed as every man was by a heavy knapsack and his day's rations, and by an almost tropical heat for several hours of the day; but, as it was uncertain how soon Massena might commence his march, if indeed he had not already done so, it became absolutely necessary to push the men on, and place them behind the defences of Scylla before the rise of another sun.

Allowing the men and cattle a halt of three hours for food and rest during the most exhausting heat of the day, the regiment was again put in motion, but with their utmost exertions it was dark before the leading columns halted at the rocky base of the towering Scylla, that, black, stern, and rugged, rose among the beetling cliffs above them.

The sight was a grand and imposing one, as the intense darkness of the night was lit up by hundreds of torches, while the weary troops and cattle, dragging their heavy waggons, were seen toiling up the rocky road leading to the grim old castle, that, nestled away among the crags, looked like a gloomy dungeon, the intense cold of the mountain air, joined with the fatigue of the long day's march, adding fearfully to the distress felt by all. Sometimes the road led by a sharp incline straight up the rocks, at others bending outwards over a jutting crag, fifty fathoms over the ocean, that burst in thunder on the rocks below.

At length, as the old chapel bell of the citadel gave out the hour of midnight, the last man and vehicle had passed, the last torch had disappeared

from the rocky ascent, and then the rusty portcullis fell with a jarring clangour, that rattled through every quarter of the solitary fortalice.

Scylla had been hastily garrisoned some months before by a few Sicilian soldiers and a company of English infantry, but now, commanding as it did the Straits of Messina, it was deemed prudent to throw in a whole regiment: hence, in the abandonment of the expedition into Calabria, the 6th were ordered to that duty.

To Scylla also most of the officers in Sir John Stuart's army had sent their wives, for greater security than Messina or even Palermo could offer, threatened as both might be at any moment by an overwhelming French force.

Dreary and disheartening as the fortress of Scylla appeared in the cold and darkness of midnight, the aspect it presented on the following day, when all nature was surveyed under the inspiring influence of a meridian sun and the glories of an Italian summer, was a sight to see and to remember.

Northward, looking from the entrance, was seen the long undulating chain of the Apennines, terminating in the rock on the pinnacles of which the castle of Scylla was perched. Westward, flashing like a vast sheet of silver in the unclouded sunshine, spread the broad Mediterranean, dotted by the Lipari Isles, gleaming from their burnished field of silver like gems of emerald and sapphire. On the east extended the blue unruffled Adriatic and Ægean seas, while to the south and west the whole of Sicily, as far as the eye could reach, lay at the gazer's feet like a rich garden, dotted with tower and cot, city and hamlet, with Etna, in the remote background, vomiting into the blue ether its dun wreaths of eternal smoke.

Edgar's youthful imagination was entranced by the grandeur, beauty, and variety of the scene, that on every side presented a new and glorious picture of nature's loveliness, the deep unmitigated blue of the heavens adding an indescribable charm to the glorious panorama.

Edgar was gazing dreamily, on the second morning after their arrival, on the city of Messina, that seemed to lie at his feet on the opposite coast of Sicily, when he was suddenly aroused by the clash of the alarm bell, and by the impetuous rattle of the regimental drums beating to instant quarter.

Rushing to his post, he soon found himself involved in active duties. Approaching the fortress by the coast, an overpowering force of the enemy, accompanied by a long train of light and heavy artillery, was seen slowly nearing the front of the castle; and that a siege and blockade were intended there could be no shadow of a doubt. Nor were the inmates of the castle kept long in ignorance that Regnier, the late defeated general, with nearly 10,000 men, a large portion of whom were engineers and artillery, intended to reduce the rock-fortress, before the coming up of Massena with the main army to cross by the Straits into Sicily.

All was instant bustle and activity in the fortress, completing the arrangements begun on the first arrival of Colonel Sawbridge, who had been appointed commandant of the place. But now, when too late to remedy the evil—the enemy having taken possession of the approaches—it was discovered that the Sicilian authorities had neglected to send in the promised ammunition

and extra guns required to make the place at all tenable.

The enemy, having halted in the plain, and pitched their camp in a secure spot, seemed to rest on their oars, content with cutting off all supplies or information from reaching the besieged. On the part of the English, however, the greatest activity prevailed, and guns were removed to those parts of the ramparts most likely to be assaulted, and every preparation made to repel the enemy, as far as their limited means permitted. For this purpose the garrison worked all night with much energy and despatch; but when daylight allowed them to inspect their own labours, and look abroad on the enemy's position, they were both annoyed and enraged to discover that the French had established a battery of four guns across the road, only a few hundred yards from the drawbridge and outward defences of the castle, while about a couple of rods behind the first a higher and stronger redoubt had been erected, on which two pieces of heavier artillery and a mortar had been already placed. Nor was this all: with considerable skill and great inconvenience, two unmasked batteries, each mounting two guns of heavy calibre, had been constructed on two rocky eminences, one on either flank of the ramparts, across the road.

The sight disclosed by the morning sun of the progress made in a few hours by the enemy was by no means consolatory or gratifying to the commandant, when he reflected on the number and energy of the besiegers, the approaches they had effected in a few hours, and his own inadequate means to repel a regularly-conducted assault.

The French did not allow their antagonists to remain long in doubt as to their future intentions, for, not waiting for the English guns to open the ball, they suddenly unmasked their flanking batteries, and from these, and the two across the road, poured in a heavy fire on the two round towers that guarded the drawbridge, and the curtain adjacent to each, the portions which Colonel Sawbridge had during the night taken such pains to strengthen by removing to them the heaviest artillery in the fortress, for, so far fortunately for the besieged, this, with the two next bastions, was the only face of the castle open to attack from the enemy, the rear and the western side rising from the sea in perpendicular cliffs. On the east the face of the castle was similarly protected by nature, though not to the same depth, a deep gorge, through which a mountain river poured its impetuous stream, effectually cutting off the castle from any attack except the hazardous one of escalade.

Behind this gorge, however, at a short distance, rose a high conical hill, that completely commanded every part of the castle, and had it been possible to get artillery to the apex, the besiegers must in three hours have reduced Scylla to a heap of ruins.

The few artillerymen who seemed to have been left more by accident than design in the castle, aided by the grenadier company of the 6th, were not slow in working the guns entrusted to them, and the enemy's fire was returned with a spirit and effect that called forth the warmest commendation from the commandant, who was particularly struck and delighted with the execution effected on one of the enemy's flank batteries by the gun commanded by Havering, whose

smattering of mathematics and partial knowledge of gunnery enabled him to elevate his ordnance with such precision that every shot told on the face or embrasures of the enemy's redoubt, which was fast crumbling to the ground.

"Now, lads, that we have knocked out his gabions and fascines, we'll dismount his gun for him," cried Edgar to his comrades, as, elated with his success, he bent his knee to place the muzzle of his piece in a line with the object aimed at, and at the same time give the breach the proper depression required for the distance.

At the moment that he knelt down—indeed, while he was in the act of doing so—the enemy fired the gun at which he was aiming, the round shot striking the top of the parapet within a yard of Colonel Sawbridge, who had heard the innocent boast of his new sergeant, and with his telescope was leaning on the breastwork, watching the effect of the fire. Scattering a shower of granite dust, the shot sped forward, struck off Edgar's tall bearskin cap, and, pursuing a straight line, encountered a soldier who had just mounted the rampart, hurling him, with his load of ammunition, a disfigured corpse into the narrow street below.

Blowing the dust from his sleeve, the colonel looked round anxiously towards the sergeant, but, observing his smiling face as he addressed a light word to the man who recovered the ill-used cap, he resumed his occupation, muttering—

"If he hits his mark after that escape there's more in him than I or Stuart have given him credit for."

A roar, a flash of light, a thick cloud of white smoke, and the shaking of the wall beneath him told the colonel that the shot had been fired, while even before his eye could satisfy him of the fact the shout of the men at the embrasure assured him that the ball had gone true to its mark. The gun, struck on its muzzle, had been driven from its bed against a rock, and lay in splinters by the bodies of those who were loading and sighting it.

"Splendidly done, Havering!" exclaimed the colonel, in admiration, stepping up to the still applauding soldiers, while Edgar readjusted his grenadier's cap. A few more shots entirely silenced the battery, the firing for the rest of the day being confined to occasional shots from the three remaining redoubts.

As the ammunition of the besieged could not last many days if such a close bombardment was continued, it was resolved to make a sortie that night, and, if possible, destroy the enemy's batteries and prevent their repairing the one dismantled. Three parties were accordingly formed, the grenadiers, commanded by an ensign, comprising one company, their duty being to attack the flank battery on the right, while the others were to storm the redoubts across the road, one party taking them on the flank and the other in front.

Edgar, who had made himself acquainted with the bearings of the ground, undertook to guide his company under a kind of covered way to the side, if not the rear, of the enemy's position. This task was effected with despatch and secrecy, but the enemy, apprehensive of such a surprise, were already awake, and, springing to their feet, met the party with a deadly volley that staggered the whole line.

"Follow me, my lads; up and spike their guns," cried the ensign, as he bounded up the face of the battery, followed by a large portion of the men. Edgar, having gained a rock a little above the level of the battery, leaped into the midst of the enemy at the moment that a second discharge was poured in among the stormers. Attacked in their midst and rear by Havering and his party, the French artillerymen allowed those in front to make good their position, when the bayonet was used with such execution that the enemy gave way and fled to the other batteries. To spike the guns and form the men was hardly the work of a minute, when Edgar inquired of the officer in command for the next order.

"I cannot lead you, Havering; I am hurt, and the sergeant-major is down. Do you hear these shouts? Lead the men to the assistance of the captain. Go."

Placing himself at the head of his company, Edgar, with a shout of triumph, which was echoed by his men, sprang down the rocks, and, entering the second redoubt at the rear, was just in time to give the finishing stroke to the routed French, who, at sight of this reinforcement, left the ground *en masse* and fled to their supporting columns, as the English, collecting their dead and wounded, retreated hastily to the castle.

The commandant was at the Sally-port waiting the return of the attacking companies, giving a word of praise or special commendation to the men and different leaders as they entered the gloomy fortalice, lighted up for the moment by the lurid glow of a score of torches.

"Whom have you there, Havering?" demanded the colonel, as the grenadiers brought in on their muskets several of their dead comrades, with the wounded ensign supported at the side of the rude litter. "How is this? Are you in charge of the party?" he inquired with sudden quickness, as Edgar's reduced company brought up the rear and closed the gate of the Sally-port.

"Ensign Manvers is only incapacitated for a few days I hope, but the brave sergeant-major was killed at the first volley," he replied, as his small party halted at the entrance of the archway, and the wounded were passed on to hospital.

"What are your casualties, sergeant?" asked the other as the ensign was helped past.

"Five dead, colonel, and seven wounded," replied Edgar, as the men moved away with their load.

"Make out the return, and let me have it at once," said the colonel, turning round to re-enter his quarters. "You have all done your duty well and bravely, and it affords me great pleasure to tell you so. It was a splendid sortie, most gallantly executed, though it has cost us dear. It has fully answered all the purposes intended, and to officers and men I return my grateful thanks."

An hour later, as Edgar returned to the guard-room with the file of sentries he had just brought from their several guards, he was met by the adjutant, who came with an order from the colonel, apprising him that he was to undertake the duties of the sergeant-major killed in the recent sortie, combining with the functions of that office the duties of pay-sergeant, a rank that, while it added to his responsibilities and military position, would considerably enhance his pay.

Sending his grateful acknowledgments to the

colonel for this additional mark of his consideration, Edgar observed to the adjutant as he accompanied him along the ramparts—

"I have been thinking all day, Lieutenant Chester, whether my duty would justify me in making a suggestion to one of my superior officers—youself, for instance—on a matter I consider of importance to the safety of the garrison."

"Of course, Havering, it is not etiquette, nor would it be proper for a non-commissioned officer to dictate a line of duty to a field officer or a commandant," replied the adjutant.

"I feel and fully understand that, sir, and yet I have had an opportunity of observing a fact that neither the colonel nor any other officer has been in a position to see, and which might—"

"At all events, you can tell me the matter, and if it is worthy of consideration you shall have the whole credit of it with the colonel. By coming through me it will not be attended with the objection that would follow your suggestion to the commandant himself."

"You are very good, and I am deeply sensible of your kindness, lieutenant. The fact is, in posting my sentries on the eastern counterscarp I was induced to examine the ground round the base of the high conical hill that on that side of the fortress entirely commands the castle of Scylla."

"Did you make a close inspection?"

"I did, sir, and discovered an accessible path right up the mountain. Now, my proposition—I beg pardon, lieutenant—I meant to say that I thought if a score of men were sent to the top they could hold it against overwhelming odds, should the enemy at any time attempt to possess themselves of it."

"Could they get up their cannon, do you think?"

"Encouraged by Napoleon's passage of the Simplon, I have no doubt they would; indeed, it *could* be done. If they were to succeed in so bold a move we should be entirely at their mercy."

"You think you could drag up an unlimbered gun to the top?" demanded the adjutant.

"With a score of men I would take up two. But we should not require guns; our presence there would be enough to deter the enemy from making the attempt."

"Stop here till I return." And without another word the adjutant hurried along the ramparts to the citadel, or keep, taking a hasty but comprehensive look at the gigantic mountain that rose grim and formidable before his eyes, sitting like an incubus of evil over the leaguered fortress.

In less than ten minutes Edgar saw the adjutant returning, and walked forward to meet him, the latter observing—

"The colonel greatly approves of your vigilance, Havering, and of the plan suggested, but on so dark a night he would not be justified in risking the lives of the men up so dangerous a path, where one false step would lead to instant destruction. To-morrow, if you still feel justified in your power of scaling the mountain, you shall have a wing of the light company to make the attempt."

"If the enemy should think of doing the same thing—" began Edgar, but the adjutant interposed by observing—

"The enemy has no such thought, I can assure you, for he is busy repairing his batteries;

we can hear the engineers hard at work. Good night. I shall probably accompany you to-morrow up that sugar-loaf hill. Till then good night, sergeant."

The rays of the morning's light disclosed the fact that the French had not only repaired their dismantled redoubts, but had strengthened each with a trench and a *chevaux-de-frise*, and by the addition of six extra guns.

Edgar's first gaze was directed to the mountain, but all seemed as he had last beheld it, a huge mass of grand and solitary rock, here and there sparsely covered with a stunted vegetation of juniper, gentian, and other Alpine growths.

Edgar's duties, however, were now too numerous and important to allow him to waste an unnecessary minute in unprofitable speculation. About noon the enemy's cannon again began to thunder on the walls and gates of Scylla, and Edgar had just led up a body of men to work some of the guns, when an orderly brought a message from the colonel, ordering him instantly to repair to the esplanade in front of the keep.

"Havering," observed the commandant, "I am resolved that you shall try that scheme of yours, suggested last night to Lieutenant Chester. I have ordered out a wing of the light company to support you in your ascent to the apex," and he pointed to some thirty men drawn up on the open space. "What say you, Havering? Are you ready?"

"It is too late, colonel. I can see the glint of bayonets, where the rear-guard of the enemy is winding round the crest of the hill."

"Too late? Impossible! I see nothing. But stop," exclaimed the colonel, evidently deeply annoyed, as he drew a telescope from his pocket and intently surveyed the part indicated. "Confusion! You are right, the enemy is in position," he ejaculated sternly. "Well, we must wait and see what they make of their lofty quarters. For the present our duty lies here." And he led the way, followed by his staff, to the front of the castle, where the bombardment was taking place.

Deeply annoyed that the enemy had been allowed to avail themselves of the important hill, Edgar turned to the eastern face of the fortification, where the perpendicular side rose almost in a straight line from the channel, three hundred feet below. His reasons for visiting this situation, and inspecting all its formidable features, were at the time hardly understood by himself, but that some serious mischief was impending he felt perfectly convinced.

About four in the afternoon every one in the castle was roused to a painful degree of interest by the shriek of a shell, that, after describing an arc in the heavens, fell like a plummet on the roof of the keep, and exploded in the chamber below.

Before the surprise caused by this unexpected misfortune had subsided a second shell followed exactly in the same spot, bursting out the sides, doors, and windows of the keep with a crashing discord, followed instantly by the piercing shrieks of more than twenty females, who, in the wildest terror, rushed from the tottering ruins.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.]

THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

IMMEDIATELY after the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo the English troops were put in motion, and, crossing the river Tagus, head-quarters were established at Elvas on the 11th of May, 1812. Here preparations were made for one of the boldest of Lord Wellington's attempts. On the 16th the army traversed the Guadiana, and Badajoz was regularly invested.

The force that invested the fortress was placed under the command of Marshal Beresford, and consisted of the divisions of Barnard, Picton, and Colville; another division of cavalry was placed in advance to observe the movements of Soult; and a third division, with a cavalry brigade attached, occupied Merida, to prevent a junction between Soult and Marmont.

The town of Badajoz is most favourably situated for defence, and most difficult of attack.

Round one portion two rivulets course and unite with the Guadiana, which flows in the face of the works, and in front of the heights of St. Christoval. The castle stands above the union of these rivers, the fortifications exceedingly strong, and the exterior defences complete.

As time pressed, and the means of regular investment were but indifferent, Wellington determined that the bastion of La Trinidad should be battered. The night of the 16th was fixed upon as the time for this daring essay; rain and darkness favoured the bold attempt, and ground was broken without the working parties being heard or molested. The two following days were devoted to intrenching, but under a heavy fire from the fort.

The weather was most unfavourable for prosecuting a siege. Rain fell incessantly, the river rose above its customary height, the pontoons were swept away from their moorings, the flying bridges could work but slowly, and it was feared that communication with the other side would be interrupted, and that the siege would have to be abandoned. Incessant labour was required to forward the works. The ground was a perfect quagmire, the trenches knee-deep in mud; the masonry of the batteries crumbled away under the slightest pressure, and it was almost impossible to lay platforms for the guns.

After incredible exertions the guns were brought forward, the batteries armed, and on the 25th they opened on the Pizarina. The besieged lost no time in strengthening the point of attack with additional defences. The ditch was deepened, the gorge secured by high palisades, and along the parapet shells and grenades were placed, to be rolled down upon the storming party at the instant of attack. Every means were, in short, adopted to insure a vigorous and successful resistance.

When darkness set in that night a detachment of 500 men, under the command of General Kempt, were ordered to storm Pizarina. They formed in three parties, who attacked at different places at the same time. One party was directed to attempt the gorge; another prevented the place being succoured from the city, and at the same time cut off the garrison from retreat; and the third was to distract the attention of the French and assist their comrades by making a front attack.

The first detachment reached the gorge undiscovered, but failed in forcing the palisades, by reason of the heavy fire of musketry poured on them by the garrison. Abandoning this point as hopeless, the storming party hastened to another point, escaladed and won the parapet, while another party forced an adjacent angle. The French retreated to a guard-house, which they barricaded and defended most obstinately. At this moment the report was raised that a large body of the besieged were marching from the town to relieve the fort, and the troops, seized with a panic, were about to abandon their enterprise, but General Kempt, promptly placing himself at the head of his men, led them forward, attacked the garrison again, and, after an obstinate resistance, succeeded in obtaining possession of it. This desperate adventure was attended with terrible loss: out of the 200 men who garrisoned the place 160 were killed or drowned in the overflow of the river, while the British casualties in killed and

wounded were nineteen officers and upwards of 300 men. The actual advantages gained were the capture of seven guns and a large quantity of military stores. The capture of the fort, however, enabled the works to be pushed on to within 300 yards of the town; and at this distance the batteries commenced firing on the 28th. On the 29th another sortie was made by the enemy, but they were quickly repulsed by General Hamilton's division. For the next four or five days the batteries worked vigorously, and on the 6th of June several practicable breaches were effected, and three points of assault were thrown open. The report of the engineers being favourable, it was determined to storm the town on the night of the 6th, and the necessary orders were issued accordingly.

The besieged, well knowing that an assault would shortly be attempted, made every preparation and employed all the resources that skill and ingenuity could devise. As Wellington had neither time nor means to destroy the outworks, the French were enabled to raise the most formidable obstructions. Powder barrels and grenades were laid along the trenches, and at the foot of the breach large shells, communicating with hoses and bedded in the earth, were placed ready for explosion. Every species of combustible was employed, and a cartridge of the most deadly description was specially prepared for the musketry.

At length came the hour appointed for the attack, and the troops turned out. It was dark and gloomy, not a star was to be seen, the air was still, and the only sound to be heard was the chirping of the field cricket and the croaking of frogs. Every word of command was given in a whisper, and the strictest silence enjoined. At last the order was given to advance, the forlorn hope moved forward, the storming parties succeeded, and the divisions in columns closed the whole. At the moment the slow and silent march commenced the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; then all became silent again, and not a movement was audible save the softened footsteps of the storming parties as they fell upon the turf with military precision. A dead weight—not inconsistent with bravery—hung upon every mind. The total darkness, the death-like silence, the uncertainty as to how near or far off danger might be, the dull and ill-defined outline of the town, in which lurked certain destruction for many who were now advancing upon it, the knowledge that similar and simultaneous assaults were making on other points, the certainty that two or three minutes would involve the forlorn hope in ruin or make it the beacon-light of conquest—all conspired to quicken the throbbing of each heart, and make every man desire the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life end together.

Suddenly the enemy appeared to be apprised of our intentions, for they threw out fireballs in every direction, and from total darkness they changed the approaches to the garrison into a state light as day. By this means they were enabled to see the direction of the moving columns, and they opened a fire of round and grape shot which raked the foremost ranks, killing and wounding whole sections.

The columns still advanced, however, silent as

before, until they reached a moat about fifty feet wide, formed by the inundation of the river, where they had to pass in single file, the passage being only capable of admitting one at a time. On this place the enemy had brought their guns to bear, and they kept up such a fire of grape and musketry that it was a miracle how any escaped. When they reached the other side they formed again, and advanced up the glacis, forcing their way through the palisades, and thence down into the ditch.

The ladders were now lowered, and on rushed the forlorn hope, with the storming party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled, a mine was fired, an explosion followed, and the breaches were suddenly lighted up with a fearful glare, displaying the French lining the ramparts in crowds, and the English descending the ditch, as visible to each other as if the hour were noon tide.

The attack had now commenced at various points, and the cannon and musketry played upon the troops from every quarter of the town. Undauntedly the storming party advanced cheering, the French cheering defiantly in return. A murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. When the ladders were placed the men, eager to mount, crowded them in such a way that many of them broke, and the poor fellows who had nearly reached the top were precipitated a depth of thirty or forty feet, and impaled on the bayonets of their comrades below; other ladders were pushed aside by the enemy on the walls, and fell with a crash on those in the ditch; while more, who got to the top without accident, were shot on reaching the parapet, and, tumbling headlong, brought down those beneath them. Almost unharmed themselves, the French dealt death around, and, secure within their defences, they ridiculed the mad attempt, and, while they viewed from the parapets a thousand victims writhing in the ditch, shouted derisively to the broken columns, and invited them to come on.

While these unsuccessful assaults upon the breaches were being conducted the third and fifth divisions had moved to their respective points of attack. Picton's, to whom the citadel was assigned, found difficulties nearly equal to those encountered at the breaches. Thither Philippon, the governor of the garrison, had determined to retire if the assault upon the other defences should succeed, and in that event hold the castle and St. Christoval to the last. To render the place more secure, he had caused the gates to be built up, and the ramparts were lined with shells, cart-wheels, stones, and every destructive missile. Fireballs betrayed the movements of the assailants, and for a time every attempt at escalade failed with prodigious loss. At last one ladder was planted, and a few daring spirits made their landing good on the parapet, enabling a great number to follow. When about a company had thus got collected together they formed and charged round the ramparts, bayonetting the French artillerymen at their guns. In a short time the whole division were in possession of the castle. The troops despatched to recover it failed in the attempt. A British jacket waved from the flagstaff, and on the first dawn of morning announced the downfall of Badajoz.

The attempt on St. Vincente succeeded, notwithstanding every preparation had been made for its defence: General Walker overcame all opposition and established himself securely in the place.

During the assault Lord Wellington stationed himself on the high ground behind St. Christoval to view the progress of the operations. Throughout the contest, so doubtful and protracted, his anxiety was painfully acute. Pale and immovable, he gave the necessary orders with his customary calmness and precision, but his eyes were from first to last rivetted on the breaches, and the nervous twitching of the muscles of the face betrayed the perturbed state of the feelings.

The wounded came fast to the rear, but they could tell little how matters were progressing. At last a mounted officer rode up. He was the bearer of evil tidings—the attack upon the breaches had failed; the majority of the officers had fallen; the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance were sent the assault must utterly fail. Wellington instantly sent forward Hay's brigade to the breaches. Half an hour elapsed, another officer appeared. He came from Picton to say the castle had been scaled, and that the third division was actually in the town. The British general received these joyful tidings in the same collected manner with which he listened to the disastrous news previously brought. He instantly despatched orders to the castle that it should be retained, and that the divisions should be withdrawn from the breaches. He then moved towards the town, and there found that Philippon had fled, and that the garrison offered to surrender unconditionally.

The loss sustained by the allies in the reduction of this well-defended fortress was awful. In the assault alone the British casualties were 59 officers and 744 men killed, and 258 officers and 2600 men wounded.

It may be readily imagined that such a fierce resistance as that made by the French would provoke a desperate retaliation from the victors. The troops were scarcely through the gate when every regiment became inextricably mixed, and, defying their officers, they afterwards broke up into parties for the purpose of rapine and plunder. For a day and two nights the town was one scene of riot and violence. The inhabitants, afraid to appear in the streets, were assailed in their houses, beaten, driven out, and in many instances slaughtered. Furniture was smashed to atoms, partitions torn down, and even the beds ripped and scattered to the winds. Wine and spirit stores were broken into, the casks removed into the streets and stove in, while the soldiers lay on their faces and drank the liquors as they ran through the kennel! All within that devoted city was at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom, for the time, control was lost; and they were abetted by an infamous crowd of camp followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless than those who had fought their way within the walls.

On the second day strict measures were taken by Lord Wellington to repress these desperate excesses, and to save the maddened soldiery from the fatal consequences of their own debauchery. A Portuguese brigade was brought from the rear and sent into the town, accompanied by the

provost-marshal and the gallows. This demonstration had its due effect, and the rope carried terror to rioters whom the cannon, sword, and bayonets of the enemy could not appal.

THE BELLONA AND THE COURAGEUX.

In the month of August, 1761, the *Bellona*, 74 guns and 558 men, commanded by Captain Faulknor, and the *Brilliant*, 36-gun frigate, Captain Loggie, sailed in company from Lisbon, the larger vessel having on board an immense treasure. In passing by Cape Finisterre, on the evening of the 14th, three sail were discerned making for the land along which the British ships were running. They continued their course until they had come within six or seven miles, when, suddenly, on making out the character of the hostile ships, they changed their course and made sail before the wind in flight.

Seeing this, the *Bellona* and the *Brilliant* made after them, and crowded all the canvas they could in pursuit, and, being favoured by a bright moonlight, they continued to keep the enemy in sight during the whole of the night, and towards daylight gained so close upon them as to make out what they were.

The strange vessels consisted of the *Courageux*, 74 guns and 700 men, and two frigates, the *Malicieuse* and *Ermine*, of 36 guns each. These were returning, laden with treasure and flushed with victory, from a successful voyage round the West India Islands, in which they had made many prizes. The *Courageux* was considered one of the finest and best manned ships of the French navy, and her commander, Du Sue Lambert, was esteemed one of the bravest and most able officers in the enemy's service.

At six o'clock in the morning the action commenced by the *Brilliant* attacking the *Malicieuse*. After exchanging a few broadsides the enemy shot ahead, when Captain Loggie, perceiving by the movements of the French that he should have both frigates down upon him at once, observed to his men that they must do their best to keep the two frigates engaged, while the two large ships settled matters between themselves; and so admirably was this design executed that for nearly an hour afterwards he withstood the attacks of both the frigates, each of them of equal force to his own, and at last obliged them to sheer off, greatly damaged, while the *Brilliant* had suffered much less than could have been expected.

Meanwhile the *Courageux* hauled for the *Bellona*, so that their bows pointed to each other, and at the distance of two cables' length the enemy began to fire. Instead of returning this, Captain Faulknor told the men not to fire till they saw the whites of the Frenchmen's eyes, and it was not until a second broadside had been fired that the English ship made any sign. Immediately the smoke from the second discharge had cleared away from the *Bellona*, and before the enemy could recover from the effect of the first broadside, a second was poured into her with such execution and precision that for the moment the *Courageux* seemed unable to act. The *Bellona* now backed astern, in order to run on the other side. In performing this her mizen-mast went

away, and fell directly over the stern: several were bruised, none killed, and all the men in the top got in at the gun-room ports. It is related that as the mast fell one of the men cried out in terror, "Oh! Lord, we have lost our mizen-mast," whereupon Captain Faulknor turned round and said, "Confound you! you rascal, what has a two-decked ship to do with a mizen-mast in the time of action? See and knock away his mizen-mast."

The French now renewed their fire, and kept it up so briskly that in a short time the *Bellona's* shrouds and rigging were almost cut to pieces, and she was severely damaged in other respects.

Captain Faulknor now gave immediate orders for boarding, but the position of the two ships rendered this impossible, and the *Bellona* was wore round so as to fall upon the starboard quarter of the *Courageux*. The officers and ship's company, with a promptitude and regularity men thoroughly disciplined are alone capable of, flew each to their respective opposite guns, and carried on from the larboard side a fire even more terrible than they had hitherto kept up from the starboard guns. It was impossible for any ship, however gallantly manned and well appointed, to withstand a battery so incessantly repeated and so murderously directed, and in about half an hour of the time of the first shot being fired the French colours were hauled down, and orders were immediately given in the *Bellona* to cease firing, the enemy having struck.

The men had left their quarters, and all the officers were on the quarter-deck congratulating one another on their victory, when, unexpectedly, a round of shot came from the lower tier of the *Courageux*. This act of treachery so exasperated the *Bellona's* crew that, without waiting for orders, they flew to their guns, and in a moment poured in two broadsides, which compelled the enemy to call out for quarter, and firing at length ceased on both sides.

In this action the loss of the enemy, while being terrible in itself, showed an extraordinary disparity of numbers. The *Courageux* lost 240 killed, and 110 were wounded, while the *Bellona* had only six men killed, and twenty-eight wounded, few of them dangerously.

A witness of this extraordinary affair says, "I can only compare the conduct of the *Bellona* to that of a dexterous gladiator, who not only plants his own blows with certainty, but guards against the strokes of his antagonist. Fortunes had but little to say in the action, because it appeared that everything that happened had been foretold and foreseen. Each design was carried into execution to the minutest detail: no confusion, no baulk, not the waste of an ounce of powder."

The prize was conducted into Lisbon under the eyes of the king and court, as well as those of every nation in Europe. The opposite shore was covered with thousands of people, who welcomed and fêted the captain and his crew with every demonstration of delight.

The circumstance that amazed the French most in this affair was the pursuing a superior force with so valuable a freight on board. When the surviving captain of the French came on board he told Faulknor that he had taken a rich prize. "By Jove!" answered the English captain, "I gave you a chance for a better. There is £100,000 in the hold."

A BOLD FIREMAN.

EVERYBODY knows that the London Fire Brigade is formed of some of the finest and bravest fellows in England. They hold themselves in readiness day and night to start on their terrible journeys for the saving of life and property, and go through their duties in the calm and gallant style of veteran heroes in battle.

Late one night in 1864 information was received at the chief fire brigade station of a fire at the east end of London. Out came the ready-harnessed horses; a light was put to the engine fire; the men, buckling on their helmets, jumped on the engine, and away it went full gallop down the streets, with the horses' hoofs striking fire, the crowd shouting, and the running mob increasing at every step. Few instructions were wanted as to the precise spot of the calamity, for there was a red glow on ahead, and as the firemen got nearer they could see the sparks in the rolling clouds of smoke.

The fire proved to be in a very narrow court, into which the fire escape could not be got, and there were people burning to death, their fearful cries for help rising above the wild shouting of the mob and the clanking of the engine.

One house was in a blaze from top to bottom, and the flames had worked through into the next, and were attacking the house opposite, while, with all hope of escape completely cut off, there were six or seven persons at the upper windows of the second house, and no way of getting to them. There was no back door to the house, while the door in front and the staircase were now fast getting into a state of glow, off which the water spluttered and steamed without making any impression.

There was no time for fetching ladders, and the only thing that could be done was for the crowd below to stretch out sheets and blankets for such as chose to throw themselves out of the windows, but none of the poor creatures dared to trust themselves to this hazardous mode of escaping, and still stood screaming for help.

Meantime the fire was getting higher and higher, the flames leaping up, the stream of sparks rising, the clouds of smoke rolling away, and the slates crackling and spluttering as they flew to pieces with the heat, and then slid, rattling off into the court beneath, smash upon the pavement. Every now and then came a louder roar and a crash as a rafter or a beam fell in and sent the sparks up in a whirlwind.

All the firemen behaved with the gallantry, energy, and promptitude that they always exhibit, but one of them (George Birch) was conspicuously brave, and it is of his individual exertions that we now speak.

Now, while Birch's comrades did their best to direct the branches to keep back the fire from the persons at the third floor window, Birch took hold of a rope, went into the house opposite, and made his way up to the third floor, which, like the rest of the building, was used as a warehouse and crammed full of packages.

Being a strange house, it was not very easy to find his way, but he got up at last, and opposite the room where the poor creatures were all huddled together at one window, for the fire was gaining on them, and unless they soon received aid they would be placed beyond the want of it.

Birch promptly and vigorously applied his axe to the sashes of the window he had gained, and soon made a clearance, for it was nailed up; and when the threatened people caught sight of the fireman, and saw the light shining on his helmet, they shrieked for help louder than before.

Just then George looked down at the depth and caught sight of a man standing below with a short ladder in his hand, and, a sudden thought crossing him, he let the coil of rope fall into the court, he keeping hold of one end. Birch shouted to his comrades below to tie the ladder to the rope. This was quickly done, and then two or three of the firemen ran into the house, while Birch hauled away until he got hold of the bottom of the ladder, and then, dragging it in at the window, and balancing the other end up, he contrived to push it across into the window of the opposite house, and so formed a sort of bridge from one window to another.

Just as Birch had finished this three of his comrades came in, and they held the ladder while he took hold of the rope and made ready to crawl across the frail bridge he had erected. To provide for the breaking of the ladder, and his being, in consequence, hurled below, Birch tied the rope round his body and made one of his comrades hitch the other end round a big hook in the wall, used for a pulley, so that in the event of a fall he would at the worst only drop midway. One end of the ladder was also tied to keep it steady, and then Birch set out on his perilous passage, scrambling across on his hands and knees, with the slight ladder bending and quivering beneath the weight of his body, while the crowd below were clapping their hands, hurrahing, and shouting encouragingly.

He got safely to the other side, and through the window of the burning house, all the poor terrified creatures clasping him and clinging around him. Birch hauled more of the rope over and made it fast around the waist of a woman, and then she was laid on the ladder and the three men on the other side hauled while Birch and two men held on to the rope on his side, and the woman got safely half across, when, in her terror, she slipped off the ladder and hung over the court, the people below sending up a shriek of horror. But, as each end of the rope was secured, no further harm happened, and as Birch's side loosened the other side hauled, and she was got safely in at the window. Then another woman was sent over, and then two little girls.

A young man, the brother of the two little girls, was also got over, and there were now only two left—the husband of the woman who was sent over first, and who had worked well in helping to save the rest; and a cowardly fellow, who had tried hard to get over before the females, and who kept up a terrible howling all the time.

This poor frightened fellow made a rush to get at the ladder, but Birch kept him back, saying it was the married man's turn first, and the married man, after saying he could wait, got on the ladder, and, sitting astride, worked himself across in safety.

Then Birch turned his attention to the poor trembling wretch beside him, and just as he was going to tie the rope round him he gave a yell and fell back in a swoon into the smoky room.

He must have gone down into the court if Birch had not dragged at him, but there was no

time to lose now. So Birch made the rope fast round the man and got him on the ladder, the flames darting up through the rounds and burning his hair; then Birch shouted to those on the other side to haul, and haul they did, Birch doing his best to steady the man with his end of the rope, but before he was quite across something went snap, and Birch staggered backwards into the room, holding on by the piece of burnt-through rope, and with the dreadful knowledge forcing itself upon him that his own salvation was partly gone.

Just then the flame was blown on one side, and Birch saw that they were dragging in the last of the seven, and he felt now as if he had done a good night's work and it was time to save himself. Throwing away the useless piece of rope, he caught hold of the ladder, an involuntary cry of pain and horror escaping him as he felt it burn his hands, and then as he tried to bear upon it he felt it crumble away, and the courageous fireman, who had been nobly instrumental in saving the lives of so many of his fellow-creatures, was himself left without the means of escape.

Far above the noise of the fire and the water came the shriek of the crowd as the burnt ladder fell away and hung blazing by one end against the opposite house, while there came up such a rush of flame past the window where Birch stood that he could not look out, but almost immediately after he heard the fierce rush of the water, and could see that four branches were deluging the window and all beneath, the firemen below knowing the danger their brave comrade was in.

Then Birch ran to the window, but was beaten back by the water, while the smoke that came up almost blinded him. Then he tried, through the hot vapour of the room, if he could get out of the door and reach the roof, but just at that moment there came a dull flash through the smoke and he could see that the back of the house was all on fire, while from the way in which the flames rushed up again in front and filled the court he knew that there was no help to be had from opposite, for the flames had compelled every one to retreat from the window.

Birch could not see any road out of danger now, and he tore furiously round the place, with the perspiration dripping off him, endeavouring to discover some outlet, but he could find none. Just then he became aware that his mates were on the roof and had let a rope down, but he could not get at it; and then at last one of them was let down, and tried to get in at the window, but the flames beat him back, and a groan came from the people as they saw all that had been done.

But just at the moment when all hope seemed quite gone a thought struck him that filled his mind with joy. He dashed off his helmet, kicked off his boots, and stripped himself to his shirt sleeves, and the next moment he was over the grate bars, and in the big chimney of the old house.

The chimney was full of smoke, and he could hardly breathe for some time, but it was a sure way of escape to the roof, and he presently felt revived and strengthened by the current of sweet refreshing air pouring down upon him. So onward he went, scarcely feeling the tearing of the skin from his knees and elbows, and at length he reached the top, and by a desperate effort he pushed the chimney-pot over down the tiles, and he then

thrust his body through the opening and sat down for rest and air. The people below, who had been watching eagerly for the brave fireman, and had indeed given him up for lost, gave a tremendous cheer when they caught sight of him. His task was now comparatively easy; he contrived to climb along the house-tops, and seeing a garret window open, he entered, and so made his way downstairs into the street.

The English people are fond of cheering, and they did shout indeed when the fireman, all bare-headed, barefooted, and grim as he was, once more appeared among them.

Birch's gallant exploits that night did not go unrewarded: the merchants in the neighbourhood where the fire occurred subscribed a handsome sum, and he was shortly afterwards promoted, as all brave and unselfish public servants should be.

LORD ANSON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

AMONG the heroes who have contributed to the naval supremacy of England Anson holds, and ever will hold, a high place. Having served through the subordinate stations in the navy, he was appointed, in June, 1722, commander of the *Weasel* sloop, and was actively and successfully engaged during the rest of the year in the North Sea against smugglers. On the 1st of February, 1723, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and commanded for some time in the *Scarborough* man-of-war, which was ordered to South Carolina to protect trade against the pirates who infested the coast of that settlement; but his career is destitute of any striking particulars till the breaking out of the war with Spain in 1739.

To check the aggressions of the Spaniards, one squadron was sent into the Mediterranean, another under Vernon was sent to the West Indies, and a third under Anson to cripple the Spanish settlements in the South Seas. Delays, commands, and countermands detained Anson's expedition till the 18th of September, 1740, by which time the Spanish court had received full intelligence of his force and destination, and actually despatched a squadron of five men-of-war and three frigates, with a large number of soldiers on board, to reinforce their American settlement, nearly two months before Anson was enabled to set foot aboard.

At length, however, he got under weigh, with the following vessels in command:—the *Centurion* (60), *Gloucester* (50), *Severn* (50), *Pearl* (40), and *Wager* (28); the *Trial* sloop, and the *Anna* and *Industry* victualing tenders. With this squadron he made his celebrated voyage round the world. On the 22nd he got out of the Channel, and steered for the island of Madeira, which he did not sight until the 25th of October, from the continuance of contrary winds. Here he was informed by the governor that for several days past a squadron of seven or eight men-of-war, which he supposed to be Spanish, had been seen off the island. Anson accordingly sent a sloop to reconnoitre this squadron, and found it to be that which had sailed in anticipation of his voyage.

With such a force as this dogging after him, Anson's expedition must have proved wholly abortive, if not disastrous, but before they could

interfere with him three of the Spanish ships were separated from their companions in a storm, and the others were wrecked and cast away. Such were the privations endured by the survivors that it is said a rat was sold on board the *Asia* for eighteen or twenty shillings, while a conspiracy was set on foot by the marines to murder the sailors and sea-officers, in order to lessen the consumption of the scanty stock of provisions which yet remained. Of 400 men in the *Esperanza* only fifty-eight survived; a whole regiment of foot, save sixty men, perished; and the admiral's own ship was only kept together by means of cables.

On the 3rd of November Anson left Madeira, on the 28th crossed the line, and on the 21st of December cast anchor at the island of St. Catherine's. Here he repaired such of his ships as had received damage on the voyage, took in wood and water, and regaled his people with fresh provisions. These latter were especially needed. Disease had already broken out on board Anson's little squadron with alarming virulence and pertinacity, and tents were erected on shore to facilitate the recovery of the sick, of whom above eighty were removed from the *Centurion* (Anson's ship) alone. But he neither found the climate so healthy nor the Portuguese so hospitable as he had been led to expect from the representations of former voyagers: his men recovered but slowly, and the governor treacherously despatched a vessel to the Spanish admiral at Buenos Ayres, with an account of Anson's strength and condition while at this neutral port.

The squadron sailed from St. Catherine's on the 18th of January, steering southward along the coast of America towards Cape Horn. In so hazardous a voyage, at this the most tempestuous season of the year, it was more than probable that the ships would be separated. The commodore therefore appointed three several places of rendezvous: the first at St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia; the second at the island of Socorro, in the South Sea; and a third at Juan Fernandez. The necessity of this plan was soon tested, for a few days after the *Pearl* separated from her companions, and did not rejoin till nearly a month afterwards. During her absence she fell in with the Spanish squadron above mentioned, and narrowly escaped being taken, for the Spanish admiral, profiting by the information afforded him by the governor of St. Catherine's, had hoisted English colours, and so disguised his ships that the *Pearl* mistook them for her lost companions.

On the 18th of February Anson anchored in the harbour of St. Julian, principally to effect some repairs. This detained him till the 27th, when he again set sail, and passed the Straits de Maire on the 7th of March. At this time his ships were in good condition, and their crews in tolerable health and spirits, in spite of the ravaging sickness which had so recently swept away hundreds of their brave companions. They hugged the flattering idea that, now they were about to enter the Pacific Ocean, their dangers and difficulties would soon gradually diminish, and that nothing lay before them but the navigation of a safe and open sea, till they arrived at those golden coasts which were to reward the perils past. The morning on which they entered the Straits was mild and clear, far advanced as the season was; but with the day passed away

its brightness and the hopes which had animated Anson's crews. The sternmost ships had hardly cleared the Straits when the sky grew overcast, and a storm burst over them which only pre-saged a succession of gales, of hurricane winds, and tempestuous seas. For a period of two months they experienced such a continuity of stormy weather as brought despondency to the most experienced seamen in the squadron: sails were rent away, rigging blown to threads, timbers started, and masts broken down; and, to add to the anxieties which these disasters entailed, the scurvy made its appearance on board, and raged dreadfully. In the space of one month the *Centurion* lost forty-three men, and after the loss of above one hundred and fifty more she could not at last muster more than six foremost men in a watch capable of duty.

The squadron kept well together for a considerable time; but at length, in a tempest of unusual fury, while the men were nearly all down with sickness, the *Pearl* and *Severn* parted from the squadron, which soon broke up altogether, and never united again. Alone, however, with his ship shattered, and the remainder of his crew dispirited, Anson resolved to continue his voyage. After suffering almost incredible hardships, the *Centurion* at length doubled Cape Horn. She then made for the first-mentioned place of rendezvous; and, though Anson had little hope that any other ship than his own had escaped, he cruised off Socorro, in bad weather, for more than a fortnight. Despairing of meeting any member of his squadron there, the commodore stood for the island of Juan Fernandez.

On the 28th of May they were within sight of the desired port, but, owing to the condition of the atmosphere at the time, mistook the island for a cloud; and, imagining themselves considerably to the westward of their course, they sailed for the mainland of Chili in order to make a fresh departure. From this accident they were not able to anchor at Juan Fernandez till the 11th of July, a prolongation of the voyage which cost them seventy or eighty lives. The crew of the *Centurion* was by this time reduced to so deplorable a condition that, officers included, there were not twenty hands hearty enough to assist the working of the ship. Nearly 200 sick men lay in her; and these, with the score who were reported well, were all who survived of an original crew of 450 men. As they approached the island, and discovered the hills crowned with woods, and between them valleys clothed with beautiful verdure and watered with numerous streams and cascades, it is not difficult to imagine with what eagerness the suffering crew longed to reach the shore.

On the evening after his arrival at Juan Fernandez Anson was joined by the *Trial* sloop, and some time after by the *Gloucester* and the *Anna* tender, all with a melancholy report. The *Gloucester*, indeed, suffered more than any other vessel of the squadron: her crew was reduced from three hundred to three score men. A short residence on shore, however, arrested this frightful mortality. Tents were erected, into which the sick were removed; and the healthy air contributing, with the abundance and variety of vegetable diet the island afforded, to restore them, not more than ten died during their whole stay (extending over a period of three months) after the second day.

By the beginning of September the crews were well recovered, though the whole number was now reduced to 335, boys included. With health, however, came fresh hopes, and Anson resolved to acquit himself against the enemy as soon as possible, and as well as his reduced strength would permit. Accordingly, on the 8th of September, a sail appearing in the offing, he weighed anchor and stood in pursuit, but, losing sight, he continued his cruise, and on the 12th discovered a sail to windward, which he soon came up with and captured. The prize, which was about 450 tons burden, was bound from Callao to Valparaiso, and had a valuable cargo on board, besides a large quantity of plate, and twenty-three chests of dollars, each weighing upwards of 200lb. More valuable to the captors was the information they obtained from the prisoners, by which they were able to decide upon their future plan of operations. Anson thus learned the miscarriage of the Spanish squadron which had been sent out to intercept him, and that some valuable prizes might probably be made off the continent of Spanish America.

Accordingly the commodore used the utmost diligence in preparing his little squadron for sea. The *Ana* being found unserviceable, her guns, ammunition, &c., were taken out of her and placed in the prize, and the tender destroyed. On the 19th of September, these preparations being all completed, Anson sailed, and cruised off the Spanish American continent, where he took three prizes of no great value. From the report of the passengers on board one of them, he resolved to surprise the town of Païta. It consisted of 200 houses, and was defended by a small fort mounting eight guns.

Fearful of alarming the inhabitants by the approach of his ships, he resolved to make the attempt by boats only; and under cover of night, therefore, about ten o'clock, and whilst the squadron was about five leagues from the place, Lieutenant Brett (afterward Sir Percy Brett) was sent off with fifty-eight picked men. Brett arrived at the mouth of the bay without being discovered; but some of the people belonging to a vessel riding at anchor there perceived them, got into their boats, and rowed off to the fort to acquaint the governor and alarm the town. Lights were speedily seen flitting about on the shore, and it was evident the inhabitants were preparing to receive their enemy. On this Brett encouraged his men to pull briskly up, that as little time as possible might be allowed for adverse operations. Shots were fired at the boat from the fort as she approached, but wide of the mark; and, landing, in less than an hour, and after a short conflict, the sailors were in possession of the town.

At daybreak the commodore had the satisfaction to perceive the English flag flying from the fort, and immediately stood into the bay. Here he remained three days, during which time his men were busily employed carrying treasure from the shore to the ship, without interruption from the enemy, notwithstanding their superiority of number. Anson made various overtures with the governor for the ransom of the town and the merchandise it contained, declaring that a supply of cattle and a few necessaries for the use of his ships would satisfy him; but his offers were rejected with such insolence that when the place was evacuated he ordered it to be set on fire. The treasure taken at Païta amounted in value to

upwards of \$30,000 sterling, though the loss to the Spaniards was of course much greater. The vessels found in the harbour were destroyed, except the *Solidad*, the largest and best, which the commodore added to his squadron.

If Anson, however, carried on his operations with vigour, he was not cruel, for at this place he released all his prisoners, who departed full of gratitude for the kindness they had experienced at his hands from the first moment they set foot on board. Among these prisoners were two young and beautiful women, who especially were treated with all the respect that honour could suggest or generosity inspire. Indeed, the story of his kindness and delicacy towards these ladies was told with applause over all Spanish America.

While the commodore was thus engaged the *Gloucester*, which had been sent on a cruise previous to his descent on Païta, had taken two galleons, with specie to the value of £19,000. She joined the squadron two days after its departure from Païta, and they stood together to the northward, with a design to water at Quibo, near the Bay of Panama. At this island they arrived on the 4th of December. The commodore had entertained some hope, indeed, of being reinforced here from Vernon's squadron, across the Isthmus of Darien; but he learned from papers found on board one of his prizes that the attempt on Carthagena had failed. These hopes, therefore, had to vanish; and he now determined to steer for the coast of Mexico, where he hoped to fall in with the galleon which ran annually from Manilla to Acapulco, and which he had reason to believe was now at sea, bound for the latter port. From contrary winds, however, considerable delay occurred ere Anson got into the track of the galleon; and having cruised for some days before Acapulco without catching sight of the coveted vessel, the commodore sent off a boat to discover whether she had yet arrived there. After an absence of several days the boat returned with three negroes, whom they had surprised whilst fishing at the mouth of the harbour. From these men the commodore learned that the galleon had arrived twenty days before the English squadron; but he also learned that her return was fixed for the 2nd of March. This information was all the more welcome, as the specie for which she had sold her cargo would render her a much more valuable prize than she could have been before her arrival at Acapulco.

All hands were alert in preparing to engage the galleon, none doubting that she would soon be in their possession, though the crews of Anson's whole squadron, counting every boy, did not number more than 330, while the hands on board the galleon were twice that number. The only fear was that she might not sail at the time appointed. Anson's squadron now consisted of five ships and two cutters. With the ships he formed a cordon commanding an extent of twenty leagues, at such a distance from the harbour of Acapulco as not to be discerned from thence: the cutters were posted nearer in shore, with orders to run in towards port at night, and stand off again at the approach of day. Thus disposed, so as to avoid every possible chance of the galleon's escape, they waited with increasing impatience for the arrival of the day on which she was appointed to sail. It dawned at last, and every eye was stretched over the waters in eager expectation. All day long the men kept the look-out: the



night came and no ship appeared. Another day, and then a third, passed in fruitless expectation : in short, after waiting to no purpose till the 22nd, the commodore concluded correctly that the galleon was detained for the season. His squadron had been detected by the Spanish !

The store of wood and water was too reduced to allow Anson to remain on this station any longer. He proceeded to Chequetan Bay, about thirty leagues west of Acapulco, where he determined to refit and proceed to the river Canton. His first business at Chequetan was to unload and destroy three of his five vessels, in order to strengthen the crews of the *Gloucester* and *Centurion*, and enable them to recross the Pacific with a chance of safety. This done, on the 20th of April, 1742, these latter ships weighed anchor, and proceeded on the voyage to China, losing sight of the American continent on the 8th of the following month. The passage proved favourable till the beginning of June, when the scurvy again broke out on board both ships, and, encountering severe gales of wind, with a working crew reduced by sickness to sixteen men and eleven boys, the *Gloucester* became so crazy and unmanageable that she was abandoned and fired.

The *Centurion* was the only ship now left of the powerful squadron which had so recently passed into the Pacific, and contained the crews of the whole. But the constancy and cheerfulness of the commander never forsook him. Struggling with formidable and painful difficulties, commanding a solitary vessel, leaky in her hull and materially damaged in her masts, sails, and rigging, he set a noble example to his crew, at one hour cheerfully sharing with the healthy the increased fatigue of working the ship, at another tenderly administering to the sick.

The *Gloucester* was destroyed on the 15th of August. On the 28th the *Centurion* came to anchor off Tinian, one of the Ladrone Islands, in a condition almost as deplorable as when they reached Juan Fernandez ; so that had the ship continued much longer at sea she must have drifted helpless there, with her company all dead, or sick in the hold. A hundred and twenty-eight sick men were carried on shore with the utmost despatch, huts and tents were erected to receive them, and Anson made their dietary his own care.

In a few days, as at Juan Fernandez, nearly all were in sure prospect of recovery. Ere the tents were struck, however, the *Centurion* parted from her anchor in a severe gale of wind, leaving the commodore and 113 men on shore. The weak condition of the crew on board, the leaky state of the ship, and the violence of the storm led to one of two conclusions, equally fatal to those who remained : if she did not founder, it was not probable that she would ever be able to make the island again. Anson, with his convalescent company, was at least 100 leagues from Macao, the nearest amicable port ; and their only means of transport was a small Spanish bark of fifteen tons, seized at their first arrival, which would not contain a fourth of their number. No other help offered, however, so they hauled this vessel ashore, sawed her asunder, and lengthened her some twelve feet. Every exertion was used to complete the work, and it was well advanced, when the *Centurion* was descried in the offing, after an absence of nineteen days. The return of the ship, joyful as it was to the destitute ashore, was scarce less satisfactory to those on board, for, with all their exertions at all the pumps, they had scarcely been able to keep her afloat. Nor was

it long after that she was again driven from her moorings; but on this occasion her crew was stronger, their commander was on board, and she returned to cast anchor after five days' absence.

On the 21st of October the *Centurion* took all her company aboard, and stood out to sea, steering for Macao, where she anchored on the 12th of November. The Chinese were at that time considerably more jealous of strangers even than now; and it was only by a judicious combination of firmness with conciliation that Anson overcame the difficulties he met with in the endeavour to put his ship in thorough repair and replenish her stock of provisions.

Being once more in a seaworthy condition, the commodore determined again to brave the dangers of the Pacific, in hopes of falling in with the Manila galleon. Giving out, to disguise his intentions, that he was going to Batavia, he returned to the Philippine Islands, and cruised off Cape Espiritu Santo, that being the first land generally made by the galleons.

Anson thus gave, in his report to the Admiralty, the actual state of his crew:—"The number of men I have now home is 210, in which are included all the officers and boys I had out of the *Glover*, *Tryal* prize, and *Anna*; so that I have not before the most more than *forty-five* able seamen." This was the force with which Anson proposed to take a ship manned by five or six hundred seamen; or rather to take two galleons, carrying that number of men each; for, calling his crew together, he told them that he hoped to fall in, not with one, but two galleons, as the first had been detained. The announcement was replied to by three British cheers.

As the month of June advanced the expectation and impatience of the commodore's people grew high. The officers considered the sailing of the galleon or galleons their last chance of salvation. At length, however, on the 20th of June, when the *Centurion* had been cruising on her station for a month, and the hopes of the crew began to dwindle, a sail was discerned from the mast-head. A burst of cheering replied to this information as it ran through the ship; all hands were ready for action in a twinkling, for they could not doubt that the strange sail was one of the galleons, at any rate. The commodore stood at once towards her, and at half-past seven they were near enough to see her from the *Centurion's* deck. The galleon fired a gun and took in her top-gallant sails. This was supposed by the *Centurion* to be a signal to her consort to hasten up, and she fired a gun to leeward to amuse the enemy. The commodore soon found, however, that the galleon did not change her course, but continued to bear down upon him, apparently with a resolution to engage him. It is another remarkable proof of the confidence with which the *Centurion* bore down upon an enemy which she knew to be so much superior in strength, that her commander and crew were actually surprised that the galleon did not endeavour to escape.

The ships now rapidly approached each other, and each reserved her fire till within pistol-shot, when a crashing broadside opened the action. At first the Spaniard was evidently determined to win, and fought his vessel with vigour. But Anson's men had been waiting too long for such

an opportunity to allow it to pass from their hands. If the *Nuestra Señora del Cuba Donga* fought with the determination of Spaniards, the *Centurion* replied with the determination of Englishmen; and, despite the disparity of forces, an hour and a half sufficed to conclude the fortunes of the day. The Spaniard then struck, and was taken possession of by Mr. Brett, the *Centurion's* first lieutenant. She was commanded by the Admiral Don Geronimo de Montero, who was wounded in the engagement; and it is said that he wept for shame when, on going on board the *Centurion*, he discovered the insignificant force by which he had been subdued, and this, too, with a loss of sixteen killed and fifteen wounded, while he himself had above sixty killed and eighty-four wounded. The treasure on board this galleon consisted of 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver and plate.

The *Centurion*, rewarded in some measure for the perils and privations she had endured, now proceeded to Canton river with her prize. Here Anson again became involved in a dispute with the Chinese authorities, who claimed that the *Centurion* and the *Nuestra Señora* should pay the port dues which were levied on traders; but, considering this an insult to his flag, Anson refused to submit, and ultimately gained the point. His stores were sent on board, and on the 7th of December the *Centurion* and her prize dropped down the river. On arriving at Macao, finding that he had not a sufficient number of men to navigate her to England, Anson sold the *Nuestra Señora* for 6000 dollars and proceeded on his voyage home. He sailed from Macao on the 15th of December, and came into Spithead on the 18th of May following (1744). Perils pursued him to the last. On his arrival at Spithead Anson learned that, per favour of a fog, he had sailed through a French fleet, which was cruising in the chops of the Channel. "And thus," to use the words of a historian, "was this expedition ended, when it had lasted three years and nine months, after having by its event strongly evinced this important truth, that though prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance united are not exempted from the blows of adverse fortune, yet in a long series of transactions they usually rise superior to its power, and in the end rarely fail of proving successful."

The commodore, as might be expected, met with a most flattering reception from all ranks on his return. He was almost immediately appointed vice-admiral of the blue. The treasure so gallantly captured was drawn in triumph through the city of London in thirty-two waggons, preceded by a military band, and guarded by a detachment of the officers and seamen of the *Centurion*.

Anson, however, would not take all the honours to himself: he nobly refused promotion, and even office, till the government confirmed Lieutenant Brett in the rank of post-captain, to which Anson had nominated him in Canton river, while he himself was under the necessity of visiting the viceroy. For three years Anson sat at the Admiralty board, but in the beginning of the year 1747 the French prepared a considerable armament at Brest: one squadron, under M. Jonquière, destined to reinforce their allies in America; and another, commanded by M. St. George, to make a descent upon our settlements

in the East Indies. Informed of the strength and designs of this armament, Anson obtained permission to sail with a superior fleet to the coast of France. He left Plymouth on the 9th of April, and on the 3rd of May fell in with *Jouquiére's* squadron, consisting of nine sail and a convoy of some thirty vessels.

In the action that ensued Anson captured in all six men-of-war and four Indiamen. The fleet commanded by Anson in this engagement amounted to fourteen liners, with a frigate and a sloop, carrying altogether 922 guns, and 2260 men; while *M. de Jonquiére* had no more than five men-of-war and four frigates, mounting in all 442 guns, and manned by 3171 men. On the other hand, in justice to ourselves, it must not be forgotten that only eight English ships were actually engaged. Our number of killed and wounded amounted to 520; that of the French to 700. Captain Grenville, of the *Defiance*, a very gallant officer, lost his life, and Captain Boscawen was wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball. The French admiral was also wounded in the shoulder, one French captain was killed, and another lost a leg.

Anson returned to England, and brought the captive squadron safe to anchor in Spithead, and upon presenting himself to the king he was very graciously received, and shortly afterwards elevated to the peerage. Upwards of \$300,000 in money was taken on board the enemy, and conveyed with considerable ceremony to the Bank.

In 1749 he was advanced to the rank of admiral of the blue. The following year he was appointed vice-admiral of Great Britain, and in July, 1761, First Lord of the Admiralty, in which post he remained (with a short interruption) till the period of his decease.

On the 1st of July, 1768, being then admiral of the white, Lord Anson sailed from Spithead with seventeen sail of the line and five frigates, and by cruising continually before the port of Brest he covered the descents made that summer by the Duke of Marlborough and Commodore Howe, at St. Maloes, Cherbourg, and other places on the Continent. Returning to port in the autumn, he applied himself sedulously to the duties of his high station as First Lord of the Admiralty, and a series of brilliant successes crowned his administration. The fleets of France were confined within her ports; her coasts were at the mercy of British squadrons; and, to use the words of Voltaire, speaking of this period, "The English were victorious in every quarter of the globe."

George, Lord Anson, died on the 6th of June, 1762, at the age of sixty-five. He had married, in 1748, the eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, but left no issue.

Both as an officer and as a man the memory of Lord Anson claims the highest respect. As an officer he was cool and steady, enterprising, yet patient and persevering, and gifted with undoubted personal courage. He served his country with zeal, and his discretion is apparent in the choice of his officers. Sir Charles Saunders, Sir Peter Dennis, Captain Philip Saumarez, Sir Percy Brett, and Lord Keppel were his lieutenants in the *Centurion*. As a man he was steady in his friendships, and never withdrew his protection from a deserving person. In his disposition he

was so retired and unassuming that it was commonly said that, though he had been rowed the world, he had never been to it.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

GOOD SEAMANSHIP.

THE following extraordinary instance of British seamanship, valour, and dexterity occurred in the escape of a pilot-boat from a French privateer, in the month of January, 1800:—

The vessel was the *Amity*, belonging to Bembridge, on the look-out for ships. About ten in the morning they discovered a lugger-privateer about two miles distant, which they could not perceive before in consequence of the morning being hazy. There being little wind, the enemy was rowing with thirteen oars on each side, and fast approaching. The master of the pilot-boat thought it best to leave his vessel immediately, there being no other means of escaping. He and another man, therefore, got into their small boat, and desired James Wallis, the boy, to come also; but he bravely answered he would remain by the vessel, whatever might be the consequence. Thus resolved, he gave them his watch and all the little money he had, which he requested they would give to his father. They promised to perform his request, and immediately left him to his fate, when the privateer was only about a quarter of a mile distant. In a few minutes she shot up under his lee-quarter, with an intention to grapple the pilot-boat, and, having fresh way, lowered their main-top-sails and lug-sail. The lad, observing their design, just as they were in the act of heaving their grappling-irons put his helm down and went about, while the privateer fired small arms and swivels into her. This manoeuvre obliged them to make sail and tack. When they had made all the sail they could the young man, with great judgment, tacked and weathered them about the length of the lugger: the privateer, having gained his wake, tacked also. The youth continued to tack every time the privateer set her sails, which was repeated seventeen or eighteen times. They likewise constantly fired when near, and particularly when crossing at a distance, never more than thirty yards. After manoeuvring in this dexterous manner for above two hours a fresh breeze happily sprang up, the pilot-boat was then on the last tack, and had gained about a cable's length to windward, when she crossed the privateer, which, after firing all her swivels and small arms, bore up and left him.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LIBERALITY.

ONE Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the general \$1000. While President of the United States one of his agents brought an action for the money, judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property could not be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and, for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling

his land. A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so; and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a *severe reprimand* to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rousy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rousy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the £1000, with interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged: Rousy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the general, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it amongst Rousy's children, which he immediately did.

A MILITARY GAMBLER.

A FEW weeks before General Ogle was to sail for India he constantly attended Paine's, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each; four thousand more, also, lay in rouleaus before him. When the box came to him he shook the dice and said, with great pleasantry, "Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand. Will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven is the main." Then, rattling the dice once more, he cast the box down and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the company did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said, "Well, gentlemen, will you make it up among you?" One set him £500, and another the same sum. "Come," said he, "while you are making up this £7000 I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate an anecdote applicable to the moment; but, soon perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short, laid his hand upon the box, and said, "I believe, gentlemen, I am set?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "seven's the main." He threw out, and, having relinquished his money, took up his snuff-box with astonishing coolness, and smilingly exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please."

A SOLDIER'S PETITION.

GENERAL OTWAY had been many years in the army with the rank of colonel, and during that period many junior colonels got preferments over his head. His friends frequently entreated him to state his services and petition the king, which he at length consented to, and the chaplain of the regiment he served in was appointed to draw it up. When the colonel perused it he found it concluded with the words, "And your petitioner shall ever pray," on which he told the chaplain he had made a mistake, and supposed that he was writing a petition for himself, and concluded with "that the word *pray*, being unfit for an

officer, should be expunged. It was in vain that he was told such was the form of all petitions; he would not give up his opinion, but insisted that it should run—"And your petitioner shall ever *fight*."

This petition he presented to his Majesty George the Second, who, pleased with the novelty of the conclusion and the honest bluntness of the officer, gave him a regiment a few weeks after.

THE VALUE OF POLITENESS.

AN Irish officer in battle happening to bow to some direction of a superior in command, a cannon-ball passed over his head and took off the head of a sailor who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

AN ARCHDUKE'S HUMANITY.

WHEN the Archduke Charles was on his way from Bohemia to take the command of the army of Germany, as he approached the scene of action, he fell in with a number of wounded, abandoned by their companions on the road for want of horses to draw the carriages in their retreat. The prince immediately ordered the horses to be unyoked from several pieces of cannon that were already retreating, saying that these brave men were better worth saving than a few pieces of cannon. When General Moreau heard of this benevolent trait he ordered the guns to be restored, observing that he would take no cannon that were abandoned from motives so humane.

THE SAILOR AND THE FOOTPAD.

A SAILOR, coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued. The tar took the robber, and bore away with his prize to a justice of the peace at Woolwich. When the magistrate came to examine into the assault he told the sailor that he must take his oath that the robber had put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit him. The sailor, looking steadfastly at the justice, answered, "He—he put me in bodily fear? No, nor any he that ever lived. Therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go; for I will not swear to any such lie."

BONAPARTE NEARLY MADE PRISONER.

AFTER the passage of the Mincio, Napoleon, having concerted all his plans, and pursued the enemy in every direction, entered a castle on the left bank of the river. He was suffering from headache, and was using a foot-bath as a remedy, when a large detachment of the enemy, in great confusion, arrived, having ascended the river as far as the castle. Napoleon had only a few persons with him, and the sentinel on duty at the gate had just time to close it and give the alarm. The general of the army of Italy, in the flush of victory, had only just time to draw on his stockings, and in this plight he was compelled to make his escape over the garden wall.

A CHARACTER IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

IN a cruise off Damietta a surgeon on the French staff was captured in *La Fortune* corvette. As soon as he was informed of the event of the battle in Aboukir Bay, and that his brother was killed on board *L'Orient*, he threw his snuff-box overboard and expressed the most lively sorrow. Suddenly recovering himself, with the observation, "*C'est la fortune de la guerre*" ("It is

the fortune of war"), he turned to the spectators and, saying he would amuse them, instantly pulled from his pocket a ludicrous figure of a monk, with which he so entertained himself and them that in a few moments all care for his brother, his country, or himself was forgotten.

A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. This exciting his curiosity, he asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain. "No! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Jack.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

"The ladies! Save the ladies, for Heaven's sake, gentlemen!" cried the commandant, hurrying from the rampart with the major and some half-dozen of the officers of the regiment; and, partly carrying, partly dragging the affrighted females from the spot, they conveyed them to the nearest guard-room, a shell striking the earth and burying itself in the gravel within a yard of where the group had stood not a minute previous, but fortunately not exploding till every individual had reached a place of temporary shelter.

For the next three hours the deafening roar of the artillery, as the cannonade was continued between the enemy's batteries and the castle, with the screech of falling shells, made a perfect pandemonium of that rock-bound castle, so utterly ruined by the falling shells that room could scarcely be found for cover to the men still fit for duty.

For those long and weary hours Colonel Sawbridge, totally regardless of the storm of flying missiles or the slaughter that was everywhere taking place around him, strode up and down in stern and moody silence. An hour previously he had sent for Edgar, and with him only had he conversed, and now, as darkness was rapidly closing in, he halted for a moment in his tiger-like strides of his ruined den, and looked at his watch, then, mounting the ramparts, surveyed the formidable breach made in the bastions and curtain of the northern wall.

Giving an order to the adjutant to remove the wounded to a vault under one of the ramparts, and bestowing a few words of encouragement on those working the guns, he again descended to the lower court, demanding of Edgar, who, begrimed and bleeding, hurried forward at the moment—

"Well, Havering, what news? Is the scheme feasible? Speak, man."

"All is in readiness, colonel. I have been on the beach. There are ten boats waiting. I have reeved a basket for the ladies, and a rope is hung for the men."

"Good. Excellent."

"Shall I commence, colonel?"

"Directly."

"Then you must allow me at least two officers to superintend the lowering from above, while I wait on the beach to see each one on board. The enemy will give the assault on the breach in half an hour."

"I'll send them directly. How do you know about the enemy, sergeant?"

But Edgar was half-way across the court, now a mass of broken walls, dead bodies, and heaps of debris, before the colonel's question was half articulated.

Five minutes later Edgar's head and shoulders appeared at the outside of the guard-room window, which, by the aid of a few willing hands, was quickly removed, when a large basket, firmly rove to a strong rope, was pushed in, and the coil of rope intrusted to the two officers sent for the purpose. Giving a few clear but hasty directions to the officers, Edgar turned his head to the soldiers who thronged the room, saying, with a significant gesture—

"I am going to the beach to see the ladies all safely shipped, when I shall return and show you what I have provided for your escape; but if any man attempts to come down before the ladies are saved I will shoot him on the spot. My grenadiers know I will keep my word, and, you light bobs, I'd have you know it too."

The next moment he disappeared, and immediately after the first lady was seated in the basket, swung through the window, and carefully lowered, through the dark night and a wild storm that had risen since sunset, down towards that black and raging sea that broke in foam and thunder on the rocks below. Partly sheltered by a small cave, the boats were wedged close together and kept from the great force of the ground swell and the resistless breakers.

In less than half an hour all the ladies and children had been safely stowed in the stern-sheets of three boats, and Edgar was again at the window.

"Now Captain Winter will be kind enough to descend and apportion the men as they arrive in the bows of the different boats. Now, sir."

This was no time for idle parley; the captain sprang into the basket, was lowered, and Edgar, getting out on the ledge of rock below the window, showed the men another and a thicker rope, that had been knotted to facilitate their descent, and by which a dozen at a time might lower themselves while the basket was being used for others.

Having seen all the men in the guard-room out on the rope, and the basket once more drawn up, Edgar had just rushed into the court to apprise his colonel, when a shell fell at his feet, burying itself a foot deep in the gravel. Throwing himself on his face within a yard of the deadly missile, he counted the moments by the beating of his heart, as the fuse, damped by the falling rain, was slowly burning. At the same time, to add to the intense anxiety he felt, he

could hear the cheers of the enemy as they came on to the assault of the breach it was impossible to defend. A bursting roar, like the crack of doom, nearly destroyed his hearing, as the exploding bomb sent a shower of deadly fragments over and round him, while a burning heat that seemed to scorch his flesh covered his back as with a flame.

Rolling over in the wet, he soon extinguished his burning clothes, and, grateful to have escaped with so little injury, he darted forward to the rampart just as the colonel was forming the forty or fifty men who yet remained, and telling them to reserve their fire till the storming column was in the breach, and then, when the word was given, to pour in a withering volley and retreat at the double to the guard-room.

Arming themselves with the muskets that lay about, the colonel and the group of officers around him took their places with the men. Edgar, as he stood by the colonel, had only time to say that all had safely descended, when, with a louder and longer shout, the storming party rushed to the breach, mounted the crumbling stones, and the next moment a triple line of French grenadiers was in the gorge of the ruined bastion.

"Front rank, kneel, fire!"

Those few brief words seemed to seal the fate of a hundred men: the whole van appeared to have been mown down, the entire column was shaken to its centre, staggered, fell back, broke, and fled to the battery from which it had just issued in triumph. Long before they could be halted and again re-formed the besieged had retreated to the guard-room, and, closing the door, the men, with their slung muskets, were, under Edgar's direction, descending the rope, while the two officers in the basket were lowering themselves to the beach.

During the indescribable confusion taking place within, a shell struck the wall, exploded, and burst in the door, killing the two men who were leaning against it. Through the shivered door came the distant shout of the returning French. At that sound Edgar passed out of the window, and, traversing a narrow bracket of rock that projected sheer over the precipice, reached an embrasure, where he listened for a moment intently, and then drew back, as he noted the bearskin caps of the enemy ascending higher up the breach, but this time in perfect silence. Lighting a fusee, and retreating along the ledge, Edgar was just in time to secure a firm hold of the window-sill and the rope, when, like a heaving earthquake, the whole rock seemed to tremble, and, amidst the frightful noise of an explosion, the walls and turrets of the ruined castle shook, opened, and fell with a dreadful crash.

"Haste, colonel, haste; there is not a moment to lose. You and the major can lower yourselves; all the rest are on the rope. I have sprung a mine to retard them."

"But how are you to escape, Havering?" demanded the commandant.

"By the rope, sir; there will be room for me in a moment. Hasten, sir. By Heaven! in spite of the mine, they are here already," a fact which the rush of many feet and the infuriated shouts of the long-baffled enemy too plainly confirmed.

Hardly three minutes had elapsed when the guard-room was filled with French soldiers, hunt-

ing everywhere for their foe. At length the open window and the basket-rope caught their attention, and, shaking it fiercely, one of the soldiers called for a knife to cut the line. The colonel and major were scarcely half-way down, and a severance of the cord would result in their instant death. All this Edgar felt and knew, for he was crouched on a shelf of rock, trying to reach the large knotted rope that some distance off swung loose, a sure sign that all had descended.

With an oath, the Frenchman laid the knife just handed to him upon the strained rope, when Edgar, peering up at the bearded head, fired his pistol in the soldier's face. The man gave a yell of pain and rage, and, dropping the knife, fell back among his comrades, as Edgar, making a clutch at the swaying rope, descended with such rapidity that he reached the beach as soon as his two superior officers.

To spring into the boat and push into the Straits was scarcely the work of a minute. As they did so a volley of musketry was poured upon them from above, spattering the water like hail.

"The rascals have hit me, Chester," cried the colonel, as he fell insensible on the shoulder of the adjutant.

"Pull, men, pull with a will. In an hour we shall be in Messina," cried the major, as he made room for the surgeon on the other side of his wounded chief.

CHAPTER V.—PLAY *VERSUS* DUTY.

THE great room at Crockford's was one blaze of light and elegance, from hundreds of wax tapers, from costly mirrors, from the sheen of gold and silver plate that covered the rows of supper tables, from the sparkle of crystal and countless glasses of green, amber, and amethyst, and, most of all, from the gay apparel of the courtly throng who were there assembled. Uniforms of scarlet and gold, of blue and red, nobles in the Windsor uniform, peers and gentlemen in elaborate court dresses (for it had been a *levée* day at St. James's) and the elegant refinement of evening costume, were all congregated in that sumptuous apartment on a cold spring evening some nine months subsequent to the events recorded in the last chapter.

"Will the prince be here to-night, Mapleston?" inquired Captain Lovel of his companion, lounging against one of the marble mantels.

"No, I saw him start for Brighton as soon as the *levée* was over. But the duke will be here," replied his friend, an unattached major.

"The devil he will!" ejaculated Lovel. "Are you sure of that?"

"Perfectly. Why?"

"Do you ask why? Was not the expedition to sail this morning from Portsmouth for Oporto?"

"Of course, everybody knows that, but why, I ask again," demanded the major.

"Confound it! Mapleston, what makes you so dull? Is not young Clinton here to-night, to give Lord Tewkesbury his revenge? and is he not here *sub rosa*? and has not his regiment sailed without him?"

"Pahaw! what of that? Young Delafield has promised to give him a passage in his yacht. Why, man, if they don't sail for the next three

days they are safe to be in port a week before those lumbering transports can sight the land."

"If the duke sees him he'll place him under arrest as sure as I'm standing here," observed the captain.

"I don't think so, Lovel. His old father, Sir Jasper, who they say is as rich as Croesus, has great influence at St. James's, and especially with the minister. You know he can always command fifteen votes for the government. Besides, Lionel did some dashing service last year in Italy—indeed, it is said he turned the fortune of the day; and what Stuart's despatch did not state (the minute facts) the friends of Sir Jasper made public. Then, again, he did some gallant work at Barcelona on the return. These feathers in his cap will save him from any censure, depend upon it."

"I hope it may, but I fear it will not. Lionel Clinton is a right good fellow, spends the money (with which his father keeps him well supplied) like a prince, but he shirks his duty most—"

"Yes, yes, I know. He's cursedly proud, thinks the sole duty of an officer is to command, and when the men hang back lead them on to some perilous achievement, where he gets all the honour and they all the knocks and bruises."

"And the booty. He lets them have the spoil," replied Lovel.

"Oh! yes, he's generous to a fault; that there's no denying."

"Clinton would make a capital officer, a first-rate commander, if he would only attend to the details of his duty and play less."

"Yes; Crocky's board of green cloth would be the ruin of him if he stayed another year in England. By the bye, what is his actual rank in the regiment?"

"Colonel, the senior major, as lieutenant-colonel, taking the control of the regiment till Clinton is old enough to assume the command. Enough! See, here he comes."

As Captain Lovel concluded the person indicated entered the apartment, in the full uniform of a field officer of his corps.

"Ah! Lovel, Mapleston, how are you?" And Lionel frankly and cordially shook hands with both the major and the captain.

"Has either of you seen Lord Tewkesbury this evening?" he inquired. "No matter, he's sure to drop in bye and bye. I want some supper, or rather dinner, for I have not dined yet. Come, like good fellows, and join me, and stop and see the winning game decided. That's right and sociable. We will take this table. Now, waiter, where's the carte?"

Later in the same evening, but in another and very different apartment of the same aristocratic club, in a room expressly devoted to cards and deep play, the pandemonium of all the other halls of the establishment, Lionel Clinton and the Right Honourable Lord Tewkesbury were seated at one of the many card-tables that filled both sides of the chamber, each playing with an intensity and earnestness truly marvellous to witness in men so young in years. On the table, beside the wax candles, stood decanters of wine, from which the players occasionally helped themselves, but more frequently the servants, noiselessly gliding past, took care to replenish the empty glasses, or substitute full decanters for those more than half consumed.

Seated between the players, one on either side, intently watching the play, were Captain Lovel and Major Mapleston, while some three or four of the loungers of the room occasionally honoured the card duellists by a few minutes' careful inspection of the play, before passing to another table in their transit of the room. The chief peculiarity, however, which distinguished this apartment was the absence of all noise or excitement, except such as was felt but not expressed by the players themselves.

With the exception of such brief ejaculations as a half-articulated oath, an order for a fresh pack, or the significant cry of "Double or quits," not a sound disturbed the almost painful stillness of that large and to a certain extent crowded apartment.

It was long past midnight, the good fortune that had attended Lionel Clinton's play on the previous day, when he had, figuratively speaking, beggared the young Lord Tewkesbury, had completely deserted him, the youthful aristocrat having not only recovered all his losses, but added to his gains above fifteen hundred pounds from Lionel's purse. The pale, anxious, and haggard expression traceable on the usually handsome features of Lionel Clinton plainly indicated the mental perturbation under which he was at present suffering.

"Waiter, a fresh pack, and more wine," cried Lionel, with a flushed face. "And now, Tewkesbury, double or quits again," handing over to his antagonist the amount he had just lost.

"No, no, Clinton; keep to the original stake. You destroy all the pleasure of play when you put anxiety and risk on the back of healthy excitement. Let us go on as before."

"I am neither anxious, my lord, nor is there any risk whatever in my play; besides, I do not choose to be dictated to by any man. I insist on playing for double or quits," replied Lionel, with an arrogance of tone that for a moment induced the young noble to place his cards on the table and look steadily into his friend's face; but, seeing that Lionel was too much engaged in filling another glass of wine to have meant anything personally offensive, Tewkesbury quietly took up his hand and the game began again.

So deeply were both players engaged in their cards that they neither saw nor heard the groups of visitors who paused occasionally at their table, and, after a few hasty glances at the tricks taken and the hands of the respective players, passed onwards. It was then with a face from which every atom of colour had fled, and a nervous trembling of the hand, that Lionel suddenly shut up his cards as a voice whispered imperatively in his ear—

"Mr. Clinton will find it prejudicial to his health if he is seen another day absent from his regiment."

Turning suddenly round, he saw that the major and the captain were both standing and looking after a group of six or seven gentlemen, who were following, bareheaded, a portly personage about forty years of age. Looking anxiously about the table, and after the receding group, Lionel inquired, with some perturbation—

"Was not that the voice of the commander-in-chief?"

"Assuredly," replied Captain Lovel, "if you

heard his voice. For my part, I never heard him speak at all, though he certainly did look very inquisitively at your cards, Clinton."

"Do you mean the Duke of York? If so, he has just passed you; there, heading that party taking the circuit of the room." And the major indicated the group in question, all the players and spectators rising respectfully as the duke, with courteous affability, swept by the thronged tables.

Whether the few significant words he had heard had confused and unnerved Lionel it is impossible to say, but the next hand decided the result in favour of the peer. Handing over the stakes, Clinton hurled the pack, with a vicious impetuosity, on the ground, and, rising, stalked out of the room without a word.

To seek his friend Delafield early the following morning was Lionel's first duty, and, having pressed upon him the expediency of posting down to Southampton and getting on board the yacht before the close of the day, the two young men were soon on the road, but, though they used every despatch, it was noon of the next day before they reached their destination, and two days longer before the *Seamew*, Delafield's yacht, was stored sufficiently to enable her to put to sea.

Every minute's delay since receiving the duke's admonition had become a source of lively apprehension to the young officer, the more so since he plainly saw that neither the service he had done his country nor the flattering *Gazette* notice he had been accorded was allowed to set off the most trivial dereliction of duty. He was doubly irritated, too, to remember that his quondam friend, the private soldier Edgar Havering, was twice mentioned in the same despatch, so that all his country friends, in reading that *Gazette*, would see the name of his once intimate companion in juxtaposition with that of Lionel Clinton. Had he not been in the army Lionel would have been rejoiced at seeing Edgar's name honourably mentioned; but now a mean jealousy took possession of his mind, and for one so far below him in professional status that he hated himself for harbouring it. The fact was, however, a subject of bitter humiliation to him, and he ardently prayed that they might never meet again, at least as brothers in arms.

"He has saved the regimental colours," Lionel soliloquised, as he kept a night-watch on board his friend's yacht and one of his moody fits of jealousy crept over him—"saved them (so that twaddling old fool Sawbridge says in his report) from overpowering odds—and showed great military foresight in cutting off the enemy's cavalry and preventing them from covering their broken rear. Curse it! I think I know every word of that part of the *Gazette*," and he stamped his foot with vexation. "He has gained promotion, extra pay—but that's nothing," he resumed in the same bitter tone—"and public commendation, and here am I not allowed to command my own regiment, and out of the pale of promotion for years. Upon my soul it's too bad. And there, again, in Scylla—where I ought to have been, instead of being sent home *vid* Barcelona—he again gets all the honour. Oh! Edgar, I did not think it could be, but I begin to hate you. The officers' wives made him a present, too, he gets another lift in promotion, and is praised for extraordinary sagacity in the face of the enemy.

If it wasn't for the last line in that *Gazette* I think it would have made me mad:—'The 5th are ordered to Gibraltar, where transports will await their arrival to convey them to Madras or Calcutta, according to circumstances.'"

Thank Heaven I say for that. "*Our* regiment is never likely to be so expatriated, and there's no knowing what bullets, gingalls, and jungle fever may do for him. At any rate, we are not likely to meet for many a year to come, and when we do a sergeant is in the same category as a private as regards a field officer. Of course I can never acknowledge him again. I might as well make a companion of a costermonger as of a non-commissioned officer."

For all her admirable sailing qualities, the *Seamew*, in consequence of adverse winds, squalls, and calms, did not reach her destined port till a month after the disembarkation of Sir John Moore's army at Lisbon, and Lionel Clinton, on reporting himself at head-quarters, was, to his infinite chagrin and astonishment, deprived of his sword and marched by a sergeant's guard of his own corps to his lodgings, where he was kept under close arrest for some days.

The sudden advance of the British army into Spain alone saved him from a court-martial. He had to submit to the humiliation of a public reprimand, after which he was permitted to join his regiment and proceed with the van of the army into Spain.

The treachery and vacillating conduct of the Spanish Junta led to the total ruin of a splendid army 30,000 strong. Sir John, in hourly expectation of receiving provisions and reinforcements from the Spaniards, advanced to within three days' march of Napoleon's army of 40,000 men. Here, finding that Soult with 20,000 and Junot with a force of 15,000 were endeavouring to get to his rear by rapidly advancing on either flank, and discovering that the Junta had only deceived him, Sir John at once decided on a retreat.

In the depth of winter, pursued by nearly 80,000 men, his soldiers exposed to dreadful privations, and the greatest part of the distance passing through a hostile country, the British commander effected that memorable retreat to Corunna, where, in the moment of victory, he found in a soldier's grave a rest from the anxieties and vexations he had so long and so nobly encountered.

In this disastrous retreat, to Lionel's regiment and Lord Paget's cavalry was entrusted the important duty of bringing up the rear and covering the harassed troops.

In the performance of this duty, and in all the actions that took place from the first encounter to the battle of Corunna, Lionel so far distinguished himself that his former disgrace was almost forgotten, while for the last engagement he received the thanks of the commander, and a special line of approbation was awarded him in the despatches for his conduct in clearing a way to the boats during the embarkation of the troops, and in the last desperate charge that decided the fate of the day and made for England the battle of Corunna a splendid victory.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[FALL OF MAJOR MURPHY AND THE FRENCH COLONEL.]

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

WHEN the British army captured Badajoz Marshal Soult was moving up quickly to its support, and had already arrived within two marches when he learnt that it had been taken only two days before, and he immediately returned to Seville. Marmont, too, who had invested Ciudad Rodrigo, in order to make a diversion in favour of Badajoz, retreated the day after its capture, and fell back to Salamanca.

Lord Wellington's first object was to interrupt the communication between the two French generals by destroying their works and bridge of boats

across the Tagus, at Almaraz—an operation ably performed by Lord Hill. He then advanced towards Salamanca, in the middle of June, 1812, and the French general retired beyond the river Tormes, on whose right bank it stands. The British general entered the city, and, having reduced several strong forts which the enemy had there constructed, pursued Marmont and his army to the Douro. But the marshal, being strongly reinforced, advanced again, and caused the British general to retire in his turn. And now began a brilliant contest of skill between the two commanders, in which each displayed the resources of his art and wielded them with consummate ability.

By the beginning of September the crews were well recovered, though the whole number was now reduced to 335, boys included. With health, however, came fresh hopes, and Anson resolved to acquit himself against the enemy as soon as possible, and as well as his reduced strength would permit. Accordingly, on the 8th of September, a sail appearing in the offing, he weighed anchor and stood in pursuit, but, losing sight, he continued his cruise, and on the 12th discovered a sail to windward, which he soon came up with and captured. The prize, which was about 450 tons burden, was bound from Callao to Valparaiso, and had a valuable cargo on board, besides a large quantity of plate, and twenty-three chests of dollars, each weighing upwards of 200lb. More valuable to the captors was the information they obtained from the prisoners, by which they were able to decide upon their future plan of operations. Anson thus learned the miscarriage of the Spanish squadron which had been sent out to intercept him, and that some valuable prizes might probably be made off the continent of Spanish America.

Accordingly the commodore used the utmost diligence in preparing his little squadron for sea. The *Assa* being found unserviceable, her guns, ammunition, &c., were taken out of her and placed in the prize, and the tender destroyed. On the 19th of September, these preparations being all completed, Anson sailed, and cruised off the Spanish American continent, where he took three prizes of no great value. From the report of the passengers on board one of them, he resolved to surprise the town of Païta. It consisted of 200 houses, and was defended by a small fort mounting eight guns.

Fearful of alarming the inhabitants by the approach of his ships, he resolved to make the attempt by boats only; and under cover of night, therefore, about ten o'clock, and whilst the squadron was about five leagues from the place, Lieutenant Brett (afterward Sir Percy Brett) was sent off with fifty-eight picked men. Brett arrived at the mouth of the bay without being discovered; but some of the people belonging to a vessel riding at anchor there perceived them, got into their boats, and rowed off to the fort to acquaint the governor and alarm the town. Lights were speedily seen flitting about on the shore, and it was evident the inhabitants were preparing to receive their enemy. On this Brett encouraged his men to pull briskly up, that as little time as possible might be allowed for adverse operations. Shots were fired at the boat from the fort as she approached, but wide of the mark; and, landing, in less than an hour, and after a short conflict, the sailors were in possession of the town.

At daybreak the commodore had the satisfaction to perceive the English flag flying from the fort, and immediately stood into the bay. Here he remained three days, during which time his men were busily employed carrying treasure from the shore to the ship, without interruption from the enemy, notwithstanding their superiority of number. Anson made various overtures with the governor for the ransom of the town and the merchandise it contained, declaring that a supply of cattle and a few necessaries for the use of his ships would satisfy him; but his offers were rejected with such insolence that when the place was evacuated he ordered it to be set on fire. The treasure taken at Païta amounted in value to

upwards of £80,000 sterling, though the loss to the Spaniards was of course much greater. The vessels found in the harbour were destroyed, except the *Solidad*, the largest and best, which the commodore added to his squadron.

If Anson, however, carried on his operations with vigour, he was not cruel, for at this place he released all his prisoners, who departed full of gratitude for the kindness they had experienced at his hands from the first moment they set foot on board. Among these prisoners were two young and beautiful women, who especially were treated with all the respect that honour could suggest or generosity inspire. Indeed, the story of his kindness and delicacy towards these ladies was told with applause over all Spanish America.

While the commodore was thus engaged the *Gloucester*, which had been sent on a cruise previous to his descent on Païta, had taken two galleons, with specie to the value of £18,000. She joined the squadron two days after its departure from Païta, and they stood together to the northward, with a design to water at Quibo, near the Bay of Panama. At this island they arrived on the 4th of December. The commodore had entertained some hope, indeed, of being reinforced here from Vernon's squadron, across the Isthmus of Darien; but he learned from papers found on board one of his prizes that the attempt on Carthagena had failed. These hopes, therefore, had to vanish; and he now determined to steer for the coast of Mexico, where he hoped to fall in with the galleon which ran annually from Manilla to Acapulco, and which he had reason to believe was now at sea, bound for the latter port. From contrary winds, however, considerable delay occurred ere Anson got into the track of the galleon; and having cruised for some days before Acapulco without catching sight of the coveted vessel, the commodore sent off a boat to discover whether she had yet arrived there. After an absence of several days the boat returned with three negroes, whom they had surprised whilst fishing at the mouth of the harbour. From these men the commodore learned that the galleon had arrived twenty days before the English squadron; but he also learned that her return was fixed for the 2nd of March. This information was all the more welcome, as the specie for which she had sold her cargo would render her a much more valuable prize than she could have been before her arrival at Acapulco.

All hands were alert in preparing to engage the galleon, none doubting that she would soon be in their possession, though the crews of Anson's whole squadron, counting every boy, did not number more than 330, while the hands on board the galleon were twice that number. The only fear was that she might not sail at the time appointed. Anson's squadron now consisted of five ships and two cutters. With the ships he formed a cordon commanding an extent of twenty leagues, at such a distance from the harbour of Acapulco as not to be discerned from thence: the cutters were posted nearer in shore, with orders to run in towards port at night, and stand off again at the approach of day. Thus disposed, so as to avoid every possible chance of the galleon's escape, they waited with increasing impatience for the arrival of the day on which she was appointed to sail. It dawned at last, and every eye was stretched over the waters in eager expectation. All day long the men kept the look-out: the



night came and no ship appeared. Another day, and then a third, passed in fruitless expectation: in short, after waiting to no purpose till the 22nd, the commodore concluded correctly that the galleon was detained for the season. His squadron had been detected by the Spaniards!

The store of wood and water was too reduced to allow Anson to remain on this station any longer. He proceeded to Chequetan Bay, about thirty leagues west of Acapulco, where he determined to refit and proceed to the river Canton. His first business at Chequetan was to unload and destroy three of his five vessels, in order to strengthen the crews of the *Gloucester* and *Centurion*, and enable them to recross the Pacific with a chance of safety. This done, on the 20th of April, 1742, these latter ships weighed anchor, and proceeded on the voyage to China, losing sight of the American continent on the 8th of the following month. The passage proved favourable till the beginning of June, when the scurvy again broke out on board both ships, and, encountering severe gales of wind, with a working crew reduced by sickness to sixteen men and eleven boys, the *Gloucester* became so crazy and unmanageable that she was abandoned and fired.

The *Centurion* was the only ship now left of the powerful squadron which had so recently passed into the Pacific, and contained the crews of the whole. But the constancy and cheerfulness of the commander never forsook him. Struggling with formidable and painful difficulties, commanding a solitary vessel, leaky in her hull and materially damaged in her masts, sails, and rigging, he set a noble example to his crew, at one hour cheerfully sharing with the healthy the increased fatigue of working the ship, at another tenderly administering to the sick.

The *Gloucester* was destroyed on the 15th of August. On the 23th the *Centurion* came to anchor off Tinian, one of the Ladrone Islands, in a condition almost as deplorable as when they reached Juan Fernandez; so that had the ship continued much longer at sea she must have drifted helpless there, with her company all dead, or sick in the hold. A hundred and twenty-eight sick men were carried on shore with the utmost despatch, huts and tents were erected to receive them, and Anson made their dietary his own care.

In a few days, as at Juan Fernandez, nearly all were in sure prospect of recovery. Ere the tents were struck, however, the *Centurion* parted from her anchor in a severe gale of wind, leaving the commodore and 113 men on shore. The weak condition of the crew on board, the leaky state of the ship, and the violence of the storm led to one of two conclusions, equally fatal to those who remained: if she did not founder, it was not probable that she would ever be able to make the island again. Anson, with his convalescent company, was at least 100 leagues from Macao, the nearest amicable port; and their only means of transport was a small Spanish bark of fifteen tons, seized at their first arrival, which would not contain a fourth of their number. No other help offered, however, so they hauled this vessel ashore, sawed her asunder, and lengthened her some twelve feet. Every exertion was used to complete the work, and it was well advanced, when the *Centurion* was descried in the offing, after an absence of nineteen days. The return of the ship, joyful as it was to the destitute ashore, was scarce less satisfactory to those on board, for, with all their exertions at all the pumps, they had scarcely been able to keep her afloat. Nor was

Captain Gardiner. This truly brave officer keenly felt the imputation upon his honour and courage, and there was nothing he more ardently desired than an opportunity of proving the injustice that had been done him. He was more particularly anxious to engage with the *Foudroyant*, and he was heard to declare that if he was so fortunate as to fall in with that ship he would capture or destroy her, or perish in the attempt.

The errand upon which he was despatched was, therefore, exactly what he desired, and when he received the admiral's message he could not conceal his delight, but paced the quarter-deck briskly, rubbing his hands and talking to himself in high glee. Having made his arrangements and given his orders for the chase, Captain Gardiner called the men aft, and addressed them in the following simple but energetic language:—"My lads, that ship [pointing out the *Foudroyant*] must be taken. She appears above our match, but we, as Englishmen, do not mind that. I am resolved that so long as this ship floats and I live I will not quit the enemy. If you, my lads, are of a similar mind, the big ship will soon be ours." This address was responded to by a hearty cheer from every man on board, plainly showing that their captain's desire was their own.

The *Foudroyant* mounted eighty guns, thirty-five of which were 42-pounders, and was manned by a chosen crew of 911 men. The *Monmouth* mounted but forty-eight guns, which were 12 and 24-pounders only, and her crew numbered 430 men. There was, in fact, as much difference between these two vessels as between a man-of-war and a frigate. The *Foudroyant* was, moreover, esteemed the finest ship in the French navy, and the captain made it his boast that his vessel was capable of resisting any force, and that if attacked she would fight to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, but never could be taken.

The *Monmouth*, being an excellent sailer, soon outstripped the other vessels that accompanied it in pursuit of the French squadron. Captain Gardiner, singling out the *Foudroyant*, made straight for her, and at length approached so near that M. du Quesne, the captain, began to fire at her with her stern-chase.

Captain Gardiner continued to bear down upon his old antagonist, and brought her into action. Not a moment was lost in commencing a furious and well-directed attack, and the very first broadside was so well served that it made the big ship wince again. Meanwhile the enemy was not slow in returning the fire, but she was no match for the *Monmouth's* men, who loaded and fired with astounding quickness, the men at the several guns vying with each other, and every man endeavouring to outdo his comrade. The sailors had indeed caught the enthusiasm of their commander, and made his quarrel their own. The captain, never leaving the deck an instant, paced up and down, encouraging his men, and every now and then delivering himself of some of those quaint sayings of which sailors are so fond. Standing opposite a gun that was being loaded, he said to the gunner, "The Frenchman seems very poorly; give him another dose of your pills [shot], and he'll soon be better."

Early in the action this gallant officer was wounded by a musket-ball in the arm, and also received a confusion over his right eye, which by

the effusion of blood blinded him for some time. He would not, however, quit the deck, but, making light of his injuries, continued to inspire his men with unaltered voice and manner.

In a short time, the rigging of the *Foudroyant* being considerably disabled, Captain Gardiner seized the opportunity thus afforded, and ordered his ship to be laid on the enemy's quarter. In this situation the engagement continued with unabated fury for two hours, during which the *Monmouth's* mizen-mast went by the board. The enemy, perceiving this, gave three cheers; but in a few minutes, the mizen-mast of the *Foudroyant* being also shot away, the cheers were returned with interest by the crew of the *Monmouth*. This disaster was soon followed by the loss of the enemy's mainmast, which gave the English seamen fresh spirits, and their fire became so incessant and intolerable that the French officers were unable to keep the men to their guns.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening. Captain Gardiner, notwithstanding his wounds, continued to direct the operations of his crew, when, while encouraging his men to fresh vigour, he received a second ball in the forehead. Two of the sailors received him in their arms, and, taking him aside, seated him on a gun-carriage. Feeling his wound to be mortal, he sent for the first lieutenant, upon whom the command of the ship consequently devolved, and solemnly conjured that officer, as his last request, not to give up the ship or quit the enemy. Lieutenant Carkett assured the captain that his wishes should be obeyed—that he would engage the *Foudroyant* yardarm and yardarm, and fight to his last gasp. Captain Gardiner seemed satisfied with this assurance, and, becoming shortly afterwards faint from loss of blood, he was carried below.

Lieutenant Carkett, returning to the men, addressed them in a few words, telling them the captain's condition and what his express desire was. The men readily promised that they would fight the ship to the last, and gave three cheers.

The action was now continued with extraordinary fury, and the men fought yardarm and yardarm. After a time the *Foudroyant* was silenced, but she subsequently fired about eleven of her lower tier of guns, and followed it by a volley of small arms, which the *Monmouth* returned with great fury, giving her three broadsides, to which she did not return a single gun. A portion of the crew at the same time cleared the *Foudroyant's* poop and quarter-deck, and drove her men like sheep down the main-deck; nor were the topmen idle; they plied their hand-grenades and swivels to excellent purpose.

It was now half-past twelve at night, and the fight had been carried on incessantly for eight hours and a half. It is impossible to describe the uproar and confusion of the enemy: she was a complete wreck, her decks a horrible scene of carnage, and her fire now quite silenced. At this moment, the *Swiftsure* and *Hampton Court* coming up, the *Foudroyant* struck her colours, but the captain refused to deliver up his sword to any but the officer whose bravery deserved it.

Meanwhile poor Captain Gardiner, still lingering in the agonies of death, kept sending messengers on deck to ascertain the progress of the engagement, and when at length Lieutenant Carkett entered the captain's cabin with the

Frenchman's sword the dying commander, with a pleased expression of countenance, but unable to speak, seized the lieutenant's hand, pressed it to his lips, and shortly afterwards expired.

The capture of the *Foudroyant* is almost as gallant an action as any on record in the naval history of Great Britain, considering the inferiority of the *Monmouth* and the obstinate resistance of her antagonist. In the encounter the Frenchman had 130 killed and 200 wounded. The *Monmouth* had only twenty-eight killed and seventy-nine wounded.

The *Monmouth* conveyed her prize to Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 30th of March. The remains of Captain Gardiner were conveyed on shore and buried with imposing funeral rites, and shortly afterwards a handsome monument was erected to his memory.

ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

OUR annals contain few enterprises more daring and romantic than the attempt of Prince Charles Edward Stuart to recover the throne of his ancestors. We need not dwell on the abdication of James II., or the Revolution that invested with sovereign power his son-in-law and daughter William III. and Mary, or the brilliant reign of his daughter Anne, or the final accession of the house of Hanover to the British crown; these matters have been conned over by statesmen in their cabinets and talked over by the pint-and-pipe fraternities of many a cosy tavern; but the adventures of Prince Charlie will be read with more interest by those honest souls who, in their ignorance of politics, only know that Queen Victoria now holds the rightful sceptre.

On the 20th of June, 1745, Prince Charles embarked at the mouth of the Loire on board the *Doutelle*, a frigate of sixteen guns, designing to raise an insurrection in the dominions from which his grandfather had been expelled. He was joined at Belleisle by the *Elizabeth*, an old war vessel of sixty guns, having on board about two thousand muskets and five or six hundred French broadswords; but he was unaccompanied by any officers of experience, and carried with him a sum under four thousand pounds.

Charles had not proceeded far on his voyage when the *Elizabeth* was engaged and disabled by an English cruiser, and compelled to return to the port whence she came. Deprived of her slender store of arms, and only retaining his money, he nevertheless proceeded on his course, and soon reached that remotest range of the Hebrides known as Long Island. It was his intention to land in the Highlands of Scotland, a district where he was secretly acknowledged as King, and where the peculiar constitution of society was extremely favourable to his views. From the landed proprietors of this rude and sequestered region he had received many assurances of support—but on condition that he should bring with him a considerable foreign force. In approaching their shores without either arms or troops he trusted entirely to the sympathy which his presence should inspire, to the gene-

rosity of a warm-hearted yet warlike people, and to the general merits of his cause.

On reaching the southern extremity of Long Island the seamen of the *Doutelle* were compelled, by the appearance of three English vessels at a distance, to seek concealment in one of the landlocked bays which are so numerously interspersed along the rocky coast. Having found the shelter they desired in the strait between South Uist and Eriaka, the prince determined to land and spend the night upon the latter island. In the character of a young Irish priest, therefore, he was conducted to the humble cabin of a boatman who lived hard by, and there passed the night.

On the following day Charles continued his voyage, and on the 19th of July cast anchor at Lochmannagh, a small arm of the sea partly dividing the districts of Moidart and Arisaig. The place which he thus chose for his disembarkation was as wild and desolate as any he could have found throughout the dominion of his fathers, yet it was scarcely more unpromising than the reception he at first met with from its people.

Next day Clanranald, a gallant and gifted young chieftain, and a warm adherent to the Pretender's cause, had an interview with Charles. He at once declared that, under existing circumstances, it would be hopeless to take up arms. In this representation Clanranald was joined by his kinsman Kinlochmoidart, and the three paced the deck hurriedly backwards and forwards, discussing in a low voice, but with animated gestures, the point at issue. A Highlander stood near them armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was on board. When he gathered from what he overheard that the stranger was the heir of Britain—when he heard his chief's brother refuse to take up arms for their prince—he betrayed the greatest agitation and convulsively grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning suddenly round, appealed to him in the emphatic words, "Will you not assist me?" "I will! I will!" exclaimed Ranald. "Though not another man in Albion should draw his sword, my prince, I am ready to die for you!" With tears and thanks Charles acknowledged the loyalty of this gallant young man, and the two obdurate but generous chieftains, touched by this incident, at once consented to place their swords at the Pretender's disposal.

A journalist who was on board during the time of this interview thus describes the appearance and bearing of the prince:—"There entered the pavilion that was erected with poles on the ship's deck a tall youth of most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat-buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles to his shoes. At the first appearance of this pleasing youth I felt my heart swell to my throat, and, although I was told he was only a passenger and a clergyman, I could not suppress a suspicion that he was no other than the Pretender. He sat down by me on a chest and entered familiarly into conversation with me. One of the questions he asked was how I lay at night with my Highland dress. I replied that the plaid served me for a blanket, and I showed him how

wrapped it about my body. At this he remarked that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise, but I informed him that in times of danger we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a glass of wine. At that moment some one at my shoulder whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him, which confirmed me in my suspicion as to his real quality. Having taken the glass of wine in his hand, he with a mingled air of grace and dignity drank to us all round, and then left the tent."

During this and the succeeding day Charles remained in close council with his immediate friends, devising means for raising the rest of the well-affected clans, who were at this time reckoned to number 12,000 men.

On the 25th he came on shore, accompanied by seven noblemen and gentlemen, and repaired to Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald. Here they were entertained with the best cheer, and Charles's daily custom was to sit in a large room where he could see all his adherents at once (now numbering upwards of a hundred), and where the multitudes of the people who flocked from the country around came to see him. By this means he made himself known to the people of the locality, while his prepossessing appearance and affable manners served to gain him many adherents who were in the first instance prompted to visit him from mere motives of curiosity.

While sojourning at Borodale messengers were despatched to all the chiefs who were known to favour the Pretender's cause, and numbers accordingly came to see him, and at a general council arrangements were made for a gathering of the clans. These preliminaries having been completed, Charles left Borodale on the 18th of August, and proceeded to Glenfinnin, where he designed to raise his standard. Glenfinnin is a narrow vale surrounded on both sides by lofty and craggy mountains, and one of the most secure and inaccessible places that could be imagined. Charles disembarked here with his company, and he expected to find the whole vale alive with the assembled bands which were appointed to meet him. To his great mortification, however, Glenfinnin lay quite still and grim, only a few of the natives of the little hamlet being there to wish him "God speed!" Concluding that some accident had prevented the arrival of the clans, Charles went to one of the neighbouring hovels to pass the anxious time as best he could.

At length, about one hour after noon, the sound of a pibroch was heard over the top of an opposite hill, and immediately afterwards a large band of Highlanders marched down the brae. It was the Camerons, to the number of seven or eight hundred, coming forward in two columns and presenting a bold and soldierly appearance. Cheered by this sight, the Pretender no longer hesitated to declare war, and on a little eminence in the centre of the vale he planted his standard, a large banner of red silk with a white centre. The appearance of the standard was hailed with shouts, and a manifesto was then read in the name of James the Eighth, declaring his son Charles regent. News of the insurrection soon

England, and Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, received immediate instructions to march as fast as possible to the Highlands, and crush the rebellion before it could reach any height. Cope, putting himself at the head of his little army, set out that very day.

Meanwhile the insurgent army set out on their march upon the Lowlands, and as they progressed gained numbers to their standard. Charles is described as making himself personally agreeable on the way. Every day he marched alongside one or other of the Highland corps, inquiring into their family histories, joining in their songs, and vieing with them in recitals of deeds of arms. Moreover, he showed himself to be well skilled in all the manly exercises to which the Highlanders are attached, and they were astonished to find themselves frequently overmatched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger of the distant lands; but their astonishment gave way to admiration and affection when they discovered that Charles had made himself accomplished in all these exercises out of compliment to them, and that he might one day show himself, as he said, a true Highlander.

On the 2nd of September Charles entered the city of Perth, marching at the head of his army, and wearing a magnificent dress of tartan, trimmed with gold. He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth and several other nobles; and the people, dazzled by his appearance, hailed him with loud acclamations, and conducted him in a sort of triumph towards the lodgings that had been prepared for him. This was the first town of consequence that Charles had yet arrived at, and from his reception here he naturally augured favourably of his ultimate success. It was indeed a most fortunate circumstance that he found friends at this juncture, for he entered Perth it is said with only a single guinea in his pocket, having expended the slender stock he originally possessed in finding subsistence for his men. By sending detachments to Dundee and other towns at no great distance he raised a good deal of money, and the city of Perth itself contributed £500.

The most important accession that the Pretender received at Perth was Lord George Murray, a nobleman of considerable personal influence and powerful connections. He also possessed great talents and military experience, and Charles showed his judgment in appointing him general of the insurgent army.

Having recruited his purse and his muster-roll, Charles on the 11th of September left Perth for Edinburgh. His march was a gay and prosperous one, for the adventurer was welcomed at every stage, and received several important accessions to his standard. The female portion of the population were especially well-affected towards the wandering prince, numbers of them coming out of their houses to kiss his hands, while in some instances a salute from the royal lips was begged for, a favour which the historian says the Pretender was never backward in granting, especially when his petitioners were young and fair.

Charles was induced to march upon Edinburgh, not only from the assurance that he had many friends there, but from the idea that his seizing the seat of government would tend to strengthen his position, and gain to his side many

partisans who stood aloof until some substantial advantage should be gained. Meantime, by way of testing the people of Edinburgh, he sent off a detachment to demand a subsidy of \$15,000 from the commercial capital.

On the 15th Charles proceeded to Falkirk, where his army lay all night among some broom, and early the following morning he despatched a band of 900 Highlanders to force back a body of dragoons who threatened to dispute his passage. The dragoons, however, retired without coming to blows, and the Highlanders entered Linlithgow unmolested. At four o'clock in the afternoon the whole army bivouacked within twelve miles of Edinburgh; on the 17th they were within four hours' march of that city. Charles during this anxious night slept only two hours, and that without taking off his clothes. Finding that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were only amusing themselves at his expense, and afraid that the city would soon be relieved, he gave orders at an early hour in the morning for an attempt to take the city by surprise. Accordingly a portion of his army was selected to accomplish this surprise, and at five o'clock the following morning they reached the lower gate of the city.

An unexpected circumstance occurred at this moment which spared the disagreeable necessity of using violence in entering the city. Just as the Highlanders reached the gate it was opened by the guard within, in order to let out a hackney coach. No sooner did the portal open than the Highlanders rushed in and took possession of the gate. Not knowing what resistance they might meet in the town, they had prepared themselves with sword and target to commence an immediate conflict, and they uttered one of those wild and terror-striking yells with which they were in the habit of accompanying the onset on a day of pitched battle. But they were agreeably surprised to find the spacious street into which they had rushed exhibit, instead of a serried host of foes, all the ordinary appearances which betoken a city buried in profound and universal repose. Only a few night-capped heads were here and there thrust hastily out of the lofty windows, evidently raised from their pillows by the appalling noise they had just heard. The first thing that the Highlanders did was to seize the guard-house, an ancient building in the centre of the High Street, where they disarmed all the men whom they found upon duty. They then went to the different parts of the city, and also to all the ports upon the walls, and relieved the guards as quietly as one guard relieves another in the routine of duty on ordinary occasions. They fixed a strong guard in a prominent position to cut off all communication between the city and the castle, and the remainder of the body threw themselves up in two lines upon the street to await the arrival of the army. When the inhabitants began to stir at their usual hour of rising they found the capture of Edinburgh accomplished, and the government of the city completely transferred from the magistrates in the name of King George to the Highlanders in the name of King James.

Intelligence of the capture of Edinburgh having been conveyed to the prince at the little village of Slateford, where he had passed the night, at an early hour he set out, and, a triumphal procession having been formed, he entered the city in great state. After he had

stood for a few minutes in the midst of the people he rode towards Holyrood Palace, accompanied by the populace, and was conducted with much state to the royal apartments.

(To be continued.)

THE SHARK AND THE PEARL-DIVER.

THE Placer de la Piedra Negada, near Loreto, in Mexico, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding that sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, an expert diver, managed to sound it, and in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells dived down in eleven fathoms water.

The rock is not above 150 or 200 yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions. Being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water, but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro (a large kind of shark) had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably had been watching him during the whole time that he had been down.

The usual weapon of defence against a shark in these latitudes is a stick, nine inches long, with a point at both ends. The diver grasps it in the middle, and when attacked he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws in such a position that in attempting to seize his victim the jaws close upon the two sharp points; thus secured, he can do no mischief, but swims away a sadder if not a wiser shark, while the diver rises and seeks a new weapon of defence. But a double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. Don Pablo, therefore, felt rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely cut off. But under water time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping to avoid the vigilance of the shark. What was his dismay when he again looked up to find the persevering tinteréro still hovering over him as a hawk would follow a bird! The monster had large round and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and an awful mouth that was continually opening and shutting as if smacking its bony lips beforehand.

Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost. On a sudden, however, he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed, his attentive friend still watching his movements and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick in such a

way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud by which he and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in an opposite direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and guessing the real position of affairs, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water, and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

The authority for this almost incredible adventure is Lieutenant R. W. H. Hardy, R.N., who travelled a few years ago in the interior of Mexico, and, like a genuine salt, could not help mixing with those who got their living upon and underneath the briny wave.

A WAR-ECHO FROM DRESDEN.

ONCE enter Dresden and you seem to breathe a different atmosphere. There is no long train of anxious faces like that you meet in London thoroughfares—no onward rush of the giddy multitude as in Paris: all is classical, dignified, almost poetical, and quite pacific. Such is the first impression. But readers who have beguiled long winter evenings with stories of by-gone struggles well know that there are no fields more embattled and no mountain gorges more crowded with spectre-combatants than those which may be counted by the naked eye in the environs of Dresden. But we are anticipating. We have to speak of one who ended the last page of his eventful history near that beautiful city—one who in his fiery youth helped to tear down thrones, and in his sober manhood helped to build them up again.

Jean Victor Moreau, one of the most celebrated generals of modern times, was born at Morlaix, in France, in 1761. A decided passion for arms led him, at the age of eighteen, to quit the profession of the law and enlist as a private soldier. His father procured his discharge, and enabled him to resume his studies, till, at the period of the French Revolution, he had attained a marked superiority among the youth at the college of Rennes. On the outbreak of that sanguinary storm, however, the study of law became irksome to his ardent imagination, and, being appointed to command a battalion of volunteers, from that time he devoted himself wholly to a military life. His valour and genius soon attracted notice, and in 1793 he was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general. Next year, when only thirty-one, he was appointed general of division on the recommendation of General Pichegru, who was then overrunning Holland with the ferocious soldiers of the French Republic. No career could have opened with fairer promise. In command of a separate corps he quickly gained Bruges, Ostend, and other fortified places on the coast of Flanders. He then undertook the siege of Sluys, to complete the investment of which it became necessary to post a body of troops in the island of Cadzand. [redacted] was defended by a battery of fourteen [redacted] the troops were entirely destitute of

pontoons or other means of transport, but courage supplied all deficiencies, for while some of the soldiers swam over, others crossed the arm of the sea in small boats, and Moreau entered Sluys a victor.

But (as if in derision of human pride) in the heyday of his triumphs there reached him appalling news from home. His venerable father—so benevolent that his fellow-townsmen called him the "friend of the poor"—had been seized by the revolutionists of Brest as an aristocrat: at the moment that Victory was twining her laurels round the brows of the son the hoary locks of the father were dabbled in blood beneath the guillotine! Moreau, however, had committed himself to the fortune of war, and, as the scene of his early days was now blasted and desolate, he looked for no home henceforth but on the field of battle.

His aspirations were soon gratified. The English having failed to rescue Holland, French arms were directed in all their terrible might against the German Empire. According to a masterly plan, two armies were to advance in parallel lines and cut their way, like a two-edged sword, into the heart of the Austrian dominions. One, the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, was entrusted to General Jourdan, who had already distinguished himself in the Netherlands. The other, under Moreau, was called the Army of the Rhine and Moselle. Crossing the Rhine in face of the enemy ranged on the opposite bank, Moreau drove in the Austrian outposts, and captured the fort and village of Kehl, with 40,000 prisoners and vast quantities of war material. Having secured this important position, he re-established the bridge across the Rhine, and on the arrival of his artillery attacked and carried the enemy's camp at Wilstedt. Three battles won successively at Renchen, Rastadt, and Ettlingen, threw all Germany into dismay, and not only enabled the invaders to gain possession of the passes of the Black Forest, but to besiege the first-rate fortresses of Mentz, Mannheim, Philippsburg, and Ehrenbreitstein at the same time. Seizing upon Stuttgart, Moreau compelled the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Landgrave of Baden, and all the princes of Suabia to purchase peace at the price of enormous subsidies to the French Republic. The Elector of Bavaria shared the same fate. Meanwhile Jourdan had been equally successful, and the two generals were thus enabled to advance along both sides of the Danube to the centre of Germany.

But now came reverses. The Archduke Charles, the popular commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, fell upon Jourdan with overwhelming masses of fresh troops, and the Army of the Sambre and Meuse wavered, retreated, fled, and finally dispersed. All Moreau's golden anticipations dispersed also. After conducting his victorious troops from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Danube and the Isar, and proving successful in five pitched battles, as well as a multitude of skirmishes, he was obliged to commence his retreat through a country inhabited by one of the most warlike nations in the world.

Instead of appearing disconcerted by the recent successes of the archduke, he actually crossed the Danube, as if to succour Jourdan; but after having completely deceived the Austrians as to the route he intended to take, he crossed the Lech on the 11th of September, and gave orders to cut



[DRESDEN, FROM THE RIVER ELBE.]

down all the bridges behind him; he then ascended along the banks of the Danube, and stationed his head-quarters at Ulm. Finding himself closely pursued, he attacked General Latour in his camp between Biberach and Buchau, and, after a severe action, not only forced him to retire in confusion, but would have entirely destroyed his army had it not been for the gallant resistance of the French Royalists under the Prince de Condé, who covered the retreat of the Austrians and saved their baggage.

Moreau now divided his army into two bodies and marched suddenly to attack Generals Nauendorff and Petrasch, whom he forced to abandon their positions: so terrible indeed was this commander even in the moment of retreat that he took 7000 prisoners in these different actions. Having at length opened a communication with the forest towns, forced the passes of the Black Forest, and penetrated through the gloomy Val d'Enfer (the valley of hell) with his centre, he employed his two wings against the numerous harassing detachments led on by Latour, Petrasch, and Nauendorff. The French army having resumed its march, the main body encamped at Fribourg on the 12th, and waited for the arrival of the rest of the troops. The moment a junction had been effected the Archduke Charles assaulted and with some difficulty carried the village of Kendringen. Next day he attacked a French detachment at Nymbourg, but after an action that lasted from ten in the morning till dark he was obliged to withdraw, completely foiled by the valour of General Dessaix.

At the head of an army fatigued by the length

of its march, destitute of shoes, and rendered sickly by continual rains, Moreau now approached the banks of the Rhine. A detachment under Dessaix repassed that river at Brisach, while the commander-in-chief directed his course towards Huningen, persistently harassed by the enemy. On his arrival at Schliengen he assumed an excellent position, and, notwithstanding the superior numbers of the Austrians, determined to await the event of a battle. He was accordingly attacked along the whole of his line, but repulsed the enemy on every side. Moving his camp on the night after the engagement, he passed the Rhine at Huningen without molestation, and on the 26th of October returned to Strasburg, the point whence he had started on his expedition.

After a brief respite Moreau again crossed the Rhine, near Strasburg, but not without a formidable resistance from the Austrian artillery. On his attaining the German bank of the river a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the Austrians were repulsed, and the fort of Kehl, with the Austrian park of artillery and several thousand prisoners, fell into the hands of the Republicans. The Austrian army retreated with precipitation towards the Danube, and Moreau was preparing for new triumphs when a courier from Bonaparte announced the conclusion of the war by the treaty of Leoben.

In 1799 the French again invaded Tuscany, but, owing to a faulty plan of campaign, their generals were all at sixes-and-sevens, and when Moreau took the command-in-chief it was too late for his genius to retrieve the disasters of the French army. We cannot, however, omit the

battle of Novi, in which, having been superseded by Joubert, he insisted on fighting under that general as a volunteer. Eager to animate his troops, Joubert, in advancing at the head of his staff, was struck with a ball which entered his heart; still he continued, even in the agonies of death, to exhort the soldiers, and fell exclaiming, "March, march, and fight for the republic!" The battle became desperate. Thrice did Suwarrow, the Austro-Russian commander, charge the centre of the enemy in person, and thrice was he repulsed by the valour of the French legions. Moreau, exposing himself with reckless courage, had three horses killed under him, while his flowing uniform was pierced with bullets. Though the French were defeated, yet their heroic valour and Moreau's skilful retreat enabled them to keep the enemy in check till the whirlwind of war scattered their opponents in another direction.

In 1800 Moreau was selected to command the Army of the Danube, and after various splendid successes over the Austrians fought his way to Munich, where he established his head-quarters. After a short armistice the Archduke John prepared to attack him with 120,000 men, but Moreau cunningly retreated from the banks of the Inn, and enticed his over-confident foe into the defiles near Hohenlinden. Early in the morning of December 3 the Austrians marched towards Hohenlinden in three columns—the centre along the principal road to Munich, and the right and left through the woods on each side of the highway. The left wing, misled by a deep fall of snow, bent its march towards Ebersperg instead of taking the road to Hohenlinden. The battle commenced about nine o'clock, and the Austrians fought with great bravery, but General Richepanse, having pierced between the right wing and the centre, threw the Imperialists into irremediable disorder. The left wing also, being cut off from the main body, was completely defeated, and the right suffered severely before the banks of the Isar could be attained. On this fatal day 6000 men were left on the field by the Austrians, while 11,000 prisoners, 100 pieces of cannon, and other trophies fell into the hands of the Republicans.

An armistice, executed at Steyer, the head-quarters of General Moreau, soon after followed, and on his return to Paris Bonaparte presented him with a pair of magnificent pistols, saying, "I could have wished to have your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room enough." The general, having married during the preceding summer, now retired to his estate at Grosbois, where he spent his time in the bosom of his family, removed, apparently, from the cares of state and the intrigues of courts. It had, however, long been generally known that Moreau disapproved of the elevation of Bonaparte to the consular dignity, and it was soon discovered that he had held several interviews with suspected traitors. He was therefore brought, with the other conspirators, before the criminal tribunal, and condemned on the 10th of June, 1804, to two years' imprisonment, which was immediately commuted to banishment. When sentence was passed upon him he was offered every facility to escape, but, suspecting a trick, he returned alone to the prison of the Temple and gave himself up.

The United States of America were the country

to which General Moreau determined to retire, and at the beginning of 1805 he embarked from Cadiz on his Transatlantic voyage. On his arrival in America he purchased a handsome country-house at Morrisville, below the falls of the Delaware, and, surrounded by his family and friends, reposed in tranquillity under the shades of the laurels he had gained. In his exile Moreau continued for many years, restrained by a high sense of honour from taking up arms against a cause which numbered his countrymen among its supporters. At length, however, the great crisis arrived when the kingdoms of Europe united all their forces and all their talents against the ambition of Bonaparte, and Moreau, invited by the Emperor Alexander to lend his aid in this great struggle, sailed from America on the 21st of June, 1813, and arrived at Gottenburg on the 26th of July. On the 4th of August he again embarked at Ystad in a Swedish brig for Stralsund, where he was met by Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, his early friend and companion in arms. Here these two great soldiers concerted the plan of operations for the approaching campaign.

A month did not pass before the French, defeated at Gross Beeren and on the Katzbach, fell back upon Dresden. When the Emperor Napoleon entered that city at eight o'clock in the morning of the 26th of August, the grand Russian, Prussian, and Austrian army crowned all the hills, and had approached upon the left bank of the Elbe to the distance of a league from the French posts. At noon all was tranquil, but to an eye skilled in the affairs of war this calm was the delusive precursor of a storm. At four o'clock in the afternoon six columns of the allied army, each preceded by fifty pieces of artillery, descended into the plain, and marched towards the French redoubts. In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the fire became terrible, and one of the redoubts was silenced. At five o'clock a part of the French reserve was engaged, and several shells fell in the town. Roused to the greatest exertions by the urgency of the danger, Napoleon ordered the King of Naples to march with General Latour Maubourg's cavalry upon the right flank of the allies, and at the same moment four divisions of the young guard debouched through the gates of Pirna and Plauen. The effect of these efforts was to force the allies back from the centre to the extremity of their position, and to cover the field with the dead.

On the 27th the weather was dreadful, and the rain fell in torrents. At nine o'clock in the morning the battle was renewed, and the allies determined to drive the French from the city. But it was soon perceived that it would be impossible to effect a practicable breach in the walls, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the allied army, finding themselves in danger of being surrounded and cut off from their communication with Bohemia, resolved upon a retreat.

The French, having thus succeeded in repulsing the assailants, marched out of the city on the morning of the 28th, to harass them in their retreat. Napoleon, availing himself of the perilous situation in which he had placed his enemies, ordered an immense number of cannon to be brought out of the city, and the battle was renewed by a heavy cannonade on both sides, accompanied by charges of cavalry. After several

army, perceiving that they
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 Moreau, who,
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 of his recovery,
 that day he wrote with
 following letter to Madame

MY DEAR LOVE,—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had both legs carried away by a cannon-shot. That scoundrel Bonaparte is always fortunate. The amputation has been performed as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is not directly backward, but sideways, and for the sake of getting nearer to General Blücher. Excuse my scrawl. I love thee, and embrace thee with my whole heart. Rapatel will finish.—V. M."

The following was added by his secretary:—

"MADAM,—The general permits me to write to you on the same sheet on which he has sent you a few lines. Judge of my grief and regret by what he has told you. From the moment he was wounded I have not left him, nor will I leave him till he is perfectly cured. We have the greatest hopes, and I, who know him, am certain we shall save him. He supported the amputation with heroic courage, without fainting. . . . I have stood in need of all my fortitude for the last four days, and shall still stand in need of it. Rely upon my care, my friendship, and upon all the sentiments with which both of you have inspired me. Don't alarm yourself—I need not tell you to exert your courage—I know all your heart. I will neglect no opportunity to write to you. The surgeon has just assured me that, if he continues to go on well, he will be able in five weeks to go out in a carriage."

"Your most devoted servant,
 "RAPATEL."

"Laun, August 30th, 1813.

"September 1. He is going on well, and is easy."

* This brave man came to a tragical end when the Allies invaded France a few months after. A French column, surprised and surrounded by Marshal Blücher, flung themselves into squares and refused to lay down their arms. Rapatel advanced to terminate this unavailing struggle by a friendly remonstrance with his countrymen, but scarcely had he presented himself when he was struck by two musket-balls, and fell dead in front of the ranks.

During the night of the 30th he was seized with a violent hiccup and other alarming symptoms, and three days afterwards he expired, at the moment when he was dictating a letter to the Emperor Alexander, full of admiration for that illustrious monarch. The remains of General Moreau were embalmed by command of the Emperor of Russia, and removed to St. Petersburg to be interred in the Catholic church by the side of the body of Marshal Kutusoff.

The beneficent designs of the emperor were not confined to the dead. On this melancholy occasion he wrote a tender and manly letter to Madame Moreau, offering her an asylum in Russia, and the life-long friendship of the imperial family. He was as good as his word. After conferring the rank of *dame du palais* of the Order of St. Catherine on Madame Moreau, and of *demoiselle d'honneur* to the empress on the only daughter of the deceased general, he settled on the widow 40,000 roubles (£9000) per annum, and on the daughter 6000 roubles (£1350) per annum, ordering at the same time that 100,000 roubles (\$22,500) should be paid to Madame Moreau by the bank at St. Petersburg.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "BLACK WATCH."

THE regiment now known as the 42nd was originally called in the Highlands *Reicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch. It arose from the colour of their dress, and was applied to them in contradistinction to the regular troops, who were called Red Soldiers, or *Seidor Dearag*. The dress consisted of so much of the black, green, and blue tartan that it gave them a dark and sombre appearance in comparison with the bright uniform of the regulars, who at that time had coats, waistcoats, and breeches of scarlet cloth.

A MAGNANIMOUS PRIVATE.

At the battle of Salamanca a dragoon had just been wounded in the neck, when he perceived the commanding officer of the troops dismounted and exposed to the greatest danger. He immediately leapt off his horse and insisted on the commandant mounting it. The enemy's hussars came up; the soldier defended himself with his carbine and sabre until the commandant escaped, when he himself was surrounded and taken prisoner. "It is better," said he, "that a private trooper should be taken or killed than the man whose presence can animate a regiment."

A MARINE'S EXAMPLE.

A MARINE on board the *Genoa*, at the battle of Navarino, had one of his arms shot off in the heat of action. He coolly took up the severed limb and laid it in a conspicuous place close by, saying to his comrades, "There's an example for you all."

AN AGGRESSIVE QUAKER.

A FRENCH privateer having chased and grappled an English merchant ship manifested a disposition to board. Among other passengers was

a stalwart Quaker, who, being on the look-out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and, forcing him over the ship's side, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here." He served several in the same way, and thus materially aided the cause, which was eventually triumphant.

HOW THE TAILS WERE DOCKED.

THE absurd appendage of the pigtail, which used to be worn in the English army, was most hateful and embarrassing to the men. In 1804 the tails were reduced to seven inches in length, and three or four years afterwards the whole of the tails were ordered to be cut off. The day after this order a court order was promulgated to retain the tails, but the answer was, "It is too late; the tails are gone!"

A FRENCHMAN'S COOLNESS.

AT the battle of Minden a corps of French grenadiers, commanded by Captain Perier, were exposed to a battery whose fire swept away whole files at once. The captain, fearing that his men might waver, rode slowly in front of the line with his snuff-box in his hand, saying gaily, "Well, my boys, what's the matter, eh? Cannon? Well, it kills us, it kills us, that's all, my boys. March on, and never mind it."

A SOLDIER'S WORK AND WAGES.

IN the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander-in-chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms and looking very grave. Lord Stair, coming by, asked him why he was so dull. "Dull, your honour? I am not dull; I am only thinking what a hard day's work I have done for a groat."

A CARPENTER'S JOB.

CAPTAIN DONALD, of the 37th, who wore a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon-ball. He had for the moment taken the command of a corps who did not know that the captain had an artificial limb, and some of the men called out, "A surgeon, a surgeon for the captain!" "No, no, my lads," said he. "A carpenter will serve my turn."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER VI.—THE CAPTURE OF CAPE TOWN.

COLONEL SAWBRIDGE, having mustered the remains of his regiment in the strongly-fortified town of Messina, set out by easy marches with the rescued ladies for the capital of the island, Palermo, the temporary residence of the court and the lawful King of Naples. Here they found transports waiting to convey the 6th and portions of two other regiments to Gibraltar, whence it was expected they would be forwarded for active service to the East.

Colonel Sawbridge, though still suffering from the effects of the wound received in the boat on the night of the escape from Scylla, refused to avail himself of the doctor's certificate of sick leave and return to England for the benefit of his health, and decided to stay by his regiment. As it would be some months before they could reasonably expect to meet an enemy, the colonel naturally believed he should be thoroughly restored to health and strength long before being called upon for any active duty.

The day after landing at the Rock a storm arose of so violent a nature that nearly a fortnight elapsed before the war-ships and transports, which had been obliged to put to sea, returned to their several anchorages in the outer and inner bay, and another week elapsed before the stores and necessary material of war were taken on board the convoy and transports of the expedition, the destination of which was probably only known to three out of the many thousands of individuals about to participate in the adventure—the Governor of Gibraltar, the admiral, and the commander of the troops embarked.

By this delay the health of Colonel Sawbridge was completely re-established, and when Sir David Baird received the 5000 troops that composed the expeditionary army, before embarking them on board the fleet and the transports provided, every man, from the commander to the lowest private in the ranks, was in the possession of vigorous health. About the beginning of October Sir Home Popham, having a clear bill of health from soldiers and sailors, gave the signal for close sailing, and, standing out of the bay with a steady breeze, was followed in splendid style by all the vessels composing his fleet.

It was not till the expedition was far down in the low latitudes of the Atlantic, and the coast of Guinea, like a blue mist, was faintly visible on the starboard quarter, that the sealed orders were opened and men and officers apprised of their destination. Then those who had believed their field of action to be the Dutch West Indies, Buenos Ayres, or the Rio de la Plata heard, to their surprise and satisfaction, that the capture of the Cape was the first part of their programme, and a descent on some spot of the Coromandel coast, with the taking of some French factories and Indo-Gallic settlements in Eastern India, their next operations before joining the armies of Madras or Bengal.

The slow sailing properties of the deeply-laden transports made the run down the coast of Africa extremely tedious. The two line-of-battle ships and four frigates that formed the convoy to the hundred and fifty sail of merchantmen, transports, and tenders were almost daily compelled to lay to for hours, till the heavy craft had worked themselves up again to the front, and were under the protecting guns of their naval guardians.

During this tedious voyage Edgar, who, with the head-quarters of his regiment, was on board the *Hector*, a 42-gun frigate, had employed every leisure hour not occupied by regimental duty in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the art of signalling, with as much nautical information and naval tactics as his naturally quick intelligence could compass and the master's mate, with whom he had formed a close friendship, could impart.

With every effort at despatch, it was the 1st of

January before the fleet, without the loss of a ship of its convoy, dropped their anchors in the bay.

The consternation of the colonists, and particularly of the inhabitants and garrison of Cape Town, when they saw the formidable array of ships blockading their harbour and threatening descent on their coast was excessive, and for a time almost paralysing, for, instead of expecting an enemy, they had been for months anticipating the arrival of a French fleet with reinforcements of all kinds. The Dutch governor little suspected that the armament he was so anxiously looking for had been chased by the British to the West Indies, and been there either captured or destroyed by a tempest.

Scarcely had the several ships dropped their anchors, the transports and war-vessels forming an outward line, when at a signal from the commodore, Sir H. Popham, every vessel of the fleet sent her boats to assist in the debarkation of the troops. By these, and the launches of the men-of-war, the entire force of nearly 6000 men, with horses, guns, ammunition, and stores, were all safely landed before sundown; and so expeditiously had the disembarkation been effected that when the evening gun was fired the launches had been shipped, and the boats of every ship were on deck or hanging in their davits; and when darkness set in the lights, seen through the stern windows and open ports, were the only indications of the existence of the fleet that had so lately filled the Dutch colonists with so profound an alarm.

The consternation of the Batavians was, however, of short duration. They set themselves manfully to meet the difficulties of their situation, and men and women, working all night, had by morning succeeded in surrounding the town with a high earthen rampart.

The army, which had bivouacked near the beach, was astir at the first notes of the bugle, and, an hour having been allowed for breakfast and all necessary preparation, when the muster sounded every man stepped at once into his place. Such was the eagerness to advance exhibited by each regiment that their officers had some difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm, or more properly perhaps the cupidity, of their soldiers, Sir David Baird having promised the men the pillage of the town, should the enemy be rash enough to defend it. That they had thrown up defences, and consequently meant to contest the possession of their homes and altars, the first beams of the morning sun made manifest to the meanest capacity.

Sir David at once put his forces in motion, for a distance of about five miles had to be marched over before, turning the eastern flank of the town, the troops could be brought to the front or assailable part of the defences. The extremities on either side were flanked by high hills, covered with cactus plants, prickly pears, and other wounding shrubs, rendering each wing incapable of assault, while on the south or seaward side the perpendicular rock or mountain on which the town stood was commanded by the guns of the ramparts, rendering that side perfectly impregnable.

The Dutch, however, were not inclined to allow their enemies to invest their town under any circumstances, for scarcely had the English advanced two miles over the prairie-like heath on

which they were marching, when the enemy was observed, to the number of 5000, in order of battle on the crest of a long line of low hills.

Scarcely, however, had the two armies sighted each other, when, with a loud shout, a cloud of light infantry burst from the enemy's lines, and, attended by a number of French *trailleurs*, rushed down the hollow way and partly up the opposite acclivity, and, meeting the advancing English, poured in a withering discharge, and before even a musket could be levelled at their audacious onslaught the whole had retreated behind their line of battle.

So many of the front rank fell before that rapidly-executed discharge that the officers felt it was impossible to restrain the soldiers in their desire to come up with their enemy. As the skirmishers were seen emerging from the rear for a second dash the order was given for the leading column to charge, a command which the 5th, as forming the van, executed with such good will and promptitude that the skirmishers, encountered in the dip of the plain, were borne down almost to a man by the weight of the advancing column, trod underfoot, or bayoneted before they had time to draw a trigger. The enemy, seeing the fate of their skirmishers, took a step forward more on the brow of the swell, and, the front rank kneeling, poured in a terrific fire upon the British line, causing the column to stagger as if paralysed.

"Close up your ranks, keep in your fire, and give them the bayonet," shouted the colonel, a cry that was repeated by the several officers, as shoulder to shoulder in one solid mass the men rushed forward, and, with a deafening shout, mounted the swell. The next instant the clash of steel rang over the field, mixed with the dying yell of those who writhed and groaned upon the torturing bayonet.

"Give it them home, my lads, another drive, and then fire," cried the colonel, waving his sword, and the next moment passing it through the breast of the officer before him. While this sanguinary struggle was going on in front of the enemy's centre, where alternate volleys were followed by thrusts of the bayonet, and where the 5th, foot by foot, were making good their ground, the enemy's right wing had been forced back a considerable distance by the impetuous charge of the British left. Indeed, so critical was the aspect of affairs in that quarter that Major-General Jansen, the Dutch commander, to prevent the cutting off of his right wing, was compelled to alter his line of battle, extend his front, and strengthen both wing and centre, by bringing up all his reserve and forming his men into squares.

On the British right, however, things were not so fortunate. This wing had been met in its advance by a tremendous fusillade, delivered by the whole of the Dutch left, drawn up behind a long cactus hedge. To add to the difficulty of the situation, a body of mounted boers, about 200 in number, armed with sword and carbine, and who formed the whole of the Dutch cavalry, swept round the position, and with fearful impetus attacked the exposed flank of the right wing.

Mown down in front by an enemy they could not reach, and assailed on their flank by the heavy Flanders horse and the scythe-like swords of their riders, the situation of the British in this quarter of the field was eminently critical.

"Oh! for fifty expert grenadiers!" exclaimed Sir David Baird, as he saw the ruinous and unequal contest—"only fifty, to drive these boors to their shades. We must extend our right and—"

"I have, general, in my regiment a company of well-trained grenadiers, with a first-rate officer for this duty, and if you can spare a wing from your reserve, to take their place in front, I will bring them in ten minutes," replied Colonel Sawbridge, who, having led his regiment into action, had left its command to the major, while, as a field officer, he returned to the side of his general. In an instant the order was given for the advance of a portion of the reserve, Colonel Sawbridge galloping before them to the enemy's centre.

Urging his horse to the front line till he stood beside the adjutant and Havering, he gave the order for the grenadiers to open their columns and retire.

Extraordinary as the order was, it was executed as if on parade. The moment the men opened their ranks those of the reserve stepped into their places, and in less time than it has taken us to describe another body of men occupied the ground so lately held by the grenadiers. A sharper volley than usual from the enemy wounded a few of the grenadiers, and stretched the adjutant, Lieutenant Chester, on his face. The men having caught up their wounded comrades and retreated into the hollow, Colonel Sawbridge informed Edgar of the duty required of him, the manner being left to his own judgment entirely.

Ranging the sixty men he found fit for duty in three lines, Edgar led them along the hollow at a run, till he came on a line with the sorely-pressed right wing. Halting for a moment, till his men had lighted their fuses, he mounted the ridge, and found himself on the flank of the boors, and almost in front of the hedge from which issued those sheets of fire and smoke that carried with them such deadly havoc.

Taking in the whole situation in a moment, Edgar at once extended his line, and at the word "Fire!" that deadly implement, the hand-grenade, was flung, partly under the horses' feet, and partly across the cactus hedge. The order to "Load and fix bayonets" had scarcely passed his lips when the air was rent with the loud report of the bursting shells and the shrieks of the agonised horses, as, with gaping flanks and trailing entrails, they burst madly through the hedge upon the massed wing, that, already thrown into confusion by the explosions that had taken place among the ranks, was utterly disorganised by the rush of the terrified horse, who either fell among them, or from their wounds or terror burst through the lines in their wild efforts to reach the distant plains. Scarcely had the men fixed their bayonets when Edgar, placing himself on the flank of his small company, led them by a quick run round the extreme right of the hedge, and found himself in a moment on the disorganised flank of the enemy. To empty their pieces on the foe, and charge them with the cold steel, was the work of only a second. The Batavians, so lately jubilant, but now shaken by the fearful results of the grenades, and rendered unmanageable by a nearer shower of the dreaded weapon, broke up, pell-mell, and fled. Their terrified masses rushed blindly on the retiring centre, and this, with the consternation caused by a few of the riderless

horses bursting into their midst, decided the fate of the battle. Their left wing and centre, thrown into irretrievable confusion, falling back on the right wing, completed the disasters of the day, the speed at which they fled and their knowledge of the ground alone saving their army from complete destruction.

As it was, Havering, with his grenadiers and a reinforcement sent to his aid, followed so close on the heels of the retreating Batavians that he succeeded in making nearly a hundred prisoners and arriving at the walls of Cape Town at the moment the rear of the enemy entered and closed the gates.

Sending to the ships for a few pieces of artillery, a battery was erected before daybreak, and the guns pointed by Edgar with such accuracy against one of the recently constructed bastions that by noon the general declared it practicable for assault.

"Who selected the site of this battery?" demanded the commander, riding up with his staff just as the breach had been declared capable.

"A sergeant-major in my regiment—the non-commissioned officer who led the grenadiers against the boor cavalry," replied Colonel Sawbridge.

"It has been admirably conceived, for if the assault is successful we shall command the two most important points of the defences—the citadel on the one side, and what appears to be their arsenal on the other."

"As you are so satisfied with the first part of the work, Sir David, I hope you will allow my regiment to complete it, and have the honour of storming the breach," replied the colonel.

"What, without asking for volunteers?" exclaimed the general, in some surprise.

"I want none, Sir David. You can, if you think fit, have a supporting column in readiness, should we unfortunately fail. But I am sure my men will carry it."

At this moment the cannonading from the walls, which had ceased for a few minutes, began with greater fury than ever, doing considerable damage to the besiegers' works, and dismounting three out of their six guns in position. Regardless of this, however, Colonel Sawbridge, dismounting, and retiring to a top of trees, behind which the 5th was lying unseen, made his arrangements. Placing a stand of colours in Edgar's hand, and parading forty grenadiers for the assault and 150 men of the light companies as a supporting column, he took his stand beside Edgar and gave the word to advance.

Amidst the roar of cannon from the walls, and the reply from the battery, the storming party suddenly emerged from behind the top, and in perfect silence, but at the double, advanced rapidly across the plain, and had arrived within a few yards of the breach before the enemy, understanding the movement, thought of opposing their progress. When, however, they did comprehend what was meditated they met the coming danger with a terrific cross-fire of musketry. Twice the standard fell over Edgar's shoulder, struck by repeated bullets, and once the men involuntarily halted before that murderous fire, but, springing into the gap, and waving his flag, Edgar shouted to his company—

"Forward, my men. A cheer for Lieutenant Havering, or death!"

Animated by their colonel's and sergeant's voices, the men rushed forward, and, gaining the breach, began the ascent, closely followed by the light company, who, jealous of the favoured grenadiers, strove manfully to gain the rampart at the same moment as their comrades in advance. Though beyond the reach of round shot, the enemy still kept up a murderous discharge of musketry on the tolling stormers, men rolling down the breach each moment dead or fearfully wounded. But, despite the slaughter and the incessant hail of death that right and left struck down comrade and officer, the men, with clenched teeth, a firm step, and an iron grasp of their muskets, bravely followed their colonel and their colours.

With a shout of triumph, Edgar bounded on the ramparts, and at the same instant, parrying a bayonet lunge, passed his sword through his assailant's heart, making standing room for his colonel, who the next moment mounted beside him. A volley from the head of the column in the breach drove the enemy back, leaving the rampart clear for a short distance, but as the grenadiers mounted they were met by another sweeping discharge, prostrating the colonel and a number of his men.

"If I could only have seen the colours of the 5th planted on the citadel I should have died happy," cried the colonel, with the death-gurgle in his throat.

"And, with God's blessing, so you shall, sir," exclaimed Edgar, as, bending over his commander, he raised him to his feet, and, putting the flag-staff in his hands, threw the body over his shoulder, and, waving on his grenadiers, bore down on the enemy, who, dreading the bayonet charge, gave a few random shots and fled, pursued towards the citadel by Edgar and his company, while the officer in command of the others drove the enemy before them in the opposite direction.

A sharp contest at the open gates of the citadel ended in the precipitate flight of the Batavians, when Havering, as if endowed with a giant's strength, carried his colonel to the flag-tower, hewed down the staff with his sword, and then, taking the colours from the colonel, whom he seated against the parapet, placed the ensign of his regiment in the rings from which he had removed the stump of the enemy's flagstaff.

"A cheer, Havering, a cheer! Thank God, we have done it!" With these words the strength of Colonel Sawbridge passed away, and he fell insensible on the rampart.

The shout that burst from the troops without when the broad folds of the union-jack floated proudly over the flag-tower of the citadel was nearly drowned by the wild notes of the enemy's trumpets, as they brayed out the assembly and retreat in sounds almost as articulate as the human voice, so great was the anxiety of those who blew them.

A few sudden volleys of musketry; one gun turned in despair on the pursuing British; then a dropping irregular fire, growing fainter and fainter, as the garrison rushed to the sally-port, and, headed by Governor Jansen, gained the outskirts; and then a murderous discharge, poured into a handful of light infantry who chanced to be unsupported; and the Batavians made good their retreat, covered by the mounted boors, into the interior, leaving Cape Town, with its inhabi-

tants and the dead and wounded, in the hands of the victors.

Closing the gates, and placing strong guards at all the means of egress, so that none should leave or enter the town, Sir David saw to the quartering of his troops, and then took up his residence in the citadel, where Madame Jansen and many of the Dutch officers' wives and families, had collected for safety during the short but, as it proved for the enemy, sanguinary storm and battle.

Returning from the final charge that drove the enemy from the town, Edgar hastened back to the scene of his recent triumph. Though bleeding from a deep scalp wound, he showed no signs of weariness, and if he heaved a sigh as he sprang over bodies stiffening on the top of the breach, or lying in piles along the ramparts, it was only with a feeling of sadness as he recognised many a well-remembered face belonging to his regiment, or saw some worthy comrade who in life had done him a friendly turn.

For all the death and suffering around, Edgar's heart was too full of gratitude for the special mercy shown to himself through all the imminent dangers of that day, and too elated with honourable pride at what it had been permitted him to achieve, to be bowed down by any sense of weariness or fatigue, though for hours he had neither rested nor tasted food. Though his mind was filled with a thousand bright thoughts and happy dreams, and his ardent fancy pictured for himself a glorious future, he never for a moment forgot the duty on which he was hastening with all the energy of youthful ardour and sincere regard; but, though he used his utmost despatch, the dead and wounded lay in places so thick that it seemed as if he should never gain the spot towards which he was so anxiously hurrying—the rampart of the flag-tower.

When at length he reached it, and heard the flap of the banner in the evening breeze, Edgar looked at first in vain for the form of his wounded or dead colonel's body. He had left him leaning against an embrasure at the foot of the flagstaff, but the place was now unoccupied, though on the flags that formed the narrow rampart were stretched several men of his own corps, with a still larger number of the enemy.

At length, face downwards, where he had evidently crawled, and covered by two of the Batavian soldiers, who had dragged themselves there to die, he at last found the still living Colonel Sawbridge.

Carefully removing the dead, Edgar gently raised his unconscious chief, and, placing him over his shoulder, hurried down the ramparts. In front of the citadel he came abruptly on Sir David Baird, who, at the head of his staff, was attended by a number of men with litters for the removal of the wounded. As the rampart descended with a sharp incline, and was very narrow at the point where he met the ascending party, Edgar attempted to pass unnoticed with his burthen, merely saluting his commander and hurrying by.

Before, however, he could take a step nearer the battlements Sir David exclaimed—

"Well done, Lieutenant Havering. You have acquitted yourself nobly to-day, but this is one of the most meritorious acts in your day's service," pointing as he spoke to the insensible body

"Oh! for fifty expert grenadiers!" exclaimed Sir David Baird, as he saw the ruinous and unequal contest—"only fifty, to drive these bores to their sheds. We must extend our right and—"

"I have, general, in my regiment a company of well-trained grenadiers, with a first-rate officer for this duty, and if you can spare a wing from your reserve, to take their place in front, I will bring them in ten minutes," replied Colonel Sawbridge, who, having led his regiment into action, had left its command to the major, while, as a field officer, he returned to the side of his general. In an instant the order was given for the advance of a portion of the reserve, Colonel Sawbridge galloping before them to the enemy's centre.

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Amidst the roar of cannon from the walls, and the reply from the battery, the storming party suddenly emerged from behind the top, and in perfect silence, but at the double, advanced rapidly across the plain, and had arrived within a few yards of the breach before the enemy, understanding the movement, thought of opposing their progress. When, however, they did comprehend what was meditated they met the coming danger with a terrific cross-fire of musketry. Twice the standard fell over Edgar's shoulder, struck by repeated bullets, and once the men involuntarily halted before that murderous fire, but, springing into the gap, and waving his flag, Edgar shouted to his company—

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SOLDIERS' FRANKS AFTER THE BATTLE.]

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

THE French, having been driven from the Doure, withdrew to Vittoria, taking up a position in front of that city on the night of the 19th of June, 1813. In this position, which extended about eight miles, they covered the three great roads which radiate on Vittoria, and they also protected the main road to Bayonne, upon which were seen immense convoys moving towards France.

On the 20th Lord Wellington halted his army for the purpose of closing up his columns, and proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's position,

with the view of attacking them on the following morning. The strength of the two armies was nearly equal, each having from 70,000 to 75,000.

At daybreak on the 21st Wellington's dispositions were complete, and the allies were in motion. Sir Rowland Hill, with the second British, Amarante's Portuguese, and Murillo's Spanish divisions, was ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, occupied by the enemy's left. Another portion of the army was to turn the French right and seize on the Bayonne road, while a third section was to attack Vittoria in front and flank, and thus oblige Jourdan either to come to a

general engagement, or abandon the city and sacrifice his valuable convoys.

At dawn of day Joseph placed himself upon a height that overlooked his right and centre. He was attended by a numerous staff and his own body-guard. Wellington chose an eminence in front of the village of Arinez, and continued there, observing the fight through his glass, and giving his orders with his accustomed calmness.

The attack commenced by Hill's division moving soon after daylight by the Miranda road, and the detaching Murillo's Spanish corps to carry the heights and drive in the left flank of the enemy. The latter task was a difficult one, as the ground rose abruptly from the valley, and, towering to a considerable altitude, presented a sheer ascent that at first sight appeared almost impracticable.

The Spaniards with great difficulty reached the summit, and there, among rocks and broken ground, became hotly engaged with the French left. Perceiving that they were unable to force the enemy from the heights, Sir Rowland Hill advanced a brigade to Murillo's assistance, while, alarmed for the safety of his flank, Jourdan detached troops from the centre to support the division that held La Puebla. A fierce and protracted combat ensued. The loss on both sides was severe, and Colonel Cadogan fell at the head of his brigade. But gradually and steadily the British gained ground, and while the eyes of both armies were turned upon the combatants, and the possession of the heights seemed doubtful still, the eagle glance of Wellington descried the forward movement of the Highland tartans, and he announced to his staff that La Puebla was carried.

The village of Sabijana was the next object of attack, and a brigade of the second division stormed it after a short but determined resistance. As that village covered the left of their line, the French made many efforts to recover its possession, but it was most gallantly retained until the centre and left of the allies moved up, and the attack on the enemy's line became general.

While Sabijana was repeatedly assaulted, the light division formed in close columns under cover of some broken ground, and at a short distance from the river, waiting the signal to advance.

Presently an opening cannonade upon the left announced that Sir Thomas Graham was engaged, and Lord Dalhousie notified his arrival with the third and seventh divisions at Mendonza. The moment for a grand movement had come: Lord Wellington saw and seized the crisis of the day, and ordered a general attack on the whole extent of the French position.

The light division moved forward under cover of a thicket, and placed itself opposite the enemy's right centre, and on the arrival of Lord Dalhousie the order was given to advance. At this critical moment an intelligent Spaniard opportunely came up and announced that one of the bridges was undefended. The mistake was quickly seized upon; a brigade led by the First Rifles crossed it at a run, and without any loss established itself in a deep ravine, where it was completely protected from the enemy's cannonade.

Immediately after crossing the Zadorra Colville's brigade became seriously engaged with a strong French corps, and gallantly defeated it.

Pressing onward with characteristic impetuosity, and without halting to correct the irregularity a recent and successful struggle had occasioned, the brigade encountered on the brow of the hill two lines of French infantry regularly drawn up and prepared to receive their assailants. For a moment the result was regarded with considerable apprehension, and means were actually planned for sustaining the brigade when (as that event seemed inevitable) it should be repulsed by the enemy. But valour overcame every disadvantage, and the perfect formation of the French could not withstand the dashing onset of the assailants. Their rush was irresistible—on went those daring soldiers, sweeping before them the formidable array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation.

While the combined movements of the several divisions were thus at every point successful, the attack on the village of Arinez failed, and the 88th were repulsed in an attempt to storm it. Here the French fought desperately, and here alone the fortune of the day wavered even for a moment. Nothing could exceed the obstinacy with which the village was defended; but, under a severe fire, Lord Wellington in person directed a fresh assault. The 45th and 74th ascended the height, the French were fairly forced out at the point of the bayonet, and Arinez, after a sanguinary struggle, was won.

The whole of the enemy's first line were now driven back, but they retired in perfect order, and, re-forming close to Vittoria, presented an imposing front, protected by nearly one hundred pieces of artillery. A tremendous fire checked the advance of the left centre, and the storm of guns on both sides raged with unabated fury for an hour. Vittoria, although hard by, was hidden from view by the dense smoke; while volley after volley from the French infantry thinned, though it could not shake, Picton's "fighting third."

It was a desperate and final effort. The allies were advancing in beautiful order, while confusion was already visible in the enemy's ranks. Presently the cannons were abandoned, and the whole mass of French troops commenced a most disorderly retreat by the road to Pampeluna.

The sun was setting, and his last rays fell on a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain, the horse artillery at a gallop to the front to open its fire on the fugitives, the hussar brigade charging in another direction, while the second division, having overcome every obstacle and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right in line, its arms and appointments flashing vividly in the departing sunshine. Driven completely through Vittoria, the French never attempted to rally. The formation of their army was totally destroyed and its disorganisation completed. Indeed, no defeat could have been more decisive: the rout was general, and an army at sunrise perfect in every arm had become at evening a mixed and helpless mob.

Night closed upon the victors and the vanquished, and darkness and broken ground favoured the escape of battalions flying from the field in mob-like disorder. Two leagues from Vittoria the pursuit was reluctantly given up,

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of our shattered regiment in the height. Being in great want of ammunition we were again covered with every missile a man, and kept on for the same time, until the battle ended in our favor.

"We lay in the height for some time. Our ship was exposed; there was no water in the height save the small spring, which was rather scarce. One of our men in the heat of the action called out he would have a drink, come what might. He dropped to drink; a ball pierced his head; he fell with it in the wall, which became fastened with his blood. Thirty as we were, we could not reach it.

"At this time the major had the command, our wound soldier being wounded. There were not 100 of us in the height when the day, out of about 1400, was, four weeks in the morning. The men of the wounded were most heart-breaking.

"After the battle we followed the French in quickness in our every limb would let us. Our boys were full of terror, and our best friend upon the side of the town. Coming to a beach-head at the bottom of the height, the column immediately broke, and every man fled his heaven-sent. We continued in advance until it was dark, and then encamped on a height above Victoria.

"It was the hottest encampment I ever remember. We had 100 men left behind. None spoke, each having his head, wearing the loss of a friend and comrade. About twelve o'clock a man of each company was sent to receive a half-pound of flour for each man, at the rate of our morning's strength, so that there was more than could be used by those who had escaped. I had fired 100 rounds this day. Next morning we awoke dull, stiff, and weary. I could scarcely touch my head with my right hand; my shoulder was as black as coal. We washed out our firelocks, and moved on again about twelve o'clock in the line of march.

"Towards the afternoon of the day after the battle a great number of our men joined who had made their escape after being taken the day before. We encamped and passed a night of congratulation; mutual hardships made us all brothers. The slain were forgotten in our joy for those we had gained thus unexpectedly. Next morning we made a more respectable appearance on parade, being now about 400 strong. The day following we continued our march."

AT SEA ON A LIFE-BUOY.

It is now five years since I, by way of a freak, undertook to work my passage to Boston in the *Ellen Key*. The weather had been rough for some days, and in the South Atlantic we were overtaken by a squall. Bye and bye it grew worse. The wind howled and roared, and actually seemed to press me against the shrouds as I ran up, and then with forty more I was lying out on the mainyard trying to furl the great sail—trying indeed, with the stiff heavy canvas bellying and swelling out like so many gigantic bubbles, while the great vessel seemed to leap over first one wave and then another, but only to plunge bows under right into the next, deluging the deck with water, so that it ran in cataracts from the scuppers,

while the great ship rose, striking herself clear of the heavy surge, and dipping again from wave to wave. It was not long, for there was a wild strange lurid light shining up from the foam-capped waves; but it was an awful sight, and in some passages the figures made it almost unreal as though she was going straightway to the bottom.

Presently the captain came running up in his nightgown, just as he had leapt from his cot, and, jumping on the promenade, he cried out like a thunder, "Let go everything! let go there!" And they let go almost everything, and we weathered the storm, and got to the main pretty nearly fasted, except the masted, which was done in such a hurry that we were ascending it again last of all, when somehow, just as the ship gave a lurch, I lost my hold and fell headlong into the boiling sea. There was the sea heaving and roaring around me, now hissing and now thundering in my ears, bearing me up so that I was on the top of a great wave, and then down I went as if into a great valley that had no bottom.

All sorts of strange thoughts came hurrying through my mind, and after a despairing look for the ship, I felt that I must go down, when I saw a light a little distance off and knew well enough what it was, how the cry would run through the ship, "A man overboard!" and how they would cut away the life-buoy and send it over the side, with the blue-light blazing to show its whereabouts.

The sight of that dim star gave me new strength, and I struck out again slowly and calmly for the buoy; only every now and then the feeling would come over me that I was worn out and weak and should never reach it, or else that the light would burn out and I should never find it in the pitchy darkness between the waves. Every time these thoughts came my courage failed and my strokes grew faster and faster, so that I tired myself, and then I grew calm again and swam on slowly, and seemed to get a little nearer to the blue star—a star of hope to me then. Now I was down the hollow, with the salt water bubbling at my lips and dashing up my nostrils till I was half choked; then I was mounting the hill of water again, and could catch a sight of the light; and then, when I rose on the next wave, there was no light but the faint lurid glare from the waves, and a cold hand seemed to grasp my heart, for I felt that all hope was at an end.

Then there seemed to come over me a sort of mad, obstinate, fight-to-the-last fit, and though I knew that there was no chance of being picked up, it was swim to the last. And the last soon came, but without the horror and fear I had expected, for I was worn out and breathless, and already half dead, as I tried to mutter a short prayer and turned on my back to float, for my cramped and wearied arms had not another stroke left in them. All at once something seemed to let light into my heart, and with a sudden start I turned over and caught hold of one of the great copper globes of the life-buoy, against which I had struck my head whilst floating; but my hand glided over it, and it had gone from my grasp. However, I made another desperate dash at it, and my hand went through one of the loops, and then I almost fainted as I got my arms over the bar and rested between the two globes, rising and falling with the waves, and my head and shoulders well above water.

I know not how long it was before I came to, but as soon as I did I managed to pull off my handkerchief, and with it lashed myself to the cross-bar, so that if I fainted or fell asleep I could not sink, and then, not feeling safe, I got two or three of the cords loose and lashed myself again, and then I fell into a sort of dreamy wild stupor, and my head seemed to hang uselessly on my shoulder, and all was blank.

But the morning came at last, with the wind going down fast, though the water rose and fell as much as ever, and the waves seemed as if they wanted to wash me off the life-buoy. I looked east, and I looked west, and all around the horizon, but there was nothing in view, and my heart sank as the dreadful truth dawned on me that I was alone on the great ocean, having escaped one death to fall into the jaws of another. Hundreds of miles from land, without food or water, with nothing but a scrap of tobacco; but I was thankful for that, which I knew would keep off hunger and thirst for some hours; and then, with the sea fast going down, I kept watching the sun rise higher and higher in the unclouded sky.

Bye and bye an albatross, with its huge six-foot wings, swept over me, and so closely as almost to touch me, and as I plunged to get out of its way the great bird seemed to float away almost without the motion of its wings, and when it was out of sight I breathed freely once more.

All that weary day I gently rode over the waves, with the burning sun pouring down upon my head and seeming to dry up my brains.

Then at last the evening came and the stars came out one by one, and I knew I was doomed to pass at least another night in my perilous position. At midnight I dozed off for a while, but kept starting in a state of horror, and in a confused condition of mind as to where I was and how I got there. And the horror was hardly less as I floated on half benumbed with cold, and praying once more for day.

But when the day came again I had another difficulty to contend with, for all at once one of the great birds, and then another and another, came gliding down upon me, and so close that I opened my knife and thought of a draught of the warm blood, and so great was my hunger that I snapped and gnashed my teeth savagely at the thought of feasting upon one of the tough fishy carcasses. And it seemed that they were thinking the same of me, for one of them came down upon me unawares and tore a piece off my shirt with its long hook-ended beak, tearing my flesh as it did so. But I was on the look-out the next time, and, seeing how motionless I was, the birds grew bolder, swooping and sweeping by till there was a rush and a dash, and then I was being torn and blinded and beaten, while the water foamed and boiled around from the buffeting of the wings of the albatross, for as it swooped down and struck at me with its beak I seized hold of it, and then began the struggle. Once I thought I must have let go, for the bird tore at me savagely and made the blood stream down my neck and arms. But I held on tightly by the great web-feet, and at last, getting one hand free, I drove my knife home through the dense feathers and thick skin, and after repeated thrusts I caused it to lie motionless on the sea.

The exertion occasioned by this struggle caused me to fall into a kind of fainting fit, and in the

midst of it I had an indistinct idea of the rattle of oars in the rowlocks of a boat, and voices talking to me. But I knew nothing for days after till I woke one morning to feel the soft breeze coming gently in through a ship's porthole, close to which my hammock was hung, and I could just see the bright blue sea and the houses in Boston Harbour.

Bye and bye a good-humoured looking young sailor came to the side of my hammock and spoke to me, and from him I learned how I had been picked up. He told me that the attention of their crew was called to the spot where I lay by the albatross wheeling round and round, when they made out the copper globes of the buoy and sent a boat to pick me up.

It was a long time before I could do more than just crawl up on deck, for the cold seemed to have struck into my limbs and deprived them of their use, and even now I feel the effects of it, and a shudder often comes over me as I call to mind those two days and two nights on the life-buoy.

ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

(Continued from page 167.)

Charles being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim his father at the Cross, which was accordingly done, James Stuart being declared king, and Charles prince regent.

Three days of rest at Edinburgh, where they were supplied with plenty of food, and did not want opportunities of improving their appointments, had meanwhile increased in no inconsiderable degree the efficiency and confidence of "Charlie and his men." Learning that Cope was marching to give him battle, the prince set out to meet him, Charles addressing his men in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people."

It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring before the advance of the sun, when the Highlanders set out upon their attack. A long uninterrupted series of fields, from which the grain had just been reaped, lay between them and the English commander's (General Cope's) position. On the part of the Highlanders there was perfect silence, except the rushing sound occasioned by their feet tramping through the stubble; on that of General Cope only an occasional drum was to be heard, as it gave out some military signal. At setting out upon the charge the Highlanders all pulled off their bonnets, and, looking upwards, uttered a short prayer. The front-rank men, most of whom were gentlemen, and all of whom had targets, stooped as much as they could in going forward, keeping their shields in front of their heads, so as to protect almost every part of their bodies. The inferior and worse-armed men behind endeavoured to supply the want of defensive weapons by marching close in the rear of their companions.

A little in advance of the second line Charles himself went on, in the midst of a small guard. His situation was not so dangerous as it would

have been if he had carried through his wish of going foremost into the enemy's lines, but, as he was only a few yards behind the front line, his position was not without peril. In the journal of a Highland officer who was present at the battle it is remarked that Charles exhibited great impatience, and kept saying to the men in front of him, "Gres-ort! gres-ort!" ("Make haste! make haste!")

Sir John Cope, who had spent the night at the little village of Cockenzie, hastened to join his troops on first receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving towards the east. His first impression regarding their movement seems to have been that, after finding it impossible to attack him either across the morasses or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields towards the east, in order to fight a fair battle when daylight should appear. But before Cope could complete his arrangements the Highlanders were actually upon him. It is said that the advancing mountaineers, on first coming in sight of Cope's army, heard them call out, "Who is there? who is there? Cannons! cannons! Get ready the cannons, cannoneers!"

Cope, informed by his retreating sentries that the enemy were advancing, had only time to ride once along the front of the line to encourage the men, and was just returned to his place on the right of the infantry when he perceived, through the thin sunny mist, the dark clumps of the clans rushing swiftly and silently on towards his troops. The indefinite and apparently innumerable clusters in which they successively burst upon his sight—the rapidity with which they advanced—the exaggerated hugeness given to their appearance by the mist—all conspired to appal the bewildered general, and had no doubt a still more discouraging effect upon his troops. Little time was, however, given for the action of fear, for, offering up one of those frightful yells with which they always commenced their battles, the Highlanders almost immediately appeared before the enemy, in all their terror-striking and overwhelming realities of savage warfare. Notwithstanding the simultaneous discharge of cannon and musketry, the Highlanders came on, and the victory may be said to have commenced with the battle.

It must be confessed that the British troops behaved very ill in this affair, and the only officer conspicuous for his bravery was Colonel Gardener, of the dragoons. This gallant old soldier, who from weakness, consequent upon recent illness, could scarcely keep himself in his saddle, led on his men, encouraging them as well as he could by the way; but they had not proceeded many steps when, receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they reeled and turned. The colonel, deserted by his own men, put himself at the head of a body of infantry who were fighting without a commander. The colonel endeavoured to retrieve the fortunes of the day until he at length fell, literally riddled with balls and gashed with sword-wounds.

So impetuous was the onset, and so universal the fear among the British troops, that the battle lasted only some five or six minutes.

In the panic that immediately ensued the Highlanders used their dreadful weapons with unsparing vigour, and performed many feats of

individual prowess. A small party of Macgregors, in particular, bearing for their only arms the blades of scythes fastened end-long upon poles, clove heads to the chin, cut off the legs of horses, and even, it is said, laid the bodies of men in two distinct pieces on the field. With the broadsword alone strength and skill enabled them to do prodigious execution: men's feet and hands, and also the feet of horses, were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon.

The general result of the battle of Preston was the almost entire destruction of the royal army. Between 400 and 500 were slain, nearly 1000 taken prisoners, and nearly the whole of the remainder were left to wander the country as fugitives. Sir John Cope himself, who has been severely ridiculed for his want of talent and readiness, was compelled, albeit reluctantly, to seek safety in flight. It is said that he galloped twenty miles without drawing bridle, and he has been described by a person who saw him as exhibiting in his countenance a most ludicrous mixture of perplexity and dejection.

In the evening after the battle Charles, with his army, returned to Edinburgh, where they were loudly welcomed. The news of the battle created a strong feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the state. The whole of the Scottish state officers, as well as many persons holding inferior offices, betook themselves in disguise either to England or to remote parts of their own country. Charles might be said to have completely recovered his paternal kingdom; and, as the British army still remained in Flanders, there seemed nothing wanting but a descent upon England in order to secure that portion of his dominions also. It has been the opinion of many that had he adopted this vigorous measure, considering the terror of his name, the rapidity with which he could have marched, and the general idea which at this moment prevailed that there was nothing impossible to his arms, he might have dislodged his Majesty from London, and changed, for a time at least, and perhaps for ever, the titles of King and Pretender.

His own sentiments in the hour of victory were in favour of an immediate march into England; but he was dissuaded from this step by his adherents, who represented that his present force was too small for the purpose, and that by waiting a little longer he would increase his army to a respectable number. Thus overruled, Charles gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour: he dined and danced in public, flattered the ladies, and moved about among the people with a winning familiarity which quickly made him popular.

While Charles, however, indulged in the gaieties of the court, he did not neglect that attention to more urgent matters which his situation and new character so essentially required. He issued proclamations, published edicts, and promulgated new laws. He also made levies for the support of his army, mulcting the city of Glasgow in £5500, and exacting sums from other burghs on pain of fire and sword.

The English government, thoroughly alarmed at Charles's progress and success, now actively took measures to send such a force against him as would be capable of putting a stop to his career. Marshal Wade was accordingly despatched to Scotland with a strong body of troops.

When Charles had spent six weeks at Edinburgh without obtaining a third of the accessions which he had expected, and when all hope of more seemed at rest for the present, he resolved, with the consent of his council, to prosecute the march to London, though his force was miserably inadequate to the object, and the whole English nation was by this time up in arms. He had procured several shiploads of arms and ammunition, along with some money and a few officers of experience, from France, and he still entertained hopes of a descent being made from the same quarter upon some part of the English coast. He had great reliance upon the cavalier gentry of England, who had recently sent him assurances of support in case he marched to London, and he placed the greatest confidence in the energies and hardihood of his present force. Upon these grounds the council advised an immediate march, and the invading army accordingly set out.

Though the invasion of England was a desperate measure, the army was now in the best possible condition, and provided with all the conveniences which could attend a deliberate campaign. The men were fresh by their long rest at Edinburgh, well clothed and well appointed; they carried with them provisions for four days, and their baggage was promptly transported by a numerous train of waggons and sumpter-horses.

At the commencement of this singular expedition the insurgents amounted to 6000 (3000 of whom were Highlanders) and 600 cavalry. The chief officers were Lords Elcho, Tullibardine, Belmerino, Kilmarnock, and Pitaligo, and the different regiments were commanded by their chiefs. Charles, at the head of his division, marched nearly the whole of the way on foot, in order to encourage his men.

The column which Charles led in person consisted chiefly of the Camerons and Macdonalds, who were considered the flower of his army, but who were not at this time the most willing or enthusiastic in his service, they being in fact strongly opposed to their march into England, and in the end numbers deserted and caused a considerable diminution in the strength of the insurgent force.

On the 11th of November the army reached Carlisle, which city was yielded up without a struggle, and, Marshal Wade having been prevented reaching that city on account of a heavy fall of snow, the Pretender was left in undisturbed possession of his acquisition.

The successful entry of Charles thus far into England caused the king to take more energetic measures to crush the rebellion, and at the very moment that Charles was residing at Carlisle an army of 10,000 troops, chiefly composed of the veterans recently returned from Flanders, were quartered in Staffordshire to oppose him. Other extraordinary measures were also taken by the English government which precluded the possibility of so insignificant an army as that of Charles penetrating the country or establishing a footing there.

Dismayed by these preparations, a greater part of the council advised an immediate retreat into Scotland, while among those who were for moving onward various routes were proposed, until dissensions prevailed and the insurgents began to lose faith both in themselves and their fellows.

Charles himself was in no way intimidated,

nor in the least disposed to abandon his original resolution of marching to London at all hazards. As Lord George Murray, the lieutenant-general, also advocated this measure, a reluctant consent was at length yielded, and the army, now numbering no more than 4500, set forward on their insane expedition.

Although the Pretender was engaged upon a rash and unlawful enterprise, a large amount of respect is due to him for the high personal qualities he displayed at this trying moment. He lived sparingly, busied himself early and late, and, though vehicles and horses were at his disposal, he continued his former practice of walking beside his men, and it is said that in marching over the desolate tract between Penrith and Shap he was so overcome by fatigue and want of sleep that he was obliged to take hold of one of his men by the shoulder-belt to keep himself from falling, and he walked thus for several miles half asleep.

Though the west of England was generally supposed to be well-affected towards the exiled family, Charles neither procured a single recruit upon his march nor found the proclamation of his father at the market towns received with any symptoms of satisfaction. The English had pictured the Pretender coming in all the pomp and military array of a real king, and not as the footsore and wayworn leader of a half-savage and scanty band. Any lurking affection they might have for his cause was overridden by motives of prudence and a wholesome dread of the pains and penalties visited upon treason. Accordingly, when Charles now called upon them to fulfil the promises they had made so often to his father, they to a man excused themselves upon a variety of pretexts and left the deluded adventurer to work out his own fate.

People possessed of kinder hearts, and who, perhaps, had not compromised themselves by any hollow promises, could not help feeling pity for the young Pretender and his adherents, as certainly moving towards destruction as the sheep to the slaughter; and many were the warnings Charles received, and even substantial offers of assistance to expedite his retreat to Scotland. Nor were the poorer sort less moved at the sight of the hardy and romantic Highlanders, who every day began their painful journey before day-break with no provisions but what they carried in the shape of oatmeal in a long bag by their sides, and which they never cooked, but merely mixed before eating with a canteen full of cold water, trusting for any variety in this wretched cheer to the accident of a bullock killed for their use, or to the begrudgingly-bestowed hospitality of their landlords for the night. They were amazed at the sight of men walking from twenty to thirty miles a day exposed to the bitterest cold and the most tempestuous weather in thin clothing, or rather rags.

Thus this miserable invading force marched on from day to day until they reached Derby. Eastward of this town, and in several districts, lay the army of the Duke of Cumberland. Only a few miles intervened between the two hosts, both of which entertained hopes of an immediate engagement. It was in Charles's power either to push on to London or to fight the superior army of his rival. It was to consider which of these expedients should be adopted that the insurgents now paused.

When intelligence reached London of an insurgent force (the strength and numbers of which had been greatly exaggerated) being within four days' march of it there was great consternation in the capital. All the shops were shut, and many of the inhabitants fled to the country. The most valuable of the royal effects were placed in yachts at the Tower stairs, which were kept ready for sailing at a moment's notice. The king himself, alarmed in the highest degree, ordered his flag to be erected upon Blackheath, thereby personally imploring assistance from his subjects, and signifying his intention of disputing the crown with his formidable rival.

(To be continued.)

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

SIR GEORGE ROOKE, the captor of Gibraltar, was born in 1650, and, though he lived only fifty-eight years, he served his country manfully during five reigns. In the reign of Charles II. he gained his captaincy, and in that of James II. he was commander of the *Deptford*, fourth-rate man-of-war, when the Revolution of 1688 set politicians, soldiers, and seamen in quest of a new master. Rooke zealously applied himself to the interests of William III., and, being appointed commodore of a squadron cruising off the Irish coast, he sailed to the relief of Londonderry when it was besieged by the forces of James II., and when he had accomplished that service he transported the Duke of Schomberg's troops to Carrickfergus, and assisted in the capture of that place from the Stuart party.

But Rooke's first grand exploit was in, or rather after, the battle off Cape La Hogue.

Louis XIV. having fostered the war in Ireland in favour of the late king, James, and finding that it proceeded with little advantage, determined on invading England from the coast of Sussex. For this purpose a large body of men, comprising fourteen battalions of disaffected English and Irish troops, and about 9000 French, were assembled under the command of Marshal de Belfond, transports to the number of 300 were fitted out, and Admiral Tourville was sent to cruise in the Channel with the grand fleet. Intelligence being given to the English court, Russel, our naval commander-in-chief, received orders to put to sea immediately. He cruised between Cape La Hogue and the Isle of Wight till joined by all the squadrons of the fleet, when, on the 18th of May, 1693, he made sail for the coast of France.

Russel detached six fast-sailing vessels, and despatched them ahead in search of the hostile fleet, and the next morning at daybreak they signalled the discovery of the enemy. Orders were immediately given to form in line of battle, which was completed by eight o'clock, the Dutch squadron being in the van.

The French fleet did not exceed sixty-three ships, while the combined English and Dutch numbered in all ninety-nine. Tourville, being to windward, might easily have avoided an action, but, having received peremptory injunctions to give battle, he threw out the signal for close action, and at ten o'clock bore down until within musket-shot of the ship carrying the flag of the English admiral.

At eleven the memorable action began, and raged with unabated fury till one o'clock, when the effect of the English guns was plainly instanced upon Tourville's ship. The *Soleil Royal*, mounting 106 guns, and the finest vessel in Europe, was completely cut to pieces; her masts, yards, and rigging were a wreck, and she was altogether so shattered and disabled that she had to be towed out of the line. Five of the enemy's vessels, however, came to the aid of their admiral, and thus till three o'clock the battle was fiercely maintained. A thick fog then descended, enveloping the combatants so closely that they were mutually hid from view. The fog cleared shortly after, when the French admiral was discovered towing away to the northward, followed by the shattered remnants of his fleet.

Admiral Russel hoisted signal to clear, and bore down after his discomfited enemy. Meanwhile Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the rear-admiral, taking advantage of a change of wind, weathered the flying French fleet, and brought his squadron down upon it with new fury; but the fog growing denser than before, he was forced to anchor. Again the weather cleared a little, and again the pursuit commenced. Admiral Carter, with the blue squadron, now fell in with and engaged the French for half an hour—a short but hotly-contested action, in which the enemy lost four ships, and Admiral Carter his life: he died exhorting his captain to fight the ship as long as she could swim. But the French, warned by the loss of four ships, crowded away, with every rag set, for Lorgnet road; the night came down darker for the fog, and the day was done.

The 20th and 21st were so obscured by the fog that, though the chase was continued at every opportunity, and with such energy that Admiral Russel's foretopmast came by the board from press of sail, nothing was done; the French still fled to the westward, the confederate fleets following hotly after. On the 22nd the morning broke fairly; and at seven o'clock, despoiling a large portion of the French fleet—part at anchor and part driven to the westward with the flood tide—the English sail resumed the chase, and with great success. About eleven the *Soleil Royal*, having lost her masts, ran ashore near Cherbourg; here she was followed by the *Admirable* (90) and the *Conquérant* (88 guns), while several other ships hovered near, and evinced a disposition to remain by their admiral. Perceiving this, Russel desired Sir Ralph Delaval, who was in the rear, to proceed with a sufficient number of ships from his squadron to destroy the stranded vessels, sending such other ships as he could spare to join the main fleet. Delaval made the most of his instructions: the *Soleil Royal* was burnt, and her companions either sunk or taken.

In the evening a great number of the enemy's vessels were seen standing in to La Hogue. With dawn of the following morning Rooke was ordered to make his way into the bay, and deal with them as he best might. Accordingly, with several men-of-war, fire-ships, and all the available boats of the fleet, he got in, and came upon thirteen sail of the enemy; but they had managed to get so high up the bay that only the small frigates and the boats could approach near enough to attempt the service upon which they were despatched. Nor was this the only difficulty that presented itself. Guns were planted on the shore,



which was also lined with that formidable army of French, Irish, and mistaken English of which mention has been made as destined to invade the shores of Sussex. The true sea-spirit, however, existed in the heart of George Rooke, as his country's enemies invariably found. Regardless of the difficulty of approaching thirteen men-of-war within the reach of help from the shore, regardless of the artillery and musketry which protected them, but keeping duty wholly before his eyes, he manned his boats and led them to the attack. The battery from the shore opened a heavy fire; but Rooke took his boats under the doomed ships, and burnt six of them that evening. The next morning he returned to the business, and totally destroyed the other seven, with every transport, every munition-vessel in the bay. Several of these men-of-war were three-deckers, and not one carried less than fifty guns. And so skilfully did he perform this brilliant piece of service that, incredible as it may seem, he lost no more than ten men! The enemy were utterly bewildered and panic-struck by the audacity of the attempt.

For this brilliant exploit, which irreparably completed the ruin of the French fleet, Rooke was shortly after rewarded with a pension of £1000 a year, and received the honour of knighthood. About the same time he was promoted to be vice-admiral of the red, and soon after was appointed to the charge of a squadron of twenty-three English and Dutch ships, which were to convoy the Smyrna fleet through the Straits.

Meanwhile the French had done their utmost to repair the signal loss they had sustained at La Hogue. The French king bought several large ships, and had them converted into men-of-war; caused such as needed repair to be put into seaworthy condition during the winter succeeding

the battle of La Hogue; and even resorted to the desperate expedient of forbidding any merchant vessel to leave the French ports until his new fleet was completely manned. Early in the month of May the French sailed into the Mediterranean with a fleet numbering seventy-one ships of war, besides tenders, bomb-vessels, and fire-ships. This huge armament was not only on the coast of Portugal before the Smyrna fleet sailed, but its very existence was unknown to the English admirals, who were all at sea.

The English fleet accompanied Sir George Rooke with the Straits squadron to within fifty leagues W.S.W. off Ushant; and then, on the 6th of June, returned, still having no intelligence of the enemy. The Admiralty at home, however, had been apprised directly from Portugal of the appearance of Tourville with his formidable fleet—a hundred and fourteen sail, great and small—in the Bay of Lagos, between Cape St. Vincent and Faro. In consternation, the Admiralty sent despatch-boats with these advices to the English fleet, which now consisted of sixty-nine sail of the line. The admirals immediately called a council of war, sent instructions to Rooke, and resolved to make sail for Lisbon. This resolution, however, was unhappily delayed, consequent upon the vacillation that ever attends a divided command; and as for the admiral's despatch-boats, they never came up with Rooke, who, with a fair gale of wind, stretched towards the Straits in pursuit of his instructions. His convoy consisted of nearly 400 vessels, English, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and others.

At daybreak on the 17th of June, eleven days after he parted from the main fleet, Sir George Rooke, being off Lagos Bay, discovered ten sail of French men-of-war with some small ships, which made as if they were endeavouring to escape. A

detachment of the English squadron chased them, and captured a fire-ship, the crew of which (permitted to fall into English hands for the purpose of deception) positively asserted that the whole French force, though there were three flags amongst them, consisted of no more than fifteen ships of the line, with about fifty sail of merchantmen. This report was at first believed, but before noon Sir George Rooke, who hoped for a brush and a few prizes, counted upwards of eighty war-ships of the enemy.

At first Rooke, finding that a safe retreat was now an idle hope, resolved to put on a bold front and await the force that crowded down upon him; but the advice of the Dutch admiral to avoid a conflict which would inevitably lead to ruin, without saving a single ship of the convoy, prevailed with him. Accordingly, he gave orders to the small ships which happened to be near the land to take refuge during the night in the neighbouring ports of Faro, St. Lucar, or Cadiz, while he stood off with the rest. No better course was left to the brave sailor, but he could not wholly save his convoy from so powerful an enemy, into whose very jaws he had been betrayed. Two Dutch men-of-war were taken after a noble resistance, an English liner was burned, about eighty merchantmen were destroyed, and seven captured. The loss thus sustained was estimated at upwards of a million sterling.

After this disaster Sir George Rooke sailed with the remainder of his fleet to Madeira, and thence to England, where he was honourably received. Not a word of blame was uttered: on the contrary, he received the thanks of the merchants for his prudent conduct, which rendered the loss smaller than it must otherwise have been, and he was made one of the lords of the Admiralty.

As member of Parliament for Portsmouth he nobly voted according to his conscience, and gave such offence to the government by his independent conduct that they were urgent for his dismissal from the Admiralty board; but King William made this answer: "Sir George Rooke served me faithfully at sea, and I will never displace him for acting as he thinks most for the service of his country in the House of Commons." An honest and plain-dealing man, he laboured for a long time under the displeasure of a powerful party at court; while in Holland, which had already produced some of the ablest admirals that ever trod a deck, he was regarded as the best officer and the greatest seaman of his age.

In 1700 Rooke sailed with a strong squadron into the Baltic, to mediate between Sweden and Denmark. Here he behaved with as much moderation as courage; for, the latter nation being unwilling to subscribe to the terms he was instructed to demand, Rooke straightway commenced to bombard Copenhagen with such apparent severity that he alarmed the Danes into compliance. To Charles XII. of Sweden, who pressed for a more vigorous coercion, Rooke replied, "Sir, I was sent hither to serve your Majesty, but not to ruin the King of Denmark."

On the accession of Queen Anne Sir George Rooke was constituted "vice-admiral and lieutenant of the Admiralty of England," and on a new rupture with France was immediately called into active service. He hoisted the union on board the *Royal Sovereign*, of 110 guns, and

sailed from St. Helen's on the 19th of June, 1702, with a fleet of thirty English and twenty Dutch sail of the line, exclusive of a large number of frigates and tenders. There were upwards of thirteen thousand soldiers on board, under the command of the Duke of Ormond, on an expedition to the coast of Spain. On the 12th of August the fleet anchored off Cadiz, and the next day the Duke of Ormond despatched a letter to the governor, demanding surrender or submission. This being refused, troops were landed; but after taking Forts St. Mary and St. Catherine it was found impracticable to make any further reduction of the city, and the troops retired to their ships and the fleet prepared to return home.

On his voyage to England, however, Sir George Rooke received intelligence from Captain Hardy, who had been taking in water in Lagos Bay, that the Spanish galleons from the West Indies, under the protection of a strong French squadron, were then lying in the port of Vigo. Upon this Sir George called a council of war and resolved to sail to that port and attack the enemy; but a strong gale of wind drove the fleet to northward of Cape Finisterre, preventing its getting off Vigo till the 11th of October. On his arrival Rooke found the passage into the harbour extremely narrow, not more than three-quarters of a mile over, with batteries, mounting twenty and forty guns respectively, on each side. The harbour was also defended by a stone fort, mounting ten guns, and garrisoned by 500 men. Across the mouth of the harbour was stretched a strong boom, the top chain of which was moored at each end to a 70-gun ship, while within the boom were moored five other ships of war, carrying sixty or seventy guns, their broadsides to the offing, and commanding the narrow passage.

As the first and second rates drew too much water, the allied admirals shifted their flags into smaller vessels. A division of five-and-twenty English and Dutch ships of the line, with frigates, fire-ships, and bomb-ketches, were ordered for the service; while, to facilitate the attack, the Duke of Ormond landed on the south side of the river. Under his orders Lord Shannon attacked the fort at the entrance of the harbour and made himself master of the 40-gun battery. The French governor resolved to sally out and cut his way through the English forces, but the gates were no sooner opened than the English grenadiers walked in and compelled the garrison to surrender.

As soon as the English flag was seen flying from the walls the ships advanced, and Vice-Admiral Hobson, in the *Torbay*, crowding all sail, ran against the boom, broke it, and thus made an entrance for the whole attacking fleet. A steady and destructive fire from ships and batteries checked their progress for an instant. Not a ship but felt the plunging of the enemy's shot into her sides, while masts and rigging were scattered upon all the face of the harbour. The *Torbay* was cruelly shattered at the very opening of the action, and was at one time in imminent danger of being burned, being saved only by the desperate exertions of her crew. Her foretopmast was shot away, her sails all burnt or scorched, the foreyard consumed to a cinder, her larboard shrouds, fore and aft, burnt at the dead-eyes, while 115 men were either slain or drowned. In this disabled condition she was abandoned by

the vice-admiral, who hoisted his flag aboard the *Monmouth*.

But if the advantages so far were against Sir George Rooke, elsewhere they were all in his favour. While a firm and close contest waged with the enemy's shipping, Captain Bokenham, in the *Apparition* (90), made up to the battery on the left of the harbour, and, broadside to, soon silenced it. The *Barfleur*, on the other side, opened upon a battery which did fearful execution on the English ships, and lay for some time exposed to its whole fire, unable to return a shot, because the troops were between her and the fort. The enemy, however, were speedily driven from their guns; and thus every defensive post in the harbour was destroyed. The French, perceiving the day lost, and resolved not to let their remaining ships fall into the hands of the English, began to fire them or run them ashore. Henceforth, therefore, the English and Dutch vessels were engaged in preserving the very ships they had previously directed all their force to demolish. The galleons were deeply laden with treasure, which it was an important object to secure; but it was effected with only a partial success. Nevertheless, the result of this action was brilliant and important. Seventeen French men-of-war, a like number of galleons, two frigates, and a fire-ship were either burnt, sunk, or taken, while treasure to the value of seven millions of dollars was captured.

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to Sir George Rooke and the commanders serving under him, in conferring which the Speaker of the House of Commons said, "In former times admirals and generals have had success against France and Spain separately; but this action at Vigo hath been a victory over them confederated together. You have not only spoiled the enemy, but enriched your own country. Common victories bring terror to the conquered, but you have brought destruction upon them and additional strength to England. France hath endeavoured to support its ambition by the riches of India; your success, sir, hath only left them the burden of Spain, and stripped them of the assistance of it. The wealth of Spain and the ships of France are by this victory brought over to a juster cause."

In the naval campaign of 1704 Sir George cruised for some time off Lagos Bay, in hopes of falling in with a French squadron from Brest, but was disappointed in this endeavour; and, sensible of the reflections that would be cast upon him if, having so large a fleet under his command, he spent the summer without any important achievement, he resolved to make a sudden and vigorous attempt upon Gibraltar.

The fleet sailed into the Bay of Gibraltar on the 21st of July; and, as a first step in the enterprise, Rooke landed the marines, with English and Dutch infantry, to the number of 1600, on the isthmus, with the view of cutting off all communication between the garrison and the continent. This done, Rooke summoned the governor to surrender; he answered that he would defend his trust to the last.

Disposing his vessels in the most advantageous and skilful manner, Rooke commenced to cannonade the town at dawn of the following morning. With such spirit were his orders executed that 15,000 shot were expended in five hours,

and the Spaniards at length began to desert their batteries. Rooke, perceiving that the enemy were driven from the walls at the mole-head, ordered Captain Whittaker to launch all the boats and attempt to make himself master of the silenced fortifications. In a twinkling every boat in the fleet was pulling lustily in shore, and Captain Hicks and Captain Jumper, being nearest the mole, landed their crews, scrambled up into the fortifications, and were actually in possession of them before the rest could come up. On this the Spaniards resorted to their last resource, and sprung a mine, by which two lieutenants and forty men were killed, while about sixty were wounded.

The two captains, with the few men who escaped destruction from the explosion, maintained possession of the platform until the arrival of Captain Whittaker and the seamen under his command, who soon made themselves masters of a redoubt between the mole and the town. The admiral then sent another message to the governor, who found himself compelled to give in. A capitulation was signed on the 24th July, 1704, and thus in little more than two days the strongest position in the world was forced by the valour of British seamen.

After adopting every possible precaution for the safe holding of his important conquest, Rooke sailed to Tetuan to take in wood and water. Here he learned that a French fleet, commanded by the Count de Toulouse, was at sea; and, having got in his supplies, Rooke made after him. On the 13th of August he sighted the enemy off Malaga, his fleet consisting of forty-one English and twelve Dutch sail of the line. The French fleet numbered fifty-two ships and twenty-four galleys, drawn up in three divisions; they were brought to with their heads to the southward, the wind being easterly, in line of battle and ready to receive the enemy. Their force was considerably more formidable than Rooke's; their ships were larger; they carried 600 guns more than Rooke's fleet; they were all clean ships, just come out of port, while ours had seen hard service and had been long at sea. The French were well supplied with ammunition, while several of Rooke's vessels had to be towed out of the line to avoid being a mere mark for the enemy, for they had not sufficient powder and ball to fire a single broadside. Moreover, the enemy had the advantage of the galleys, from which they could draft a fresh unfatigued man for every one slain or wounded.

As Sir George Rooke was apprehensive that the French intended to pierce his line with their galleys and fire-ships, he ordered the *Swallow* and *Panther*, two fourth-rates, with two fifth-rates and two fireships, to fall to windward, and act on occasion. This disposition made, at ten o'clock Rooke bore down upon the enemy in order of battle. When within half gun-shot the French set all sail, as if they intended to stretch ahead and weather him; Rooke accordingly fired a chase-gun at the French admiral to bring him to, of which he took no notice. Rooke then threw abroad the signal for action, and without further parley opened fire. The action was severe in the extreme. The *Royal Catherine* (90), the *St. George* (96), and the *Shrewsbury* (80) bore the chief brunt of the battle, and were almost splintered. The French, however, suffered still

more. A 70-gun ship, ordered to board the *Monk* (a 60-gun ship of ours), succeeded in effecting a footing on English decks, but was instantly beaten off with great slaughter. Again, reinforced by fresh men from the galleys, the Frenchman made the desperate attempt, and again was repulsed. Fresh men from the galleys, and yet another endeavour; but it was useless. Three several times did our brave seamen beat off three several crews.

Bravely as the French fought, it became apparent that the fortunes of the day were falling from their hands, and by two o'clock the enemy's van gave way in disorder. Notwithstanding, the Gallic flag waved defiance till nightfall, and the booming of the French guns remained unsilenced by the thunders of the English. At night, however, the enemy towed off their crippled fleet by help of the galleys; and the wind, shifting to the northward during the night, gave them an advantage over us.

After some hours spent in repairing, Rooke stood after them, and for two days endeavoured to renew the fight. The enemy, for their part, had had enough of fighting for the present, and sheered off. In this battle Rooke lost 687 men, and had 1632 wounded, while the Dutch under his command lost 400 more.

Finding his endeavours to renew the action all in vain, Rooke repaired to Gibraltar, where he remained eight days to rest; and, having reinforced the place to the utmost of his power with ammunition and provisions, he left Sir John Leake in the Mediterranean with a strong squadron, and returned to England. But the old party intrigues which had ever militated against the honest seamen were still rife; he was removed from the command of the fleet, and, disgusted with the violence of party dissensions, retired altogether from public service. He carried with him the love of his fellow-countrymen and the well-earned respect of England's enemies.

At the time of his death, January 24, 1708-9, he was comparatively poor as to this world's goods. "I do not leave much," said he; "but what I do leave was honestly gotten: it never cost a sailor a tear or the nation a farthing."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A GALLANT BOARDER.

IN Earl Howe's engagement with the French fleet on the 1st of June, 1794, the *Marlborough*, by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the *Marlborough's* poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor of the name of Appleford, to be beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their fore-castle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety into the waist of the ship. A French officer, observing the uncommon behaviour of the British tar, dashed from the

quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and, to convince them of his own honour, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who, however, was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen. With this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and, by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

THE MAYOR OF ROCHELLE.

WHEN Rochelle was besieged by the royalist armies, in 1672, the inhabitants elected for their mayor, captain, and governor Jean Guiton. This brave man at first modestly refused the office; but, being pressed by all his fellow townsmen, he took up a poignard and said, "I will be mayor, since you wish it, but on the condition that I may be permitted to strike this poignard to the heart of the first who speaks of surrendering. I consent that you shall do the same to me if I mention capitulating; and I demand that this poignard lie always ready on the table when we assemble in the Town House." Cardinal de Richelieu, who conducted the operations of the siege, had raised a mole before the gate of the city, which shut up the entrance and prevented the provisions from reaching it. Some one saying to Guiton that many of the people had perished of hunger, and that death would soon sweep away all the inhabitants, "Well," said he coolly, "it will be sufficient if one remains to shut the gates."

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT being once posted in the New March, opposite to the immense Russian army, and only separated from it by the narrow bed of a river, went out to reconnoitre the enemy, accompanied by the adjutant, one of his pages, and a groom. Having laid his glass upon the shoulder of the page, he began to observe the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived him, kept up a smart fire upon the place where he stood. The balls struck the ground on all sides of him, and covered his hat and coat with the earth they threw up. At last the adjutant thought it his duty to apprise the king of his danger, and, pulling him gently by the coat, he begged his Majesty would not remain in so dangerous a spot, at the same time pointing out to him the effects of the enemy's fire upon his clothes. The king did not answer him for some minutes; but he at last turned his head, and said, with great composure, "If you are afraid, sir, you may go back," and then continued his observations. After seeing everything he wished he said to the page, "Now I have done, you may pack up again." He then mounted his horse, rode gently towards the camp, and conversed with the adjutant upon different subjects.

TRUTH SAFER THAN FALSEHOOD.

GENERAL AMBROSE SPINOLA, passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honour of supping with Henry IV. Towards the end of the entertainment, the king having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions, telling him how and when he

would begin, where he would construct a bridge on the Scheldt to lead over his army, and where he proposed to erect a small fort. In a word, he did not omit the minutest circumstance. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take everything in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able general, however, did everything that he had said. He had been free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account that prince said, "Others deceive me by speaking falsehood, but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

A SEVERE REBUKE.

A FRENCH field-marshal who had attained that rank by court favour, not by valour, received from a lady the present of a drum, with this inscription, *Made to be beaten*.

The same hero, going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable abbé, who for this outrage brought a suit in a court of honour established for such cases under the old government. The abbé thus addressed the court, "I come not here to complain of Admiral Suffren, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I come not to complain of Count de Grasse, who fought so nobly in the West; I come not to complain of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca; but I come to complain of the Marshal B——, who took my box at the opera, and never took anything else." The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

WHY NEY RETREATED FROM PORTUGAL.

ON the memorable retreat from Portugal Marshal Ney commanded the rear-guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the English troops. On retreating through Pombal, the moment the English entered the town the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made, even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney, being made acquainted with the fact, instantly turned round and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure; but he felt it necessary to prove to his lordship that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

MILITARY DEVOTION.

THE following instance of military devotion occurred at the siege of Dantzic in 1807:—One Fortunas, a private in the Twelfth French Light Infantry, happened to stray in the dark into a column of Russians, who cried out to an advancing body of French, "Do not fire; we are Frenchmen," whereupon Fortunas, although threatened with instant death should he speak, boldly cried, "Fire, fire, my brave captain; they are not French, but Russians."

NAMES WITHOUT HANDLES.

A SCOTCH officer declined an invitation to dinner, saying, "You must really excuse me; I am already engaged to Wolfe." A smart young ensign

observed that he might have expressed himself with more respect, and said *General Wolfe*. "Sir," said the Scotchman, with great premeditation, "we never say *General Alexander* or *General Caesar*." Wolfe, who was within hearing, acknowledged by a low bow the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Bark.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER VII.—THE LETTER HOME.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

"It is just four years since I left England as a common soldier, with the remains of my bounty in my pocket, and your good advice and blessing carefully preserved in my heart. You know too well all the motives that induced me to seek my fortune, and the 'bubble reputation, e'en in the cannon's mouth,' and, though you called my hopes and aspirations chivalric and quixotic, you did not condemn and you did not forbid me, but, with the injunction to do my duty in all things truly and honourably, you blessed and bade me go and prosper.

"Four years, my dear parents, and the private Havering, grenadier company, is now Captain Edgar Havering, the friend of my colonel, and, I honestly believe, of every officer in the regiment. Was not this worth enlisting for, my dear father—was it not, my beloved mother—when it places me so far on the road that leads to all my hopes and the realisation of all my joys, the possession of my darling Ethel?

"My last letter apprised you of the capture of Cape Town and the gazetted of my name as a lieutenant. In taking leave of that subject, I have only to mention that my prize-money for that affair amounted to £2000, which I have still intact in England in the hands of our regimental bankers.

"We arrived on the Coromandel coast about nine months ago, and our regiment and two others, in all about 2700 men, were landed and attached to the Madras army, the remainder of the force being sent on to Bengal, or, more properly speaking, to Calcutta.

"The army to which we were attached amounted to nearly 70,000 men, the whole (with the exception of some 5000 Europeans) imperial and company's troops, consisting of native sepoy—and splendid soldiers they are, I assure you. Hardly had we time to get over the languor and sea-sickness of a long voyage when we were ordered to the front, and, attended by elephants, camels, bullocks, mules, and every kind of beast of burthen, pushed on for weeks, occasionally fighting the hill tribes or taking their forts. At last we fairly got into the Deccan country, and then our work began in earnest, no longer detached fighting, but war on a grand scale.

"The Nizam had a splendid army in the field, that numerically nearly doubled ours, commanded

by French officers, and its artillery drilled and served under the most approved European system.

"I cannot think of giving you even a programme of our short but brilliant campaign: suffice it that battle followed battle in rapid succession, the enemy becoming fiercer and more vindictive after each defeat. Leaving these matters for the newspapers to inform you of, or for a future time of recital, I shall turn to a part of the subject which I naturally believe will be more acceptable to you—the personal adventures of your absent son.

"After the last battle, in which the Nizam's army was totally routed, I was detached, with 150 of our men, to take and destroy an insignificant fort, which was likely to form a rallying point for the enemy. Having taken the fort, I obtained some important intelligence from a prisoner connected with a hill fortress in which the treasures of the Nizam's entire kingdom were known to be secreted—a fortress, in fact, which the general had been unable either by threats or bribes to obtain any accurate description of, though every expedient had been tried to induce the natives to say where it was situated or conduct an expedition to it.

"As I descended to the plain after destroying the fort I had the good fortune to fall in with a wing of one of the company's native regiments, of about 200 men. Holding, as a king's officer, a superior rank to the lieutenant in command of the sepoy, I at once (though risking thereby my commission and rendering myself likely to be cashiered with ignominy) took command of the party, and, joining my own men with them, advanced by a forced march some seven leagues up an Alpine range in the western ghats, when, suddenly turning round a precipitous ravine, I beheld the fortress perched on the top of an insulated crag directly before and almost above me. Fortunately, I was some distance in advance and upon foot, and was consequently unperceived. Instantly hastening back, I bivouacked my men in the gorges of the ghats, about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the defile. We had marched through the broiling sun all day, and every man was thoroughly exhausted, when at seven o'clock I ordered them to pile arms and prepare supper.

"While the troops were refreshing themselves with necessary food and rest I threw a cloak over my uniform, and, creeping to the mouth of the defile, examined long and silently the rocky fortress, that stood on a kind of peninsula, dividing the gorge into two long and tortuous passages. The only approach to this rocky citadel that I could discover seemed by a flight of steep steps, cut out of the face of the cliff, and directly under the gate of the fortress itself.

"I have told you in one of my letters about the rocky fortress in Italy called Scylla. The recollection of that place was of immense importance to me now, for, as the French drove us out of that Scylla and we had to escape by ropes down the rocks, it suggested to me a method of getting into this place. You may be sure I was not long in trying to effect means to carry out the idea I had formed in my own mind for the storming the impregnable fort.

"After having thoroughly examined every aspect of the walls within my observation, and fully made up my mind as to my mode of procedure, I returned to the bivouac, and, calling

some of the non-commissioned officers of my own corps, men who had been of great service to me in the escape from Scylla, I told them my plan of operations, and, assigning each sergeant his special duty, lay myself down before the watch-fire to enjoy an hour's repose, for I was resolved to attempt nothing till after midnight. The men, quite unconscious of having any duty to perform, had turned themselves over in their blankets after their frugal meal, and were soon soundly sleeping. The night, or rather the morning (for it was past one o'clock), was intensely dark and extremely cold as I woke my men and, insisting on the observance of profound silence, led a hundred of my own regiment and the same number of sepoy's cautiously out of the defile and over the uneven road, till they halted at the base of the rock, where, from the overhanging nature of the crags and projecting battlements, we should have been completely unobserved by the garrison even in broad daylight.

"Having taken all the responsibility of this bold measure on myself, I was resolved it should not miscarry from any want of energy on my part, and therefore determined on first scaling the rock myself. Leaving the men below, I at once began the difficult and, as I found it at every step, extremely dangerous ascent. I had taken the precaution of making a rope of the sergeants' silk scarves. Securing one end of this over a jutting crag, I descended again, and directed the lieutenant of the sepoy's to wait till he heard us in the fort, and then either to try to scale the rock on the opposite side or mount it by my side. Then, telling my men to follow noiselessly, I sprang up the rock, surrounded by at least a score of my fellows, who, leaving the rope for the less sure-footed or confident, boldly and fearlessly clustered round me.

"I had gained more than three-fourths of the distance, and could just dimly note the embrasure through which I proposed to lead my men, when a large piece of stone, giving way under one of the climbers, was heard bounding from rock to rock, with startling clamour, to the ground. The situation was extremely critical, as it might rouse the whole garrison. As it was, I had barely time to whisper, 'Halt! be still, every man,' when I heard the Mussulman guard overhead, as they peered inquiringly from a jutting rampart and asked among themselves for a reason for so unusual a sound.

"While clinging in a most precarious manner to a slippery projection, without an atom of rest for my feet, and listening with intense anxiety to the half-audible conversation of the guard above, a soldier whispered in my ear, as he touched my hand with the hilt of his bayonet—

"'For God's sake, lieutenant, run my bayonet into my heart, for I feel I must cough, and if I do I shall betray and ruin the whole! Quick, Mr. Havering, it's coming!'

"'Keep it down a moment longer, Brown; for, see, here's a port-hole. In! in!' I cried, as at the moment I saw a lower embrasure, that would prevent any further climbing.

"'Not before my officer, if I die for it!' exclaimed the brave fellow, as he hung back to give me the place of honour.

"I need not tell you, father, that I was through the embrasure in a moment, and had

drawn in Brown and made way for the swarm of panting and benumbed climbers (for it was bitterly cold), who came rapidly and silently in. One of the men chancing to have a tinder-box and taper, we soon procured a light, and by its friendly aid discovered ourselves in a casemated cell, opening out on one of the ramparts, leading by a short flight of steps to a platform, on which we could just dimly discover the turbaned heads of the guards, as they still looked down the rock for an explanation of the unusual noise.

"The call was nearly filled, and most of my men had reached their destination in safety. I had divided those around me into two parties, and was just on the point of issuing forth, when I observed a sudden movement among the guard on the rampart: a torch was lighted as if by magic, a matchlock fired, the torch hurled down the rocks, and, amidst a loud discordant cry, I could note the exclamation of agony, as the next instant one of my men was heard falling from rock to rock in his headlong descent.

"The garrison was alarmed, and I could distinguish the men rushing from all quarters towards the ramparts. There was no time for delay or hesitation. Hastily giving the word, I led my men out, with a ringing cheer, on the astonished enemy, who, wheeling suddenly round, met us with a withering volley of matchlocks, pistols, and gingalls. So sudden was the discharge that my force was for an instant staggered by its execution. The check hardly lasted a moment, and we were on the point of closing up, when the enemy, throwing away their matchlocks and firearms, drew their fearful-looking swords, and, like so many infuriated tigers, threw themselves upon us pell-mell, with deafening shouts of 'Allah il Allah!'

"I have said they came on like tigers: nothing else, I can assure you, can convey any idea of the ferocious manner in which these incarnate fiends, with yells and demoniac shrieks, flung themselves on our bayonets, tore off the heads of my soldiers with their teeth and hands, as they hewed at their necks, and then flung them in the faces of their appalled comrades.

"Drunk with opium, and mad with holy zeal, they fought and yelled like a pack of devils just broke loose. Being in advance of my men, I was suddenly seized by the throat in the grasp of a brawny Mussulman, and before I could resist or think hurled backwards with such force that I found myself pressed to the earth by the full weight of my assailant, who, with his knee on my chest and his hand on my throat, pointed his gleaming scimitar at my breast.

"My sword-hand and weapon were under me: I was powerless, completely at the mercy of my enemy. I saw my men giving way; I had no fear of death, only a burning sense of shame as the miscarriage of all my hopes filled my heart with bitter regrets. By a desperate effort I contrived to call out—

"Close up, my lads, and give them the bayonet!"

"My men replied with a ringing cheer, and I saw no more, for at that moment my vision was obscured.

"No, you don't, you ugly thief. Take that for yourself!" exclaimed the well-remembered voice of the man Brown, as he drove his bayonet to the lock in the breast of my assailant, who, like a

wolf tearing at the spear that impaled him, writhed on the cruel steel as he hewed at the musket with his sword, while with every gush of blood that burst from his mouth he ejaculated, 'Allah il Allah!' till Brown kicked the body off his bayonet and held out his hand to me.

"I wanted no aid, however. I was on my feet in an instant, and, cheering on my company, swept the rampart before our line of sarried bayonets. The enemy at the first sign of real danger had lighted their firepots, which, being placed along the parapet, threw a lurid glare, almost as light as day, over the murderous scene; for, though broken and disorganised, the Mussulmans fought singly like wild cats, springing from corners or angles of the fort on our ranks, and, though transfixed by a dozen bayonets, were seldom despatched before their crooked swords had maimed or slain one or two of our men.

"We had driven the remnant of the enemy into an angle of the main bastion, where my soldiers, now furious at the vindictive nature of their enemy, were shooting them down like wild beasts, when the lieutenant and his sepoy made their appearance in the rear, and, pouring in a sudden and unexpected fire, ended the short but murderous contest, which for malignity and desperate resistance surpassed anything I ever witnessed or read of.

"You may form some idea of the determination and obstinacy of this resistance when I tell you that, of 250 men who garrisoned the fort, when the fight was over only ten were found alive, and those so badly wounded that they had to be carried from the rampart to the waggon prepared for them.

"The wealth found in the place was enormous. Piling a dozen bullock-drays we found in the place with treasure, plunder, and arms—everything of value that could be found worth removal—by sunrise we were ready to start, and, taking our own and the enemy's wounded with us, began the descent of the rock by daybreak. Laying a train from the magazine, I waited till all had reached the gorge, and, when well in the defile, lighted the fuse, and we heard the rending of the massive walls, and saw the huge bodies of upheaved stone, and then the sky made red and murky by the flame that, like a volcano, shot up its fearful column into the grey heavens.

"By forced marches, and a special guidance of Providence (for the defeated Nizam with his army was retreating on this very spot, the depot of his ammunition and treasure), we after three days' excessive fatigue came up with the head-quarters of our army. I shall leave till I see you the account of my interview with the general, and his pleasure and astonishment when he heard my brief statement, and beheld the evidence in the plunder and wealth collected in our line of bullock-drays. The prize-money I understand will be something extraordinary, and my share, I am told, will realise a small fortune.

"The general, to show his appreciation of my behaviour, appointed me to a company, with a promise of a major's commission; so for the present I am content with my rank of captain.

"If you see Ethel, as I am sure you will, tell her she is still the divinity that leads me on to honour and distinction.

"I am obliged to leave off in haste, as a court-martial upon an officer just come out is to be held and I shall have something to do with it. Poor

fellow! whoever he is, I am afraid, from what I hear, it will go hard with him.

"God bless you, my dear father and mother, and accept the sincere love of, till death,

"Your ever affectionate son,

"EDGAR HAYERING."

CHAPTER VIII.—AN OFFICER'S BUNGALOW.

In a long elegantly-furnished room of a bungalow attached to the quarter-master-general's department, in one of the quadrangles of the cantonments for British troops a short distance from the city of Bombay, were collected some six or eight officers, in the cool undress peculiar to the regulation orders then in vogue. A few civilians, a Parsee banker, and one or two merchants from the city, with a captain of one of the Honourable Company's ships and a regimental surgeon, brought up the number, with the host, Colonel Clinton, to thirteen.

The party were seated down both sides of a long table, laid out in the most profuse and elegant style for a luxurious tiffin—an elaborate species of luncheon, partaking equally of breakfast and dinner. Whatever the fashion of the eastern or western hemisphere had made celebrated in the art of convivial potation was to be found at this board, while, as regards viands, every delicacy that wealth could procure or luxury desire was prodigally displayed.

The closed jalousies of the verandah, and the mosquito blinds of pale blue muslin over the window frames and unglazed squares admitted a misty kind of moonlight, while, to keep the apartment cool and endurable, two immense punkahs hung from either end of the ceiling, and were constantly worked by bearers in an adjoining room, keeping waves of refreshing air playing round the heads of the heat-oppressed guests.

Though Colonel Clinton had been nearly three months in the presidency, he had hitherto been unable to accomplish this his most anxious wish—to give a first-class tiffin to some of his special military friends, and a few particular guests, such as the Parsee on whom his letters of credit were drawn and the captain of the ship in which the head-quarters of his regiment had sailed from England. These and a few merchants whom he had met at the mess-table formed the party Lionel had invited to congratulate him on his arrival in India, upon his installation in his new bungalow, and last, though certainly not least, to compliment him on taking for the first time the command of his own regiment, a responsibility, however, he was only allowed to hold during the temporary absence of the more experienced lieutenant-colonel on sick leave.

The tiffin, which began at one o'clock, was only concluded, as far as the solid part of the repast was concerned, at four, at which time the civilians and the Parsee took their departure.

"Now, then, that the civilians are gone," cried Lionel as the table was cleared, "and as we are all off duty for to-day, we'll have a game, and go in for a long spell of enjoyment. Here, Bikoo, bring the glasses and bowls and some cards, and the doctor will brew us some of his splendid pine-apple punch," he added, calling his steward, or khansaman, from among a string of waiters, or kitmutgars, who were already preparing fresh bottles and glasses to place on the table.

"Just the thing! Macfarlane is a first-rate hand at punch, a brandy pawnee, an appetiser, or a cock-tail, but beyond that I have no faith in his culinary skill," exclaimed Captain Lovel, one of the guests.

"That's right; these are the real sauce to enjoyment," observed another as several packs of cards were placed beside him, and he tore off the covers and began to shuffle them.

At first the play was confined to whist, the others steadily betting right and left on the tricks, game, and rubber, but as the time passed, and additional quantities of liquor were drank, something more exciting was demanded, and the doctor, being appointed banker, placed a number of notes, a handful of gold, and some silver before him, and then all commenced, under the stimulus of a fresh beverage, to enjoy the serious excitement before them.

With the kitmutgars constantly filling the gamblers' glasses, the play was continued till long after the lighting of the amber-coloured lamps, misfortune, however, like a fatality, attending Lionel in every speculation, till his friends began to look serious at his losses. With a face that had become pale and anxious, he indignantly ridiculed every hint thrown out to discontinue the play, smothering the chagrin he felt at his losses by deeper and more frequent draughts of wine; yet still notes and gold flew from his possession with singular rapidity.

The expenses of his new establishment (for, as chief of his regiment, Lionel's pride had induced him to launch out profusely in its furniture and adornments) had consumed a large share of his father's last remittance, and, beyond a hundred or two in his banker's hands, he was already reduced to his last bank-note. At this time the doctor observed good-humouredly—

"You are unfortunate to-night, colonel. I never saw such a run of ill-luck in my life. Let us give over."

"Certainly, certainly," exclaimed the others eagerly, all of them glad that it had been proposed.

"Besides, it is unhandsome of us to sit here and win a brother officer's money," remarked Lovel.

"You think that I am broken, gentlemen, and perhaps mean it kindly; but I am not, sir, I am not broken," Lionel said, with a ghastly smile, and gulping down another bumper of burgundy. "Here, Bikoo, bring me pen and ink and my cheque-book." Then, turning to the company, he said, with offensive sarcasm, "You see, gentlemen, your pity and charity were uncalled for. Go on."

"Then let the colonel take the bank. Perhaps his luck may turn with that," observed the doctor, sweeping his own considerable share into his pocket, with Lionel's last note. The party then re-arranged themselves, while the host, having filled up a number of leaves, took the post of banker, with his cheques before him for money.

Lionel had become deadly pale, his face had acquired a look of ghastly anxiety, and his hands visibly shook as he shuffled the cards for a new appeal to the fickle goddess Fortune.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[DEATH OF CAPTAIN SKINNER.]

A SEA-FIGHT OFF LISBON.

THERE are no better examples of skill and daring than may be found in the minor actions of the British navy. Few are born to be admirals, and still fewer to be illustrious ones; but the most illustrious could never have built up their lofty names without the well-tryed intelligence and valour of the captains. We have already narrated some of those duels at sea where, ship to ship, the conflict has been waged on the principle of a fair stage and no favour: we venture to think that this action off Lisbon is a notable occasion of the same class.

On the 18th of March, 1750, the *Flamborough*, commanded by Captain Kennedy, and the *Biddesford*, commanded by Captain Skinner, sailed from Lisbon on a cruise, and on the 4th of April Captain Kennedy discovered four sail. He immediately made the signal for having discovered an enemy to Captain Skinner, who was then three miles to leeward, on which he stood towards them, and soon came within gunshot of the headmost, which brought to about five in the afternoon. He fired several shots to invite her to action, and at the same time hoisted his colours; about half an hour afterwards the sternmost brought to.

Captain Kennedy now plainly perceived that

they were French frigates, two of which, on a signal from the others, immediately made the best of their way off. They soon afterwards hoisted French colours, at which the *Flamborough* edged away and joined her consort, when the enemy instantly hauled their wind and stood to the eastward. Notwithstanding the superior force of the enemy, and although there were several hostile-looking ships in view, to whom they appeared to be making signals, the brave British captains wasted no time in consultation, but the only question between them, when sufficiently near to hear each other, was, "Shall we engage?" This they were not long in deciding, and the word was, "Now for honour!" The crews of the English ships then saluted each other with three cheers, and stood in a line towards the Frenchmen, who, seeing this, hauled up and obliged the English to make the attack.

At a quarter to seven the *Flamborough* came up with the sternmost ship, which immediately poured a broadside into her. This was instantly answered by Captain Kennedy, who, leaving his antagonist to the *Biddford*, kept after the headmost ship to prevent her escape. Having overtaken her, he lost no time in bringing her to a close action, which was continued for two hours with the greatest fury and determination on both sides. By this time the masts, rigging, and sails of the *Flamborough* were very much shattered, most of the running rigging was cut to pieces, and not a brace nor a bowline left to govern the sails. The hull also received several shots between wind and water, which were, however, secured in time. The firing now ceased on both sides for half an hour, during which interval new braces were received and the damages the ship had sustained were repaired in the best manner they could be. The engagement was then renewed with unabated fury until eleven at night, when the enemy's fire began to slacken. During this time the English colours had been shot away three times, and on each occasion the shreds were nailed to the mast, plainly telling the enemy that they were fighting an antagonist who would never surrender. At length the Frenchman, perceiving the case to be hopeless, ceased firing altogether, and made all the sail he could, using every exertion to escape. The *Flamborough* gave chase, and did not desist from the pursuit until noon next day, by which time the superior sailing powers of the French vessel enabled it to place a distance between them that it was impossible to make. Reluctantly, therefore, Captain Kennedy was obliged to give up the pursuit and return to Lisbon to refit.

Meanwhile the *Biddford*, having closed with the French commodore about seven o'clock, commenced a vigorous and well-directed attack. The gallant Captain Skinner at the beginning of the action had three fingers of his right hand shot away, but he refused to go below or to have surgical assistance, and contented himself with binding his pocket-handkerchief around the maimed member. He then mounted an arms-chest, the better to inspect the operations of his men and give his orders, and while animating them by his example and applause he was struck by a cannon-ball and fell forwards on the deck mortally wounded.

The men of the *Biddford*, when they saw the death of their captain, who was greatly beloved by

the whole ship's crew, vowed that they would avenge his death and fight to the last drop of blood in their bodies. Lieutenant Knollis, a brave and able young officer, succeeded to the command, and directed the engagement with great coolness and bravery; but in the course of an hour he was shot through the body and carried below lifeless.

The crew, still further maddened by their loss, redoubled their efforts, and, inspired with rage, they delivered broadside after broadside with amazing celerity and disastrous effect. The command now devolved upon Mr. Stace, the master, and the engagement was maintained with unabated obstinacy, each side being apparently bent on victory.

After a time the crew of the *Biddford* became more cool and steady, a principle of duty took the place of rage, and they fought, if possible, better than before, one post vying with another, gun with gun, and platoon with platoon, which should hurl the quickest and surest destruction on the foe. The wounded men exhorted the surgeons to operate as expeditiously as possible, and numbers even returned to their quarters as soon as their wounds had been dressed.

The enemy, going large under an easy sail, kept fairly abreast of the *Biddford* during the whole action, so that the latter had not occasion to touch a brace or bowline, which were all shot to pieces. About ten o'clock the enemy's fire slackened: one gun became silent after another, till at length they scarcely made any return, not discharging more than four guns during the last quarter of an hour, though they were so close and received the whole fire of the *Biddford*.

The English now judged that their antagonist was going to strike, instead of which he was preparing for flight, and at half-past ten made off with every rag of sail he could set. The *Biddford* then poured into him a whole broadside and a volley of small arms, which were the last guns that could be brought to bear on the retreating vessel. Mr. Stace attempted to pursue the enemy, but the rigging, masts, and yards of the *Biddford* were so shattered and disabled that the ship could not be brought under government. The enemy, therefore, went ahead at a fast rate, and in half an hour she had disappeared. Although the Frenchman managed to escape, his loss must have been terrible, for in the last glimpse caught of him his decks were literally heaped with dead and dying.

It was afterwards discovered that the vessels thus gallantly engaged were the *Malicieuse*, of 36 guns and 300 men, and *L'Omphale*, of 32 guns and 280 men.

In this obstinate conflict the *Flamborough* had five men killed and ten wounded. The *Biddford*, besides her gallant captain and lieutenant, had nine killed and twenty-six wounded. The remains of the two brave officers were interred together in the British burial-ground at Lisbon.

THE BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

IMMEDIATELY following the battle of Vittoria the French were driven from place to place, until they took refuge in the fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, which were both well garrisoned, and it became necessary to reduce their best

strongholds. Lord Wellington determined to attack St. Sebastian, because its proximity to the sea would allow the means of attack to be more readily obtained, and it was accordingly invested by 10,000, under Sir Thomas Graham. Pampeluna was closely blockaded by a corps of Spaniards, and intrenchments were thrown up on every side of it, to prevent the escape of the garrison and to cut them off from all supplies.

These events severely wounded the pride of Napoleon. He felt that the most powerful efforts were necessary even to protect France itself from invasion. Fresh levies were directed upon the Pyrenees to recruit the exhausted ranks of his broken army, and, assuring the French soldiers that their disasters were merely owing to errors in their leaders, he spoke confidently of chasing the allies across the Ebro, and celebrating his approaching birthday in Vittoria.

The distribution of the allied army was made in the manner best calculated to effect the various objects of guarding the Pyrenees, covering the siege of St. Sebastian and the blockade of Pampeluna, and opposing the efforts which the enemy might make for the relief of these fortresses. To accomplish the reduction of Pampeluna, redoubts were thrown up within fifteen hundred yards of the place, armed with the cannon taken at Vittoria, and to the Spanish army under O'Donnell the conduct of the blockade was entrusted.

Graham, with his corps, numbering 10,000 men, was directed to besiege St. Sebastian, and on the 11th of July he set down before the place.

St. Sebastian is built on an arm of the sea, its walls being washed by the ocean on the western side, while on the east it faces the river Urumes. A bold and rocky height rises at the extreme point of a narrow neck of land, and on its summit stands the citadel, La Mota.

Eight hundred yards distant from the land-front the convent of St. Bartolomeo, with a redoubt and circular fieldwork, was garrisoned. These advanced posts were strongly fortified, and, as it was determined to breach the eastern wall and storm it afterwards at low water, when the receding tide should permit an advance, it became necessary, as a preliminary step, to dislodge the enemy from the convent.

On the 17th the order was given to storm the breaches, and the proceedings were aided by driving a mine under the glacis, the astounding noise of which so distracted the garrison as to enable the storming parties to advance without much interruption. The French, however, shortly recovering from their panic, poured such a fire of grape and musketry upon the assailants that the breach was heaped with dead and dying, and the allies were driven back to the trenches with a loss of above 600 men.

This severe repulse, added to the certain intelligence that Soult was preparing to strike a grand blow, induced Lord Wellington to issue immediate orders to raise the siege.

On the 27th, after a series of minor affairs, Lord Wellington put in motion the several corps which lay in his route to the scene of action; and at one end of a mountain village he pencilled a despatch as a French detachment had entered by the other. Having despatched the order, he galloped to the place where Picton's divisions were drawn up, there to watch the progress of the struggle.

Soult had occupied the high grounds in the front of those held by the allies. In the evening he made an effort to possess a hill occupied by a Portuguese and Spanish brigade. These troops steadily resisted the attack, and, supported by a British regiment, repulsed the French until darkness put a stop to the firing on both sides.

On the succeeding day the French marshal made several efforts against the whole of the heights, and was repelled in almost all. But on the right of General Ross's brigade Soult was for a time successful, and contrived to establish a strong body of troops within the allied position. Of necessity Ross fell back, and Wellington, noting the dilemma, directed two regiments to recover the ground with the bayonet. Ross moved forward in support: a brilliant and bloody struggle ensued, ending in the French being precipitately driven from the height they had gained with so much difficulty. It may be remarked that in every trying emergency the bayonet was resorted to, and a succession of brilliant victories was achieved by "steal alone."

On the morning of the 29th Picton crossed the heights from which the French corps had been recently withdrawn, and turned the left of their position, while Lord Dalhousie gained their right flank. While these movements were being executed General Cole furiously assailed the front of the enemy's position. The French gave way; a noble chain of posts was forced on every side, as well by the dashing gallantry of the troops as the excellent disposition of their leader.

Meanwhile a portion of the French troops had endeavoured to outflank General Hill, but a British brigade manœuvred on the heights so strategically as to baffle the enemy completely. Hill was thus enabled to retire leisurely on a mountain position a mile in the rear.

That night Soult, discomfited in his numerous and well-sustained attacks on every position of the allied lines, fell back, and was vigorously pursued by his opponent. The pursuit was continued to Irunta, the French retiring rapidly towards the frontier, whence they had so confidently advanced, and on which they were as promptly obliged to recede.

During a continued series of bold operations and constant and sustained attacks the loss on both sides could not but be immense. Soult's amounted to at least 8000, and Wellington's to 890 killed and 5500 wounded.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

PROFESSOR JUNKER, of the University of Halle, once procured for dissection the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were brought home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in an apartment which opened into his bedchamber. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that by some mistake the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and, taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on

detachment of the English squadron chased them, and captured a fire-ship, the crew of which (permitted to fall into English hands for the purpose of deception) positively asserted that the whole French force, though there were three flags amongst them, consisted of no more than fifteen ships of the line, with about fifty sail of merchantmen. This report was at first believed, but before noon Sir George Rooke, who hoped for a brush and a few prizes, counted upwards of eighty war-ships of the enemy.

At first Rooke, finding that a safe retreat was now an idle hope, resolved to put on a bold front and await the force that crowded down upon him; but the advice of the Dutch admiral to avoid a conflict which would inevitably lead to ruin, without saving a single ship of the convoy, prevailed with him. Accordingly, he gave orders to the small ships which happened to be near the land to take refuge during the night in the neighbouring ports of Faro, St. Lucar, or Cadiz, while he stood off with the rest. No better course was left to the brave sailor, but he could not wholly save his convoy from so powerful an enemy, into whose very jaws he had been betrayed. Two Dutch men-of-war were taken after a noble resistance, an English liner was burned, about eighty merchantmen were destroyed, and seven captured. The loss thus sustained was estimated at upwards of a million sterling.

After this disaster Sir George Rooke sailed with the remainder of his fleet to Madeira, and thence to England, where he was honourably received. Not a word of blame was uttered: on the contrary, he received the thanks of the merchants for his prudent conduct, which rendered the loss smaller than it must otherwise have been, and he was made one of the lords of the Admiralty.

As member of Parliament for Portsmouth he nobly voted according to his conscience, and gave such offence to the government by his independent conduct that they were urgent for his dismissal from the Admiralty board; but King William made this answer: "Sir George Rooke served me faithfully at sea, and I will never displace him for acting as he thinks most for the service of his country in the House of Commons." An honest and plain-dealing man, he laboured for a long time under the displeasure of a powerful party at court; while in Holland, which had already produced some of the ablest admirals that ever trod a deck, he was regarded as the best officer and the greatest seaman of his age.

In 1700 Rooke sailed with a strong squadron into the Baltic, to mediate between Sweden and Denmark. Here he behaved with as much moderation as courage; for, the latter nation being unwilling to subscribe to the terms he was instructed to demand, Rooke straightway commenced to bombard Copenhagen with such apparent severity that he alarmed the Danes into compliance. To Charles XII. of Sweden, who pressed for a more vigorous coercion, Rooke replied, "Sir, I was sent hither to serve your Majesty, but not to ruin the King of Denmark."

On the accession of Queen Anne Sir George Rooke was constituted "vice-admiral and lieutenant of the Admiralty of England," and on a new rupture with France was immediately called into active service. He hoisted the union on board the *Royal Sovereign*, of 110 guns, and

sailed from St. Helena's on the 19th of June, 1702, with a fleet of thirty English and twenty Dutch sail of the line, exclusive of a large number of frigates and tenders. There were upwards of thirteen thousand soldiers on board, under the command of the Duke of Ormond, on an expedition to the coast of Spain. On the 12th of August the fleet anchored off Cadiz, and the next day the Duke of Ormond despatched a letter to the governor, demanding surrender or submission. This being refused, troops were landed; but after taking Forts St. Mary and St. Catherine it was found impracticable to make any further reduction of the city, and the troops retired to their ships and the fleet prepared to return home.

On his voyage to England, however, Sir George Rooke received intelligence from Captain Hardy, who had been taking in water in Lagos Bay, that the Spanish galleons from the West Indies, under the protection of a strong French squadron, were then lying in the port of Vigo. Upon this Sir George called a council of war and resolved to sail to that port and attack the enemy; but a strong gale of wind drove the fleet to northward of Cape Finisterre, preventing its getting off Vigo till the 11th of October. On his arrival Rooke found the passage into the harbour extremely narrow, not more than three-quarters of a mile over, with batteries, mounting twenty and forty guns respectively, on each side. The harbour was also defended by a stone fort, mounting ten guns, and garrisoned by 500 men. Across the mouth of the harbour was stretched a strong boom, the top-chain of which was moored at each end to a 70-gun ship, while within the boom were moored five other ships of war, carrying sixty or seventy guns, their broadsides to the offing, and commanding the narrow passage.

As the first and second rates drew too much water, the allied admirals shifted their flags into smaller vessels. A division of five-and-twenty English and Dutch ships of the line, with frigates, fire-ships, and bomb-ketches, were ordered for the service; while, to facilitate the attack, the Duke of Ormond landed on the south side of the river. Under his orders Lord Shannon attacked the fort at the entrance of the harbour and made himself master of the 40-gun battery. The French governor resolved to sally out and cut his way through the English forces, but the gates were no sooner opened than the English grenadiers walked in and compelled the garrison to surrender.

As soon as the English flag was seen flying from the walls the ships advanced, and Vice-Admiral Hobson, in the *Torbay*, crowding all sail, ran against the boom, broke it, and thus made an entrance for the whole attacking fleet. A steady and destructive fire from ships and batteries checked their progress for an instant. Not a ship but felt the plunging of the enemy's shot into her sides, while masts and rigging were scattered upon all the face of the harbour. The *Torbay* was cruelly shattered at the very opening of the action, and was at one time in imminent danger of being burned, being saved only by the desperate exertions of her crew. Her foretop-mast was shot away, her sails all burnt or scorched, the foreyard consumed to a cinder, her larboard shrouds, fore and aft, burnt at the dead-eyes, while 115 men were either slain or drowned. In this disabled condition she was abandoned by

the vice-admiral, who hoisted his flag aboard the *Momouth*.

But if the advantages so far were against Sir George Rooke, elsewhere they were all in his favour. While a firm and close contest waged with the enemy's shipping, Captain Bokenham, in the *Apparition* (90), made up to the battery on the left of the harbour, and, broadside to, soon silenced it. The *Borlase*, on the other side, opened upon a battery which did fearful execution on the English ships, and lay for some time exposed to its whole fire, unable to return a shot, because the troops were between her and the fort. The enemy, however, were speedily driven from their guns; and thus every defensive post in the harbour was destroyed. The French, perceiving the day lost, and resolved not to let their remaining ships fall into the hands of the English, began to fire them or run them ashore. Henceforth, therefore, the English and Dutch vessels were engaged in preserving the very ships they had previously directed all their force to demolish. The galleons were deeply laden with treasure, which it was an important object to secure; but it was effected with only a partial success. Nevertheless, the result of this action was brilliant and important. Seventeen French men-of-war, a like number of galleons, two frigates, and a fire-ship were either burnt, sunk, or taken, while treasure to the value of seven millions of dollars was captured.

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to Sir George Rooke and the commanders serving under him, in conferring which the Speaker of the House of Commons said, "In former times admirals and generals have had success against France and Spain separately; but this action at Vigo hath been a victory over them confederated together. You have not only spoiled the enemy, but enriched your own country. Common victories bring terror to the conquered, but you have brought destruction upon them and additional strength to England. France hath endeavoured to support its ambition by the riches of India; your success, sir, hath only left them the burden of Spain, and stripped them of the assistance of it. The wealth of Spain and the ships of France are by this victory brought over to a juster cause."

In the naval campaign of 1704 Sir George cruised for some time off Lagos Bay, in hopes of falling in with a French squadron from Brest, but was disappointed in this endeavour; and, sensible of the reflections that would be cast upon him if, having so large a fleet under his command, he spent the summer without any important achievement, he resolved to make a sudden and vigorous attempt upon Gibraltar.

The fleet sailed into the Bay of Gibraltar on the 21st of July; and, as a first step in the enterprise, Rooke landed the marines, with English and Dutch infantry, to the number of 1600, on the isthmus, with the view of cutting off all communication between the garrison and the continent. This done, Rooke summoned the governor to surrender; he answered that he would defend his trust to the last.

Disposing his vessels in the most advantageous and skilful manner, Rooke commenced to cannonade the town at dawn of the following morning. With such spirit were his orders executed that 15,000 shot were expended in five hours,

and the Spaniards at length began to desert their batteries. Rooke, perceiving that the enemy were driven from the walls at the mole-head, ordered Captain Whittaker to launch all the boats and attempt to make himself master of the silenced fortifications. In a twinkling every boat in the fleet was pulling lustily on shore, and Captain Hicks and Captain Jumper, being nearest the mole, landed their crews, scrambled up into the fortifications, and were actually in possession of them before the rest could come up. On this the Spaniards resorted to their last resource, and sprung a mine, by which two lieutenants and forty men were killed, while about sixty were wounded.

The two captains, with the few men who escaped destruction from the explosion, maintained possession of the platform until the arrival of Captain Whittaker and the seamen under his command, who soon made themselves masters of a redoubt between the mole and the town. The admiral then sent another message to the governor, who found himself compelled to give in. A capitulation was signed on the 24th July, 1704, and thus in little more than two days the strongest position in the world was forced by the valour of British seamen.

After adopting every possible precaution for the safe holding of his important conquest, Rooke sailed to Tetuan to take in wood and water. Here he learned that a French fleet, commanded by the Count de Toulouse, was at sea; and, having got in his supplies, Rooke made after him. On the 13th of August he sighted the enemy off Malaga, his fleet consisting of forty-one English and twelve Dutch sail of the line. The French fleet numbered fifty-two ships and twenty-four galleys, drawn up in three divisions; they were brought to with their heads to the southward, the wind being easterly, in line of battle and ready to receive the enemy. Their force was considerably more formidable than Rooke's; their ships were larger; they carried 600 guns more than Rooke's fleet; they were all clean ships, just come out of port, while ours had seen hard service and had been long at sea. The French were well supplied with ammunition, while several of Rooke's vessels had to be towed out of the line to avoid being a mere mark for the enemy, for they had not sufficient powder and ball to fire a single broadside. Moreover, the enemy had the advantage of the galleys, from which they could draft a fresh unfatigued man for every one slain or wounded.

As Sir George Rooke was apprehensive that the French intended to pierce his line with their galleys and fire-ships, he ordered the *Swallow* and *Panther*, two fourth-rates, with two fifth-rates and two fireships, to fall to windward, and act on occasion. This disposition made, at ten o'clock Rooke bore down upon the enemy in order of battle. When within half gun-shot the French set all sail, as if they intended to stretch ahead and weather him; Rooke accordingly fired a chase-gun at the French admiral to bring him to, of which he took no notice. Rooke then threw aboard the signal for action, and without further parley opened fire. The action was severe in the extreme. The *Royal Catherine* (80), the *St. George* (96), and the *Shrewsbury* (80) bore the chief brunt of the battle, and were almost splintered. The French, however, suffered still

more. A 70-gun ship, ordered to board the *Monk* (a 60-gun ship of ours), succeeded in effecting a footing on English decks, but was instantly beaten off with great slaughter. Again, reinforced by fresh men from the galleys, the Frenchman made the desperate attempt, and again was repulsed. Fresh men from the galleys, and yet another endeavour; but it was useless. Three several times did our brave seamen beat off three several crews.

Bravely as the French fought, it became apparent that the fortunes of the day were falling from their hands, and by two o'clock the enemy's van gave way in disorder. Notwithstanding, the Gallic flag waved defiance till nightfall, and the booming of the French guns remained unsilenced by the thunders of the English. At night, however, the enemy towed off their crippled fleet by help of the galleys; and the wind, shifting to the northward during the night, gave them an advantage over us.

After some hours spent in repairing, Rooke stood after them, and for two days endeavoured to renew the fight. The enemy, for their part, had had enough of fighting for the present, and sheered off. In this battle Rooke lost 687 men, and had 1632 wounded, while the Dutch under his command lost 400 more.

Finding his endeavours to renew the action all in vain, Rooke repaired to Gibraltar, where he remained eight days to rest; and, having reinforced the place to the utmost of his power with ammunition and provisions, he left Sir John Leake in the Mediterranean with a strong squadron, and returned to England. But the old party intrigues which had ever militated against the honest seamen were still rife; he was removed from the command of the fleet, and, disgusted with the violence of party dissensions, retired altogether from public service. He carried with him the love of his fellow-countrymen and the well-earned respect of England's enemies.

At the time of his death, January 24, 1708-9, he was comparatively poor as to this world's goods. "I do not leave much," said he; "but what I do leave was honestly gotten: it never cost a sailor a tear or the nation a farthing."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

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quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and, to convince them of his own honour, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who, however, was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen. With this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and, by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

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GENERAL AMBROSE SPINOLA, passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honour of supping with Henry IV. Towards the end of the entertainment, the king having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions, telling him how and when he

would begin, where he would construct a bridge on the Scheldt to lead over his army, and where he proposed to erect a small fort. In a word, he did not omit the minutest circumstance. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take everything in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able general, however, did everything that he had said. He had been free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account that prince said, "Others deceive me by speaking falsehood, but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

A SEVERE REBUKE.

A FRENCH field-marshal who had attained that rank by court favour, not by valour, received from a lady the present of a drum, with this inscription, *Made to be beaten*.

The same hero, going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable abbé, who for this outrage brought a suit in a court of honour established for such cases under the old government. The abbé thus addressed the court, "I come not here to complain of Admiral Suffrein, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I come not to complain of Count de Gramse, who fought so nobly in the West; I come not to complain of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca; but I come to complain of the Marshal B—, who took my box at the opera, and never took anything else." The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

WHY NEY RETREATED FROM PORTUGAL.

ON the memorable retreat from Portugal Marshal Ney commanded the rear-guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the English troops. On retreating through Pombal, the moment the English entered the town the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made, even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney, being made acquainted with the fact, instantly turned round and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure; but he felt it necessary to prove to his lordship that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

MILITARY DEVOTION.

THE following instance of military devotion occurred at the siege of Dantzic in 1807:—One Fortunus, a private in the Twelfth French Light Infantry, happened to stray in the dark into a column of Russians, who cried out to an advancing body of French, "Do not fire; we are Frenchmen," whereupon Fortunus, although threatened with instant death should he speak, boldly cried, "Fire, fire, my brave captain; they are not French, but Russians."

NAMES WITHOUT HANDLES.

A SCOTCH officer declined an invitation to dinner, saying, "You must really excuse me; I am already engaged to Wolfe." A smart young ensign

observed that he might have expressed himself with more respect, and said *General Wolfe*. "Sir," said the Scotchman, with great promptitude, "we never say General Alexander or General Caesar." Wolfe, who was within hearing, acknowledged by a low bow the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER VII.—THE LETTER HOME.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

"It is just four years since I left England as a common soldier, with the remains of my bounty in my pocket, and your good advice and blessing carefully preserved in my heart. You know too well all the motives that induced me to seek my fortune, and the 'bubble reputation,' e'en in the cannon's mouth, and, though you called my hopes and aspirations chivalric and quixotic, you did not condemn and you did not forbid me, but, with the injunction to do my duty in all things truly and honourably, you blessed and bade me go and prosper.

"Four years, my dear parents, and the private Havering, grenadier company, is now Captain Edgar Havering, the friend of my colonel, and, I honestly believe, of every officer in the regiment. Was not this worth enlisting for, my dear father—was it not, my beloved mother—when it places me so far on the road that leads to all my hopes and the realisation of all my joys, the possession of my darling Ethel?

"My last letter apprised you of the capture of Cape Town and the gazetted of my name as a lieutenant. In taking leave of that subject, I have only to mention that my prize-money for that affair amounted to £2000, which I have still intact in England in the hands of our regimental bankers.

"We arrived on the Coromandel coast about nine months ago, and our regiment and two others, in all about 2700 men, were landed and attached to the Madras army, the remainder of the force being sent on to Bengal, or, more properly speaking, to Calcutta.

"The army to which we were attached amounted to nearly 70,000 men, the whole (with the exception of some 6000 Europeans) imperial and company's troops, consisting of native sepoys—and splendid soldiers they are, I assure you. Hardly had we time to get over the languor and sea-sickness of a long voyage when we were ordered to the front, and, attended by elephants, camels, bullocks, mules, and every kind of beast of burthen, pushed on for weeks, occasionally fighting the hill tribes or taking their forts. At last we fairly got into the Deccan country, and then our work began in earnest, no longer detached fighting, but war on a grand scale.

"The Nizam had a splendid army in the field, that numerically nearly doubled ours, commanded

more. A 70-gun ship, ordered to board the *Mont* (a 60-gun ship of ours), succeeded in effecting a footing on English decks, but was instantly beaten off with great slaughter. Again, reinforced by fresh men from the galleys, the Frenchman made the desperate attempt, and again was repulsed. Fresh men from the galleys, and yet another endeavour; but it was useless. Three several times did our brave seamen beat off three several crews.

Bravely as the French fought, it became apparent that the fortunes of the day were falling from their hands, and by two o'clock the enemy's van gave way in disorder. Notwithstanding, the Gallic flag waved defiance till nightfall, and the booming of the French guns remained unsilenced by the thunders of the English. At night, however, the enemy towed off their crippled fleet by help of the galleys; and the wind, shifting to the northward during the night, gave them an advantage over us.

After some hours spent in repairing, Rooke stood after them, and for two days endeavoured to renew the fight. The enemy, for their part, had had enough of fighting for the present, and sheered off. In this battle Rooke lost 687 men, and had 1632 wounded, while the Dutch under his command lost 400 more.

Finding his endeavours to renew the action all in vain, Rooke repaired to Gibraltar, where he remained eight days to rest; and, having reinforced the place to the utmost of his power with ammunition and provisions, he left Sir John Launce in the Mediterranean with a strong squadron, and returned to England. But the old party intrigues which had ever militated against the honest seaman were still rife; he was removed from the command of the fleet, and, disgusted with the violence of party dissensions, retired altogether from public service. He carried with him the love of his fellow-countrymen and the well-earned respect of England's enemies.

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and seamen to serve as gunners, a vigorous cannonade was opened.

Meanwhile Shovel's fleet attacked and reduced two forts at the entrance of the mole, and, independent of the aid of his guns and men on land, assisted the siege with a vigorous bombardment. Had the troops displayed as much gallantry as the fleet, and with such advantages as had already been gained, Toulon must have surrendered, with its 6000 pieces of cannon and its fleet of forty line-of-battle ships. No wonder, then, that Shovel was chagrined to find, on the 4th of August, that the garrison had made a successful sally, had driven the allies from their works, had captured ten guns, and, in short, had compelled the Duke of Savoy to raise the siege.

A message came to the admiral on the following day, desiring that he would embark the sick, the artillery, and the military stores. Accordingly Rear-Admiral Dilkes advanced into the harbour of Fort St. Louis, and, under a tremendous fire from the town, bombarded it from noon till five o'clock the next morning. This enabled the troops to retreat in safety and comparative order. At the same time the artillery stores and ammunition, together with the sick and wounded, were brought off under cover of the fire from five bomb-ketches.

Shovel's chagrin at this failure was too great to be concealed, though no part of the blame could possibly attach to him. Leaving Sir Thomas Dilkes in command of thirteen sail for the Mediterranean service, he sailed home with the remainder of the fleet. On the 22nd of October the admiral struck soundings in ninety fathoms, and, the wind then blowing strong from S.S.W., with hazy weather, he made signal for the fleet to bring to. At six in the evening he again made sail, and stood away under his

courses, from which it is believed that he thought he saw the Scilly lights. Soon after he made signals of danger, as did other ships of the fleet, and at about eight o'clock at night, within two minutes, Sir Cloudesley's vessel (the *Association*) disappeared. She had struck upon the Bishop-and-his-Clerks, or the Gilestone rocks—it is not known which, so sudden and complete was her destruction. Nor was this the only ship that was lost: the *Eagle* (70) and the *Romney* (50) experienced a similar fate, the *Firebrand* fire-ship was also lost, and others only escaped by prompt and skilful seamanship.

The admiral's body was washed up by the sea. It was found under the rocks of St. Mary, was buried with others in the sands, but afterwards re-interred in Westminster Abbey. Such is the account given by most historians, and by his monument in the Abbey: the *Biographia Navalis* says that he was not drowned, but, having reached the shore in safety, was, according to the confessions of an ancient woman, by her treacherously and inhumanly murdered. This atrocious act she, many years afterwards, revealed to the minister of the parish who attended her, declaring that she could not die in peace till she had made this confession. She acknowledged having been led to commit this horrid deed for the sake of plunder, and that she had then in her possession, among other things, an emerald ring, which she had been afraid to sell, lest it might lead to discovery. This ring, which was then delivered to the minister, was by him given to James, Earl of Berkeley (in possession of whose family it now remains), at his particular desire, as Sir Cloudesley Shovel and himself lived on terms of the most intimate friendship.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel married the widow of

his early friend and patron, Sir John Narborough, and left two daughters. Of his character it is unnecessary to speak: he has ever been regarded as one of England's greatest admirals, and the fewness of his great achievements is explained by the wholesome terror which kept the enemy in port whenever Sir Cloudealey was in the offing.

LADY HARRIET AUCKLAND.

THE following extraordinary example of female excellence, during General Burgoyne's expedition into Canada, "would exhibit," says the general, "if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise, and the distress of romance, realised and regulated upon the oblate and sober principles of rational love and conjugal duty." Indeed, one cannot well imagine the female frame capable of supporting such extreme distress; and he relates the story in a manner that does honour to his feelings:—

"Lady Harriet Auckland had accompanied her husband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of seasons, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend her husband in a poor hut at Chambles upon his sick bed.

"In the opening of the campaign of 1777 she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the hazard expected before Ticonderoga by the positive injunction of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

"As soon as he recovered Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign, and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheeled tumbril, which had been constructed by the artillery, similar to the carriage used for the mail upon the great roads in England. Major Auckland commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to General Frazer's corps, and consequently were the most advanced post of the army. Their situations were often so alert that no persons slept out of their clothes. In one of the situations a tent in which the major and Lady Harriet were asleep suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of: it proved to be the major. It happened that in the same instant Lady Harriet had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw on the recovery of her senses was the major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire in search of her. The sergeant again saved him, but not without the major being very severely burnt in the face and different parts of the body. Everything they had with them in the tent was consumed.

"This accident happened a little time before the army had passed Hudson's river. It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet, and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different na-

ture, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry for some hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of Reidesdal and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but in the event their presence served but little for comfort: Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded, and a little while after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no help to figure the state of the whole group.

"From the date of that action to the 7th of October Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials, and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity: the troops were defeated, and Major Auckland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

"The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in great anxiety. Not a tent nor a shed being standing except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

"I soon received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates's permission to attend her husband.

"Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food, drenched in rain for twelve hours together, that a woman could be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found from some kind and fortunate hand a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

"Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery (the same gentleman who had officiated so signally at General Frazer's funeral), readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant and the major's valet-de-chambre (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action,

then in his shoulder) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet to end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they stirred before daylight. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours, and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice at the close of this adventure to say that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortune deserved.

"Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger recollect that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune, and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares always due to the sex become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials."

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THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AS A MIDSHIPMAN.

DURING the Duke of Clarence's first trip to sea as a midshipman, on board the *Prince George*, of 90 guns (Admiral Digby), he had some difference with Mr. Sturt, a brother midshipman. His Highness bravely condescended to waive his dignity, and fight his opponent, seaman's fashion, over a chest; but Mr. Sturt, being older in years, was the better man, and therefore declined a mode of contest which could not fail to be to the disadvantage of his antagonist. His Highness, struck with the generosity of Mr. Sturt, proffered his hand, and a reconciliation took place, which ripened into the closest friendship. His Highness was heard afterwards repeatedly to declare that had Sturt been a poor man's son, and continued in the navy, he would have solicited preferment for him in preference to himself.

The first actual service in which this prince was engaged was when Lord Rodney captured the Spanish fleet commanded by Langara. On this occasion, when the English admiral's boat was manned to bring Langara on board, his Royal Highness was the first stripped to his shirt and at the oar—a circumstance which struck the Spanish admiral so forcibly that he involuntarily exclaimed, "That nation must be invincible where *king's sons* condescend to perform the duties of common sailors."

SCOTCH ADVENTURERS.

THE Russians and Turks, in the war of 1739, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat of a peace. The commis-

sioners for this purpose were Marahal-General Keith on the part of Russia, and the Grand Vizier on that of the Turks. These two personages met and carried on their negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded they rose to separate; the marahal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the vizier his salaam with his turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over the vizier turned suddenly, and, coming up to Marahal Keith, took him cordially by the hand and in the broadest Scotch dialect declared warmly that it made him "very happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Keith stared with astonishment, eager for an explanation of this mystery, when the vizier added, "Dinna be surprised, mon; I'm o' the same country wi' yoursel'. I mind weel seeing you and your brother, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkaldy. My father, sir, was *bellman o' Kirkaldy*."

AN INFORMER'S REWARD.

WHEN General Pichegru entered Maestricht he experienced some difficulty in obtaining quarters for his troops. A merchant who considered himself very patriotic called on him and gave him a list of Orangists who had soldiers quartered on them, though not in sufficient numbers in the opinion of this demagogue, who wished that the aristocrats should have their houses filled with troops from the cellar to the garret. "I am obliged to you for this information," said Pichegru; "and have they sent you any soldiers, citizen?" "Yes, general." "How many?" "Four." "That will do." The merchant had no sooner returned home than forty more soldiers arrived, and took possession of his house. He hastened back to the general, and informed him that some mistake had taken place. "Oh! no," said Pichegru, "I only removed my men from those vile Orangists, who I knew would ill-treat them, to place them in the house of a patriot like you, where I am sure they will be received hospitably."

FIVE SURROUNDED BY ONE.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German-town five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods and lost their way, were met by an Irishman who was a private in Washington's army. He immediately presented his piece and desired them to surrender. They, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines and brought them to head-quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, and asked him how he, a single man, could capture five. "Why," said the Irishman, "please, your excellency, I surrounded them." The general, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, and gave him a sum of money and promoted him to a halbert.

DISOBEYING ORDERS.

A NAVAL commander in the reign of Queen Anne was ordered to cruise with a squadron within certain limits on the coast of Spain. Having received information that a Spanish fleet was in Vigo, beyond his limits, he resolved to risk his personal responsibility for the good of his

country: he accordingly attacked and defeated the Spanish fleet with uncommon gallantry. When he joined the admiral under whom he served he was ordered under arrest, and was asked if he did not know that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for disobedience of orders. He replied with great composure that he was very sensible that he was, but added, "The man who is afraid to risk his life, in any way, when the good of his country requires it, is unworthy of a command in her Majesty's service."

NO COWARDS.

PREVIOUS to the battle of Lutzen, in which 80,000 Austrians were defeated by an army of 36,000 Prussians, commanded by Frederick the Great, this monarch ordered all his officers to attend him, and thus addressed them:—

"To-morrow I intend giving the enemy battle; and, as it will decide who are to be the future masters of Silesia, I expect every one of you will in the strictest manner do his duty. If any one of you is a coward, let him step forward before he makes others as cowardly as himself; let him step forward, I say, and he shall immediately receive his discharge without ceremony or reproach. I see there is none among you who does not possess true heroism, and will not display it in defence of his king, of his country, and of himself. I shall be in the front and in the rear; shall fly from wing to wing; no company shall escape my notice; and whoever I then find doing his duty, upon him will I heap honour and favour."

CHARLES V. AND HIS BABOON.

THE emperor used to unbend his mind in the society of a large baboon, which he had taught to play chess, a game the emperor was remarkably fond of. One day the animal checkmated the emperor, upon which, being extremely irritated, he took up the chess-board and struck the ape so violent a blow on the head that the blood flowed; but, on recollection, seeing the absurdity of his conduct, he soothed the poor animal, which with some difficulty became again familiar with him.

Some time after the emperor invited the baboon again to his favourite amusement, when the animal again checkmated the emperor, and, recollecting the emperor's anger on the former occasion, sprang from his seat and hid himself under the table, from whence he was enticed with great difficulty.

MAGNANIMITY IN DEATH.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was governor of Flushing and general of the horse under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of his age; but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death-wound at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which he instantly delivered it to him with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

A DYING WISH.

IN the battle of Trafalgar William Chambers, master of the *Royal Sovereign*, had part of his side carried away while steering the ship towards

the close of the action. He just lived until the firing ceased, when, with a feeble voice, he exclaimed, "Oh! that I could but read the *Gazette* of this glorious day!" and, with the remaining breath still left him, gave three feeble cheers, in which he was joined by another dying man, and both immediately expired.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Series."

CHAPTER VIII. (continued.)

For about an hour the game was continued by the rest of the company in a profound and painful silence, the untouched wine remaining disregarded at each player's elbow. Still, through all that time no change came to Lionel's hand. Others won and lost, but from first to last his fortune remained the same, and his cheques for the last remaining pound to his credit were fast gliding from his possession. At length the last had past away, the bank had no more to lose, and, hurling the cheque-book fiercely from him with an oath, he ground his teeth and looked with sullen defiance across the table.

"Well, I'm glad it's over; I don't know when I have felt so uncomfortable," observed the doctor as he took up his winnings, and there was a general pushing back of chairs.

"I am extremely grieved at your ill-luck to-night, Clinton," remarked Captain Longman as he buckled on his sword, "but fortune is so dead against you this bout that it would be folly to woo her farther."

"Yes, yes," echoed the rest, rising, "and we must give you your revenge some other time."

"I'll have it to-night, by Heaven! Sit down, gentlemen," cried Lionel, in an authoritative and excited voice.

"Nonsense, Clinton," remonstrated Captain Lovel. "We have played far too deeply to-night as it is, and should any inkling of this affair get to the general's ears it would, after his express orders against play, cost some of us our commissions."

"Those are the remarks of a sneak or a coward," cried Lionel insolently.

"For to-night, Colonel Clinton," replied Lovel, springing to his feet and touching his sword, "your insult must remain in abeyance, but to-morrow you shall redress it with your blood."

"Sit down, all of you! You think, because I have lost all my ready money, that I can play no more. That is false: my credit will stand for twenty times my losses. Give me that, Bikoo," calling his steward, and pointing to the cheque-book. "See, here is property," he added, tearing out a handful of leaves, and, dividing each into three, he threw the pieces on the table.

"Each of these pieces represents twenty pounds. Now sit down, for I will have my revenge to-night." Then, as he observed a wavering uncertainty about his guests, he rose and exclaimed with vehemence—

"By Heaven! the man who leaves the room before I am satisfied is a scoundrel."

With gloomy looks the party once more seated themselves, and, fresh wine and fruits having been served, the play was once more resumed by all but Lovel, who, drawing up to the table, calmly watched the progress of the game.

Increasing the stakes, in the hope that any change in the order of things would bring him better fortune, Lionel dashed madly off, but unfortunately with no change for the better, for in less than two hours the last of the slips had left his hand, and he was again a fearful loser.

"There are plenty more leaves, gentlemen, plenty more," cried Lionel, looking in vain for the book, which Lovel was carefully hiding under his foot. But, one and all solemnly declaring they would play no more that night, he was obliged to submit, and while the guests were making a calculation of their winnings the host sat gloomily staring at the table.

"To-morrow, gentlemen, after I have seen my banker, you shall have cheques for the amount," observed Lionel, drawing his tablets from his pocket and noting down the amount to which he was indebted to each of the players.

Uncomfortably, and with short constrained greetings, each member of the party took his departure, with an unusual weight on the spirits, and a feeling of responsibility and oppression sitting like lead on the consciences of all.

"We shall all do well to be silent about this night's proceedings," observed Hargraves as the knot of officers found themselves in front of the young colonel's long and imposing bungalow; "for, after the general's special order to officers, every one of us will be sure to be taken to account for our share in this affair."

"I hope the Parsees will debit his account with the money wanted, or Clinton will be in an ugly predicament," replied the doctor, as he mentally calculated the amount owing to himself.

"What are his losses?" asked another.

"How much before he broke I cannot tell," replied the doctor, "but I calculated what each claim was on the slips, and find it amounted to upwards of £700. And then there's the affair with Lovel on his shoulders. A confoundedly ugly business altogether."

"Has anybody heard what regiment it was that was expected in the cantonment to-night from Poonah?" asked Hargraves as the group prepared to separate at the entrance of the quadrangle.

"The 5th, I think. At all events, the colonel's name is Sawbridge. I had it from the quartermaster. They take the place of the 32nd in the cantonments, and I suppose marched in during the evening."

CHAPTER IX.—AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

As the dispirited and weary members of the late happy party sought the seclusion of their mosquito-curtained beds the bugles of twenty regiments at various distances were heard ringing out the early call for the grass-cutters to bring in fodder for the horses, and rouse the syces, or grooms, from their couches in the verandah, and the mehtars, or sweepers, to their duties for the day, and then the stillness of night for another hour fell on the scene and the cantons teeming with life.

As the grass-cutters, with their low bullock-wains, loaded with their long trusses, came slowly creeping into the cantonment, surrounded by numbers of idle coolies, Lionel, attended by two friends, rode rapidly out of the camp from one side, while Captain Lovel, Hargraves, and the doctor galloped from another; both directing their course towards a mangrove tope, or wood, some two miles from the cantonment. From this tope half an hour later a horseman spurred in hot haste, and made for an outlying sutler's store, some mile distant, and was soon returning with a troop of bearers and a curtained palanquin. Subsequently the various parties left the grove and by different routes wended their way to the distant city or the nearest part of the cantonment.

That night a main guard, commanded by the provost-marshal, halted before the handsome verandah in front of Colonel Clinton's bungalow, and the officer, entering, almost immediately returned, carrying an unsheathed sword, followed by Lionel Clinton, who, with folded arms and an empty scabbard by his side, haughtily took his place in the centre of a body of some twenty men, who carried their arms with fixed bayonets on the slope, or at the shoulder, and enclosed him with vigilant caution, as if they feared resistance or a sudden rescue.

In ten minutes later the heavy tramp of the guard had ceased, and the echo of the trumpet, as it reverberated from toke and nullah, giving the stable-call for the night, was the only sound that broke the silence of the sultry evening.

We must for awhile shift the locality, but not the scene, of our story, and remove it to a distant quadrangle in the same cantonment, and about the same hour, but some six days later than the night orgie in Clinton's quarters.

The apartment is a neat plain room, opening, like all East Indian apartments, from the verandah. The punkah, that indispensable necessary in every room of the bungalow, is steadily going, moved by unseen hands; the shielded lamps have been set on the table, and the pattie screens placed at the open doors and windows, for the night is intensely sultry, and every expedient is resorted to, to take advantage of the faint breeze that is blowing, to cool the intolerable heat of the room. At the table is seated a handsome young officer, in regimental trousers and a loose linen wrapper, performing a task of love and pleasure—writing a letter to his beloved parents in England.

"May I come in, captain?" exclaimed a pleasant voice, after a timid knock at the door.

"A woman's voice!" exclaimed the writer, laying down his pen and leaning back in his chair. "This is something extraordinary, in this land of male servitude. Come in? Oh! certainly. Ah! Mrs. Brown, is it you?" he added, with a kindly smile, as the good-humoured face of the applicant was protruded into the room. "Come in. Anything the matter with the sergeant? Nothing wrong with the children, I hope?"

"Lor! no, bless your honour for asking after Jack and thinking of them. No, Lord bless you, it's nothing." And with this she brought herself, a pail of water, and a mop into the room, and closed the door as quickly as if she feared a rush of easterly wind on a rheumatic patient, to prevent the dry choking heat of the out-of-doors atmosphere from entering.

"No, captain," she added, setting down her implements and curtseying; "but them *niggers*, as the sergeant calls them—the coolies, sir, I mean, captain—are the laziest idlest brute beasts that a Christian was ever tormented with. Now, would you believe it, though you keep two of 'em, for no other purpose than to look after them patties, that you may have the cool air sent in to you from the mouth of that regular furnace outside—well, if the black beasts ain't gone to sleep and never wetted them for two hours, and here are you, and might be almost suffocated, and they never giving a thought of you, and you putting up with anything rather than trouble people, as if it was any trouble to wait on you; so, please, sir, I'm come to wet the patties and see after them myself."

"But, my good Mrs. Brown, why should you take that trouble for me, instead of waking those lazy rascals?—though, believe me, I am very much obliged to you."

"Trouble, sir? Why, it's a real pleasure for me to do anything I can for your comfort, captain. Didn't you spare my husband, cheer him up, and help him, when many another in your place would have taken him at his word rather than risk the success of his scheme? And didn't you get him promoted? Don't talk of trouble, pray, and just let me come and go as I like in your rooms, and see that you are comfortable and tidy. Now, sir, I won't keep you from your letter any longer." And, again curtseying, she crossed the room to the patties, or grass screens, in front of the door and verandah, and with her mop neatly and expeditiously saturated them with water from her bucket.

So cool and grateful was the result of her handywork, from the odour of the sooted grass, that the writer thanked her with evident pleasure, and then, bending down to his letter, resumed his writing:—

"If you see Ethel, as I am sure you will, tell her she is still the divinity that leads me on to honour and distinction."

The last word had hardly been written when a knock was heard at the door, and an orderly entered with a letter from his colonel in reference to a court-martial, that for some days had been a matter of general notoriety among the military men in the cantonment, and for which, either as a member or otherwise, he was to hold himself in readiness, and proceed to head-quarters as soon as convenient.

This was the court-martial to which Edgar Havering had alluded when he so abruptly closed the letter to his father, and which now caused him, when he had sealed his letter, to throw himself back in his chair and ponder deeply over what he had heard and just read.

"Clinton—Colonel Clinton," he mused. "That was certainly the name our major mentioned at mess. It cannot surely, by any freak of fortune, possibly be Lionel. Fehaw! it would be absurd to suppose it. It is true his father bought him a colonel's commission, but then it was well known that for years to come he was only to use the title in an honorary sense, till his age and experience justified his assuming the sole command. Besides," he continued, putting on his uniform and buckling his sword, "he was at Corunna, and

did good service in the retreat, such, in fact, as would have prevented the possibility of such a disgrace as this overtaking him. Then, too, he returned to England, and in the natural order of things would not have been put so soon on the rota for colonial service, particularly as the Spanish peninsula is now the focus of our operations in Europe. No, no, it is quite impossible." And with this conviction Edgar opened the pattie door, and, crossing the verandah, was soon hastening into the next quadrangle, to the head-quarters of his regiment.

"Ah! Havering," cried Colonel Sawbridge, "punctual as usual, always precise and regular. Take a chair and sit down." Buxsco, "calling a hitmutgar, "give the captain the decanter and clean glasses. Help yourself."

"Only one glass, colonel," replied Edgar, filling his glass; "for it seems I am not off duty yet, if I interpret your note aright."

"True; but not much either, and certainly not enough to justify you in shirking good wine; for that madeira is worth the drinking."

"Only one to-night, colonel, with your leave."

"Just as you like, lad. Now let us to business, such as it is. The court-martial, of which of course you have heard something since our arrival here, has sat two days and will be resumed to-morrow. Now, the prisoner, being easy, liberal as an emperor, and indulgent to those who get into scrapes, is quite idolised in his regiment. From this you will infer, and correctly too, that he is a right good fellow, but a very bad officer."

"Then there is some difficulty in getting evidence, I presume?"

"None in the least. The evidence is, unfortunately, too clear. Since the acting colonel has been absent on sick leave the regiment, it seems, has fallen into a state of moral ruin, as respects smartness and discipline. All drill has been discontinued, and while the officers have been hunting the men have been drinking or silently filling the hospital. In fact, the corps is in a shameful state. But that's not all. Serious charges of gambling are brought against the prisoner, disgraceful language to a brother officer, and then, to cap his other offences, he's had a deal with the man he insulted, and wounded him so badly that it's still questionable whether he will recover. Now, as this accomplished young *rowd* is the idol of his regiment, the general feels that it would be madness to trust his safe custody to his own corps, and has therefore committed him to our guardianship, and, as no means will be spared to tamper with the sentries, I want you, as my most reliable officer, to have him under your constant supervision till his fate is decided upon."

"Not a very honourable post, to be jailor to an offending officer," replied Edgar, with a smile.

"Duty, Havering, duty."

"Say no more, colonel; that is sufficient. I made a solemn compact with myself when I entered the service that, without any respect for feeling or personal repugnance, I would fulfil every order given to me in the form of duty, and if the service required were twenty times more repugnant than this I would do it."

"I know it, my lad, and I honour you for your zeal. It has already helped to make you what you are, and will yet lead you to greater honours. If

was the knowledge of this trait in your character that made me select you for this responsible, most responsible, trust."

"Where is the prisoner confined, colonel?"

"In a strong stone room at the back of the hospital."

"Any special regulations concerning him?"

"Yes, a few: to see no one but the officer in command, to converse with no one, and to be seen by the sergeant or sentry every hour. The ordinary comforts necessary to an officer of his rank to be allowed—luxuries if the officer in charge deems fit. That is all."

"Then there is some fear of his escaping?"

"Very great fear."

"Is he one likely to escape by his own hand?"

"I do not understand you."

"Escape from public obloquy by suicide."

"Upon my life I never thought of that; or, had I, could I have answered you. I know nothing of the man's temperament. You must judge that point for yourself."

"True, colonel, and I will do so at once. Good night," and Edgar rose to depart.

"You will report in the morning early, Havering."

"Depend upon it, colonel."

"Good night."

CHAPTER X.—A PRISON INTERVIEW.

RETURNING his colonel's greeting, Edgar quitted the bungalow that formed the lodgings of the chief officers and the mess-room of the regiment, traversed two sides of the quadrangle, and, striking down a short lane, soon reached the stone building used as the hospital of the corps, when, sweeping round the corner, he was instantly challenged by a sentry.

Pleased at the vigilance displayed, Edgar gave the countersign, and, passing on, minutely inspected the external aspect of the building. A few steps in the middle of the stone wall led into a passage with two doors, one leading to a large apartment, now used as a guard-room, the opposite door opening into the prisoner's cell.

"Sergeant," cried Edgar, entering the guard-room, as the men sprang to their feet and saluted, "place a second sentry at the other corner, and let them meet back and face at the doorstep and then wheel, and place a third man in the passage, so that the door and the window may never be lost sight of. Have you seen the prisoner lately?"

"I have, an hour ago, captain."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Only to request that the officer in charge might visit him directly he arrived."

"Apprise him that I am here, and will see him if he still desires it. Say the captain, and no more."

In a few minutes the sergeant returned, and said the prisoner was most anxious for an interview. Edgar, giving directions about the relief of the guard, and ordering the door to be locked the moment he entered, crossed the passage, and, passing through the door the sergeant held in his hand, heard it instantly locked behind him. The room was long and lofty, divided temporarily into two by a tall partition screen, that, only leaving a passage between it and the wall, entirely crossed the room, and effectually

cut off all view of the further half or its inmate from the sentry at the door.

Making a mental memorandum to have this mistake immediately rectified, Edgar walked to the end of the partition, and, turning round its edge, entered the more private portion. A large lamp from the ceiling cast a clear but not powerful light over the apartment, revealing a small camp bedstead, a table with writing materials, a chair, and against the opposite wall a couch, while a smaller partition was placed in front of the barred window.

The prisoner was at the moment seated on the side of his bed, with his arms resting on the back of the chair, and his head bent over them. At the sound of a strange footstep he rose suddenly, lifted back the chair, bowed with a stiff formal salute, and then, drawing himself up to his full stature, confronted his visitor with a haughty look. The expression, however, hardly endured for a second. Something in the astonished countenance of the officer before him—something in those brown locks as he raised his light hat, and in those large expressive eyes, flashed like lightning through his mind, as, with a bound forward, he exclaimed—

"It is Edgar—Edgar my friend, my brother! Edgar!"

He extended his hand, but in an instant staggered back, as the recollection of their last meeting flashed on his mind, and, shrinking from the proffered hand humiliated and abashed, he sank down on his former seat.

"No, Captain Havering (for I see by your epaulettes I must so address you), I feel your generosity in offering me your hand, but I cannot forget my baseness when we last met, when I had not the courage to acknowledge so old and tried a friend because I met him as a common soldier. It only wanted this, that you, of all men in the world, should become my jailor, to fill up the measure of my humiliation to the brim."

"Colonel Clinton—forgive me," Edgar added abruptly, as the other evidently winced under the formality of the address; "Lionel I would have said—disabuse your mind of any reproach it may suffer from that accidental meeting to which you allude, for I assure you, on my honour, that had you acknowledged me I should have told you respectfully that you had made a mistake. *I would not have known you.* So much for the past. My position now enables me to meet and acknowledge with pride my earliest and best of friends, while it does not place me beyond an equal acknowledgment of your higher rank. Now, then, Lionel, give me your hand frankly and lovingly as of old."

The generous appeal was too much for Lionel to refuse, and, with a brighter look than he had lately worn, he grasped his friend's hand with all the enthusiastic warmth of former days.

"This is the first gleam of real sunshine my heart has known for days—nay, months. Oh! Edgar, had you been with me, ever ready with your Spartan rectitude of purpose to check my folly, I should never have been brought to this pass of shame and degradation."

"Pshaw! Lionel. You talk wildly. Every man's course of action for good or evil lies in his own will. But no more of these unavailing self-reproaches. Tell me in what I can aid or benefit you."

"Ah! that was, indeed, spoken like my old and best friend. Oh! Edgar, it was surely a special interposition of Providence that appointed you my custodian at this time. What can you do to benefit me? Much, everything, even to the salvation of my life and honour," replied Lionel enthusiastically, and with a bright flushed face, from which every trait of late care and anxiety had vanished.

"I hope you do not overrate my poor ability, dear Lionel," rejoined Edgar, with a smile at his friend's earnestness.

"No, Edgar, I do not, for I judge of your feelings by my own; and as I know what I would do for you, it is not difficult for me to surmise what my best friend would also do for me. But let us leave that for the present. First tell me of yourself, and then we will talk of other matters. I want particularly to know by what mysterious shuffling of fortune's cards I find Private Havering metamorphosed into," glancing at his shoulders, "full Captain Havering."

"Five minutes, dear Lionel, will tell you all of myself necessary to hear," Edgar then in a brief and very abstract manner recounted the main incidents that led to his promotion.

"You haven't told me half, but I must be content. You will be a major in another month, I am certain; it is always the custom," mused Lionel.

"I said nothing about a major," replied Edgar, "though it is certainly promised me."

"I was sure of it. But now let us talk about Ethel. When did you hear from her last? You correspond, of course?"

"Ethel?" cried Edgar, with a start, surprised that, when he expected an account of his friend's difficulties, that name should be brought forward; the nervous irritability of Lionel, and his evident desire to postpone his own affairs, not excepting the penetrating observation of his friend. "Heard from her? What can you mean? I have certainly heard of her from my father, but nothing more. You surely cannot know the terms on which I left your father's house."

"Oh! yes, I do. The governor told me all about it, and a lot more of his grand ideas about his daughters; but I always thought you loved Ethel, as I know she did you."

"Thought I loved her, Lionel? My love for Ethel was written on every hope and aspiration of my life; it was the sun that cheered every frown of fortune, and the beacon that led me on to success and triumph. It was my hope, my joy."

"You must have a very cold way of showing it, then, if it didn't suggest some means of deceiving the governor and keeping up a correspondence with her." Lionel had just stooped to light a cigar, and did not see the flush of indignant scorn that rose to his listener's face.

"You surely would not have had me deceive your father, or break the honourable pledge that I had tacitly given, never to address his daughter till the then almost impossible contingencies arose of wealth and position to justify my suit?"

"Bother the cigar!" cried Lionel, puffing energetically at his weed. "Everything, you know, is excusable in love and war," he added, with a laugh, that sounded forced and grating.

"It may be, but such lax doctrine does not suit my notions of honour, at least as regards the

first of the two exemptions," replied Edgar coldly.

"Oh! you are so confoundedly precise. I am sure Ethel would have thought it no breach of honour to receive a letter from you."

"If she is still the Ethel I left her she would have blushed deep shame to think the man she had honoured with her love had so paltered with his honour, even to pleasure her."

"Ah! well, well; you were both always above my comprehension when you got on romantic high ropes," Lionel retorted, with an uneasy feeling at his heart, and with a poor attempt at ridicule on his features.

"But now, Lionel, to come to something more practical and useful, talk of yourself. You said I could be of some service to you. Tell me how," observed Edgar, anxious to change a subject that he felt was being used with some ulterior object, and which begat a sense of uneasiness and distrust.

"Ah! true. There you come out the old friend again, and your promise of aid gives me renewed hope and life," cried Lionel, with his old enthusiasm.

"Explain; be more explicit, Lionel, and tell me all, and remember we have only just moved into the station, and, beyond the fact of your being under trial, I am almost ignorant of the charge, or how you stand affected."

"Say charges, my friend, and you will be nearer the mark, for there are three in chief, and many subordinates ones."

"But the purport, Lionel, tell me that."

"My first and perhaps gravest offence is, having unduly relaxed the discipline of my regiment, so that when inspected last week in my unavoidable absence it was sent off the ground and a punishment drill inflicted on the whole corps. The second count in the indictment" (trying to laugh at Edgar's grave countenance) "is for breaking a general order, and having a little harmless play in my own quarters, where I must confess I lost, not only a good deal of money, but what was twenty times worse, my temper also, and called a brother officer something very ungentlemanly, which of course led to a meeting (another violation of a special order against duelling), and I had the misfortune to seriously endanger the life of my adversary by a ball through the chest. So you see I am in for a pretty heavy amount of scrapes. What made the matter worse, the Parsee banker refused to credit the cheques I drew on him to meet my debts of honour, and so that affair got wind and has proved the capstone to my run of ill-luck and disgrace."

"How is the finding likely to go?"

"Against me on every count. Judge, then, of my joy in finding you, my best and oldest friend, here in the very post where you can afford me the only aid that can help or save me," he said warmly, seizing Edgar's hand and wringing it fervently.

"I am rejoiced to think I can be of any service to you."

"I know you are, Edgar. I was sure, for all your formal exterior, that your heart was as warm and your friendship as staunch as ever."

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Garing Beeds by Land and Sea.



[CHARGE OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.]

THE SIEGE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

AFTER the retreat of Soult from the Pyrenees the British and their allies resumed the positions from which they had been dislodged by the advance of the French marshal, and re-established head-quarters at Lezera.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the British brigades. For many a mile along the extended line of occupation, huts, crowning the heights or studding the deep valleys below them, showed the rude dwellings of the mighty mass of human beings collected in that Alpine country.

After a somewhat lengthened interval, which

was usefully employed by the allied commander, the siege of St. Sebastian was carried on. Guns formerly employed were relanded, the trenches occupied again, and a large supply of heavy ordnance and mortars, received opportunely from England, were placed in battery. Lord Wellington was reinforced by a company of sappers and miners, and the navy, under Sir George Collier, assisted him with both men and guns. The batteries were consequently enlarged, and, a furious sortie by the garrison on the night of the 24th of August producing little effect, on the 26th a crushing fire opened from fifty-seven pieces of siege artillery.

On the same night the island of Santa Clara, situate at the entrance of the harbour, and partially enfilading the defences of the castle, was surprised and stormed by a mixed party of sailors and soldiers, and its garrison made prisoners. On the 27th a second sortie on the whole front of the isthmus failed entirely, and the assailants were driven back. The siege and working artillery had now been augmented to eighty pieces, and on the 30th the breaches were so extensively battered down that Lord Wellington issued orders that they should be assaulted, and the next morning was named for the attempt.

Men were now invited to volunteer for the assault, such men, it was said, "as knew how to show other troops the way to mount a breach." When this was mentioned to the fourth division, which had to furnish 400 men, the whole division volunteered.

In the annals of modern warfare there is no conflict recorded so sanguinary and so desperate as the storming of that well-defended breach. During the blockade every resource of military ingenuity was tried by the French governor, and the failure of the first assault, with the subsequent raising of the siege, emboldened the garrison, and rendered them the more confident of holding out until Soult could advance and succour them. The time from which the battery guns had been withdrawn until they had been again placed in battery was assiduously employed in constructing new defences and strengthening the old ones. But, though the place when reinvested was more formidable than before, the besiegers appeared only the more determined to reduce it.

A mortar battery was erected to shell the castle from across the bay, while a storm of round and case shot was maintained so vigorously that in a short time the fire of the enemy was nearly silenced.

Morning broke gloomily. An intense mist obscured every object, and the work of slaughter was for a time delayed. At nine the sea-breezes cleared away the fog, the sun shone gloriously out, and in two hours the forlorn hope issued from the trenches. The columns succeeded, and every gun from the fortress that could bear opened upon them with shot and shell. The appearance of the breach was perfectly delusive: nothing living could reach the summit; no courage, however desperate, could overcome the difficulties, for they were alike unexpected and insurmountable. In vain the officers rushed forward, and devotedly were they followed by their men. From intrenched houses behind the breach, the traverses, and the ramparts of the curtain a withering discharge of musketry was poured on the assailants, while the batteries swept the approaches with their guns. To survive this concentrated fire was impossible: the forlorn hope were cut off to a man, and the heads of the columns annihilated. At last the debouches were choked with the dead and wounded, and a further passage to the breach rendered impracticable from the heap of corpses that were piled upon each other.

Then, in that desperate moment, when hope might have been supposed to be over, an expedient unparalleled in the records of war was resorted to. The British batteries opened on the curtain, and the storming parties heard with surprise the roar of cannon in their rear, while but a few feet above

their heads their iron shower hissed horribly, and swept away the enemy and their defences.

This was the moment for a fresh effort. Another brigade was moved forward, and was favoured by an accidental explosion upon the curtain, which confused the enemy, while it encouraged the assailants, and eventually the French were driven from their works. A long and obstinate resistance was continued in the streets, which were in many places barricaded, but by five in the evening opposition ceased and the town was in possession of the British. Seven hundred of the garrison were prisoners, and the remainder either disabled in the assault or shut up in the castle.

The unfortunate town seemed alike devoted by friends and foes to destruction. The conquerors were roaming through the streets, the castle firing on the houses beneath its guns. In many places fires had broken out, and a storm of thunder, rain, and lightning added to the confusion of a scene which even in warfare finds no parallel.

The assault of St. Sebastian cost a large expenditure of life, there being 761 killed and 1697 wounded, and in that number many valuable officers were included.

The French showed themselves at Vera on the 30th, and in consequence Generals Inglis and Ross were moved, the former to the bridge of Lezeca, and the latter to a position on the Haya mountains, while a Portuguese brigade secured it from being turned to the right.

Two of the enemy's divisions forded the river on the morning of the 31st, and in the front of the Spanish left wing mounted the heights with determined gallantry. On this occasion the Spaniards behaved with courage worthy of their once chivalric name. Coolly waiting until the French divisions had topped the heights, they rushed forward with the bayonet, and bore them down the hill. So completely were they broken by this sudden and unexpected charge that, driven into the river by the impetuosity of their assailants, many missed the fords and perished.

Undismayed by the repulse, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Bidassao, and, passing four thousand men, the French advanced again with renewed confidence against the Spanish lines. Wellington in person was present on the hill. His presence was enthusiastically hailed, and deeds afterwards attested how powerful the influence of that presence proved. Before the French could gain the summit the Spanish battalions boldly advanced to meet them. A bayonet rush was made, the enemy recoiled, the allies pressed them closely, a panic resulted, some rushed into the deeps of the Bidassao and were drowned, others succeeded in finding the fords and escaped. A multitude hurried towards the bridge: it soon was choked with fugitives; the pressure became too heavy for the pontoon to support; it suddenly sank, and of those upon it at the moment few gained the opposite bank in safety.

A simultaneous attack was made upon the road leading to St. Sebastian by the right of the Haya mountain. As the position was defective, the Portuguese brigade, which with Inglis's corps had been entrusted with its defence, fell back on the bold and rocky ridge on which stands the convent of St. Antonio. Here, too, the French efforts were unavailing, and the enemy retired in despair. In the meantime heavy rains had

caused a mountain flood; the river became impassable, the fords could not be crossed, and the bridge of Vera offered the only point by which they could retreat. That passage could not be effected with rapidity, and before one-half of the French column had defiled the light divisions were on the banks, and had opened a severe and constant fire. This, with other losses, made the effort to relieve St. Sebastian a most infelicitous attempt. Two generals and fifteen hundred men were lost on these occasions, and that too by a signal repulse from a force invariably mentioned by the French marshals as contemptible.

Vigorous measures were in preparation for the reduction of the castle of St. Sebastian. From its great height and solidity of masonry it could not be assaulted with any certainty of success, and a regular investment was requisite to obtain the place.

On the 1st of September the mortar batteries commenced throwing shells, and, as the castle was indifferently provided with bomb-proof casemates, a considerable loss induced the governor to offer a capitulation, but the terms were not such as could be granted. Batteries with heavy ordnance were erected on the works of the town, and on the 8th opened with such terrible effect that in two hours the place was unconditionally surrendered. The garrison amounted to nearly 1800 men, of whom nearly a third were disabled.

St. Sebastian was held to the last with excellent judgment and dauntless gallantry. Indeed, the loss of the besiegers bore melancholy confirmation of the fact, for the reduction of the fortress cost the allies nearly 4000 men.

THE CHARLES HENRY AND THE AMERICAN PRIVATEER.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the American war a remarkable instance of British valour and determined courage was displayed by the master of a ship called the *Charles Henry*, of 250 tons burden, bound from Demerara to London. Of this affair the following facts are recorded:—

At the time we speak of it was the custom for British vessels in those latitudes to wait convoy, in consequence of the many privateers cruising in the Western Ocean. In this instance, however, the *Charles Henry* would have been compelled to wait for six weeks or two months. The captain, therefore, resolved to run all hazards rather than delay his voyage, and, knowing the quality of his ship as to sailing, he was confident no larger vessel could come up with him, and he was determined if any small craft attacked him to act on the defensive, and protect his ship and cargo at the risk of his life.

Thus resolved, he put to sea with a fair wind, and had scarcely left Demerara three days when he descried a sail apparently with every inch of canvas flying, and, from what they could make out of her, they concluded her to be an American privateer.

The captain immediately called all his men aft, and told them he would double their pay for the whole time they had served in the ship if they would defend her (for he had a strong suspicion that the strange sail, which could now be seen plainly, was an enemy), and in the case of the death

of any man he would pay all moneys due to him to his relatives or friends, and he would also make a special provision for the widows of the married sailors. This was sufficient. They one and all declared they would fight her if there was any chance, or at all events give her a broadside for the honour of old England.

The captain, wishing to avoid fighting if possible, ordered the studding sails to be set, but, finding this was of no avail, as the pursuer gained considerably upon him, he ordered the sails to be taken in and the vessel prepared for action, at the same time strictly enjoining his men not to fire unless they could make sure of the shot telling.

By this time the vessel was not much more than a mile distant, and, by her tall and raking masts and symmetry of hull, showed at once that she was what seamen called a Baltimore clipper—a first-class vessel of superior capacity and great sailing powers.

The men—pleased at the prospect of having another “brush,” as they called it, especially on the liberal terms named to them by the captain—stripped off all their clothes, with the exception of their trousers, so that they might fight with greater freedom; and they made a truly warlike appearance, each having a cutlass in his hand, and a brace of pistols under his waist-belt, with a marling-spike close by his side.

It was now about three p.m., and the American was close on the weather bow of the English ship. Up went the ensign, which was answered by the strange vessel at the same time hoisting English colours; but the captain was not to be deceived by this device. Soon after this she came within hail, and a rough and desperate-looking vagabond appeared on her bow and demanded the ship's name and destination. To this Captain Drew replied that he would not give an answer except on compulsion, and from the movements of the American it was by this time quite clear that mischief was meant. She had a long 18-pounder amidships, on a swivel, and eight 24-pounders, and a crew of about sixty downright desperadoes. The force of the English vessel numbered only thirty men and boys.

Captain Drew, perceiving it to be the intention of the enemy to bring their vessel alongside, hailed them, in a resolute manner, that if they did not keep their ship off he would throw his fire into her. This had no effect on the American, for he still kept nearing, until it was thought to be time to put a stop to him. Accordingly, a broadside from the *Charles Henry* was brought to bear, which, upon the smoke clearing off, proved to have carried away her mizen-top, which was seen hanging over the side.

The American now opened her swivel upon the English vessel, and fired so truly that not a shot missed. This obliged the Englishman to open again sooner than he wished, fearing that his shot would be expended too soon. The *Charles Henry* was now within twenty yards of the American's stem, and the captain ordered the helm to be put a-starboard, and the after-sails to be brailled up and shivered, and as the English ship fell off she discharged another broadside, double-shotted, scarcely a shot appearing to miss, so truly had the guns been pointed. The instant this was done the *Charles Henry* braced up her after-yards, put the helm a-port, and stood for

the American again. This manoeuvre was conducted with such success that the enemy could only get the swivel to open upon her opponent, this however doing considerable execution.

The American's foremain and maintop sails were now hanging in ribbons, and the affray became more desperate. At length she closed with the Englishman, and part of her crew attempted to board; they were three times repulsed with great slaughter, but they continued to make their appearance on the bows of their ship, while their bowsprit was locked in the English vessel's main rigging, which greatly tended to facilitate their operations, and necessitated the whole resisting force to be directed to one quarter. Indeed, this repulse compelled the English to leave their guns, while at the same moment the guns of the American were working fearful slaughter.

The enemy had now gained a footing upon the deck of the English vessel, and the combat became a hand-to-hand one, the clashing of cutlasses and firing of pistols being heard in every direction.

In the midst of the *mêlée* one of the English seamen had the presence of mind to cut the running rigging, which had the effect of clearing the American, which swung and fell off, leaving five of her men on the Englishman's decks: these were immediately shot.

After this the action recommenced broadside and broadside with redoubled fury, slaughter being dealt around in both ships. The ammunition of the English was now entirely expended, and all chance of escape appeared hopeless, when one of the men recollected that there were several bags of nails on board. These were immediately served to the guns, and they so raked the American and effected such havoc among the crew that only a single gun was fired by them, and that at long intervals. Even this was at length silenced, and the enemy, no longer able or willing to carry on the engagement, by the help of what little sail they could set sheered off, leaving the English vessel with only her main and mizen masts standing. Thus ended this most desperate and sanguinary engagement, leaving ten Englishmen dead and fourteen wounded. But the loss on the American side must have been dreadful: fifteen were found dead on the decks, and twice that number had probably fallen in their own ship.

ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

(Continued from page 199.)

CHARLES, on hearing of the arrival of his royal cousin in Scottish territory, retreated northwards, and, as he gained the advantage of several days' start, he was enabled for a long time to elude the pursuit of the royal troops. The Duke of Cumberland, however, gradually approached closer, and on the 14th of April intelligence reached Inverness of the royal army having crossed the Spey, and on the following morning the two armies were drawn up on the moor of Culloden, near Inverness. The action was commenced by the Highlanders, who fired their cannon for a few

minutes without being answered by the royal artillery; but so soon as the British guns opened up their cannonade it became evident that Charles's troops must be defeated by the superiority of the enemy in this direction alone. Indeed, the English cannon so rapidly thinned the ranks of the Highlanders that Charles was compelled to rely on the desperate resource of a charge. Onwards the Highlanders rushed, with courage and impetuosity, but it was only to meet certain death, for they were slaughtered as fast as they approached the opposing ranks, until they lay in heaps of three and four deep.

At length the defeat became decisive, and ended in a complete rout, Charles's army breaking into two bodies, one of which took the open road for Inverness, while the other turned off towards the south-west and found refuge among the hills.

The fate of the first of these divisions was most disastrous, their route admitting of the easiest pursuit. It lay along an open moor, which the light horse of the enemy could bound over with the utmost speed. A dreadful slaughter took place, a broad pavement of carnage marking out the five miles intervening between the field of battle and Inverness. The victors, indeed, exercised the greatest cruelty and blood-thirstiness, and the Duke of Cumberland was ever afterwards nicknamed the "Butcher of Culloden."

By this signal defeat the fate of the Pretender was decided: his adherents separated from each other and fled like stricken deer, while he himself was doomed to an ignominious flight, as remarkable for the trials it entailed as for the narrow escapes by which it was attended. Charles and his little party were seen at two o'clock in the morning riding along rapidly, travel-stained and begrimed; and this was the first day of the Pretender's wanderings, destined to extend over five months. After riding as far as the roads would serve the fugitive party were compelled to abandon their horses and accomplish their journeyings on foot. They crossed over a range of lofty mountains, and came in the evening to a place called Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, one of the numerous arms of the sea which penetrate the west coast. Here they took up their lodging in a wretched little hovel, used for sheep-shearing, near the corner of a wood.

Next day, Sunday, the 20th of April, Charles and his three attendants crossed, with inconceivable pain and difficulty, another of those ranges of lofty and rugged hills which extend over this part of the west Highlands.

After the rout of the army of Culloden the clans chiefly sought their own glens, while others wandered far and wide over the Highlands. Thus the army was completely broken up, and there remained no hope, in the estimation of men of sense, that it would ever again unite in such force as successfully to make head against the enemy.

While waiting at Arisaig for a guide an alarm was given that some of the enemy were at hand, and the whole party immediately dispersed, each to seek shelter as best he might among the neighbouring hills and woods. Charles was wandering alone through a forest, pondering his altered fortunes and his present distress, when in the midst of his care he saw an aged

Highlander approaching. He asked the man if he was the guide whom he expected, and on being answered in the affirmative the prince said, "Then I am he who sent for you. You see the distress I am in. I throw myself into your bosom; do with me what you will: your prince resigns himself entirely into your hands." The old man never afterwards could repeat this moving address without shedding a flood of tears.

On the evening of the 24th Charles, along with seven other persons, set sail in an open eight-oared boat, Donald McLeod, the guide, acting as pilot, and sitting at the stern with Charles betwixt his knees. In the boat there were four pecks of oatmeal, and a saucepan in which they could boil meat when they landed. In the midst of darkness and a heavy storm they journeyed for ten hours in the boat, and in the morning landed on the island of Benbecula, where they prepared their humble repast of cold porridge, his palace a cowhouse without a door, and his throne a heap of damp and dirty straw.

Some idea of the danger which the prince now ran may be gathered from the fact that the British government offered a reward of £30,000 for his apprehension, and, in addition to the numerous persons who, dazzled by the magnitude of the prize, hunted after him, parties of soldiers were sent out in every direction, with instructions to search every nook and corner.

After staying three days in his wretched retreat Charles again set sail in his little boat for Stornoway, where he hoped to procure a vessel to convey him to France; but, a storm coming on, they were driven upon the small isle of Glass, and, finding the inhabitants were royalists, the party assumed the character of merchantmen who had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Orkney. They were in consequence hospitably entertained, and remained until the following day, when Charles again set sail for Stornoway. The wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land at Loch Seaforth, at the distance of thirty miles from Stornoway. All this way he had to traverse on foot over a pathless moor, which in many places was a complete bog. Arrived at Stornoway, he found an asylum in the house of a Mrs. Mackenzie. By this time, however, his whereabouts had become suspected, and he was compelled to resume his wanderings. A great number of English war vessels hovered about the island, whilst the land was traversed by nearly two thousand militia, so that his escape appeared reduced to an impossibility.

He was actually chased three leagues by an English ship, under the command of Captain Fergusson, but escaped among the rocks. Soon after, on stealing out to pursue his course, the boat was espied and chased by another ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the crew got ashore. Charles, elated at the double escape he had made, could not help exclaiming to his companions that he believed he was not designed to die by either weapon or water.

After the above narrow escape Charles deemed it prudent to hide himself for several days, and he and his party therefore directed their steps about two miles inland, carrying with them in a pall some crabs that they had caught. They at length came upon a house of the meanest and most primitive description, the door being so low

that they were obliged to enter upon their hands and knees.

Here Charles received a visit from the Laird of Clanranald, one of his most faithful adherents. The laird made his visit all the more welcome by bringing with him wine, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the youth, who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, sitting, with his elbows on his knees, in a hovel little larger than an English pigstye, and several degrees filthier; his face haggard with care, hunger, and exposure to weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of his visitor, "as dirty as a dishclout." After being provided with an outfit by the good Clanranald Charles set out for a more secure and sequestered hiding-place, near the centre of South Uist.

Charles succeeded in finding a habitation called the Forest House, situate in a lonely and sequestered vale, and was provided with the luxury of a rude couch, over which were two cowhides, stretched out upon four sticks as an awning to cover him when asleep.

After having spent several weeks here, he was at last obliged to resume his former skulking mode of life, on learning that the myrmidons of government, whose vessels cruised everywhere around, had now resolved to sweep over the whole of the Long Island, from end to end, for the purpose of enclosing him in their toils. The island being thus invested—traversed by hundreds of soldiers, every ferry guarded, and no person permitted to leave the coast without a passport—escape seemed to be wholly impracticable. His usual good fortune, however, attended him; and, by the activity and vigilance of the people of the island, all of whom knew who and what he was, and took every means to assist him, he at length evaded all the perils that environed him.

It was when thus hard pressed at South Uist that Charles became indebted for immediate preservation to Miss Flora Macdonald, a name that will live in history so long as nobleness of heart and pure devotion are appreciated. This lady was the daughter of a gentleman residing on the island. She was then in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable attributes of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. During the time of Charles's stay on the island she was a visitor at the house of Clanranald, to whom she was nearly related. The wanderings of the prince forming a theme of constant discourse, she became intensely interested in his fate, and she resolved to aid and shield him to the utmost of her power.

She hit upon the idea of disguising Charles as a woman, and, having little difficulty in procuring a passport for herself and a maid-servant, whom she styled Betty Burke, she, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, took a female disguise to the prince, and gave him some useful instructions as to how he was to play his part.

On the evening of the 28th of June Charles set sail from the Long Island. He was dressed in attire suitable to his character of an Irish serving-girl—namely, a coarse print gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a brown camlet mantle, made in the Irish fashion, with a hood. His circumstances had rendered it necessary that he should part with his fellow-wanderers, and he now embarked for Skye, accom-

panied only by Flora Macdonald and Neil Mac Kachan.

After a tedious and stormy passage the party found themselves off Watnish, the western point of the island. Here an adventure occurred which nearly proved the destruction of the prince. They had no sooner drawn near the shore than they noticed that it became covered with a body of armed men. The boat was within shot of these men before they were observed. When the boatmen at length perceived them they lost no time in changing the direction of their oars. The soldiers called upon them to land, on pain of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution, by discharging a volley, the balls of which struck the water in every direction around, though fortunately without hitting any of the boat's crew.

Proceeding to Kilbride, near the northern extremity of the island, the little party landed. At a short distance was the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. He was absent, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland, but Flora had contrived previously to apprise his lady of her visit and its purpose. She now, therefore, went forward to the house along with Charles, in the full hope of meeting with a favourable reception. In this hope she was not disappointed: Lady Margaret entertained the fugitive prince as hospitably as his assumed character would admit of without arousing suspicion, and after two or three days Charles, with his kind-hearted conductress and a servant, took his departure.

It may be here observed that Charles's tall figure, unwomanly gait, and long strides caused frequent remark among the islanders, and he was more than once suspected of being a man in woman's attire. Charles, after some days' wandering, took up his residence in the house of a person named Kingsburgh.

The only reformation which the prince thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present was a change of shoes, those which he had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and these he gave to the prince. When Charles had shifted the old for the new Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together, and hung them up in a corner of his house; and these strange relics he kept as long as he lived, and at his death his family permitted them to be cut to pieces and dispersed among their friends, many of the Jacobite ladies taking away in their bosoms the pieces they got, as they would some precious keepsakes.

Another incident will show the extraordinary zeal and affection which the adherents of the Pretender's cause entertained towards him. After he had taken a tender farewell of Lady Kingsburgh she went upstairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to share this valuable memorial with the amiable Flora, who in the course of her stangely adventurous life, and though often reduced to circumstances of the greatest distress, never parted with

it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave.

It was now determined that Charles should get over to the adjacent isle of Rassay, in order to throw himself upon the protection of the proprietor, a man of the purest honour and a staunch partisan of the Pretender's cause. At this point it was deemed advisable that he should part with Flora Macdonald. He did so with much agitation, bidding farewell to that generous and courageous young lady in terms of the warmest gratitude, and presenting her with his miniature, which he desired she would ever keep for his sake.

At daybreak on the 1st of July he landed at a place called Glam. As almost all the houses in the neighbourhood had been burnt by the soldiery, it was not without difficulty that the prince was accommodated. At length a hovel was found, lately built by shepherds. Here bundles and beds of heath were strewn on the ground, and the party sat down to a meal composed of the provisions they had brought with them from Kingsburgh. It was observed with delight by the Highlanders that Charles would not eat wheaten bread nor drink brandy so long as there remained any oaten bread or whiskey, which he enraptured them by terming his own country bread and drink. The prince's bed of state was here, one made in the primitive Highland fashion, of heather, with the stalks upright and the bloom uppermost, and upon this rude couch of nature he enjoyed long, though not unbroken, slumbers.

(To be continued.)

IN THE TIGER'S DEN.

No fox-hunter could more keenly enter upon the task of keeping down vermin than do Indian officers in their leisure moments. But in that peninsula, so cleft with ravines and overgrown with jungle, they chase nobler game, and the attendant perils are fit pastime for men whose business is to face death in terrible shapes. One of these occasions relates to the British army while lying at Agoada, near Goa, in the East Indies, in 1809.

A report was one morning brought to the cantonment that a large cheestur had been discovered on the rocks near the sea. About nine o'clock a number of horses and men assembled at the spot where it was said to have been seen, and, after some search, the animal was found in the recess of an immense rock. In the hope of starting him, dogs were sent in, but only to return howling and bleeding, a vanquished pack, with hideous wounds to affirm that they had done their best and the cheestur his worst.

Finding it impossible to dislodge the animal by such means, Lieutenant Evan Davies, of the 7th Regiment, tried to enter the den, but was obliged to return, finding the passage extremely narrow and dark. He attempted it, however, a second time, with a pick-axe in his hand, with which he removed some obstructions that were in the way. Having proceeded a few yards, he heard a noise, which he conceived to be that of the animal. He then returned and communicated with Lieutenant Threw, of the artillery, who also

went in the same distance, and was of a similar opinion.

What course to pursue was doubtful; some proposed to blow up the rock, others smoking him out. At length a port-fire was tied to the end of a bamboo, and introduced into a small crevice which led towards the den. Lieutenant Davies went on his hands and knees down the narrow passage which led to it, and, by the light of his torch, was enabled to discover the animal. Having returned, he said he could kill him with a pistol, which being procured, he again entered the cave and fired, but without success, owing to the awkward situation in which he was placed, with his left hand only at liberty. He next went with a musket and bayonet, and wounded the animal in the loins; but he was obliged to retreat as quickly as the narrow passage would allow, the tiger having rushed forward and forced the musket back towards the mouth of the den. Lieutenant Davies next procured a rifle, with which he again forced his way into the cave, and, taking a deliberate aim at the tiger's head, fired, and put an end to its existence.

This gallant officer afterwards fastened a strong rope round the neck of the tiger, by which he was dragged out, to the no small satisfaction of a numerous crowd of spectators. The animal measured seven feet in length.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

EDWARD BOSCAWEN, third son of Hugh, first Viscount Falmouth, was born on the 19th of August, 1711. Having chosen a naval life, he passed through the service with credit, and was rewarded in May, 1737, by an appointment to the *Leopard*, of fifty guns. In 1739 we find him commanding the *Shoreham* frigate, employed as a cruiser on the Jamaica station, at the commencement of the war with Spain, which engaged Anson, Vernon, and Hawke. He served with Vernon as a volunteer (his own ship being laid up) at the taking of Porto Bello, where he was employed to direct the demolition of the fortifications. He probably resumed his command of the *Shoreham* at Jamaica, immediately after the affair of Porto Bello. In 1741, at any rate, he remained her captain, and sailed with Vernon in the expedition against Carthage.

On this occasion Boscawen had the first opportunity of displaying that ardent spirit and contempt of danger which so strongly marked his subsequent career. He was appointed to command a detachment of three hundred seamen, who, with two hundred marines, were ordered to attack a faesine battery erected by the enemy on the island of Barru, the fire from which embarrassed the operations of the army against the castle of Bocca Chica. The boats cast off from the ships at midnight, and rowed to a point of the shore about a mile to leeward of the Barradera battery, which they were to attack, to avoid discovery. Led by their spirited commander, the seamen leapt ashore with alacrity in a small sandy bay, the entrance to which was a narrow channel between two reefs of rocks. This passage was defended by a battery of five guns, of which the assailants were wholly ignorant; so ignorant, indeed, that they landed under their very muzzles. Luckily for our

brave fellows, the Spaniards fired the moment they had all landed, and ere they had time to form in a compact body; and, though the effects of the volley were thus much less disastrous than a few minutes of Spanish patience might have insured, Boscawen's crews were not a little surprised and staggered. Recovering, however, almost instantaneously, at a cheer from their leader, they dashed forward upon the works, tumbled in at the embrasures, and drove the enemy from their guns ere they had time to reload.

The garrison of the Barradera battery, apprised by their flying soldiers of the loss of this outpost, immediately pointed three pieces of cannon against their victors, and delivered volley after volley of grape-shot, which would have exterminated their assailants if the guns had not been too much elevated. As it was, Boscawen's intrepid party sustained very little injury, and, pushing on with invigorated spirit, stormed the battery, drove the enemy from it in a twinkling, spiked the guns, tore up the platforms, destroyed the guard-houses and magazine, and returned to their ships in triumph.

No sooner had Boscawen retired than the Spaniards used every exertion to repair it, and remount it with serviceable guns. In a few days they so far succeeded as to be able to open fire from six guns, upon which Boscawen was again sent to destroy it. In the *Shoreham*, together with the *Princess Amelia* and *Litchfield*, he wore up as near the battery as possible, and brought his broadsides to bear upon it, while a detachment of seamen, under Captains Watson, Cotes, and Dennis, were preparing to storm. These measures, however, so thoroughly intimidated the Spaniards that they fled from their guns the moment they perceived the boats about to be launched and Boscawen's guns about to open.

Upon the death of Lord Aubrey Beaulieu, who fell in the attack on Bocca Chica Castle, Boscawen was appointed to his lordship's vessel, the *Prince Frederick*, seventy guns; and when the attack on Carthage was abandoned he was employed, as previously at Porto Bello, in destroying the forts which had already fallen into the hands of the British. He returned to England in the spring of 1742, anchoring at St. Helen's.

From this period till 1745 Boscawen was principally employed on a cruise in the Channel, but without the opportunity of achieving any remarkable distinction, except that while in the *Dreadnought* (60) he captured the *Medea*, a French frigate under the command of M. de Hocquart, whom he met on a subsequent and more memorable day. Late in the year 1745 he was appointed captain of the *Royal Sovereign*, then lying at the Nore as a guard-ship, and was appointed inspector of the armed vessels hired by the government to serve as cruisers during the rebellion. In January, 1746, he was appointed to the *Namur*, originally carrying ninety guns, but now repaired and reduced to a third-rate. In this ship he commanded without the chance of putting her to much use till November, when, being appointed commodore of a small squadron ordered to cruise at the mouth of the Channel, he had the good fortune to fall in with and capture the *Intrepid* (a privateer mounting twenty guns) and a despatch boat sent by the French Admiral de Jonquiere from the American

station, with news of the total failure of his expedition.

In 1747 he served with the *Namur* in the fleet commanded by Lord Anson, and conspicuously distinguished himself in the important victory over the French under M. de Jonquières on the 3rd of May. The *Namur* was one of the first ships in action, and materially contributed to the success of the day, by arresting the flight of the fugitive enemy until the other British ships could get up. In this engagement Boscawen was wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball.

On the 18th of July Boscawen was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue. Immediately afterwards he was appointed admiral and commander-in-chief of a squadron ordered for the East Indies, consisting of six sail of the line, and he was also invested with the authority of general over the land forces employed in that expedition.

On the 14th of November, 1747, the squadron sailed from St. Helen's with a fair wind, which, however, only served that day; but, anxious to get out of the Channel, Admiral Boscawen chose to run to windward with the fleet rather than put back. Meeting with a succession of hard gales, he was obliged to anchor in Torbay, where the fleet arrived on the 10th; but at four o'clock, the wind serving, he sailed again, and, after a prolonged struggle with the elements, anchored at Madeira on the 13th of December. From thence Boscawen proceeded to Table Bay, where he landed the troops and encamped them for a time; by which means, and the good supply of fresh meat and vegetables which were served all round, he was enabled to bring them to their work in better condition than otherwise was possible. Their stay, however, was longer than he intended, owing to the non-arrival of five India-men, which had parted company with forces and stores aboard. It was the 8th of May ere he again sailed, quitting the Cape of Good Hope with six ships of the Dutch East India Company.

After a tedious voyage, they made the island of Mauritius at daybreak on the morning of the 23rd of June, having parted with three of the Dutch in the bad weather they experienced on the passage. The greatest part of the fleet anchored that night in "Turtle Bay," between the river of that name and Tomb River, about two leagues to the eastward of the harbour; the rest got in the next day, having been fired at on their passage from two fascine batteries, but without receiving any material damage.

At daylight the enemy opened fire from other masked batteries, erected at the entrance of the two rivers, and used every available means in throwing up intrenchments and defences. Several large ships were seen lying in the harbour. The *Pembroke*, which was close in shore, fired upon the enemy, in order to embarrass them in the erection of the defences; while the *Swallow* aloop was despatched with two engineers and an artillery officer to reconnoitre the coast, in order to discover the most convenient place for landing the troops. On their return they reported the enemy had fired upon them, during their passage along shore, from eight different batteries, as well as from the forts at the entrance of the harbour; that a large ship, with two tiers of guns, lay broadside on across the mouth of it; that there were thirteen other vessels within the harbour; and that they deemed it impracticable, or highly

dangerous, to land anywhere to the eastward of where the squadron lay, from the denseness of the wood, which came down almost to the water's edge. It was resolved, therefore, to attempt a landing on the coast west of the harbour; but here the natural difficulties to approach were not less, and it was resolved to abandon the attempt altogether.

Two days elapsed before the squadron could leave the island, there being such a scarcity of stores, on board some of the vessels especially, that it became necessary to make an equal distribution. This effected, they got under sail, and stood away for Coromandel, the Dutch ships parting company at the Mauritius and stretching southward. On the 29th of July the squadron arrived safely at Fort St. David.

Pondicherry was now the object of Boscawen's desires, and it was resolved to undertake its siege at once. The troops, with the necessary stores, guns, and ammunition, were accordingly landed about a mile from the fort, while the marines, serving in the squadron under Rear-Admiral Griffin, then at Fort St. David, joined to those in Boscawen's ships, formed an active and well-conditioned body of auxiliaries, seven hundred strong. The *Exeter* was sent to anchor off Pondicherry, and two days after the *Chester*, *Pembroke*, and *Swallow* joined her. Captain Powlett, of the *Exeter*, was directed to take soundings, to ascertain how near the ships could approach the town upon an emergency.

Everything being thus prepared, the troops began their march on the 8th of August, the admiral himself at their head, leaving Captain Lisle in command of the squadron. He continued the march on the 9th and 10th without seeing an enemy. On the 11th a body of foot, amounting to about 300 men and some horse, made their appearance at an intrenchment, but abandoned it and retreated at the approach of the British.

This outpost was pitched near a small river, and was very capable of defence. About a mile from it, on the other side of the river, Fort Aria Coupan was situated. Boscawen learnt from a deserter here that this fort was garrisoned by not more than a hundred men, including Sepoys, and that the magazine was not bomb-proof. The admiral determined, therefore, to attempt next morning to effect a lodgment in a contiguous village, intrench himself, and prepare to lay siege to the fort. The village was easily gained by a detachment sent for that purpose; but at the first shot from the fort the Lascars who carried the tools for forming the intrenchment ran away. At this moment, too, the enemy opened a brisk fire from two unperceived batteries pitched at the other side of the river. These completely flanked the British position, and it was deemed prudent, therefore, to retire upon the main body of the troops, and bring up some pieces of artillery to operate upon the batteries, the fire from which had killed one lieutenant, wounded four other officers (among whom was Major Goodyer, commanding the artillery), besides the casualties inflicted on the men.

The detachment lay on their arms all night, out of gun-shot, being joined the next morning by the main body of the troops. In the afternoon they were further reinforced by 1100 seamen, whom the admiral had placed under military discipline on board the fleet. On the night of the



16th, four twelve and four eighteen pounders being landed, a battery was erected by next morning; but, either from haste or the absence of Major Goodyer, it was found to be pitched where it was nearly useless, just in front of a clump of trees, which admitted a view of a single angle of the fort only. Another battery had accordingly to be constructed, which done, it was opened with telling effect upon the enemy's works. So well directed and ruinous was the fire from the battery, indeed, that the enemy sallied out, aided by a troop of sixty horse, and made a desperate attempt to destroy it, but without success; for, though an advanced guard in the trench adjoining at first gave way, they immediately rallied, drove back the enemy with great loss, and took the captain of horse prisoner. Soon after the enemy's battery blew up, with upwards of a hundred men.

Boscawen now ordered up the mortars, and poured shells into the fort, till, at two o'clock in the afternoon, it broke out in flames and the magazine exploded. The British troops immediately took possession of the ruin, whence the survivors of the garrison had withdrawn in hot haste.

On the 20th the admiral removed his camp to *Aria Coupan*, and from that day to the 25th the people were employed in repairing the fort. This completed, they crossed the river which gave its name to the fort, and took possession of a strong military post about a mile from the walls of *Pondicherry*. This post being in the north-west quarter of the town, the admiral ordered the ships down to northward of it, and, opening a communication that way, landed intrenching tools and other necessities, in order to break ground before the place. On the 1st of September the enemy made a sally with 600 Europeans (French) and

600 or 800 Sepoys, but were repulsed by the advanced guard, counting little more than 100 men, with damaging loss. *M. Paradis*, chief engineer and director of the works, was mortally wounded, and three or four of their best officers killed, with about a hundred men.

Our engineers, meanwhile, worked every night at the construction of batteries, but proceeded so slowly that they were not opened till the 25th of September. They consisted of one mounting eight guns, another of four guns, a bomb battery of five large mortars and fifteen royals, with another of fifteen cohorns. The enemy on their part were by no means idle: they raised three fascine batteries to play upon the trenches, which they enfiladed, and caused considerable annoyance to the assailants. When they first broke ground the admiral ordered Captain *Lisle* to send in the bomb-ketch to bombard the citadel. This was effected for some time with success, but in a few days the enemy returned her fire with such accuracy of aim that the ketch was obliged to leave off in the daytime, and confine her operations to the night season.

The season was now far advanced, and nature or the enemy managed to conduct an inundation in front of Boscawen's works, rendering it impossible to proceed with them. He therefore attempted to annoy the town into a surrender. *Lisle* was directed to warp his ships in and cannonade the fortifications, which order was executed with great precision; but the ships expended a large quantity of ammunition without a corresponding effect, for the harbour was too shallow to allow the vessels to approach near enough, and the cannonade was discontinued. Meanwhile the batteries on shore continued firing, and beat down not a few of the enemy's defences; but the inundation prevented Boscawen from carrying on

his approaches, while new batteries were erected by the enemy at every available point. The monsoon and rainy season, too, were now daily expected, which would not only compel the assailants to raise the siege with the loss of their artillery, but in all probability render the rivers impassable, destroy the roads, and cut off the retreat of the troops. It was resolved then, at a council of war, to raise the siege and re-embark. This course was not taken too soon, for some of the rivers they had to pass on their last day's march were so swollen that a delay of twenty-four hours would have rendered them impassable.

Boscawen lost about 1000 men on this expedition, and, before he could try his strength once more against the enemy, intelligence reached India that peace had been concluded. Sailing, therefore, from Coromandel on the 19th of October, 1749, he came to anchor at St. Helen's on the 14th of April following, when he struck his flag.

We pass over eight uneventful years and arrive at the beginning of 1768, when, with the rank of admiral of the blue, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the fleet equipped to cover the descent on Louisbourg, a French settlement near Newfoundland. This fleet consisted of twenty-two sail of the line and several frigates and bomb-vessels. On its arrival at Halifax it was joined by General Amherst and the land forces. Boscawen, having on board an army of 12,000 men, sailed from Halifax on the 28th of May, and on the 2nd of June anchored in Gabarus Bay, about seven miles westward of Louisbourg. The French governor, M. Ducloux, had taken every possible precaution to avoid a surprise. He had thrown up intrenchments, erected batteries, and formed a chain of redoubts for two leagues along the coast. There were in the harbour six ships of the line and five frigates. The garrison consisted of 2600 regular troops, with 600 burghers, but the fortifications were not in good repair.

The surf was running high when the fleet arrived, and the weather continued so rough that the military officers began to talk of a council of war; but Boscawen determined to land the troops at all events. Commodore Durell, who was sent to explore the coast, reported that the troops might disembark, under cover of some frigates, in a certain little bay where the surf did not run so high. Upon this the admiral directed seven frigates to moor opposite the enemy's batteries and cover the debarkation. The frigates opened fire, and the boats now rowed briskly towards the shore in three divisions, commanded by Generals Wolfe, Whitmore, and Lawrence. As they approached the shore the enemy's musketry rained a sharp and sharper welcome amongst them, while the surf ran so high even here that several boats were staved. Wolfe leapt into the surge, and, being followed by his whole division, formed them on the beach, and, without an instant's hesitation, marched up to the nearest battery. The other divisions followed this example, and the enemy fled in confusion. The remainder of the army, artillery, and stores were landed with all possible expedition, and the town regularly invested.

General Amherst, having secured his camp by redoubts, &c., now began his approaches in form. Batteries were erected, and, driving the enemy from post to post, Amherst compelled them to re-

tire within the walls, upon which he immediately commenced a vigorous attack. The enemy were not random in defence. On the 28th they sunk three frigates and a corvette at the mouth of the harbour for the defence of the shipping within. On the 31st of July, however (for the operations of the besiegers were necessarily very slow, from the badness of the roads, the difficulty of landing stores, and the necessity of erecting batteries, &c.), a shell from one of our batteries fell into the *Entreprenant*, fired her, and she blew up. Two other vessels, the *Capricieux* and the *Calibre*, caught the flames, which in a few hours burnt them also to the water's edge; so that the *Prudent* and *Bien-aisant* were the only ships of force remaining. These latter Boscawen determined to secure. By his orders a barge and pinnace from every ship in the fleet assembled under the stern of the *Namer* about noon of the 26th of July. These boats were manned only by their usual crews, armed with pistols and cutlasses, and each commanded by a lieutenant and midshipman. They were placed under the orders of Captains Laforey and Balfour, in two divisions, and sent to join Sir Charles Hardy's squadron at the mouth of the harbour, which they reached by twos and threes at a time. At midnight they paddled into the harbour of Louisbourg unobserved. The night was dark and rather foggy, and the men were profoundly silent, their oars gliding rather than dipping into the water, though the perpetual roar of bombs, cannon, and musketry, both from besieged and besiegers, was sufficient to cover almost any noise they could have made.

Thus, in silence and darkness, they proceeded, till they desecrated the ships they were to give an account of. A minute more, and they were surrounded by the swarming boats; another minute, and the enemy found our tars scaling their wooden walls fore and aft. So complete was the surprise that but little resistance could be made before the ships were fairly captured.

Daylight and the shouts of our sailors at length made the town aware that its only remaining ships were in the hands of the British. They immediately pointed every gun that could be brought to bear upon the boats and their prizes, which the British returned, and a fierce cannonade ensued. Those who were in possession of the *Prudent*, soon finding her aground, set her on fire, and then joined the boats employed in towing out the *Bien-aisant*, which, with a favouring breeze, was triumphantly accomplished.

The next morning Boscawen prepared to send six sail of war into the harbour to bombard the town; but ere they were despatched he received an offer to treat for its capitulation. The admiral made his own terms, and the governor had no alternative but to yield. His ships were all destroyed or taken; his cannon were dismounted; his garrison greatly diminished, harassed, and dispirited; and his fortifications were battered to ruin in many places. The capitulation signed, the British took possession of Louisbourg on the 27th, and the island of Cape Breton and St. John were ceded to England.

Boscawen returned to England the winter following, and was greeted with enthusiasm; but he was not allowed long for repose. At Toulon the French had assembled a considerable naval force, under the command of M. de la Clue, and

Boscawen was despatched to watch it. He sailed from St. Helen's on the 14th of April, 1759, with fourteen sail of the line and two frigates, and, repairing at once to Toulon, cruised before the port several days with the English flag flying, in hopes of provoking the French to come out and engage. Finding all his efforts in that direction vain, he ordered three ships of the line, commanded by Captains Smith, Collis, Barker, and Harland, to advance and burn two French vessels lying close to the mouth of the harbour. They stood gallantly in, but ere they had got well to work a most destructive fire was poured in upon them from several heavy masked batteries, which the assailants were in total ignorance of until they felt the weight of their shot. Unhappily, too, the wind at that moment subsided into a dead calm; and thus, ere they could retire, the ships sustained such damage as rendered it necessary for Boscawen to put into Gibraltar to refit them.

The French admiral, taking advantage of Boscawen's absence, put to sea, and stood over to the Barbary coast, in hopes of passing the Gut of Gibraltar unperceived or unmolested. Boscawen, however, had stationed cruisers where no movement of the French fleet could pass undetected; and thus had intelligence of their approach as early as he could desire. On the 17th of August, at about eight in the evening, the *Gibraltar* frigate signalled the appearance of the enemy, fourteen sail, on the Barbary shore, east of Centa. Before ten the English admiral was out to sea in pursuit. At daylight the next morning he descried seven sail of the enemy to the westward, and made signal to chase and form in line of battle ahead. A fresh breeze filled the English sails, and brought them fast up with the enemy, till noon, when it fell calm. About half-past two, however, the headmost ship began to engage; though Boscawen, in the *Namur*, did not succeed in getting up with an enemy till some time after. He selected the *Ocean*, M. de la Clue's own ship, and about four o'clock ran athwart her hawse and poured a tremendous broadside into her, which was returned with equal effect. This contest, however, spirited while it lasted, did not last long. At the expiration of half an hour the French admiral, being wounded, and his captain perceiving that Boscawen's vessel had lost her mizenmast and topsail-yards, made off with all the sail he could carry. Admiral Boscawen then shifted his flag to the *Newark*, and turned her guns to the assistance of some vessels that were bringing down the *Centaur* (74), which ship immediately struck.

The French fleet still endeavoured to make off, and all night Boscawen continued the pursuit. Finding himself at daybreak off the coast of Portugal, M. de la Clue determined rather to burn his ships than allow them to fall into the hands of the victors. He ran the *Ocean* under a Portuguese fort, claiming its protection, to which the English paid no regard whatever. De la Clue himself landed with part of his crew; but the *Ocean* struck her colours upon being overhauled by the English ship *America*, which poured a broadside into her as she lay under the fort; and thus the noblest ship in the enemy's navy fell a prize to the English. Meanwhile Captain Bentley brought off the *Temeraire*, little damaged, and with all her officers and men aboard; and

Rear-Admiral Broderic burnt the *Redoubtable* and took the *Modeste*. The scattered remains of the French fleet got into the harbour of Cadiz, where they were soon after blockaded. This victory was obtained with the loss of fifty-six men killed and 196 wounded. No officer in the English fleet was either killed or wounded, while the loss of the French was in every respect much greater, and M. de la Clue himself died of his wounds shortly after.

This victory was Boscawen's last. He was very graciously received by the king upon his return, and rewarded with a pension of £3000 a year, not, however, a retiring pension. In the month of January, 1760, he sailed for Quiberon Bay, to watch the remains of Conflans's fleet, which had been defeated the November previous by Hawke. He was not long able to keep this station, however, from a succession of tempestuous winds. On the 16th of February he returned to Quiberon Bay; but was again obliged to put back—this time with the loss of the *Ramilles* (90), which went down in a storm.

When the spring came, however, he was back upon this station, where he cruised without meeting an enemy all the summer, employing his too much leisure in planting a small island near the river Vannes with vegetables, for the use of sailors and to prevent scurvy. This thoughtful simple little piece of gardening was Boscawen's last public service, and it reflects no little credit on his heart. He died the year following, 10th January, 1761, and was interred in the parish church of St. Michael, at Penkevel, in Cornwall.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

THE celebrated Marshal Saxe, having arrived with a part of his army at a village where they were to pass the night, proposed sleeping in an apartment in an old castle which had been long neglected, and was believed to be haunted with spectres, whose nightly yells were often heard by those who dwelt beneath its walls. It was not to be supposed that a warrior like Marshal Saxe was to be terrified by such reports from taking possession of his destined chamber. He accordingly went to bed at his usual time, but had not been long asleep before he was awoken by the most horrid noise his ears had ever heard, and while he was endeavouring to recollect himself the door of his chamber opened, and a human figure of very large dimensions appeared at the side of his bed. The marshal instantly discharged his pistol at the supposed spectre, which appeared to strike him, as he fell upon the floor. He then rose from his bed and aimed a stroke of a sabre at the figure; but the blade found a resistance, and shivered in his hand. At this moment the apparition rose and beckoned the general to follow; he obeyed the summons, and attended him to a long gallery, where a trap-door opened, and they sank into a cavern, which communicated with a subterranean apartment occupied by a band of coiners, one of whom, clad in complete armour,

traversed the castle every night to deter any person from inhabiting it. It thus appeared that the steel had resisted the ball, and shivered the marshal's sword; but the villain was knocked down by its force, from which he, however, quickly recovered. Marshal Saxe, with his usual presence of mind, told them who he was, and laid before them the danger of detaining him, when he had a surrounding army who would dig to the centre of the earth to find him; but, at the same time, gave them an assurance that if they would conduct him back to his chamber he would never relate the history of that night while it could do them harm. The confers paid a ready obedience to his will, and he kept his word with them till a subsequent discovery of their retreat gave him full liberty to relate this extraordinary story.

A BOLD PRISONER.

On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis the *Loyalist*, of twenty-two guns, then in the river Chesapeake, became a party in that disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet. Of that fleet the *Ardent*, captured off Plymouth, made one, but was then in a very leaky condition.

The count, being informed that the carpenter of the *Loyalist* was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the nature of the chain-pump, of which the French were ignorant, ordered him on board the *Ville de Paris*, and addressed him thus:—"Sir, you are to go on board the *Ardent* directly. Use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking, for which service you shall have a premium and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy. To this I pledge my honour. On refusal you will, during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only."

The tar, surprised at being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, "Noble count, I am your prisoner: it is in your power to compel me, but let it never be said that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and his country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not force me to injure my country."

We are sorry to add that he was treated with extreme severity by the French in consequence of this behaviour. On his exchange Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the *Sibyl*, which appointment the board of Admiralty were pleased to confirm.

HORSE-STEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

At the encampment of a body of the British troops in the province of Boljepore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen; but the thief, missing the road before he got out of sight of the tents, was detected and brought back. The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprised at the dexterity of the fellow who carried him off from the midst of six or seven grooms, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness than to punish him. Next morning, his resentment having entirely subsided, he yielded to his curiosity. He ordered the fellow to be brought before him, and inquired by what contrivance he had effected his purpose. The fellow replied, he could not well tell his honour, but, if he pleased, he would show him. "Well, then," said the officer, "since you are so bad at

description, we'll see how you did it." "Now, sir," said the artful culprit, "pray take notice. This is the way I crawled over the grooms. The next thing was to loosen the ropes behind, which I did thus. I then clapped a halter—observe, sir, if you please—over the neck, thus." "Admirably clever!" exclaimed the officer, rubbing his hands. "In this manner," continued the fellow, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted I give any one leave to catch me if he can." On this he gave the horse a smart blow, pushed him through the gaping crowd, put him to his full speed, and carried him clear off, to the no small mortification of the astonished owner.

AN EXEMPLARY GENERAL.

At the battle of Marengo General Dessaix was struck by a ball at the first charge of his division, and died almost instantly. He had only time to say to the young Le Brun, his aide-de-camp, "Go, and tell the first consul that my only regret in dying is that I have done nothing for posterity." Thus modest to the last was one of the bravest and best of men the French Revolution produced. The Austrians were wont to call him the *brave, the indefatigable general*; the Germans, over whom it was his frequent lot to exercise the rights of conquest, revered him as *the good Dessaix*; and the ferocious Arabs, subjugated not more by his valour than by his wisdom, decreed him the sublime title of the *Just Sultan*.

The day before the battle in which his race of glory was thus so early terminated he observed, somewhat prophetically, to one of his aides-de-camp, "It is a long time since I fought in Europe. The bullets won't know me again; something will happen."

When the tidings of his death were brought to the first consul, in the midst of the hottest of the engagement, he was much affected; and it was one of his earliest commands after the victory that a splendid monument should be erected to the fallen hero on the top of Mont St. Bernard.

A DISAPPOINTED CAPTAIN.

WHEN Captain, afterwards Admiral, Roddam was tried by a court-martial for the capture of his ship he gave directions to the printer at Kingston to publish the minutes, and give copies to each member of the court-martial, to his brother officers, and some other friends, and then to sell the remainder. It was some time afterwards that he again saw his publisher, when, in order to settle accounts, the book was referred to, and the man stated that, according to order, so many copies had been disposed of. "Why, that is the number I ordered you to give away in my name. How many have you sold?" "Not one," was the reply, "though I advertised in all the papers." "That is strange," said Captain Roddam, "for Admiral Byng's trial went through three editions in a week." "That is a different case," said the printer. "If you had been condemned to be shot your trial would have sold as well; but the public take no interest in an honourable acquittal."

THE PENALTY OF DISCONTENT.

THE French General Cherin was once conducting a detachment through a very difficult defile. He exhorted his soldiers to endure patiently the fatigues of the march. "It is easy for you to talk," said one of the soldiers near him—"you who are mounted on a fine horse; but we, poor

devils!" On hearing these words Cherin dismounted and quickly proposed to the discontented soldier to take his place. The latter did so; but scarcely had he mounted when a shot from the adjoining heights struck and killed him. "You see," said Cherin, calling to his troop, "that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous." After which he remounted his horse and continued the march.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Bench.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XI.—THE PRISONER'S PROPOSAL.

"I HOPE no change of time or service will ever cause my real friends to doubt the sincerity of my word or heart," Edgar replied, somewhat vaguely, by no means satisfied with Lionel's profuse praises, an indefinite and uneasy feeling taking possession of his mind that Lionel's sense of honour was not so delicate as his position as an officer and a gentleman, and the descendant of a line of illustrious patricians, should have made it. It is true he had said little to justify Edgar in forming such an opinion; still the doubt that it was so, like an uneasy fear, seemed to impress itself upon him.

Anxious to bring his friend to the point he was so desirous to know—namely, *what service* he could render him—and at once check his profuse panegyrics, Edgar directly returned to the theme, by observing—

"You said just now, Lionel, that what made the whole affair worse was the fact that your banker at Bombay had refused to honour your cheques."

"Quite true, so he did. Half our fellows, I know, will leave off banking with the old screw when they hear the rights of the affair," replied Lionel, growing voluble on the subject, and showing the animus of his feelings.

"I have been uncommonly fortunate, Lionel, and have realised nearly a fortune in prize-money and unexpended pay. Now, only give me a rough idea of what is necessary to meet all claims and supply you with funds till the advent of next quarter day, and it shall be paid to your credit before eleven o'clock in the morning."

"That's just like you, Edgar," replied Lionel, although far from pleased by such an offer, for he could not bear to be beholden for pecuniary assistance to one whose father was socially almost a vassal to his own aristocratic family. He continued, therefore, somewhat discourteously, "Ah! my dear fellow, if I could bring my mind to accept your generous offer I should beggar you completely. I believe those confounded cheques nearly ran into a thousand, without counting—"

"Say no more, Lionel, pray. Will five thousand be sufficient? Only say so, and let us conclude that part of the business. You look as if you doubted my willingness; that is not generous of you, Lionel. Will twice that amount suffice—or more? Only say within a margin what your

emergency requires, and as soon as the banks open securities shall be lodged for any sum you need," Edgar replied promptly.

The look that he had observed in Lionel's face, however, was not one of doubt, but of absolute amazement and envy. He had meant to humiliate his old friend by naming a sum far beyond his supposed means, and, instead of that, he felt the blush of shame on his own cheeks, as the other proved himself the far richer man.

"You have astonished me, Edgar," he at length replied. "And you have amassed all this in the service, and I have never had the chance to make a guinea by loot—not that I want the money. But how much have you made?"

"Prize-money and loot, Lionel, are not the same thing, as you must know." And Lionel did know it, but he was malicious at the moment, and could not forego the pleasure of showing his envy.

"As for the amount," continued Edgar, "how much above £20,000 I really do not know. But this is only a digression, Lionel. Draw the whole if you require it."

"No, no, no. A thousand will be ample, abundant for every requirement."

"If you are satisfied with the sum I must of course be so too. By the morning you may be certain my promise has been kept. Now, what is the next thing, of more value than money?"

"Can you not guess, my best and truest of friends?" replied Lionel evasively, and watching his companion's face attentively.

"No, indeed, Lionel. I never was clever at that pastime in the games of childhood, and in the stern realities of life I would not if I could attempt to solve the riddle."

"I shall be found guilty on every count, Edgar," he pleaded emphatically.

"You only apprehend that."

"I am certain of it."

"Even if it should be as your fears surmise, the sentence will be a lenient one."

"It will not be lenient, Edgar, I tell you; but crushing, overwhelming," he added, in querulous impatience.

"Your gallant services at Mida and Corunna, and especially in the retreat, will be certain to be advanced to modify and soften any seeming harshness in the sentence."

"Even if so, and I know it will not, there still remains the branding fact of the sentence itself—the disgrace, the infamy. O Heaven! that I should live to see the day of a Clinton's disgrace, with no means of evading the degradation, without a friend to succour or aid me!" And he strode up and down the room in a paroxysm of remorse and anger. "Lost! utterly and unconditionally ruined!" he burst forth again, in a still more vehement tone. "If they agree to the finding in the morning it will be confirmed in half an hour, and I shall be had out in the great square, and before my own regiment and every corps in the cantonment shall be publicly disgraced. Oh! that some noble-minded friend would kill me!" and, dropping on his bed, he hid his face in his hands in the very abandonment of despair.

"All this time, Lionel, you have not told me in what I can assist you. You have some service you wish me to execute, I am sure. What is it? You cannot suppose I would shrink from

any task you might assign me. Speak manfully, then. What is it?"

"You do not understand what I want? And yet you only can aid me," answered the other, looking up quickly.

"Do you, then, think so meanly of me as to believe it possible I could know your thoughts and pretend ignorance of them?"

"Do you not see there is only one way of avoiding this disgrace, and that is by flight?"

"How could flight benefit you?" asked Edgar, astonished at Lionel's words. "It would, it is true, save you from exposure on parade, but the disgrace would rather be increased than diminished by such a proceeding. Then, how could you escape?"

"That you must teach me."

"Good Heaven!" cried Edgar, as he sprang to his feet, "do you forget that you are committed to my safe custody?"

"Forget it? Is it not the very hope that has buoyed me up ever since you entered this room?"

"How? In what way? In what respect could that fact afford hope or promise to you?" Edgar asked, in unmistakable surprise.

"By your leaving the door open, removing the sentries for a few minutes, or by a dozen easy and natural schemes that to a real friend would have been easy and convenient."

"Great Heaven! And is it you, a gentleman, holding the rank of a field officer, the heir to the house of Clinton, the brother of Ethel, and the man I called my friend—is it you who counsel me to commit a breach of discipline, or believe it possible for me to neglect my duty in so gross and infamous a manner?" And, overcome by a flood of painful impressions, he sank back in his former seat and gazed with mournful sadness on what he regarded as the ruin of his once bright and honourable friend.

"Certainly," replied Lionel, with bitter sarcasm, "if I had known that a man who had risen from the ranks to be an officer had acquired such lofty sentiments with his promotion I should have been careful how I asked *Captain* Havering to do the act of a friend, or exposed myself to the humiliation of being lectured on the code of honour by one whose only knowledge of that principle was gained from the *Minerva Press*."

"You cannot vex me, Lionel, by such unworthy remarks. My only grief is, that you should have known me so little, or thought so badly of the little you did know, as to have imagined me capable of violating the trust reposed in me," replied Edgar sadly.

"Have you, in your moral reticence and cold philosophy, thought for one moment what is implied by my being marched into the quadrangle before the regiments on parade and the general and staff?" he inquired, with an almost sardonic laugh.

"You have, by your own confession, committed an offence against the rules of the service, and I presume must, like every one found guilty, hear the sentence of the court that tried you publicly read."

"I could almost curse you, Edgar, for your cold and selfish apathy," exclaimed Lionel, almost furious at his friend's seeming indifference to his mental suffering. "Listen, man, and I will tell you. The provost-marshal will read the finding; when that document is finished the provost will break my sword above my head; the

drummers will then cut off my epaulettes, which will be trodden, as degraded badges of office, under the feet of the soldiery; and, to end this serio-comic tragedy, to some infamous tune of fife and drum I shall, like the veriest vagabond on earth, be marched out of the company of honourable and deserving men."

"You have drawn a frightful picture," murmured Edgar, with a shudder.

"But a true one, and one that to-morrow morning will see enacted on me. The man you once professed friendship for, the heir of an honourable house, and the brother of the woman that friend proposes to make his wife—"

"O Heaven! how is he to be saved?" moaned Edgar, in the fulness of his sympathy.

"How?" ejaculated Lionel, with sudden vivacity. "Nothing on earth more easy, my friend. Call in your sentries to the guard-room, on the plea of giving them more stringent instructions, leave the door unfastened for only three minutes, and you not only save me from a fate worse than death, but set the part of a staunch and noble friend."

"Infamous proposition! alike disgraceful to him who makes it and to the man who patiently listens to its details. If my life could serve you, God is my witness," cried Edgar emphatically, as he rose from his chair, "I would freely give it to purchase your liberty—not for your sake, but for Ethel's; but rather than sacrifice my honour, or violate a tittle of my duty, I would myself drag you to the parade, and with my own hands tear from your degraded shoulders the epaulettes you have disgraced. Farewell. Henceforth we are strangers." And, turning sorrowfully round, he prepared to quit the apartment.

"Stay a moment, for mercy's sake, Edgar, stay! If you had the fearful fate that awaits me hanging over your head you might, like me, plead for any indulgence that promised a hope of escape. If you will not aid me yourself, will you so far relax your Spartan virtue as to allow me to receive and send a letter? My own men have devised a scheme to liberate me, that only wants my concurrence in the plot to be carried into effect—a plan that can in no way cast suspicion or censure on you; nay, will rather tend to enhance your reputation for vigilance. Only permit me to send this letter to our doctor—nothing can be more natural—I am ill."

"Not so sick as the unfortunate man whom I must execute to-morrow morning," replied Edgar sorrowfully.

"Oh! he's only to be shot. Besides, that fellow left his post in front of the enemy, and deserves his fate. He had no excuse."

"Yes, he had. What he did was at the cry of his own brother in distress. That was his palliation."

"I understand the meaning of your taunt. No matter. Once for all, will you let me send this letter?" holding one up in his hand.

"No, no, a thousand times no! Neither directly nor indirectly will I be a party to a breach of duty. I must serve you some other way."

"Thank you; but the most important service that Captain Havering can confer on me is to retire as quickly as he pleases," rejoined Lionel bitterly. "His longer presence here is an insult. Besides, he may gain another step in his promo-

tion by divulging what the prisoner has just admitted, and, that your charge may not want authenticity, I'll make you a present of the letter, with all the details of my intended rescue. There, you can say you forced it from me." And, with an insolent sneer, he flung the letter at Edgar, which, striking his arm, fell fluttering to his feet.

The blood rushed like a crimson mantle over the face and brow of Edgar Havering, as his fingers, with an involuntary spasm, clutched the scabbard by his side.

"It has escaped the attention of the punctilious and valiant Captain Havering that his warlike menace is made on an unarmed prisoner," observed Lionel, with a smile of cutting irony.

"The action, I can assure Colonel Clinton, was an unintentional and an unmeaning one, for which I humbly beg his pardon." And, removing his shako, Edgar bowed low and humbly, and with a sad and heavy heart turned and slowly quitted the prisoner's room.

CHAPTER XII.—A MILITARY EXECUTION.

HAVING given the sergeant in command special instructions, ordered the partition pattie to be removed so as to place the prisoner always within the range of the sentry's eye from the wicket in the door, seen that the sentries were moving in the manner he had directed, and ordered the guard to be changed every hour, Edgar hastened, late as it was, to his colonel's quarters. After apprising him of all Lionel's history necessary to the case, without committing a breach of confidence or referring to his own interest in the family affairs, beyond the fact of an early and sincere friendship for his schoolfellow and companion, he concluded by beseeching Colonel Sawbridge, if he considered he owed any obligation to him for any service rendered in action, to pay that debt for ever by using his influence with the general to save, or mitigate in some way the personal disgrace that would probably fall on his poor friend.

With the colonel's promise to do all in his power in behalf of Colonel Clinton, Edgar returned, weary and dispirited, to his solitary rooms in the bungalow, to obtain a few hours' rest before the performance of one of the most painful tasks in the routine of an officer's official duties—the carrying out of a capital sentence.

A soldier, while the army was in the Deccan, had one night deserted his picket, under the belief that he heard his brother's voice (a private in the same regiment) calling for help near the next post. It was a mistake; but the enemy, lying on the watch, took advantage of the opening to pass the first line. Fortunately, they were discovered by the second series of sentinels, and, the alarm being given, the Nizam's bold attempt to take the camp and raise the siege of his city proved a signal end, to both sides, a bloody failure.

The offender was soon found, and, as the following day ended the campaign, he was brought to the cantonment for trial and judgment.

The picket on the night in question having been under Edgar's command, though not all supplied by his own regiment, he had been not only an important witness, but was deputed to see the sentence of the court-martial properly carried out.

Oppressed with grief at the evidence he had just received of his best friend's want of moral rectitude, and his cowardly wish to compromise his honour by a dastardly flight, and also at the coming fate of a good and honest soldier, Edgar's slumbers were far from light or pleasant; and when the morning bugle pealed through the square he started up in his bed with the Dead March ringing through his confused brain, and Lionel before his eyes kneeling for the fatal volley.

"Not yet! not yet! It cannot have come to that. It is too soon—too sudden!" he exclaimed in a half-bewildered tone.

"No, your honour, it isn't too soon. The bugle has just pealed out first stables," replied Sergeant Brown, standing in front of the mosquito curtains, and formally saluting his half-roused officer. "Besides, there is a punishment parade this morning, which I thought your honour had forgot."

"Ah! true. I thought there was something on my mind. Thank you, Brown. I will be up in a moment," replied Edgar, throwing aside the muslin partition that shut in his bed and excluded all insect life.

Half an hour later Edgar, in full uniform, issued from his bungalow, and was met on the verandah by Brown, who, after the customary salute, informed him that the prisoner had sent a message, humbly begging the captain to see him for a few minutes before the parade bugle sounded.

Signifying his willingness to gratify the prisoner's wish, Edgar followed the sergeant to a cell in the rear of the guard-house, and the next minute stood in front of a man of about thirty years of age, who sat on a low stool, supporting his head in his hands.

As the flood of light burst into the gloomy cell from the opening door he instantly rose, and, standing erect as a ramrod, put his hand to his forehead, and then remained as immovable as a statue till after Edgar had addressed him.

"Well, Nixon, my good fellow, what can I possibly do for you?" said Edgar kindly.

"Oh! captain, God bless you for all your kindness, and for your condescension in visiting a disgraced man like me."

"Unfortunately, but not disgraced, Nixon," replied Edgar earnestly.

"The Lord for ever bless you for that word, captain," he exclaimed suddenly. "You, then, believe my story, sir? Now I can die contented." And the man's whole manner altered in a moment, and a look almost of cheerfulness pervaded his lately haggard features.

"I believed you, Nixon, when you were first brought to me. I had noticed your behaviour in action, and felt certain that, however you were deceived, you had erred from natural feeling."

"Captain Havering, you have done me more good than the chaplain. It was you, sir, I wanted to please, and I couldn't bear to die thinking that you believed I had wilfully deserted my post. I heard a voice cry out in pain for help, and so like my brother Ned's that I had no doubt on the matter. 'Help! help!' it cried. 'Quick! quick! for the love of God!' the voice getting weaker and weaker. I thought at first it was close at hand, but the farther I went the more

distant seemed the cry; then came the alarm, and your honour knows the rest."

"Tell me, is there any service I can do for you, Nixon?—anything that—"

"Yes, captain. If you would not think it too much trouble you could do me a great service, if you would see that Kate (that's my wife, captain) has my back pay. She's at Madras now; Sergeant Brown has got her address. Then, captain, there's my share of the prize-money for that hill fort affair. I had the honour to be with you, captain, on that glorious occasion, and they tell me my offence would not affect my back pay and prize-money. If she gets it all it will take her and my two" (here his voice became low and husky, and he had to clear his throat with a cough before he could make himself heard)—"it will take Kate and the two children back to old England comfortable, and perhaps set them up in a little way of business."

"Make your mind easy on all these points. I promise you I will see to it myself, and will write to her and arrange everything for their comfort. Be satisfied on that point."

"I am, captain, I am. You have almost made me happy. It would have been a pleasure to know that all the gentlemen of ours had thought of me as you do; but I am content with your good opinion. Hark, captain; there's the bugle for the muster. I have only ten minutes for a few decent reflections, so that I may not come out like a dog." As he spoke a long mournful note on the bugle sounded with a clear and dread solemnity through the air.

"Farewell, Nixon, and, if it will comfort you at this awful moment to know it, I promise to take care of your wife and children."

"I can't speak my gratitude. God bless you! Only one word more, Captain Havering," as he took the hand so freely offered him. "Up to this unfortunate affair do you think I have done my duty?"

"Always, Nixon, always, bravely and faithfully."

"I shall die happy now, sir. In five minutes I shall be ready. Good bye, captain." And, dropping the hand he had grasped till the last, he tore off his stock, and, kneeling down by the stool, placed his arms and head on it, as Edgar, deeply moved by the scene, stepped into the scorching sunlight.

In a few minutes the low *rappel* of the muffled drum was heard issuing from one of the passages under the verandah, and, while the man beating it slowly traversed the quadrangle, a company of the 5th mustered in the centre, with Edgar, a lieutenant, and the usual number of non-commissioned officers. Telling off a sergeant's guard, Edgar despatched them to the rear of a large end building, the guard-house and armoury, for the prisoner, who almost immediately afterwards made his appearance, escorted by Brown and his men.

Taking his place in the centre of the column, Captain Havering gave the word, and, with drawn sword, at the head of his company, led the way to a large uncultivated piece of ground, where several regiments, drawn up in three sides of a square, awaited the arrival of the prisoner and his guard.

As Edgar led his detachment round the extreme files that formed the end of one of those walls of

living men, to reach the inside of the square, he noticed the open grave, and the mattock and spade thrown on the heaped-up earth, in readiness for the last act of the sad ceremony. On the opposite side of the pit, about two yards from the brink, and facing the hollow square, was placed the coffin, its rude unplanned planks still glistening with the wet paint with which they had so lately been coloured black.

Preceded by the muffled drum, still beating the low mournful *rappel*, Edgar, according to invariable custom, led his company slowly round the quadrangle, that every soldier of the assembled troops might gaze on the man about to die, and bear in his heart a lively remembrance of the punishment that always follows a neglect of military discipline or a dereliction of duty.

When the circuit had been made Havering halted his men in the middle of the quadrangle, and, wheeling them round with their faces to the grave, advanced with the firing party, the prisoner in the centre, to the coffin. Two of the men now led Nixon round to the other side of his shell, while the remainder of the party took their stand at the prescribed number of paces, and, in two lines of five abreast, stood in readiness for the final word.

"Captain Havering, is it necessary that my eyes should be bound?" the prisoner inquired, addressing Edgar, who stood before him, as one of the soldiers offered to tie a handkerchief round his head. "If it is the custom, or my duty, to submit, I will do so. Only I should like to look on my comrades to the last."

"It is quite immaterial, Nixon; only that seeing your eyes fixed on them might make the soldiers less steady in aim," replied Edgar.

"Then I will shut my eyes, captain, if you will let them remain unbound."

"Certainly."

The two men now retired, one to each extremity of either line, while Nixon, calmly bending one knee on the lid of his coffin, remained motionless, with his hands at his sides. Edgar turned at the same moment, and, taking his place by the double file, gave the three short and ominous words—

"Ready!—Present!—Fire!"

Like clockwork each motion of the ten was executed together, and almost before the word of command was articulated.

For a second the prisoner remained as if every shot had fled harmlessly by. Then, as with a spasm, eyes and mouth sprang open, the arms rose, the fingers parted, and the next moment the body of Nixon fell forward dead across his coffin.

A group of surgeons instantly congregated round the body, and, the whole having officially declared life to be extinct, the firing party stacked their arms, placed their yet warm comrade in his rude shell, and lowered it into the ready grave. A party of coolies were then summoned from their hiding-place, and in a very few minutes the deep pit was filled up and levelled, when, the bands of the different regiments playing lively airs, the troops moved back to their quarters.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



["THIS IS TOO WARM WORK, HARDY, TO LAST LONG."]

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

PERHAPS the greatest, most glorious, and most necessary battle ever fought at sea was the battle of Trafalgar. Let us, however, reflect before we admire, for ten words about its necessity will justify ten thousand about its greatness and its glory. The year 1806 was closing gloomily. We had lost thousands of soldiers, and spent hundreds of millions, in combating the tyrant of Europe—and that tyrant was victorious. At Austerlitz, by one tremendous blow, Napoleon had shivered in pieces the martial strength of Germany and Russia. His fleets, long kept from

mischievous by our blockading squadrons, had eluded the vigilance of our cruisers, and sailed from Rochefort and from Toulon to join the Spanish fleet. It only remained for Napoleon, the Master of the Continent, to meet in deadly duel and to vanquish Britannia, the Mistress of the Ocean.

To comprehend the full importance of Trafalgar, let us briefly sketch the naval campaign of 1806.

As early as the month of January, after having remained in port two years, a French squadron, consisting of six sail of the line and two frigates, quitted the port of Rochefort and ventured

out to sea, with the view to unite itself with the more formidable force at Brest. On the 15th the Toulon fleet, consisting of eleven sail of the line and two frigates, with 9000 troops on board, following the example of the Rochefort fleet, pushed out to sea without being perceived by the blockading squadron under Lord Nelson. When it was known that two such formidable fleets were at sea, and that, with a view to some grand combined exertion, they were speedily to be joined by detachments from Brest, the alarm and consternation in this country became general, and Sicily, Malta, Egypt, the West Indies, the Brazils, the East Indies, and even Ireland, were all in rapid succession assigned as the places of their destination.

After a short cruise, the Toulon fleet was obliged again to put into port through stress of weather. But in the West Indies an attack was made on the island of Dominica by a French force, consisting of one three-decker, four seventy-fours, and some frigates. On the 22nd of February a landing was attempted between the town of Roseau and the post of Cachecrow by the enemy's force, consisting of 4000 men, under General Le Grange, embarked in nineteen large barges, attended and protected by an armed schooner full of men, and seven other boats carrying carronades. Brigadier-General Prevost, the governor, with a small force under his command, resisted the landing of the enemy inch by inch. The town of Roseau, after withstanding a vigorous cannonade from the enemy's ships, accidentally took fire, and was obliged to capitulate. But the British general, by a forced march, made good his retreat to St. Rupert's. In this situation he was in vain summoned to surrender, and the French commander-in-chief, finding the conquest so much more difficult than he had anticipated, abandoned the island, but not till he had levied a heavy contribution on the inhabitants of Roseau. The Rochefort fleet then visited the islands of St. Nevis and St. Kitt's, both of which were laid under contributions. The arrival of Admiral Cochrane in the West Indies soon determined the conduct of this marauding squadron, which precipitately sailed for France, where it arrived in safety, after having narrowly escaped the different English fleets then at sea, and some detachments of which had been expressly cruising for its detection.

The alarm created in the public mind respecting the proceedings of the Rochefort squadron in the West Indies had scarcely subsided, when that feeling was again awakened in a still more powerful degree by the arrival of certain information that Admiral Villeneuve had again put to sea with the Toulon fleet. On the 30th of March this officer sailed to Carthagena, with the intention of strengthening himself by the Spanish ships of the line in that port, but, not finding them in a state of sufficient readiness, he continued his course unmolested to Cadiz. On the approach of Villeneuve Admiral Sir John Orde, charged with the blockade of that port, with five British ships of the line, thought it prudent to retire, and succeeded in joining the English fleet off Brest under Lord Gardener. Having been joined at that place by one French and six Spanish sail of the line, he directly steered to the West Indies, with an accumulated force of eighteen sail of the line, carrying, beside their full complement of sea-

men, and in a perfect state of equipment, 10,000 veteran troops.

While the country was exposed to the most alarming apprehensions the welcome account arrived that Lord Nelson had left the Mediterranean, and was in pursuit of the enemy to the West Indies. The knowledge of this event had the most tranquillising influence on the drooping spirits of the people, for the idea of victory and Nelson were inseparably connected in every British mind. Lord Nelson, it is true, had with him only ten ships of the line to oppose the force of the hostile squadrons, but his name was a tower of strength, on which the community placed the firmest reliance. The expedition of Lord Nelson had been such that on the 15th of May he was twenty leagues to the eastward of Madeira, and on the 4th of June he came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, off Barbadoes. Here his lordship learnt that the combined fleet under Admiral Villeneuve had arrived at Martinique on the 14th of May, but that the Diamond Rock was the only conquest hitherto achieved by this powerful armament. Notice was soon after received that the combined fleets, after remaining some time at Martinique, appalled at the name of their pursuer, had actually set sail for Europe, and that Lord Nelson, with his characteristic energy, was in pursuit of them.

Sanguine hopes were now entertained that the enemy would be intercepted by Sir Robert Calder or Admiral Collingwood before he could reach any friendly port. On the 22nd of July the hostile fleet, consisting of twenty sail of the line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs, fell in with Sir Robert Calder's squadron, amounting to no more than fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, six leagues west of Cape Finisterre. Sir Robert, notwithstanding the inferiority of his force, immediately attacked the enemy, and, after an engagement of four hours, in which he displayed the greatest gallantry and skill, succeeded in taking two ships of the line—the *St. Raphael*, of eighty-four guns, and the *El Firme*, of seventy-four. He then judged it expedient to put a stop to the action, in order that his squadron might cover his captures. During the whole day the enemy had the advantage of wind and weather. The night was spent by both fleets in the necessary repairs, and the following morning the enemy seemed disposed to renew the action, but he never approached nearer the British lines than four leagues. At night the fleets were about six leagues asunder; and when the day broke on the 24th the enemy were seen steering away to the south-east, which course he kept till he disappeared at about six o'clock in the evening. In England the conduct of Sir Robert Calder became the subject of the most unreserved disapprobation, and the court-martial which sat in judgment upon him sentenced him to be severely reprimanded "for not having done his utmost to take and to destroy every ship of the enemy which it was his duty to engage."

The designs of the enemy had now become sufficiently manifest, and the combined fleets collected at Cadiz under the command of Admiral Villeneuve were known to be in the most active state of readiness. Scarcely had Lord Nelson arrived in London, after his long and persevering cruise, when he was offered the com-

mand of an armament, to be prepared immediately, of sufficient force to cope with the united naval force of France and her allies.

Nelson immediately equipped for sea. At Portsmouth, where he embarked, a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. Numbers pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he returned their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon their darling hero.

Lord Nelson quitted England on the 16th of September, in his flagship, the *Victory*, accompanied by the *Ajax* and *Defiance*, of seventy-four guns each, the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four, and a frigate, and on the 29th arrived off Cadiz. Here he was enthusiastically received by officers and crews, and the first object of his wishes appears to have been to induce the enemy to quit the port and to come out to sea. In consequence of this design, he never kept more than seven or eight sail of the line before Cadiz, remaining himself with the rest of his forces near Cape St. Mary, while a line of frigates was formed to communicate with the several divisions of the armament. The admirals of the blockaded squadron had been ordered to put to sea, in case their opponents should be weakened by detachments, or compelled by the weather to quit the station. It was supposed to be their intention to collect in their cruise the squadron at Carthage, and to make for Toulon, where their number of ships would have been increased to between forty and fifty sail of the line, with which it was conjectured to be the enemy's intention to prevent the British and Russian troops in Malta and Corfu from co-operating with the allied forces in Italy and Germany.

About half-past nine in the morning of October 19 the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that," said the admiral, in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy.

They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they were twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak of the 21st the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, off Cape Trafalgar, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing on to the south.

Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates; and their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had 4000 troops on board, and the best riflemen who could be procured were dispersed through the ships.

The wind was now light from the west, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen.

Having seen that all was ready, Lord Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm—not in that exhalation which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done, and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if

he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"

Nelson wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them."

It was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him, but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail, and so far was Nelson from shortening sail that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west.

Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Right or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line therefore was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson,

pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Ana*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side—"see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory* till they saw that a shot had passed through her maintop-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and, being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had by this time been killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy: it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire*, so that these four ships formed as

compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there were no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful, "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feel-

ings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh! no," he replied. "It is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened back upon deck. Some fifty minutes after he returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least.

"That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor!" His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson, and, being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned on his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by

the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizentop of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left on the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and he fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he! that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize they went into the mizentop and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire, in her forechains and in her fore-castle. Once the French succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoubtable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion. The men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterised; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam and offered to swim under her bows and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

The *Santisima Trinidad* suffered extremely. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*, whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of her crew leaped overboard and swam to the *Victory*, and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they each had lost about 400 men; the *St. Juan Nepomuceno* lost 350. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower deck ports and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but imme-

diately the spirit subdued the pains of death and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action, and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships; and they were seen to back their topsails for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this cruelty may well be conceived.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1587. Twenty of the enemy struck. Unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined. A gale came on from the south-west, some of the prizes went down, some went on shore, one effected its escape into Cadiz, others were destroyed, four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The Spanish Vice-Admiral Alva died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England and permitted to return to France. The French government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £5000 a year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson (so the gunner of the *Victory* called them); and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave the sailors who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity. An object of our admiration and affection, and of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us, and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they

could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour, whom every tongue would have blessed, whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given the schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died.

The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated indeed with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

THE BATTLE OF ORTHES.

THE intrenchments into which Soult, on the failure of his attempts upon the allied positions, had withdrawn his troops covered the approach to Bayonne on the side opposite the Anglet, retaining, however, the village and the range of heights from the Biarritz to the Nive. This strong camp rested its left flank on the river below the Chateau de Marac and its walled gardens—the whole position forming the segment of a circle, of which the cathedral of Bayonne might have been considered a centre, the extension being from the Nive to the Adour.

Although the second division of the British army and a Spanish corps under Murillo were alone in hand, Lord Wellington determined to force the position. The Spaniards were desired to march rapidly on St. Palais, while, with Stewart's division, the heights should be carried. The attack was gallantly made; the enemy offered a brave resistance, but the position was stormed in fine style and held against every effort the French could make for its recovery. The contest continued until darkness had shrouded distant objects, while the battalions still fought with such furious obstinacy that volleys were interchanged within pistol-range, and the bayonet frequently resorted to. Finding it impossible to force these enduring troops from the ground they seemed determined upon keeping, Harispe, the French general, before Murillo could seize the bridge, succeeded in retiring his beaten corps.

Soult also instantly destroyed the communications and rendered the bridge over the Adour impassable. The centre of the allies being now in force on the Bidouse, the French marshal retired from Bayonne, leaving a powerful garrison for the protection of that important city.

All necessary preparations for the passage of the Adour had been completed, and from the co-operation of the British navy much assistance was expected. That hope was fully realised, and the noble exertions of the English sailors on the eastern coast of Spain were crowned by the intrepidity with which the bar of the Adour was crossed. Undaunted by the failure of the leading vessels, which perished in the surf—with death before

their eyes, and their comrades swamping in the waters—on came the succeeding vessels. At last the true channel was discovered. Vessel succeeded vessel, and before night a perfect bridge was established over the Adour, able, from its solidity, to resist a river current, and protected from any attempt of the enemy by a line of booms and spars, which stretched across the river as a security against fire-ships or any other means which the French might employ for its destruction.

Before the flotilla had entered the Adour, or the pontoons had arrived from Bedart, the guards attempted the passage of the river by means of small boats and a temporary raft formed of a few pontoons and worked as a flying bridge, by means of a hawser extended from the opposite bank. As the strength of the tide interrupted this precarious mode of passage, the position was dangerous in the extreme. Colonel Stopford, however, made the best dispositions in his power for defence, and formed with one flank upon the river, and the other took up a position on a morass, while the heavy guns that had been placed in battery on the other shore swept the ground in front of the position with their fire. As had been truly apprehended, an attack was made. When only a few companies of the British had crossed the French advanced, fifteen hundred strong. Our men received them steadily, and discharged a shower of rockets (at this time a novel missile), which completely arrested the enemy's advance, and they hastily retired from the attack, while at the turning of the tide reinforcements were ferried over and the position secured until the following evening, when the whole of the first division succeeded in effecting a passage.

Lord Wellington decided on an immediate attack. The French were strongly posted, and occupied the town of Orthes. On the 27th of February, 1814, Wellington commenced his operations. Sir Rowland Hill crossed the river in front of the French left and turned their flank, the enemy holding their ground with great obstinacy, while the allied attack was as remarkable for its impetuosity. A final and protracted struggle ensued; but the French, unable to sustain the combined assault of the allies, commenced retreating by divisions, and contesting every inch of ground as they abandoned it.

The defeat of the enemy in this affair was decisive. The French lost in killed and wounded was immense. Six guns and a number of prisoners were taken; the troops threw away their arms, many deserted altogether, and few defeats were marked by more injurious results to the vanquished than those attendant upon that of Orthes.

The allied loss amounted to 277 killed and 1923 wounded.

One circumstance occurred during this obstinate contest that displayed the readiness of Lord Wellington's decisions and the rapidity with which he adopted measures to meet any incidental emergency.

A Portuguese battalion in advancing had been so roughly received that it broke and fell back upon a brigade of the light division, who succeeded in covering its retreat. The nature of the ground on which the right of the enemy was posted, from its narrow front, confined the attack to a line of but two battalions, while a heavy battery of guns

and a converging fire of musketry swept its approach and rendered the boldest efforts of the assailants unavailing in carrying the height. Wellington perceived the difficulty, and instantly changed his method of attack. Walker, with the seventh division, and Bernard, with a light brigade, were pushed up the left of the height to attack the right of the French at its point of junction with the centre; while Picton and Clinton were directed to advance at once, and not, as they had been originally ordered, await the result of Beresford's attempt upon the hill. The whole face of the battle was thus suddenly changed; the heights were speedily won, and the enemy, after a fierce resistance, driven fairly from their ground, and forced from a most formidable position.

That night the French retired, and, owing to heavy rains, it was not until the 2nd of March that General Hill overtook them in front of Aire.

Although posted on formidable ground, Sir Rowland instantly and successfully brought them to action. The second division, with Da Costa's Portuguese, advanced to the attack, but, though these latter behaved gallantly and won the ridge, they were attacked furiously and forced back from the height. At this critical moment Sir Rowland brought up Byng's brigade, charged the enemy, and beat them from the field. The town and position were abandoned, the Adour hastily crossed, and a number of prisoners made.

Soult pursued the line of the right bank of the Adour, and concentrated at Plaisance and Man-bourget to await Wellington's attack, but, finding the road to Bordeaux uncovered, the allied general marched his left wing directly on that city. On Beresford's approach the enemy evacuated the place, crossing over to the right bank of the Garonne, and the authorities and inhabitants generally assumed the white cockade and declared themselves in favour of the Bourbons.

ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE YOUNG PERTENDER.

(Continued from page 214.)

AFTER a residence of two days and a half in the island of Rassay, informing his friends that he did not think it advisable ever to remain long in one place, and that he had hopes of finding a French ship at Skye, he desired to be conveyed back to that island. The whole party accordingly set sail on the evening of the 3rd of July, in the same open boat which had brought them over to Rassay. After a rough voyage, they landed at midnight at a place called Great Rock, and, there being no convenient landing-place, they had to jump into the surf and wade to land. After wandering some distance, the only lodging the party could find was a lonely cowhouse. Here, without either fire to dry them or food wherewith to satisfy their hunger, they passed a most wretched night.

On the following morning Charles set out alone for the mansion of MacKinnon, a Jacobite proprietor in the isle of Skye. Charles now arranged that he should play the part of servant, and Malcolm that of master; and they

accordingly changed clothes, and the prince took the bag which contained his linen, strapped it over his shoulders, and trudged after Malcolm as a humble body-servant. In this way they performed a long day's journey, and in walking over the mountains they kept as much as possible out of sight of houses; but they occasionally met a few country people wandering about.

The only nourishment which the two pedestrians had during their long walk was derived from a small flask of brandy carried by Malcolm, with occasional draughts from wayside springs.

After a journey of about forty miles, they arrived in the evening at Ellagol, in the country of MacKinnon, where they happened to meet two of that clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. The men stared at the prince for a little, and then, recognising him, threw up their hands and wept.

After some precautionary measures Malcolm went to the house of MacKinnon, introducing Charles as one Lewis Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff. The two wayfarers were heartily welcomed by Mrs. MacKinnon with true Highland hospitality.

When a hearty meal had been disposed of the two travellers went to sleep, while Mrs. MacKinnon took her station on the top of a neighbouring hill, to watch the approach of the least danger. Charles slept only two hours, and his travelling companion on awaking was surprised to find the indefatigable prince dandling and singing to Mrs. MacKinnon's infant, with an appearance of as much cheerfulness and alacrity as if he had endured neither danger nor fatigue.

It was now determined that Charles should be conducted to the mainland by MacKinnon, while Malcolm should remain in Skye to interrupt or distract the pursuit which would probably be made after him. Charles then insisted upon Malcolm accepting his purse and the buckles from his shoes, and he then proposed that they should smoke a parting pipe from the "cutty," which he usually carried with him. This pipe he afterwards gave to Malcolm, and it was religiously preserved with the other relics pertaining to the unfortunate prince.

Charles, after having spent upwards of two months in the isles, was now returning to the mainland, where dangers as great awaited him. The country opposite Skye, upon which he intended to land, was that wild district where he had first reared the standard of his enterprise, and whose population was so entirely and so zealously devoted to him. In every respect it was well calculated to afford him shelter, except that it was in a great measure laid waste, and that the soldiery had subjected it to a peculiarly sharp system of surveillance. Hunted, however, as he had been out of the Hebrides, and relying upon the fidelity of the people, which he had previously experienced on so many occasions, he hesitated not to throw himself once more upon its protection. It eventually appeared that he could not have adopted a wiser course.

After a rough night voyage of thirty miles, Charles landed in safety at a place called Little Mallag. Here the whole party slept three nights in the open fields. The prince and his companions



then set out for the seat of Macdonald of Moren. On arriving there the house was found to be burnt, and its master reduced to the necessity of living in a hut hard by. In this rude habitation the loyal-hearted Highlander dispensed his hospitality as though he were in his own mansion. After a hearty repast and a refreshing sleep, Charles left the hut in the evening, walked during the whole of the night, and arrived at Borodale on the following morning.

By this time intelligence of the prince's arrival at Loch Nevish had reached the royal army, and a strong and well-appointed chain of posts had been drawn around him. This chain consisted of single sentinels planted within sight of each other. By day these men were perpetually on the lookout for travellers, none of whom were permitted to pass without examination; and by night, large fires being lighted at all the posts, they crossed continually from one to another, so as to leave no piece of ground within a space of twenty miles for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. This system has an appearance of such excessive vigilance that at first sight wonder is excited how the prince should have been able to baffle it. Yet it had one fault, which, by being taken

advantage of, favoured escape. The sentinels, it will be observed, crossed each other at the points exactly between the fires, each man going forward to his comrade's fire, and then returning to his own. Of course, after passing, *their backs were mutually turned towards each other, and the space between them was for a certain time left unobserved.*

At Borodale Charles dwelt several days in a cave, and again set out on his wanderings. Travelling all night with untiring diligence, the party arrived early in the morning at the top of a hill in the Braes of Locharkaig, whence they could perceive the enemy's camp about a mile distant. Cameron, the prince's guide, knew that this hill had been searched the day before, and, therefore, conjecturing that it would not be again searched that day, counselled that they should take up their abode there till the evening, and endeavour in the meantime to procure sleep. They reposed for two hours, after which the whole party, except the prince, got up to keep sentry. About nine in the evening they set out southwards, and at two o'clock on the following morning they arrived at Corinnangaul. Here Cameron hoped to procure some provisions, their own being

now limited to a little butter and oatmeal, but none could be obtained.

For two days the prince had now been skirting along the interior of the chain of sentries. In his dreary and stealthy night journeys he could distinctly see the fires which marked the posts of the enemy, and even hear the stated cries of the sentinels as they crossed backwards and forwards. These fires were placed at brief intervals, and every quarter of an hour a patrolling party passed along to see that the sentinels were upon the alert. It seemed scarcely possible for this forlorn little party to evade or break from a toil whose meshes were at once so strong and closely set. Yet the want of provisions, and the fear of being soon inextricably environed, rendered it unavoidably necessary that they should make the attempt, though it were only to anticipate their fate.

This desperate enterprise being fixed for the succeeding night, they crept on from hill to hill until they came to one from which they espied the fires of a camp, which seemed to be directly in their path. Here at last they determined to make the attempt.

Cameron at this juncture proposed to go forward and prove the possibility of escape before Charles should risk his own person. "If I get safe through," said he, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct you." So saying, the brave Highlander put the passage to the proof, and, to the great joy of the company, returning in safety, the whole set forward, headed by their guide. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the brilliancy of the fires was beginning to fade before the advancing light of day. Betwixt the two posts which they intended to cross was a small mountain stream, which, in the course of time, had worn a deep channel in the rocks. Up this deep and narrow defile, at the moment when the sentinels were returning to their fires, and had their backs turned towards the place, the party crept on all fours, with the stealthy caution and quiet of Indian savages. A few minutes sufficed to carry them to a place where they were completely screened from the observation of the enemy.

Having thus escaped from one of the greatest dangers that had yet environed him, Charles hastened forward to gain, if possible, some well-concealed spot where the party could halt and partake of refreshment; and, having found a place of this description, they made a hearty meal of cheese covered with oatmeal, and washed down with water from a neighbouring spring.

Next day it was resolved to repair northwards, and at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July they reached Glenshiel, where they passed the whole day on the face of the hill, and late at night set out again, and arrived on the following morning at Stratholuanie, where, choosing a secret place, they rested till three o'clock in the succeeding afternoon. They now directed their steps northward, and late at night reached the top of a high hill, where they lodged all night, Charles reposing in an open cave, so narrow as not to permit him to stretch himself. The rain had fallen heavily and incessantly during the day, and he was of course wet to the skin, but there was no possibility of a fire to dry him; and, without food and deprived of sleep, he sought consolation in smoking his pipe.

Charles next morning reached a retreat which had been pointed out to him upon the hill of Coranbian, after having been for forty-eight hours without food. Seven men occupied this place, being neither more nor less than robbers. They had no house nor hut to reside in, but sheltered themselves in a rocky cave on the side of the hill, whence they sallied occasionally to provide themselves with necessaries. Such men as these were common at that time in the Highlands, and for some years afterwards, being generally persons who had been proscribed for their concern in the insurrection, and who had, therefore, no other means of livelihood than by depredation. These men no sooner caught sight of Charles than they recognised him beneath his disguise and fell on their knees to do him homage. On being introduced to their cave he lost no time in satisfying his hunger, which had by this time become almost intolerable.

The condition of Charles at this moment was most deplorable. Upon his head he had a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. Around his neck was a dirty and faded handkerchief. His coat was of coarse dark-coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. He had tartan hose and Highland brogues, tied with thongs so much worn that they would scarcely keep to his feet. His shirt (and he had but one) was the colour of saffron. Charles's new friends were enabled to offer the choice of a new wardrobe from the spoils of various portmanteaus and trunks they had taken in the course of their depredations.

Charles remained in this cave for three days, when they thought proper to remove to another about two miles off. He remained altogether about three weeks in the company of these men.

On the 18th of August Charles and his party set out again. A few days afterwards, while sleeping upon the mountain side with his attendants, he was aroused at eight o'clock in the morning by a child, who exclaimed she saw a body of *red-coats*. Looking down into the vale, the prince accordingly saw a troop of soldiers demolishing a hut which he had recently occupied and searching the adjacent woods. This occurred in consequence of information which had been forwarded to Fort Augustus. The party, in great alarm, ascended the face of the mountain, along the deep channel of a torrent, which prevented them being seen. They then travelled to another hill prodigiously high, steep, and craggy, on the summit of which they remained all day without tasting food. In the evening they set forward in quest of food and shelter, toiling along among stumps of trees and rocks, which tore their clothes and limbs and impeded them at every step. At length they arrived at a cottage, the good woman of which treated Charles and his friends kindly and provided for their necessities.

The next day the prince crossed Locharkaig and was conducted to a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacary. Here he received a message that friends were in Badenoch, where a safe and comfortable asylum would be ready for him. Without staying to rest himself, he started off, and, walking all night, he arrived at the appointed place early on the following day. His friend Lochiel met him, and conducted him to a house, where he found a better larder than he had had any experience of since the battle of Culloden. The first thing he did was to call for a dram of

whiskey, which he drank to the health of all present. Some mince collops were then dressed for him, which he greedily devoured with a silver spoon, saying meanwhile, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince."

In a few days Charles and his companions removed to another habitation called "the Cage," situate in the wild recesses of the mountain of Benalder, and which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be desired. The house or hut was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down in order to level a floor for the habitation; and, as the place was steep, this raised one side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, by way of joists or planks, were bedded with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs up to the top of the Cage, it being of an oval shape, and the whole thatched or covered over with moss. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of "the Cage." By chance there happened to be two stones a short distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was only large enough to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idly looking on, one baking, and the other cooking.

Charles resided in this romantic retreat from the 2nd till the 13th of September, and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland. Two French vessels, despatched on purpose to bring him off early this month, anchored in Lochmannagh. On receiving this delightful intelligence Charles immediately left the cage, and, travelling only by night, reached Moidart on the 19th. As care had been taken to inform as many brethren in distress as were within reach of the opportunity of escape which now presented itself, a considerable company soon assembled on the shore opposite the vessels. Charles was destined, like the hare which returns after a hard chase to the original farm from which it set out, to leave Scotland, where he had undergone so long and so deadly a pursuit, precisely at the point where, fourteen months previously, he had first set foot upon its territory. Upwards of a hundred unfortunate gentlemen accompanied him on board, when, the anchor being immediately raised and the sails set, the last of the Stuarts was quickly borne away from the country of his fathers. Thus did Charles end a series of adventures such as few princes had ever encountered before him.

The remainder of this unfortunate prince's history may be briefly told. He reached the small port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the midst of the British fleet, then cruising on the coast of Bretagne. Immediately on stepping ashore he fell on his knees and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved him through so many dangers.

After residing some time in France he was formally ejected from that kingdom by the govern-

ment, and he spent the remainder of his life chiefly at Avignon, a city in Provence, but belonging to the Pope. He did not immediately resign all hope of a restoration to the throne of his ancestors, but, on the contrary, entered into at least one conspiracy, which was set on foot for that purpose by his English adherents in 1763. On that occasion he even ventured to visit London, in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The king knew of his arrival in the capital, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy did not, however, arrive at any head.

Charles in his later years was degraded by the vices of a disappointed and aimless man; but he was by no means the lost and besotted being which prejudiced historians have represented him; and indeed it would be idle to suppose that a man who had displayed constancy and courage in so eminent a degree, and who had also shown himself to be possessed of great general ability, should wholly ignore in after life the good qualities which marked his early but adverse career. Prince Charles Edward, or the "Young Pretender," as he is commonly called in history, died at Rome in 1786 without issue. His brother Henry, becoming a priest, and afterwards cardinal, was the last descendant of an unfortunate and unhappy race of kings.

A PROVIDENTIAL GUEST.

A widow at Dort, in Holland, who was very industrious, was left by her husband, an eminent carpenter, with a comfortable house, some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth about ten thousand guilders, which she employed in a hempen and sail-cloth manufactory for the purpose of increasing her fortune and instructing her children, a son and two daughters, in useful branches of business.

One night, about nine o'clock, in the year 1785, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broadsword, came to her house and requested lodging. "I let no lodgings, friend," said the widow; "and, besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character, and a passport from Count Maillebois, governor of Brees. The widow, believing the stranger to be an honest man, called her son and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with part of his bed. The young man consented: the soldier was accordingly hospitably entertained, and at a seasonable hour withdrew to rest.

Some hours afterwards a loud knocking was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who moved softly downstairs, and listened at the hall-door, when the blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge, or some heavy instrument. By this time the widow and her daughters were much alarmed, and ran frantic through different parts of the house, exclaiming, "Murder! murder!"

The son having joined the soldier with a case of loaded pistols, the latter, screwing on

his bayonet and fresh priming his piece, which was charged with slugs, requested the women to keep themselves in a back room out of the way of danger. Soon after the door was burst in, two ruffians entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two other associates of the dead men immediately returned the fire, but without effect, when the intrepid and veteran stranger, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushed on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. The son and the stranger then closed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till daylight, when the weavers and spinners of the manufactory came to resume their employment, and were struck with horror and surprise at seeing four men dead on the dunghill adjoining the house, where the soldier had dragged them before they closed the door.

The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross-road, and a stone erected over the grave with this inscription:—"Here lie the remains of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob and murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger who slept in the house, to which Divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial and the thanks of the public. John Adrian de Gries, a discharged soldier from the regiment of Diesbach, a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand, and upwards of seventy years old, was the David who slew two of these Goliaths, the rest being killed by the son of the family."

The widow presented the soldier with a hundred guineas, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A DETERMINED TRAITOR.

In one of the many plots which were formed against the life and government of Peter the Great there was among the number of those seized a soldier belonging to his own regiment of guards. Peter, being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had the curiosity to see him, and learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain clothes, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation Peter added, "I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he had a regard for you as a brave soldier, and a man who always did his duty in the

field. If you were, therefore, to show the least remorse for what you have done the emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf you must tell me by what motives you were induced to join the mutineers; and I say again that the emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the emperor," replied the soldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father by that of the person who took away his life. If, then, the emperor is really as good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty the first use I should make of it would be to engage in some new attempt against his life; nor should I ever rest till I had accomplished my design. The surest method, therefore, which he can take will be to order my head to be struck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The czar in vain used all the arguments he could think of to set before this desperate the folly and injustice of such sentiments: he still persisted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad success of his visit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the rest of his accomplices.

COWARDS IN ACTION.

In the year 1745 the *Lion*, of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, engaged with two French vessels, one a man-of-war of sixty-four guns, and the other a ship of sixteen guns. The *Lion* ran alongside the large ship, and fought her within pistol-shot for five hours, when, her rigging being cut to pieces and her masts shot away, so that she lay muzzled in the sea and could do nothing with her sails, the French ship escaped. Forty-five of the *Lion*'s men were killed and one hundred and seven wounded. Every person quartered at the guns was killed upon the spot, except two men and a boy. Captain Brett was wounded in the arm, in the foot, and was knocked down with splinters several times. His lieutenants were all wounded two hours before the close of the action, but still would not leave the deck, but continued to encourage the men to the last. It is singular that, with such examples of bravery, a coward could be found in the vessel; but this was the case. The captain of marines, though called upon several times during the action, could not be found. At last one of the midshipmen discovered him concealed under a large bag of hay, with one of his corporals by him. The charge which this recreant so basely deserted was taken by the Rev. Mr. Leach, the chaplain, who bravely put himself at the head of the corps, rallied them twice on the poop of the ship, and encouraged them to behave like Englishmen, until he was shot dead on the spot.

ROUGH AND READY.

THE Marquis of Granby, having returned from the army in Germany, travelled with all possible expedition from the English port at which he landed to London; and finding on his arrival that the king was at Windsor, he proceeded there in his travelling dress, when, desiring to be instantly introduced to his Majesty, there came to

him a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed, gay, and perfumed like a milliner, who, in the style of a waiting-gentlewoman, said he hoped the noble marquis did not mean to go into the presence in so improper a habit, adding, "'Pon my honour, my lord, you look more like a groom than a gentleman.'" "Perhaps I may," replied the marquis, "and I give you my word, if you do not introduce me to the king this instant, I will act like a groom, and curvy you in a way you won't like."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XIII.—VOLUNTEERING ON DESPERATE SERVICE.

THE boom of cannon, the shriek of bombs tearing through the air, the deafening explosion of bursting shell, the volleying musketry, the sharp report of gingalls and howitzers, the yell of infuriated Mussulmans, the ringing cheer of British troops, the bray of the trumpet calling to the charge, or the long wail of the bugle sounding the retire, blending with the clash of steel and the clang and boom of cymbal and gong, produced a discord that through day and night, for the best part of the week, had made the paradise around Ghuznee appear a perfect hell on earth.

Orchards and gardens, summer palaces, temples, kiosks, and mausoleums—all the evidences of the wealth and luxury of that part of eastern Persia lying without the walls of the capital, and so late the theme of poet and of painter—were now for leagues a black and withered waste; yet still, with unabated fury, the demons of war kept up their infernal revels.

"Forward, my lads, forward! The enemy is before you! Strike for your king and country! Ghuznee must be ours! Plunder and glory! Forward! Death or victory!" day and night shouted the British leaders, as they guided their willing bands to the slaughter.

"Allah il Allah! Down with the treacherous Fringee, the dog of a ghaour! Down with the accursed misbeliever! Up with the crescent! There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet! Allah il Allah! Upon them!" were the counter cries that from ten thousand throats rose up to heaven by day and night, as scimitar was dashed on sword and bayonet.

And, with the name of Allah on their lips, the Afghans rushed on the levelled bayonets, and died happy if, while writhing on the steel that impaled them, they could but strike one blow at the accursed dogs who slew them, murmuring with the last death-gurgle, "Allah il Allah!"

"Ah! is that you, Brown? I am glad to see you again. Just got to the front?" inquired Edgar, as, about two months later in the order of her history, he looked up from a hair mattress under a bell-tent, where he was lying, more for rest than sleep, during the brief relaxation from duty that the urgency of the siege permitted him once in twenty-four hours.

"Yes, major; I have just come to report myself. I have been to the adjutant and reported the fifteen rank and file I have brought with me. We had a tedious time of it, bringing up the stores: our line of elephants and camels, with led horses and mules, reached more than three miles."

"And how is the colonel? He of course has come with you?"

"Quite strong and hearty now, major; the fever didn't last long; but he's been in an awful state of impatience all the way, for fear you should take the city before he could get to the front. You should have seen his joy, major, when we heard last night from a courier who passed us that Ghuznee wasn't taken yet, and he'd have another slap at the treacherous Afghans. Ah! major, you want my Peggy here, to put you a little tidy. Excuse me for saying so, sir."

"Quite true, Brown. How is your good wife? She's with you, I suppose?" inquired Edgar, with interest, as he rose and took a chair.

"She's never out of the sound of the tattoo, I warrant you, sir; and ten minutes after the route's given she's ready for the road. She'll be round, if you please, major, as soon as you are on duty: our billet is close at hand."

"Well, the tent will look more comfortable after her clever hands have been in it. Now tell me, Brown (for the order for our instant march came before the finding was known), what was the result of the court-martial on Colonel Clinton?"

"Well, major, I only heard it rumoured, for it was kept quite dark, that the finding was, cashiering with disgrace. But it was said his own commanding officer, who had posted all the way from the hills by Dāk, and our colonel" (here Brown looked with an expressive meaning at the major) "interfered in his favour, and so it ended in his being ordered for the hot season to the hills, with a request that he would sell out and retire from the service before the end of the rainy season. All I know farther, major, is that a week before we left the cantonment he sold the furniture of his bungalow, and, with his khansaman, three kitmutgars, six coolies, and two syces (for I saw them and counted them), set out for one of the hill stations."

"Thank you, Brown. Thank God," he muttered, "it has ended so well. The open disgrace at least has been spared him."

"There is stirring news from the front, major, this morning," Brown continued, pretending not to have heard Edgar's almost involuntary ejaculation: "the city is to be stormed to-night, as there is no hope of making a practical breach in the walls, that seem to be built or hewn out of rock."

"Indeed? This is since I came off duty, Brown. What else have you heard?"

"That it is proposed to blow in the gates with powder, and then rush in through the splinters; only the commander-in-chief does not know what officer to select for so important and cool-headed a trust."

"Who told you that, Brown?" Edgar demanded abruptly.

"No one, major, but I heard our adjutant tell the senior major so while I was waiting for my order on the quarter-master."

"Unbuckle that portmanteau for me, Brown, like a good fellow," replied Edgar. "I've got a scratch in my left shoulder, and I can't use the

arm for any purpose requiring strength. There—the one in the corner.”

“You are wounded, major? And I never thought of such a thing,” the honest sergeant replied, stopping in his task, and glancing up at his officer with a look of reproachful pity.

“When was it, sir?”

“Oh! some days ago. It’s nothing.”

“I’ll send Mrs. Brown round to you directly, major, if you’ll let me. She’s a rare hand at wounds.”

“Nonsense, Brown, it’s nothing. See, I can use my arm” (and he moved it about freely). “I cannot pull or push with it, that’s all.”

“Now, major, the portmanteau’s open. What am I to look for?” inquired Brown, eyeing his officer askance.

“A bundle of letters, tied with red tape.”

“Here it is, major.”

“Thank you, Brown, thank you,” replied Edgar, pulling one of the letters from the heap. “Where is Colonel Sawbridge quartered?”

“His marquee is about a hundred yards in the rear, on the first clearing behind our tents. You can’t miss it, major.”

In five minutes Edgar was grasping the hand of his best friend, Colonel Sawbridge, hearing a confirmation of what the sergeant had told him, and returning his heartfelt thanks for the service just rendered on behalf of his friend.

Within an hour from that time Colonel Sawbridge had introduced his youthful major to the special notice of the commander-in-chief, as the most fit and efficient person to be entrusted with the command of the storming of the gates of Ghuznee. Any doubt the commander might have felt on the subject of selection, however, was quickly set at rest when Edgar presented the letter which General Stuart had written in his behalf, and given him after his first field at Mida.

“Your colonel speaks so strongly in your favour, your past services are such strong corroboration of your judgment and prudence, and my old friend Major-General Stuart writes in such glowing terms of your abilities, that, despite all claims to the contrary, I shall entrust you, Major Havering, with the storming of the city gates to-night.”

With a swelling heart and a firm elastic step, Edgar left his general and commanding officer in earnest conversation, and returned for a few minutes’ calm reflection to his own quarters, if the small, confused, and untidy marquee he had so lately left might be called by so imposing a name. His surprise, however, was great when the sentry drew aside the folds of the canvas entrance, and he discovered his camp bed, which he had left covered with arms, cloaks, saddles, and papers, neatly made; the articles hung to the tent poles or carefully placed where they could be easily found, and his papers smoothly arranged in their portmanteau; his table, which had been a perfect chaos of disorder, tastily laid out; and everything that could add to his convenience or comfort scrupulously attended to.

“That good woman, not two hours off a long and fatiguing march of nearly a thousand miles, with the double claim of a husband and three children on her hands, has yet found time to attend to my comfort before seeking the rest and necessary for herself. For all this com-

fort, and her perpetual attention to my wants, it would be an unkind and cruel act in me to expose her husband to almost certain wounds and death. No, though I would like to have given him the opportunity of getting a fourth stripe on his arm, with the extra pay and the pillage that, as one of the storming party, would have been sure to fall to his lot, I cannot think of rewarding the wife’s kindness by imperilling her husband’s life. No, I must select another sergeant.”

Sitting down at his table, Edgar began to meditate over the list of non-commissioned officers who were at his disposal for the night assault. He had barely seated himself, however, when Sergeant Brown, washed, brushed, and in his full marching regimentals, made his appearance before him.

“Why, sergeant, who has ordered you on duty to-day? Surely the adjutant might have let you have one night’s rest, to recover the fatigues of a march across the Sutlej. I’ll order you off, Brown, if you like,” observed Edgar.

“I came on full duty of my own free will, major, meaning to show on evening parade. If I had wanted another day’s rest our adjutant is too kind a gentleman to have refused me.”

“I see your good wife has been here already, and converted my limbo of confusion into a comfortable and tidy apartment. You must tell me, Brown, what I can do for her. Do the children want anything?”

“Oh! no, major, thank you. You are always thinking of them. Nothing, thank you, in that way.”

“Is there any other way, then, that I can do anything for her or you?”

“Well, your honour, if you wouldn’t be offended—you see women take strange fancies sometimes, and my Peggy has set her heart on naming one of the twins after you, major, if you wouldn’t be offended at her asking the liberty,” replied the sergeant, looking with an expression of diffidence at his officer.

“Offended? Twins? What do you mean?” inquired Edgar, completely mystified.

“Didn’t I tell your honour? That’s just like me. Well, sir, about six weeks ago Mrs. Brown was taken ill on the march, and was confined, in one of the women’s bullock-waggons, of a son and daughter.”

“Twins only six weeks ago? And yet she can find time to attend to my tent! This must not be in future, Brown, and you must see she does not do it. Any of the men’s unencumbered wives can do all I require, without taxing her time and strength.”

“Oh! sir, it’s no tax at all, and it would cut her to the heart to have anybody attend to you but herself. And then, you know, she’s uncommon strong and healthy, and the twins is no trouble at all.”

“That’s your opinion, Brown; I fancy your wife’s is different. But no matter, tell her she may call her boy by what name she pleases, without asking consent of me; but, whether she calls him Dick, Jack, or Edgar, I’ll be godfather to him; for that’s what she means, I suppose. And give her this, to buy him a suitable dress for the occasion—when the siege is over, Brown.”

“I beg your pardon, major,” cried the sergeant, opening the slip of paper Edgar had just taken from his waistcoat pocket, “but you have made

a mistake: you meant to give me five pounds, and this is a bank note for ten."

"No mistake at all. Didn't you say there were twins? And hasn't the girl quite as much right to a new robe as the boy? It's all right, Brown. I shall want nothing else to-night; you can leave me now," replied Edgar, as Brown seemed to hesitate.

"My wife must thank you, major, for your kindness, for I can't. But please, sir, I—I hope—that is, I trust I haven't done anything to disqualify me from being one of the storming party to-night: you spoke as if you'd made up your number."

"I certainly had not intended to include you among the four non-commissioned officers for this night's perilous duty; and, being just off a march, I thought you would like to devote the first hours of the general halt in attending to the comfort and arrangement of your own quarters."

"My wife always does that duty herself, major, and is much better at it than I am; and then, sir, she'd think I'd fallen into disgrace if I wasn't allowed to take my share in any danger to which my major was exposed. In fact, I've come out fully equipped for the night's duty."

"In that case I suppose I must humour your fighting propensities, Brown, and alter my plan," replied Edgar, smiling. "At all events, I shall not require you for the next two hours. The bugle will sound at dusk in the third parallel, where you will fall in with the hundred men who are to form the storming party. The two supporting columns will be formed in the covered way about the same time, but a little in the rear. Don't get attached to the wrong party, sergeant."

"No fear of that, your honour. I shall be in the parallel with the first note of the bugle."

"Brown, on second thoughts, I hardly feel justified in letting you join this affair to-night."

"Why so, major, may I ask?" inquired Brown, with a look of sudden chagrin.

"Because, if I take you, your danger will be double, as I must employ you both in the forlorn hope and in the subsequent storming; and all the men told off, and who have volunteered, are unmarred. Now, you have a good wife and five children. I am not justified in exposing you to unnecessary peril, for in all such cases, you know, a man is sure of doing one of two things—winning promotion, or losing his name off the muster-roll."

"It is very good of you, major, to offer me a reason for not joining the expedition; but the danger won't be greater to me than to yourself, sir, and my wife would never forgive me if anything should happen to you, and I not there to do something to help you. Besides, sir, I haven't done a stroke of duty for weeks, and I hope you won't order me to the rear, after waiting so long."

"I speak against my own interest in wishing you to stay behind, Brown; but come, in Heaven's name, if you wish it: I want such a cool steady man as you. But you must leave your knapsack: the four non-commissioned officers must be as lightly equipped as possible."

"Thank you, major; you've made me quite happy. Anything I can do for you before going?"

"Nothing, Brown. I wish to be alone till dusk."

Though the din of the siege, and the roaring

of artillery from city and trenches, made a distracting confusion, shaking both the air and the earth, Edgar calmly sat down to his rude bamboo table, and began a short epistle to his parents, to be forwarded to England should he fall in the extremely perilous undertaking to which he had bound himself for that night, none knowing better than he that, though promotion was certain to follow a successful issue, the probability of wounds or death, whatever the result might be, was far more certain.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE FORLORN HOPE.

EDGAR had just sufficient light to seal and direct his letter, when a low blast on the bugle, the first of the three arranged signals, was sounded without the marquee. With a bright countenance and a firm step, he rose, tightened his sword-belt, placed a small double-barrelled pistol in the breast of his uniform, and strode into the open air, a disk of fire, surrounded by purple clouds, to the west, indicating the last limb of the setting sun, while to the north a canopy of sulphurous smoke, enveloping sky and earth, and from which long tongues of lurid flame leaped out in fitful gusts, plainly showed the position of the beleaguered city.

As he gazed for a few minutes on the surrounding scene, and at the leaden sky overhead, the segment of the fiery god disappeared behind the dark belt of the horizon, and, with scarcely any appreciable twilight, the scorching day of India had passed into sombre night.

The men selected for the assault were hurrying by in twos and threes as Edgar bent his steps towards the third and last parallel, where, as the men fell in, under the protection of the breastworks and parapets, the general, Colonel Sawbridge, most of the commanding officers whose regiments were not on duty, and the whole of the commander's staff were collecting, as spectators of the approaching deed of danger and daring.

A second note in the same low wailing strain was sounded at some distance in the rear. Instantly Edgar, who had been leaning listlessly against the trunnion of a dismounted cannon, started into life and animation, and, striding up to his column, had the muster-roll of their names called over, every man answering with alacrity to the call. Giving the captain, the two lieutenants, and ensigns (the officers entrusted with the leading of the storming party) ample instructions when and how to advance, he next turned to the four non-commissioned officers and eight men who made up the complement of the forlorn hope. Throwing back a tarpaulin from a half-filled gabion, he pointed to a number of small leather bags, each one filled with four pounds of gunpowder, observing, as he hastily covered the wicker receptacle, as a monster shell passed screaming over their heads and buried itself in the soft earth some short distance beyond—

"When the bugle sounds for the third time every man will follow my example, and take up four of these charges quickly, but with no confusion, each man in the order in which he stands. You will then follow me up this embrasure, which has been levelled into an incline for the purpose, and, at a quick run across the esplanade, make

direct for the city gate. Should I fall on the way, stop for nothing, but make for the point indicated as quickly as possible, and there the senior sergeant, whoever he may be, will carry out my instructions. Confound that shall! It will expose us to the enemy," exclaimed Edgar, as another immense shell, at the moment it reached the zenith, burst with a frightful explosion, showering down a perfect flood of light, and splintered missiles, over the impatient troops in the trenches.

The next minute a loud cheering blast on the bugle, given from the covered way, proclaimed that the instant for action had arrived. Jerking back the covering from the gabion, Edgar quickly supplied himself with the prescribed number of bags, and, stepping aside, allowed Brown and the other sergeants to load themselves and take their place by his side.

So quickly and orderly was this operation effected that by the time the bugle had ceased the dozen courageous men and their officer were ready for the duty before them. Waiting for an instant, till the sods and loose gravel dashed about by four or five cannon-balls that struck the parapet and breastwork of the trenches had flown by, Edgar darted up the incline, followed by his brave band, who, spreading wide across the open esplanade, hurried at full speed after their leader.

With a determination to annihilate the advancing party, the enemy poured down a perfect storm of grape, canister, and small shot, plunging up the ground on all sides of the heavily burthened and dangerously freighted forlorn hope, who, with all their speed, had not yet traversed a third of the 300 yards that lay between them and the shelter of the deep-arched city gate, the only spot where they could find a moment's cover or protection from the murderous fire directed on them from the loop-holes, turrets, and walls.

How many of his determined band had fallen Edgar was unable to tell, but that several wore down the groans that assailed his ears and the rolling bags of powder too certainly assured him. Not daring to look round, lest he might lose a moment of time, Havering redoubled his speed, and, amidst another volley of small arms, darted forward and gained the shelter of the gate, when, throwing down his burthen, he leant against the ponderous iron-bound leaves, to regain his breath and wait the coming up of his comrades in arms. Seven of them came in together with a rush, one, the bugler, falling on the very margin of safety, a bullet entering the spine at the nape of the neck.

Two of his non-commissioned officers and three men had fallen in that short but perilous run for life. It was with unfeigned satisfaction, however, that Edgar was able to recognise Brown among the foremost of the group around him.

"Is there any chance of the others coming in?" he inquired, when all were assembled under the recess, and he had time to count his men.

"None, major. I am myself a bad runner, and was the last of the party; I counted five as I passed, but managed to pick up two of the bags that lay in my way," replied one of the volunteers, laying down his extra load.

"That was prudent, at least. We must, however, make this do, though more would have been better."

Kneeling to his task, Edgar began to pile

twenty-nine of the thirty bags of powder against the centre of the massive leaves, that in size, thickness, and plating seemed strong enough to resist the battering of the heaviest artillery. As he placed the last bag in position he looked round and called for Brown.

"Here I am, major," he replied, darting into the recess amid a rattling hail of shot, that rebounded from the beaten highway with an ominous patter. "Here are half a dozen more bags, major. You said more would be useful, and I knew just where Jenkins and Smith dropped them."

"It was rash of you, Brown, to peril your life without orders. See, you are hit," pointing to a stream of blood that was running down his face.

"Nothing, sir, nothing; only a rebounder from the stones."

Stacking the bags, Edgar took a knife, and, opening the mouth of one bag, scattered a quantity of powder over the stack, and then made a train to the extremity of the archway, when, returning to the centre, in front of the last man killed, he made a sudden bound, grasped the dead musician by his uniform, and carried him into the recess before the enemy had time to pour down another volley.

Cutting the bugle from the arm to which it was tied, Edgar ordered his men to creep close to the wall on one side, and get under the battlements round one of the bastions that flanked the great gate, and wait there till the storming party arrived, when they were to join him in the lead.

Having seen this manoeuvre executed, without exciting the suspicion of the garrison, he took his own place at the opposite side of the gate, and, going backwards, freely spread the powder as he went, till, turning the extreme angle of the square bastion, his crouching figure was perceived by the enemy, and a score of bullets struck the stone quoins above his head as he disappeared behind its sheltering projection. Another cast of powder and his task was accomplished, and in less than ten minutes from starting from the last parallel Edgar, putting the muzzle of his pistol near the end of the train, drew the trigger, and a sheet of flame sped like wildfire round the huge bastion, and then a roar like thunder, and a rending crashing dissonance was heard, that shook the earth, split the solid masonry of the arch, and brought down tons of the stone battlement and coping, and sent zig-zag rents along the towers and curtains of the southern front.

Edgar felt the vast walls, though forty feet in height, and of great thickness, tremble and quiver under that fearful explosion, while volumes of suffocating smoke rose up in inky darkness over the scene of death and ruin.

Though shook and stunned by the concussion, he barely waited for the first roar to subside, but, raising the bugle, blew a clear and defiant charge, which was instantly answered by a loud and enthusiastic cheer, as the head of the stormers sprang from the parallel, and in a solid body rushed across the esplanade, and in front of the city gate were instantly headed by Havering and his now reduced band.

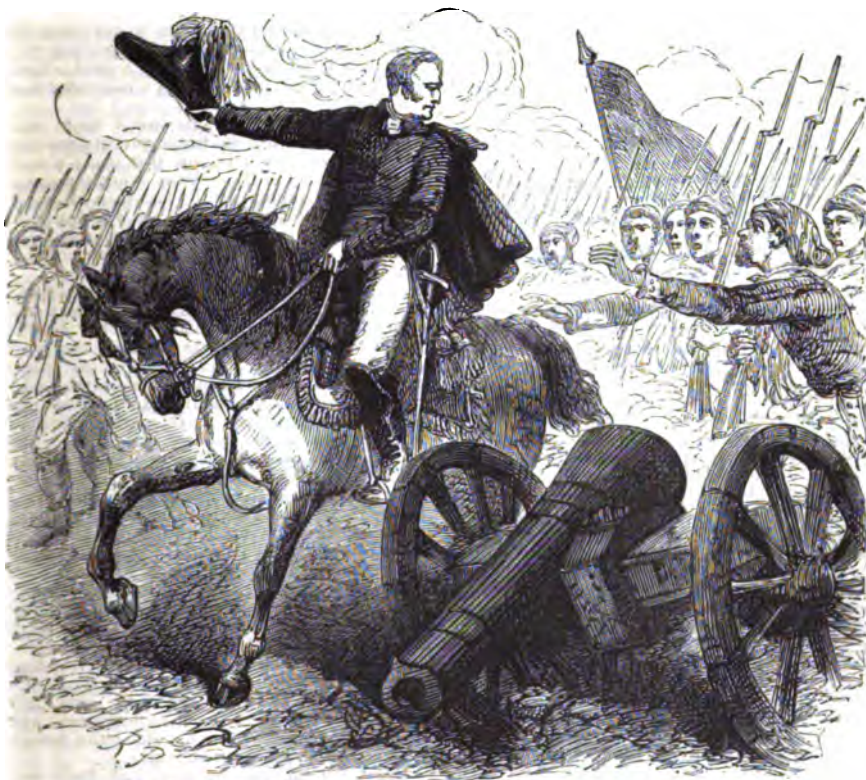
(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE DUKE RALLYING A SPANISH CORPS.]

THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

THE celebrated conference of Chatillon terminated on the 19th of March, and the allied sovereigns determined to march direct upon the capital, of which they obtained possession on the 31st. The intelligence of this momentous event had not reached the south of France, and Lord Wellington made immense preparations to enable him to invest and reduce Bayonne. Fascines and gabions were obtained in abundance, a large supply of siege artillery, with shot and shell, was landed at Passages from England, scaling ladders were constructed in the woods,

the site of the batteries was marked out, and all was ready for investment.

One division was considered sufficient for the protection of Bordeaux. That city was entrusted to the care of Lord Dalhousie, and Marshal Beresford was recalled, and rejoined the army with the remainder of the corps.

Soult had manoeuvred to draw the allies from Bordeaux, and his *corps d'armée* occupied positions on the right bank of the Adour, with advanced pickets in the town of Tarbes.

On the 20th of March Hill's division was directed to attack the left wing of the enemy, after driving their outposts from Tarbes, while

Clinton, with the sixth division, and Ponsenby and Lord Edward Somerset's cavalry brigades should cross the river between Vio Bigorre and Rabastens, and, by turning the right of the French, gain Soult's rear. To guard against this menaced attack, the French marshal retired under cover of the night, and fell back upon Toulouse, destroying the bridges as he passed them.

The unavoidable difficulty in crossing flooded rivers and moving pontoons over roads nearly impassable from heavy rains delayed the allied march. Soult therefore reached Toulouse in four days, while Wellington, with great exertion, was only enabled to arrive before it in seven.

Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, which separates it from a large suburb called St. Cyprien. The eastern and northern sides of the city are enclosed by the canal of Languedoc, which joins the Garonne a mile below the town. On the east of the city is the suburb of St. Etienne; on the south, that of St. Michael, and on that side the great road from Carcassonne and Montpellier enters the town. The population was estimated at 50,000 souls, and it was generally understood that the inhabitants of Toulouse were secretly attached to the Bourbons.

The city is walled, and connected by ancient towers. But these antiquated defences would avail little against the means employed in modern warfare. Soult therefore intrenched the faubourg of St. Cyprien, threw up redoubts and breastworks, and destroyed the bridges across the Ers. The southern side he considered so secure as to require no additional defences, trusting for its protection to the width and celerity of the Garonne.

The first attempt of the allied leader to throw a pontoon bridge across the river was rendered impracticable by the sudden rising of its waters. Higher up the passage was effected, but the roads were quite impassable, and Lord Wellington determined to lay the pontoon below the city, which was accordingly done, and Beresford, with the fourth and sixth divisions, safely landed upon the right bank.

This temporary success might have been followed by disastrous consequences. The Garonne suddenly increased, floods came pouring down, the swollen river momentarily rose higher, and, to save the pontoons from being swept away, the bridge was removed, and the divisions left unsupported, with an overpowering force in front and an angry river in their rear. Soult neglected this admirable opportunity of attacking them, and on the second day the flood had sufficiently abated to allow the pontoons to be laid down again, when Frere's Spanish corps passed over and reinforced the isolated divisions. The bridge was now removed above the city, to facilitate Hill's communications, who, with the second division, was posted in front of the faubourg of St. Cyprien. The passage of the third and light divisions was effected safely, and Picton and Baron Alten took up ground with their respective corps in front of the canal, and invested the northern face of Toulouse.

Early on the morning of the 10th of April the fortified heights on the eastern front of the city were attacked. Soult had placed all his disposable troops in this position, and, thus defended,

nothing but determined gallantry on the part of the assailants could expect success.

The bridge of the Croix d'Orade, previously secured by a bold attack of the 18th Hussars, enabled Beresford and Frere to move up the left bank of the Garonne and occupy ground in front of the heights preparatory to the grand attack. The sixth division was in the centre, with the Spaniards on the right, and the fourth British on the left. The cavalry were formed in support of the left and centre; Vivian's brigade was attached to the left flank; while Ponsenby protected the right.

The fourth and sixth divisions moved obliquely against the enemy's right, carried the heights, and seized the redoubt on the flank of the position, while the fourth Spanish corps, directed against the ridge above the road to Croix d'Orade, advanced with confidence, and succeeded in mounting the brow of the hill; but the heavy fire of the French batteries arrested their onward movement. They recoiled, became confused, and sought shelter from the fury of the cannonade in a hollow way in front of the enemy's position. The French, perceiving this disorder, advanced and vigorously charged. Frere vainly endeavoured to rally his broken troops and lead them on again: they were driven back confusedly on the Ers, and their destruction appeared inevitable.

Lord Wellington saw and remedied this reverse. Personally he rallied a Spanish regiment, and, bringing up a part of the light division, arrested the French pursuit, and allowed the broken regiments time to reorganise. The bridge across the Ers was saved, Frere re-formed his battalions, and the fugitives rejoined their colours.

Beresford immediately resumed the attack, two redoubts were carried, and the sixth division dislodged the enemy and occupied the centre of their position. The contest here was exceedingly severe. Pack, in leading the attack, was wounded, and, in an attempt to recover the heights, Turpin, a French general, was killed. Every succeeding effort failed, and the British held the ground their gallantry had won.

Picton had changed a false into a real attack upon the bridge over the canal of Languedoc, nearest its entrance into the Garonne, but it was too strongly guarded to be forced, and he fell back with considerable loss. On the left Sir Rowland Hill menaced the faubourg of St. Cyprien, and succeeded in fully occupying the attention of its garrison, and prevented them rendering any assistance when Soult was most severely pressed.

Meanwhile Beresford, having obtained his artillery, resumed offensive movements, and advanced along the ridge with the divisions of Cole and Clinton. Soult anticipated the attack, and threw himself in front and flank in great force upon the sixth division, but the effort failed. The French marshal was driven from the hill, the redoubts abandoned, the canal passed, and, beaten at every point, he sought refuge within the walls of Toulouse.

Few victories cost more blood than this hard and long contested battle. The allied casualties, including 2000 Spaniards, nearly extended to 7000 men. Several regiments lost half their number, and several officers of distinction were

killed or wounded. It was impossible to ascertain the extent of the French loss. It was probably twice that of the victors, and they had besides two generals killed and three taken prisoners.

On the night of the succeeding day Soult, alarmed by Wellington's movements on the road to Carcassonne, retired from the city, which next morning was taken possession of by the allies.

On the evening of the 12th an English and French field officer arrived at the allied headquarters, with intelligence that on the 3rd hostilities had ceased and the war had virtually terminated. A courier, despatched from the capital with this important communication, had been unfortunately interrupted in his journey, and, in ignorance of passing events, the contending armies had wasted their best energies, and lost many of the bravest on both sides, in a bootless and unnecessary encounter.

ROUGHING IT IN BRITISH AMERICA.

Not many years ago (at all events, not very long before Queen Victoria came to the throne) Mr. George Head undertook a trading journey in British America. Disembarking at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the latter end of November, he found the passage of the river St. Lawrence already closed, and had therefore to make his way to Upper Canada by land, a distance of more than 1200 miles. One point of his journey, however, was Fredericton (eighty-one miles), on the river St. John's, to which the usual winter route is upon the frozen river, but on this occasion the season, though particularly severe, was not sufficiently advanced for travelling with any confidence upon the treacherous ice. A two-horse sleigh, therefore, was hired for £7, and he provided himself with a buffalo apron, consisting of two skins sewed together and lined with baize; this, which was as warm as sheepskin and very large, was to be his friend by day and by night.

His way for two days lay in part through the forest, but mostly on the river. As they proceeded large serpentine tracts of water were to be seen in many parts, and heaps of broken ice, forced up by the current, lay ranged on each side. Following the advice of some country people whom they met, the driver bore away for the shore, going out of his way frequently to avoid the weak and unsafe places. At last, when within two hundred yards of the land, there seemed a clear sheet of ice, over which the driver urged his horses at a brisk trot, when all at once the ice gave way and down went the horses headforemost into a hole.

The sleigh was going so fast that Mr. Head was flung out a long way clear of the water, and as soon as he could get up he ran back to render assistance. One of the horses had already scrambled out, but the other was lying on his side in the water, with his head stretched out over the forward end of the hole, and supporting himself by his cheek, and all the strength of his neck, upon the ice. The hole was nearly round, and rather wider than the length of the horse; but, as the ice about it was full a foot and a half thick, the sleigh had jammed at the other end, and his

hind quarters were supported by the breeching. The poor creature lay without struggling, although the day was bitter cold, and he had sunk so low that his head only was above the surface of the water. In this dilemma the driver, having freed the other horse from his harness, slipped a noose of rope round the drowning animal's neck, and the two travellers pulled till the poor brute seemed nearly strangled: this operation is called in those parts, very properly, "choking."

But, whether the horse floated by means of the air thus forcibly retained in his lungs (as the driver asserted), or whether hard pulling caused him to rise, rise he did; and the travellers had not tugged long before out he slipped on his side, and, after a few kicks and struggles, stood once more, frightened and shivering, on the ice. They got to the shore after all with some difficulty, owing to the hard snow and shingle that obstructed their progress. Although the poor horse had been nearly a quarter of an hour in the water, and the other also was perfectly wet from the accident, both soon recovered themselves, and before they had gone a couple of miles were quite as well as ever.

At Fredericton it was necessary to equip for the remainder of the journey, and Mr. Head procured rackets, or snow-shoes; moccasins, the well-known skin sandals, so made for travelling that, with a piece of blanket by way of sock, they protect well both from wet and cold; and toboggans, which are small sledges for the conveyance of baggage drawn by men, and so well contrived that a load of 140 pounds, laced tightly on in a toboggan bag, forms a compact mass that may be dragged among stumps of trees and rolled over in the snow without injury. The next point upon his journey was Presque Isle, eighty-three miles distant, beyond which there was no proceeding by any kind of carriage, but to that place a French inhabitant agreed to take him with a two-horse sleigh for eight guineas.

On New Year's Day he started from Fredericton, along the bank of the river, through deep untrodden snow, and at a ploughing pace, delayed occasionally by drifts, through which the horses could only make their way by floundering with all their might. Sometimes they stopped short, and, with distended nostrils and glaring eyes, seemed inclined to give it up altogether. But they were both high-spirited animals, and their driver knew their mettle. Occasionally during this stage the travellers encountered some little ravines, or precipitous gullies, which crossed the road and formed small creeks or outlets of the river. There were several of these which it was necessary to pass, and at the bottom of each was a rude wooden bridge, without side-rails, and scarcely broad enough to permit three horses to pass abreast. Nevertheless the pair always passed at full gallop, much to Mr. Head's annoyance at first, till he found that the cattle possessed quite as much sense as their driver, and sufficiently understood what they were about.

The bridges were composed of pine logs laid loosely together, which made a rattling and a clatter as the horses' feet came upon them. The Frenchman drove with long cord reins, and the rest of the tacking was equally simple. The cattle were, indeed, but barely attached to the vehicle. When they arrived at the head of each

ravine they seemed to take all the responsibility upon themselves, while the driver, yielding to circumstances, merely sat still upon his seat. Up went their heads and tails, and, like a pair of hippogriffs, down they went with a dash till they reached the bridge, when, closing together, laying back their ears, and cringing in their backs, they rattled over the logs at full gallop, and up the opposite bank, till the weight of the sledge brought them to a walk. Now came the turn of the driver, and, as he was perfect in all the words which frighten horses, he kept his team to the collar till they reached the top of the ravine. Meanwhile the passenger, to avoid being thrown out, clung fast to the side of the sleigh. The thumps and jerks could not be readily imagined. There was a grinding sensation that threatened the break-up of the whole machine, which seemed as if parting in the middle and going asunder. The jolts inflicted by lumps of hard snow and other obstacles were like the blows of a short chopping sea upon a boat making headway against wind and tide. The bones rattled with the concussion.

Three days of such travelling brought Mr. Head within eighteen miles of Presque Isle, and they rested for a day in most dismal quarters. The driver had brought with him a pipe and a bottle of rum, with which he made himself victorious over all ills by the fireside. So did four or five fellows who either belonged to the house or were weather-bound like our travellers. Poor Mr. Head, impatient of his company, paced the room and watched the weather. Every time he opened his door to look out he was greeted by the execrations of the whole company, for the wind, which made balloons of the women's petticoats, filled the room with a whirlpool of snow, and it took his whole strength to close the door against it. Here, however, to his great satisfaction, the Quebec mail arrived, in the shape of two men on foot, of a tempest-driven appearance, their clothes and caps covered with snow, each with a pair of snow-shoes slung at his back, and a large white leather bag across his shoulders. They were both native French Canadians, the one apparently of half Indian blood. These men agreed to be his guides, and draw his baggage, on the two toboggans, from Presque Isle, along the course of the river, to the shore of the St. Lawrence, for £15. The guides loaded the toboggans, each put himself in harness, with a broad leather strap passing over the breast and shoulders, to which a rope was fixed, and thus he could draw his load while his arms were at liberty. The weight, sliding easily over the snow, scarcely seemed to impede them, but the rest of the party were unaccustomed to snow-shoes, the use of which is not acquired without a severe apprenticeship. This heavy foot gear became encumbered with ice, there being much water between the surface of the river and the snow, which froze immediately. It was necessary to be provided with short sticks for beating this off.

Before them was one uniform white expanse of snow; on each side the heavy black wall of forest trees. Toiling their utmost, the party could not proceed at the rate of two miles an hour, and happy they were, after seven hours' trudging and floundering, to reach their appointed place of rest—a small log-house about ten miles from their starting-point. Salted pork and sliced potatoes

were the only fare to be procured here, but there was the greatest of all comforts in such a country to compensate for this—a fire composed of enormous logs, with one called the *backs* at the back of the hearth, so large as to require the strength of two or three men, with the aid of levers, to bring it in: a large one lasts forty-eight hours. Over the fire the moccasins and stockings of all the party were hung to dry. Wrapped in his buffalo skin, Mr. Head extended himself on the boards and slept soundly.

The next day's was a journey of fourteen miles; snow had fallen in the night, and, as it still lay soft, made their progress even more difficult than before. At every step the foot felt as if chained to the ground by ice and clotted snow, and as the shores of the river widened disappointment was added to their fatigue, for the point on which their eyes were wistfully fixed appeared, after an hour's hard fagging, no nearer than before. Mr. Head's servant fell up to his middle in an air-hole, small enough for him to support himself by the arms till he could be pulled out, and, fortunately, so near the log-house where they were to rest that there was not time for him to be frozen.

At this log-house some of the settlers in the vicinity had collected, and one of them asked Mr. Head to take charge of a letter for his relatives in Scotland. The settler then seated himself on the ground in a corner of the room; his desk was a plate, supported on his knees; his paper a something between weak linen and strong tinder; his ink newly thawed and quite pale; his pen, pulled out of a (very) wild goose's tail, was oily; his own hand was as hard as the bark of a tree, and his broad black thumb had been smashed by the blow of a hammer or an axe, and had no sort of bend in it. The letter, however, was written, and its delivery undertaken by Mr. Head.

Our friend had perceived by his servant's fall into the air-hole that no precaution could be of any avail against this danger, and that nothing was to be done in such a case but to take the chance for ducking or for drowning. The postmen, it appeared, were next day of the same opinion, and, to equalise the risk, proposed that each of the party should walk first by turns. The unlucky pioneer, however, was of use in another way—his large snow-shoes made on the hitherto untrodden snow an indentation in which those behind him found a comparatively firm footing. As they proceeded a snow storm came on directly in their teeth; when they had been seven hours on the journey it blew a hurricane; they were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards; and the drift made the surface of the snow through which they were toiling appear like an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, the cloud which enveloped them produced a sense of suffocation. Even the dauntless guides admitted that it was impossible to proceed; the forest was at hand; and there they took refuge, turning their shoulders to the blast, and prepared to bivouac for the night.

The frequent crashes of falling trees, and the crackling of their vast limbs as they rooked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds; but it was no time to be idle, for warmth and shelter had become a question of life and death. The Canadians immediately set to work. By means of their small light axes a

good-sized maple-tree was in a very few minutes levelled with the earth, and in the meantime the other travellers, with large pieces of bark from the fallen trees, cleared of snow a square spot of ground. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and by blowing upon this a flame was produced. This being fed first by the silky peelings of the birch bark and then by the bark itself, the oily and bituminous matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all eagerly contributed.

Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above their heads as a partial defence against the fast-falling snow, the travellers sat down with their feet to the fire. One side of the square was bounded by a huge tree, which lay stretched across it. Against this their fire was made, and on the opposite side, towards which Mr. Head had turned his back, another very large tree was growing. As this was old and decayed, he by degrees worked his way into it, and in this living watchbox he made himself at home. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high, like a white wall; and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it.

The Canadians were soon busily employed cooking broth in a saucepan, and, while anon pulling fresh meat out of the liquor with their fingers, looked with some degree of pity upon poor Mr. Head as he toasted his lump of salt pork at the end of a stick. Declining the hospitable fellows' offer to join them, he returned the compliment by placing at their disposal a liberal dose of whiskey. One by one they lighted their tobacco-pipes, and continued to smoke till, dropping of by degrees, the whole party at last lay stretched out snoring before him.

Mr. Head sat for some time with a blanket thrown over his shoulders in silent contemplation of the novel but dreary scene. The flames of the enormous fire rose brilliantly, the figures of the sleeping men were covered with snow, the wind whistled savagely through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed the spot on every side, and the fire, while diffusing the light of day on objects close at hand, only spread a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest. And thus he remained, without any inclination to sleep, till it was near midnight. A solemn impression—not to say melancholy—weighed upon him. Distant scenes were brought to his recollection, and he mused on past times till his eyes became involuntarily attracted by the filmy wandering leaves on fire, which, ascending lightly over the tops of the trees, for a moment rivalled in brightness the absent stars, and then vanished for ever. He gradually yielded to drowsiness, and, wrapping his buffalo skin around him, sank down to enjoy for several hours a sound repose. He awoke by daylight, feeling excessively cold, and found the whole party sitting up. The snow had ceased to fall, the sky had brightened, and intense frost had set in.

On beginning to move he found his limbs stiff with cold, and an aching sensation about his ankles, the invariable penalty of beginners in snow-shoes. Thanks, however, to the exhilarating freshness of the air, he was soon in marching order, and a six hours' trudge brought them

to Salmon River, twenty-two miles from the house at which they had slept last. Their host was an old soldier settled upon an allotment of 105 acres. The next day the ice broke under one of their guides and he fell into the water: there was a piercing wind to increase the severity of the cold, and no house within reach. They hastened to the river's bank and kindled a fire with their best speed, but the man's feet were by this time frost-bitten. At a moderate distance from the fire his companion rubbed him with snow till the circulation returned, and in little more than half an hour he was able to proceed. These men are as hardy as the bears, wolves, and foxes whose territory they have invaded.

Four hours brought them to the house of a sergeant at the Grand Falls, where a small military establishment, as at Presque Isle, was kept up for the sake of the communication. A journey of fifteen miles brought them to the Madawaska settlement on the Grande Rivière, a narrow strip of a village inhabited wholly by French Canadians. Here he was indulged with a bed, and was fortunate enough to hire, for fifteen shillings, a horse and sleigh to convey him the next stage of twenty-one miles. At the cost of some half-dozen overtures he reached the next point, where he was housed by one of the inhabitants—the inn being full.

A dozen persons joined the travellers here, and on the morrow, with great satisfaction, he saw his snow-shoes fastened on the toboggan, for the remainder of the way was to be performed in moccasins; but the relief came late, as he was now too lame to move a step without considerable suffering. It was a merry as well as motley crew with which he found himself now associated, some at the end and some at the beginning of their journeys. The former were hobbling and limping, weary and way-worn, with no spirits to expend in merriment; the latter smoked and hallooed, whistled and sang, and pelted each other with snowballs. The guides had procured large Newfoundlanders to draw the toboggans, and several of these great creatures were loose in their train. They roused a Caraboo deer on their way and gave chase; Mr. Head, forgetful of his lameness, joining with such ardour as to make a tolerable race, killed him, and supped that night upon one of his haunches. This was a stage of twenty-four miles—that of the next day was twenty-one, and Mr. Head was now so lame as to make it a serious undertaking. It lay partly on the river, but when the ice became unsafe it lay in the forest that skirted the banks; and, lastly, over Lake Tamasquatta, against a strong wind, when it required his utmost exertion to keep within any reasonable distance of the guides. They followed one after another, never caring for those who were behind, the foremost all but out of sight, and appearing like little black dots on the wide waste of snow ahead. At length they reached a house at the extremity of the lake, and on the banks of that river-bed which extends uninterruptedly thence to the high road to Quebec.

No sooner had he arrived than he threw himself on the boards, thinking it would be impossible for him to proceed the next day. It was manifest, however, that sleep would be murdered here. There were thirty-six persons in the room, including the landlady and her sister; these wo-

men slept in the same room on a truckle-bed; the rest lay on the ground like so many pigs. Mr. Head's next neighbour was a major in the army, whom he never saw before or since, and who did nothing but groan all night. Some eight of the huge Newfoundland dogs ran about and trod upon the human inmates, growled, quarrelled, and during the night engaged in a battle royal, the enraged would-be sleepers rising in arms to part the combatants by throttling them and biting the ends of their tails. The gabble of tongues, the smell of tobacco-smoke, and the disturbance altogether was really dreadful. The women were not silent, and, no matter who wanted to sleep, some would insist on talking. Mr. Head lost all patience; sometimes he struck at the dogs as they galloped over him, and one time he shook a fellow by the collar till he roared, for having in the scuffle trodden upon his ankles without remorse.

After another day's long march they reached a resting-place within nine miles of the end of the pedestrian journey, but his feet were now swollen to a great size, and he lay awake all night in the miserable log-house thinking how unlucky he was to be thus foot-foudered when so little part of the way remained to be accomplished by walking. He relied, however, on the assistance of his servant, and set out when morning came, although his pain was like the acutest torture of the gout; merely to set his feet to the ground was an agony, and sometimes he was obliged to lie down in the snow for relief. After eight hours of this exertion he arrived at the village of Rivière de Loup, only six miles from Rivière de Cape, where there was a good inn. Beset as he was with a pack of dirty companions, he ordered a sleigh to be got ready, and made a last effort to crawl into it, willing to endure anything that might liberate him from those associates. On reaching the inn he found a humane and attentive hostess, a good arm-chair, and a comfortable meal. He slept well, breakfasted well, and set off in buoyant spirits in a post cariole (or small sleigh drawn by one horse), on a good and well-beaten road. Sixty miles he posted that day, and reached Lislet half frozen. Fifty-one miles of the same sort of travelling brought him on the following day to Point Levi, an uncomfortable passage-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where the river is a mile and a half wide, and opposite to Quebec.

In the morning, looking from his window on the river, he saw it frozen on each bank at least three or four hundred yards from the shore—

But, gentle reader, so are we. These three pages of ice and snow have done their work. Our ink begins to freeze. It only remains to be added that Mr. Head got over the St. Lawrence by means of a log canoe, and safely landed at Quebec, where he forgot the toils of his journey and recruited himself for new efforts to reach his ultimate destination.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

WHILE Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the *Amethyst* frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water,

her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death.

The boat rowed towards the drifting mass, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loudly as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the aid of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarcely to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength.

The boat's crew hastened back to the *Amethyst* with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk that a lad of fourteen years of age was able to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; it tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow sepulchral tone, "There is another man."

The instant these words were uttered Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck, and on looking into the cub-house they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of raw salt beef of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! they had starved on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths.

The boat's crew, having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have had just life enough to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow-creature whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes, and at the end of three weeks more the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the *Amethyst*, and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high!

ADVENTURES OF LORD CAMELFORD.

OPINIONS differ as to the comparative goodness of mankind in the present and the past. There can, however, be little doubt that imitators of Lord Camelford are rarer in the nineteenth than they were in the eighteenth century, and it is a cheering sign that the misapplication of talents and riches no longer entitles a high-born sinner to become a popular idol. We give, however, a few incidents in the career of this eccentric nobleman to show the folly of a reckless courage, and the easy descent from midnight frolics to a premature grave.

Returning home one morning about one o'clock, accompanied by his friend Captain Barre, and passing through Cavendish Square, they took it into their heads to chastise the guardians of the night for not exercising due vigilance. Four watchmen whom they found asleep at their posts were soon awakened by the powerful impression made on their shoulders by the assailants. Two of them started up, but were soon extended on the ground. Meanwhile the other two, springing their rattles, brought a whole host of their colleagues to the attack. A contest of an hour ensued, when they at length succeeded in taking their fashionable antagonists into custody, after many blows and bruises had been inflicted on both sides. The captive heroes, guarded by nearly twenty watchmen, all armed, were conveyed to the watch-house, where his lordship seemed to feel himself quite at home. The captain, who had been the greatest sufferer in the fray, by no means liked his berth or the treatment he had received. He furiously threatened to cut a port-hole through the side of the cabin, and was proceeding to execute his menace, when a second scuffle ensued; but, being overpowered by the number of his enemies, he was obliged to make himself contented with his situation. The next day the watchmen carried their prisoners in triumph to the police-office in Marlborough Street, where they were gratified with a present of a guinea apiece, and his lordship and the captain, being discharged, returned home to rest the damages their rigging had sustained in the unequal contest.

This, however, was far from being the only night his lordship passed in a watch-house. He was often an inmate of those at the west end of the town, and on such occasions he generally prevailed, either by force or more persuasive methods, on the constable of the night to resign his place to him. He would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all delinquents that were brought in by the watch, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising the lenity of his disposition, by invariably directing the offenders to be discharged. In a word, there was no whim, no caprice, however eccentric and irregular, but what he determined to gratify, let the consequences and costs be what they might.

His irritable disposition, which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to the final and fatal catastrophe. Some officious person represented to him that his friend Mr. Best had spoken ill of him to a Mrs. Simmons, an acquaintance of his lordship's. This information so much incensed him that, on the 6th of March, meeting Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales's Coffee-house, where his lordship

usually dined, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present, "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in very unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best said he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Simmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." The use of epithets like these admitted but of one course, according to the so-called laws of honour; a meeting was immediately proposed for the following morning, and, each of the parties having appointed his second, it was left to them to fix the time and place.

In the course of the evening Mr. Best transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that, as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expression he had made use of; but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. Mr. Best then left the coffee-house in considerable agitation, and a note was soon after delivered to his lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. A regular information was accordingly lodged at Marlborough Street; but, notwithstanding this precaution, such was the tardiness of the officers of the police that no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock the following morning, when some persons were stationed at Lord Camelford's door; but it was then too late.

From the coffee-house Lord Camelford went on Tuesday night to his lodgings in Bond Street. Here he inserted in his will the following declaration, which strongly marks the nobleness of his disposition:—"There are many other matters which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word. Should I therefore lose my life in a contest of my own seeking I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

His lordship quitted his lodgings between one and two in the morning of Wednesday, the 7th of March, and slept at a tavern, with a view to avoid the officers of the police. Agreeably to the appointment made by their seconds, his lordship and Mr. Best met early in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, and here Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on him to retract the expressions he had used. "Camelford," said he, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honour, you have been imposed upon. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall." To this remonstrance Lord Camelford replied, "Best, this is a child's play. The thing must go on."

It has nevertheless been asserted that, after reflecting on the whole affair, Lord Camelford in his heart acquitted Mr. Best, and that he acknowledged in confidence to his second that he him-

self was in the wrong, that Best was a man of honour, but that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation was, that his lordship entertained an idea that his antagonist was the best shot in England, and he was apprehensive lest his reputation might suffer if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person.

Accordingly his lordship and Mr. Best, on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a postchaise, in which were the two seconds. On their arrival at the Horse and Groom, about a quarter before eight, the parties dismounted, and proceeded along the path leading to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and they took their stations at the distance of thirty paces, which measured exactly twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. A pause of several seconds intervened, and, from the manner and attitude of Mr. Best, the people who viewed the transaction at a distance imagined that he was asking whether his lordship was satisfied. Mr. Best then fired, and his lordship instantly fell at full length. The seconds, together with Mr. Best, immediately ran to his assistance, when he seized the latter by the hand, and exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man! You have killed me, but I freely forgive you." A chair was then procured, and his lordship carried to Little Holland House, where the wound, being examined by the surgeons, was immediately pronounced to be mortal.

His lordship continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening his suffering somewhat abated, and by the help of laudanum he got some sleep in the night, so that in the morning he found himself much relieved. During the second day his hopes revived considerably, and he conversed with some cheerfulness; yet the surgeons, who were unrelenting in their attentions, would not give his friends the slightest hopes.

He lingered free from acute pain from Thursday till Saturday evening, about half-past eight, when, mortification having taken place, he expired, apparently without sense of pain.

On Sunday, March the 11th, the body of Lord Camelford was opened, when it appeared that the ball had penetrated the right breast, between the fourth and fifth ribs, breaking the latter, and making its way, through the right lobe of the lungs, into the sixth dorsal vertebra, where it lodged, having completely divided the spinal marrow. In the chest there was upwards of six quarts of extravasated blood, which had compressed the lungs so as to prevent them from performing their functions. From the time of receiving the wound all the parts below the divided spinal marrow were motionless and insensible; and, as his lordship could not expectorate, the left lung became filled with mucus, which ultimately produced suffocation and death.

The body was removed to Camelford House, whence on the 17th it was conveyed to the vault in St. Anne's Church, Soho, till arrangements should be made for its removal to Switzerland, in compliance with his lordship's desire.

The day before his death Lord Camelford wrote with his own hand a codicil to his will, in which, in the most particular manner, he described the place where he wished his body to be

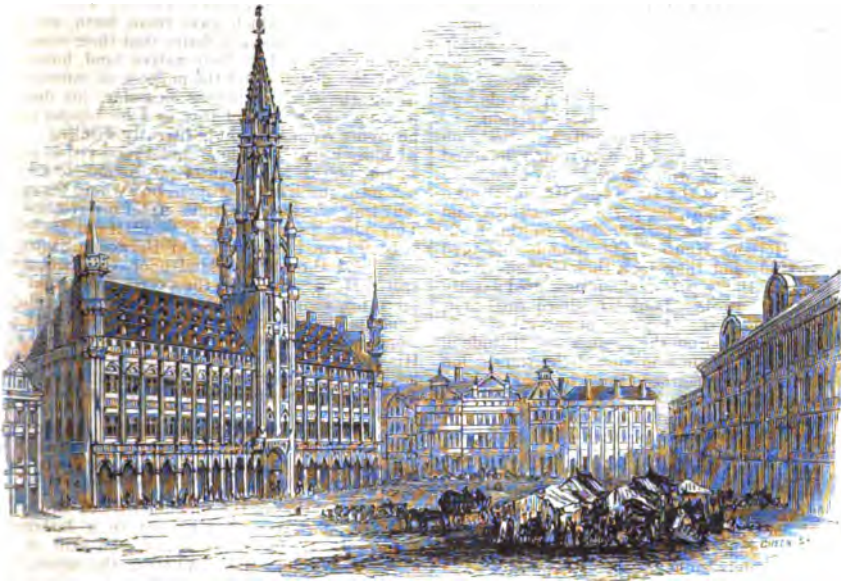
buried, and assigned his reasons for this extraordinary request. He prefaced his wish by stating that persons in general have a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and on their death-bed usually desire that their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, for the purpose of interment. Although it might appear singular, his desire was the very reverse of this, and he begged that his dying request might be literally fulfilled. "I wish my body," says he, "to be removed as soon as convenient to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains." This place is situated on the borders of the lake of St. Pierre, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and three trees stand upon the particular spot. He desired that the centre tree might be taken up, and, on his body being there deposited, immediately replaced, and that no monument or stone might mark the place of his interment. His lordship adds that "at the foot of this tree he formerly passed many hours in solitude, contemplating the mutability of human affairs."

SHADOWS IN SUNNY BRUSSELS.

THEY say that in the manufacture of Brussels lace the workman plies his art in a darkened room with all the patience and the skill of a spider weaving its web. Whether the saying be true or not, it reminds one of that gloomy period when the Netherlands were covered with a network of intrigues, and its purest and noblest blood was being sucked away by that fiendish contriver, Philip the Second of Spain. Such were our reflections when, on a hasty visit to the capital of Belgium, we lingered in the Grande Place, and, after admiring its superb Hotel-de-Ville, we turned our eyes to the bronze statues of Counts Egmont and Horn, standing on one pedestal like twins to all posterity.

Perhaps a few thousands of our readers are not aware that gay Brussels, the miniature Paris, has astounding memories, which, in a student's view, have more attraction than brilliant shops, a faultless opera, and a giddy round of rattling pleasures from morning to night. We might speak of pensive Waterloo, to which battle-field a Brussels four-horse coach daily conveys a load of many passengers but few philosophers: we reserve, however, that mighty scene and its deathless actors for another occasion, and content ourselves with a plain unvarnished narrative of the two men at whose monument we have been gazing.

Count Egmont was born in 1522, at Amsterdam, of famous ancestors, and, having married Sabina, Duchess of Bavaria, added greatly to the influence which he already enjoyed on account of his noble birth. That influence, happily, was used for the welfare of his countrymen, who saw with profound pleasure a large family springing up to continue the race of one they loved so much. Under the Emperor Charles the Fifth he had learned the art of war, and, being appointed commander of the cavalry, had gathered his first laurels at St. Quentin and Gravelingen, 1557-8, in victories over the French. He did not, like some heroes, keep the by-standers in



[THE GRANDE PLACE AND HOTEL-DE-VILLE, BRUSSELS.]

awe by his lofty bearing: his demeanour was affable, and his open manly countenance betokened one who was ready to sacrifice himself for the public good.

In proportion to the love of his countrymen were the fear and hatred with which he was regarded by Philip II., King of Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands. Philip II. was a bigoted Romanist, and, though his wife, Mary of England, had broken her heart in burning her subjects, he took no warning from her doom. All his people must not only bow down before his sceptre, but fall at the feet of that Pope into whose hands he had committed his own soul. He, therefore, decided on establishing that horrible tribunal, the Inquisition, in the Netherlands. The land was convulsed with a sudden tremor. The common people stood aghast. The great men knitted their brows and whispered ominously. The loveless king departed for Spain with malice in his heart, but professing the most benevolent intentions. To throw dust in the eyes of those who were watching him, he made Egmont governor of Artois and Flanders, and attempted his estates from taxation!

But this was the lull before the tempest. On his return to Madrid the tyrant despatched his favourite, the monstrous Duke of Alva, to Flanders, with instructions to get rid of Egmont and his friend Count Horn, the gallant admiral. To secure them both, Alva invited them to dinner, under pretext of consulting them upon state affairs. When they had entered his private room they were seized and thrown into prison at Ghent, where they remained nine months.

They were then carried to Brussels under an escort of ten companies of Spanish soldiers, and Alva, as captain-general and supreme judge, compelled the criminal court to pronounce them guilty of high treason and sentence them to death.

During the few remaining days of Egmont's life the Emperor of Germany, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the Duchess of Parma, and his own illustrious wife, interceded for him; but Philip was immovable. The sentence was executed on the 5th of June, 1568, both Egmont and Horn falling by the sword of the executioner, on a scaffold erected opposite the Hotel-de-Ville, at the spot on which their monument is erected. Egmont died with unflinching courage, displayed alike in his bold letter to the king, and his tender lines to her who was so soon to become his widow. He was but 46. The people who thronged to witness the melancholy sight filled the air with shouts of lamentation, and, rushing to the scaffold, dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood of the martyr of Flemish independence. His friend, Count Horn, was executed immediately after, and report says that the bodies of the two heroes, with their heads readjusted, were placed in a bed, like those of two sleepers, and exposed as if lying in state. We vividly remember a picture of the circumstance in London's Exhibition of 1862.

It is recorded that the Bishop of Ypres, a most excellent prelate, who had been deputed by Alva to prepare them for death, was after hearing the confession of Egmont so persuaded of his innocence that he went to Alva and begged him

on his knees to suspend the execution; but the ferocious Alva repelled him with insolent disdain. Philip, also, when he heard of the execution, passed a ruffianly jest. Alva continued his career of despotism and bloodshed till, maddened by the resistance of the patriots, and their destruction of the fleet, he solicited his recall to Spain. Arrived there, he found, in the late evening of his days, that he had been serving an ungrateful master. Philip, disgusted with the work, looked coldly on the workman. Alva's descent in royal favour was rapid. He could not even wait for his own downfall—he precipitated it. His son, detected in some shameful immorality at court, was thrown into prison; and the father attempting his escape, a dungeon door closed upon the father also. Though Alva was liberated to fight once more his sovereign's battles, yet he was *never forgiven*. He came home from Portugal an unrewarded victor, as if to realise beforehand in the scowl of an earthly monarch the indignation of a heavenly Judge.

THE ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

THE device adopted by the Countess of Nithsdale to rescue her husband from an ignominious death was imitated with equal success by Madame Lavalette in 1815.

M. Lavalette had been condemned, for his adherence to the cause of Bonaparte, to suffer death. The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had already arrived, and all hope of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman alone.

Madame Lavalette's health had been very seriously impaired by her previous sufferings; and for several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a sedan chair. About half-past three on the afternoon of the 23rd she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated as usual in this chair, and clothed in a furred riding coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to M. Lavalette's service, of the name of Dutoit. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate of the Conciergerie.

At five o'clock Jacques Eberle, one of the wicket keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavalette and the widow Dutoit partook.

After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavalette's apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for.

Towards seven o'clock the bell rung. Roquette, the jailer, was at that moment near the fireplace of the hall, with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette's chamber. Roquette heard Eberle open the door which led to that chamber, and immediately after he saw three persons dressed in female attire advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavalette was attired in a dress exactly the same as she was, in every particular, and to all outward appearance no one could have imagined but that he saw that lady

herself passing before him. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily, while Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by the side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Every thing presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper, melted and deceived by the disguise and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the group; and, instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette), whom he conducted, along with the other two persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavalette's chair. It came instantly; the feigned Madame Lavalette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette and the widow Dutoit. When they had reached the Quay des Orfèvres they stopped, Lavalette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared.

Soon after the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind the screen which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavalette, and withdrew without speaking. After a few minutes he returned a second time and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there saw Madame Lavalette. "*Il est parti!*" ("He has gone!") she tremulously ejaculated. "Ah! madame," exclaimed Roquette, "you have deceived me." He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame Lavalette caught hold of him by the coat-sleeve. "Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay." "No, madame; this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn; but Roquette at last forced himself away and gave the alarm.

Lavalette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie, was still far from being out of danger. He had to get out of Paris, out of France, and a more difficult achievement it is hard to conceive, for the moment his escape was discovered nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of government. Bills describing his person with the greatest exactness were quickly distributed all over France, and there was not a post-master, postillion, or gendarme on any of the roads who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavalette sought the means of escape, not among those of his countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted, nor even to those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family, but among those strangers whose presence, as conquerors, on his native soil he had so much cause to lament. He had heard that to a truly British heart the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain, and he was now to make the experiment, in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2nd or 3rd of January he sent a person with an unsigned letter to Mr. Michael Bruce, an English gentleman resident at Paris, in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said he was induced by the confidence which he inspired to disclose to him a great secret—that Lavalette was still in Paris; adding that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain

place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr. Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on this subject to Captain Hutchinson, a young officer in the guards, and Sir Robert Wilson, an officer well known in Europe. Through the aid of these three Englishmen, and another military gentleman named Ellister, Lavalette, disguised in a British uniform, and accompanied by Sir Robert Wilson, left Paris in an open carriage at half-past seven in the morning of January 8, and passed the French frontier at Mons in the forenoon of the following day. Thus safe on neutral ground, he lived in quiet obscurity until, the fury of the party persecution which exiled him having exhausted itself, he was restored, by a free pardon, to his country, his family, and his friends.

It was a gratifying thing to observe that the tribute due to the conjugal heroism of Madame Lavalette was universally paid both in France and throughout Europe; even party animosity, which was daily calling for the execution of the husband, did justice to the wife. When the heads of the different departments were each vindicating themselves to the king from any share in the blame of the escape his Majesty coolly replied, "I do not see that any have done their duty, except Madame Lavalette."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

SUPERSTITION OF SEAMEN.

THERE is not perhaps a more superstitious class of men than sailors. They implicitly believe in omens, mermaids, the *Flying Dutchman*, evil spirits, the appearance of the ghosts of the departed, and the pranks of malicious spirits and goblins. They familiarly talk of frightful sounds and preternatural noises issuing from the deep, all having an import of fearful warning, and occasionally portending accidents or the death of a mesmate. A seaman believes in the efficacy of what is known as a "caul" to preserve him from drowning, and few who can afford to purchase such a talisman go to sea without one. Of witches such is the sailor's dread that a horse-shoe, always toe uppermost, is nailed to the forepart of the foremast as a specific against witchcraft. Valuable as a fair wind is to a sailor, he would sooner lose it, and run the chance of its chopping about and detaining him for weeks in harbour, than voluntarily sail on a Friday. Should he be compelled, from circumstances, to sail on that ill-starred day, he will not fail to attribute to that circumstance any ill that may befall him on the voyage. For some animals sailors entertain a singular predilection. No sailor, for instance, would throw a cat overboard, fearing that such an act would be visited by the penalties of sickness, scurvy, hard weather, and even shipwreck. The appearance of birds at sea is usually regarded as a bad omen. Some are considered the harbingers of a tempest and storm; others, like "Mother Cary's chickens," the active agents of the foul fiend, already bent on their destruction. The legend respecting the latter is as follows:—The *Tiger*,

an East Indiaman, outward bound, had one continued gale till they got to the Cape of Good Hope, where the ship nearly foundered. In the height of the storm a number of ominous birds were seen screaming about on the lightning's blaze, some of them being of monstrous shape and size. Among the passengers was a woman called "Mother Cary," who always seemed to smile when she looked up at these foul-weather birds, upon which the sailors concluded she was a witch, that she had conjured these birds up from the Red Sea, and that they never would have a prosperous voyage so long as she remained on board. As they were debating the matter she sprang overboard and went down in a flame, when the birds, ever after called "Mother Cary's chickens," vanished instantly, and left the *Tiger* to pursue her voyage in peace.

A FALSE ALARM.

DURING the siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night a sentry, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling and looking towards them, with his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming, and bloodshed. By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock), encouraged by the man's absence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and, in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his neck so far into the jug as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier approaching, the monkey started up to escape, with the jug on his head. This terrible monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry than his frantic imagination converted pug into a fine bloodthirsty Spanish grenadier, with a tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal-guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and the whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized; and by his capture the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

THE BOATSWAIN BOLD.

WHEN a ship comes into port the clerk of the cheque repairs on board for the purpose of mustering the crew. The men collect in a body on the fore-part of the quarter deck, and are each called aft by name. To facilitate their approach through the crowd, the boatswain shouts on each man's name being called, "Yeo-hoy! make a lane there!" In our last war with France *La Guêpe*, a French 18-gun brig, lying at anchor in Ferrol, was attacked by the boats of the *Renown* in two detachments, the first of which soon got possession of her quarter deck. The crew of the Frenchman were thus driven forward, where they continued obstinately to maintain the combat. Owing to this circumstance, the boats despatched to board her on the bow were repulsed in attempting to perform this duty. The boatswain alone was

enabled to gain a footing on the fore-castle, where, finding himself single and unsupported, and perceiving his shipmates in possession of the other extremity of the vessel, he rushed heedlessly forward, cutlass in hand, singing out to the Frenchmen, as though they had been his own ship's company on a pay-day, "Yeo-hoy! you beggars, make a line there! I'm coming!" The brave thoughtless fellow made good his line of communication, despite the numbers opposed to him. Finally *La Guépe* was captured.

THE KING AND THE DESERTER.

FREDERICK, King of Prussia, although severe—nay, at times cruel—in his administration of justice, knew sometimes by an act of clemency how to gain the hearts of his subjects. Always austere and distant towards his general officers, he nevertheless was popular and familiar with his soldiers, who never addressed him but by the friendly name of Frederick, and with a *thee* and *thou*. Some time before the battle of Rossbach, a time when this prince was not in the most prosperous situation—indeed, when it appeared that he was near his total ruin—one night, as he was sleeping upon straw, surrounded by his grenadiers, in a very marshy spot, a soldier named Spencer awakened him, saying, "Frederick, here is one of thy grenadiers, who had deserted, and is brought back." "Bid him advance," replied the king. When he was in his presence he inquired the reason of his conduct. "Thy affairs," said the prisoner, "were so desperate that I abandoned thee to seek my fortune in a better service." "Thou wert right," exclaimed Frederick. "But I request of thee to remain with me this campaign, and if fortune should prove unfavourable still I will myself desert with thee."

NOT TO BE SLIGHTED.

WHEN General Richpanse returned to Paris he went to the levée of Bonaparte and there presented himself; but he was taken no notice of, a side glance from the chief consul excepted, who continued his conversation with another general. Richpanse made a second attempt, and met with the same reception. Highly offended, Richpanse then, in a louder tone, said, "Citizen general, when you are at leisure," on which Bonaparte turned round, as in reply to a troublesome person, and asked, "What do you want, sir? What is your name?" Richpanse instantly put his hand to his sword and answered, "My name, citizen consul, is Richpanse, a name which, if forgotten by you, has the honour of being known to all Europe." Bonaparte, seeing with whom he had to deal, readily assumed the greatest affability, and appointed him commandant at Guadaloupe.

CONJURING UP AN ARMY.

IN ships of war it is not unusual that the marine sentinel upon the gangway, under certain circumstances, is ordered to "keep his post clear." As the marines are not very popular with the sailors, Jack will often lay to their door any excuse he can for not performing his duty. One day a seaman had received an order from the first lieutenant of the *Ganymede*, when lying at Spithead, to brace the studding sails up. After some time had elapsed, the lieutenant, observing that no attention had been paid to his order, remon-

strated with the sailor in rather a peremptory tone for his neglect. The sailor, whose eyes had been sullenly fixed on the solitary marine who was pacing up and down on his post, replied, with the growl and shrug of a man who felt what he was about to say was unanswerable, "How, sir, can a man do his duty when this here thundering army is walking the gangway?"

SINGULAR CAPTURE.

ENGLISH history does not record a more daring action than that of Edward Stanley, an English officer, at the attack of one of the forts of Zutphen, in the Low Countries, in the year 1586. Three hundred Spaniards defended this fort, and when Stanley approached it one of them thrust a pike at him to kill him; he seized hold of it with both his hands, and held it with such force that the Spaniard, unable to wrest it from him, drew him up into the fort. He instantly unsheathed his sword and dispersed all that were present. This so astonished the garrison that it gave Stanley's followers time to storm the fort and establish themselves in their conquest.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XIV. (continued.)

THE destruction of the gates, massive as they were, had been complete. Shivered into a thousand atoms, the immense leaves, with their iron clamps and brazen bolts, lay in heaps, leaving the portal perfectly open, while masses of battlement and coping strewn the approach, intermingled with scorched and blackened bodies, many of them still writhing in the death agony. Startling as the scene was that lay before them, the sounds that greeted them from the dark vault beyond, as the column halted for an instant before the obstructing debris, were of the most appalling character.

The Affghans, believing the party they had seen making for the main gate were bent on sinking a mine, and so, unperceived, entering the city, had hastily collected an overwhelming force under the gloomy archway that for nearly fifty yards led from the city to the gate, intending to throw the leaves suddenly open, and by a vigorous sortie destroy the intended mine and annihilate every man found in the works. With this object, the men had been swiftly but silently mustered in the passage, and the leaders were just advancing to unbar the ponderous portals when Edgar fired the train. Out of that congregation of eager life more than 300 were instantly burnt to death or blown to fragments, while untold numbers, scorched, blinded, or hurled against the granite walls, were crying, shrieking, or groaning, under the sufferance of every kind of torment, the dead, the dying, and the unscathed confusedly blended in that gloomy cavern, during the brief moment of time the stormers halted without the gates.

Long as these incidents have taken to describe in detail, they were effected in an incredibly short space of time. Springing to the head of his column, Edgar drew his sword, and, cheering on his men, rushed into the dark and smoking entrance of that vault of groans and death. Astounded by the misfortune that had overtaken them, but undismayed, the Affghans, at the presence of a tangible foe, instantly rallied, and, regardless of their own wounded, with frantic cries of "Allah il Allah! death to the infidel!" sprang forward in scores, and, trampling down the writhing Mussulmans, met the stormers with a resistance and fury more like that of demons than of men.

No light but the lurid gleam given off at intervals from musket or pistol, or the streaks of flame from the clashing sword and sabre, broke the gloom of that dismal arch, the natural darkness of night being intensified by the black wreaths of sulphurous smoke that still clung to the vaulted way, and made breathing almost as difficult as sight.

The hurrahs of the stormers, with the screams and shouts of the maddened Mussulmans in their agony or triumph, as they died on the bayonet or despatched an enemy with their murderous scimitar, mingled with occasional volleys of musketry or random pistol-shots, made a wild distracting scene of that gateway conflict. Steadily, however, the stormers drove their antagonists before them, and when at last a strip of grey sky, with one solitary star, appeared in the distance, Edgar shouted to his men to close up and by one bold dash drive the enemy from that stifling vault.

As he spoke a ringing cheer behind told them that the supporting columns under Colonel Sawbridge were at the entrance of the gate. With a desperate effort, the remains of the storming party answered to his call, and, rushing over dying and dead men, at length issued into the open air, their retreating foes facing them to the last, and returning blow for blow and death for death.

When the supporting columns had succeeded in joining company with the diminished band of the stormers a loud and deafening cheer was sent up from every British throat, and the whole body, throwing themselves on the enemy, clubbed their empty muskets, or drove their fixed bayonets into the breasts of their opponents, till the Affghans, astounded at the fury of the assault, gave way and fled to the ramparts, followed by Edgar, who, unconscious of his colonel's presence in the rear, cheered on the men, and, as if he bore a charmed life, led them through a murderous volley, poured on them from the ramparts, windows, and loopholes, and from every available spot where a man could stand or a musket be pointed.

With a cheery cry to follow, that sounded over the rattling volleys that at every discharge decimated his ranks, Havering sprang on the steps that led from the close narrow streets to the ramparts, and by his undaunted mien and ever cheerful looks induced the column to follow him, Colonel Sawbridge willingly consenting to follow after his subordinate officer.

Reaching the rampart, Edgar hastily drew up the little band that yet remained alive under his command, and, finding himself beset on every side by overwhelming numbers, had only time to place them against a dead wall at the top of the

steps up which at such pains and sacrifice of life they had just ascended.

The situation was one of imminent danger, beset as he was by a murderous fusillade in front, and on either flank, from the walls that everywhere swarmed with the dusky foe, and against which his handful of men were perfectly powerless to make an impression, should he attempt to lead them to the charge. Casting an anxious and despairing look for the supporting regiments that were to have followed the two companies of his own corps, and which he knew had joined, Edgar became conscious that his colonel was standing by his side, he having forced his way through the files, who, in obedience to orders, were loading and firing in rapid succession.

"Pardon me, colonel; I did not know you were on the ground. Pray take the command at once," cried Edgar, struggling to make himself understood amid the roar of cannon from the embrasures and the ceaseless spattering of the musketry.

"Keep the command, Havering; you have earned the right. Besides, I am only here as a volunteer. What will you do?"

"Where is the supporting column, colonel? We can neither advance nor retreat. Oh! where is Major-General Savage with the reserves? They should have been here before this! They should have supported you, as you did us. Unfortunate delay! We must fall where we stand!"

"Savage must have been misinformed, and believes the assault to have been a failure, or he would have been here by this."

"Is it possible, colonel, that he could have been so misled?" demanded Edgar eagerly.

"Certainly. I think it most probable."

"I will go myself and bring up a supporting column. I cannot see my men murdered without giving them a chance of life or vengeance. Colonel Sawbridge, whatever happens to me in my return to the lines, I trust to your honour to protect my name from malevolence or misconception. Alone or accompanied, I shall return in ten minutes."

"Farewell; God speed you; trust faithfully in me," replied the colonel, grasping Havering's hand.

CHAPTER XV.—THE CAPTURE OF GHUZNEE.

AMID a shower of bullets, Edgar left his men to the charge of their colonel, and, leaping down the steps, entered the gloomy arch, still blocked up with the dead and dying. Using his sword, partly as a support and in part as a defence against the treacherous knives of the wounded Affghans, who, unable to crawl from the frightful shambles, struck out, often with their last gasp, at the scarlet uniform, he guided his uncertain steps over the human pavement.

At length, gaining the farther extremity of the gateway, he saw the esplanade in front, lighted up by the flame of the belching cannon from the battlements, and by the track of the shells, as, with their frightful screech, they flew through the air from city to parallel and from parallel to town. In his brief glance across the level that spread from the gate to the last line of circumvallation, he could plainly distinguish through the lurid haze the stiffening bodies of the brave men he had lost in that murderous fire poured on

the forlorn hope as it rushed across to the gate only a few minutes before.

Gasping for breath as he reached the mouth of the archway, he shielded his eyes with his hand as he gazed towards the British lines, and halted for a moment to decide upon the exact point for which he should make.

Having taken in all the features of the scene, Havering was in the act of starting forward, when a heavy weight was dashed against his body, and a well-known voice exclaimed—

"No, you don't, you sneaking thief! That's my officer."

At the same instant a heavy double-edged shumsheer flew over his head, as Sergeant Brown dashed the weapon out of the assassin's hand, and passed his sword through the Afghan's heart.

"I was just in time, major, to knock that cursed tool out of his hand," remarked the sergeant apologetically, "but couldn't prevent his stumbling against you."

"You have saved my life again, then, Brown."

"Nonsense, major! only in time to knock that black devil over. The colonel told me I might come with you, but I've had to run to catch you up."

"This is no time for thanks. Follow me, Brown."

Darting from under the shelter of the gloomy arch, Edgar and the sergeant rushed across the esplanade, and, though round shot and grape ploughed up the ground on every side, they contrived to reach the lines in safety.

"The whole affair has miscarried, general; the storming party are annihilated to a man."

"Have you satisfied yourself of the fact? How do you know it, sir?"

"An officer told me in time to save rianking my men's lives."

"And so, Major-General Savage, you returned?"

"Of course, general. Fortunately we have not lost a man—not a casualty."

"Indeed! Retire to your quarters, sir, and consider yourself under arrest."

"For God's sake, general, send a supporting column immediately, or we shall be cut to pieces; we cannot hold our ground!" exclaimed Edgar, leaping into the centre of a group of officers and the staff, who stood on the parallel, at the head of above two thousand troops, impatiently waiting to be led to the assistance of their friends, or anywhere upon the enemy, whose galling fire was so fearfully trying their temper and patience.

"Oh! Major Havering," ejaculated the general, "you, then, have escaped the reputed slaughter. Where is Colonel Sawbridge and the stormers?"

"On the ramparts, general, where I have left them at bay against the whole garrison, and come to implore instant support, or all the advantage gained will be sacrificed," replied Edgar, with impatient solicitude.

"Then you have carried the gate, and made a lodgment in the fortress?" demanded the general quickly.

"Oh! yes, general, and had the expected support been at hand should before this have swept the ramparts east and west."

"It was reported you had all perished in the arch, and that the enemy's guns were sweeping

the entrance. A scaling party are now attempting to escalate the eastern curtain. But your supports are ready. Major-General Hayes," calling to one of the officers near, "take command of the reserve column, and follow Major Havering to the support of the stormers. Away!"

Unable to control their excitement at the news, the men gave a wild shout of delight, as General Hayes, following Edgar and Brown, sprang out of the trench, and, waving his hat and sword, cheered on the bounding and enthusiastic column, as it rose in gleaming masses from the night-like darkness of the covered lines, and was met in its impetuous rush by a withering storm of grape and canister, round and small shot, poured upon it by the enemy, who lined the battlements as thick as bees. Before that rush of iron hail and fiery death the men fell on every side, or sprang into the air and dropped in stifling death before their advancing comrades.

Undismayed, however, by the murderous shower, the column courageously pressed onward, and had nearly reached the opening into the gloomy archway, when an immense body of Afghans was heard rushing from the city, and almost instantly filled up the arch, effectually cutting off all hope of succour to the now isolated stormers, if any of that brave body were yet left alive.

The shame, the grief, the annoyance of Havering at discovering this impenetrable body of the enemy blocking up the entrance was of the most acute and distressing character. What would his colonel think of his delay? How would the men construe his procrastination? Regardless of all consequences, while the two bodies were hotly engaged, each attempting to drive the other back, Edgar, everywhere followed by his faithful sergeant, made an attempt to reach the side of the archway, hoping to cut or force his way between the wall and the enemy.

A tall Afghan, who seemed to comprehend the intention, instantly sprang over the bodies and the masses of stone that covered the ground, and, before Edgar saw or had time to guard against the assault, making a cut at his head with his sharp shumsheer, he cleft his shako in two, inflicting a deep scalp wound, and bore him backwards to the earth. The Afghan, losing his footing on the slippery ground, fell on Edgar's body, and dealt him several blows with his short crooked blade, but fortunately inflicting only superficial wounds. Before, however, he could repeat his blow Edgar contrived to shorten his sword, and drove the point through his assailant's throat, as a tremendous blow on the head with the butt of a musket sent the body rolling some distance off.

While Sergeant Brown was giving the Musulman the *coup de grace* Edgar rose to his feet, and, espying an opening next the wall, rushed in, followed by Brown and about a score of men. These having cut their way through and cleared a space with their bayonets, Edgar bounded up the steps, now slippery with blood and obstructed by dead bodies, and had the unspeakable delight to join his colonel and the remnant of the band of stormers, as, behind a rampart of dead, they still kept the foe at bay.

"They come! they come! The relieving column is at hand!" shouted Edgar, pointing to the caps of the British infantry, seen struggling through

their dusky foes and making for the stairs, which Edgar and his small party were keeping open.

"Hurrah! saved at last, and just in time!" cried General Hayes, as he led the head of his column up the stairs, and grasped Sawbridge's hand, when the whole force, with hearty cheers, drove the enemy along the ramparts at the point of the bayonet.

While the general and colonel were sweeping the ramparts to the east, Edgar, at the head of about 200 men, rushed along the walls to the west, driving the astounded Afghans before him in utter dismay; numbers, in their dread of that fearful line of levelled bayonets, springing over the ramparts or precipitating themselves head foremost through the embrasures.

On sweeping round a rampart that guarded the entrance into the heart of the city he was confronted by a picked body of the enemy, armed only with pistols and short shumshers, weapons which at close quarters inflicted deadly wounds.

So unexpected and abrupt was the appearance of this fresh body of the enemy that Edgar and his party almost rushed into their arms, and had no power to avoid the point-blank discharge of the pistols, which were fired at the heads and faces of the stormers.

The effect of this volley was terrible in the extreme: the men, either killed on the spot or blinded by the discharge, fell in every rank, making it almost impossible to close up the lines. By the exertion of Brown, however, assisted by another sergeant, the front was made perfect, and a line of fifteen bayonets again gleamed in serried defiance, only waiting the order to advance on the dusky and revengeful wielders of those murderous dagger-swords.

At this moment, when the order to charge was actually on Edgar's lips, there occurred one of those acts of devotion and heroic sacrifice of which we occasionally read in ancient history—an act that filled all who beheld it with surprise and admiration, and which nothing but the indomitable bravery of the English soldier could have resisted, and prevented from terminating in the utter rout and annihilation of the party.

Watching his opportunity, as he saw the men quivering in the act to spring forward to the charge, a tall brawny Afghan stepped boldly from the front of his companions, hurled his empty pistol and the heavy shumsher at the heads of his infidel enemies, and advanced with open arms on the gleaming bayonets. Swift as thought, half-a-dozen weapons were lunged forward at the man's unprotected breast, when, instantly grasping the muzzles of the pieces with both hands, as the bayonets were driven through his body, he shouted, with a malignant laugh—

"Death to the unbelieving dogs! Death to the accursed seranges! Down with them, in the name of the Prophet! Allah il Allah! There is but one God—and—Mahomet—is—death to the dogs!"

Embracing the six bayonets in the clutch of his bare arms, with wonderful strength and fortitude the man dragged the soldiers who held the muskets from their line, and then threw himself down at one side on the rampart. Calling to his comrades to take advantage of the opening made, he shouted with his dying breath—

"Cut them down, in the name of Allah! Slay—kill—kill the dogs! Bismillah! Bism—"

With a tenacity almost superhuman the Afghan closed his death-grip so firmly on the reeking weapons that before the men could withdraw them from their desperate foe a dozen Afghans darted into the opening, and used their short swords with such murderous execution that they would have penetrated into the centre of the column had not Edgar thrown himself before the maddened enemy, and, driving his sword through the foremost of the band, for a moment arrested their advance.

Before, however, he could take advantage of the event he was grappled round the neck by a powerful arm, and hurled backwards to the earth, his antagonist at the same time falling upon his body. In the fierce struggle for life that now ensued Edgar felt how worse than useless was his sword in such a hand-to-hand encounter. Dropping that weapon, he grasped the uplified wrist of the Afghan, who struggled violently to drive his blade into the throat or heart of his pinioned captive. Seeing that his men were too closely engaged to give him any assistance, Edgar called to the ensign, who was trying to reach him—

"Never mind me, Mr. Clifford, but close up and forward. One push more, my lads!" he shouted to the men. "Give them the steel from the shoulder! One close and firm charge, and the city is ours! Upon them with a cheer, lads! Charge!"

Replying with an enthusiastic shout, the diminished column bounded over their prostrate leader, and hurled their assailants backwards over the low parapet into the street below, while the main body, after an ineffectual attempt to make a stand, turned and fled down the steep incline into the city, hotly pursued by their exulting victors.

Edgar was thus left alone, struggling for his life with an antagonist bigger and stronger than himself, and who, by every conceivable attitude and motion of his arm and wrist, strove to drive the fatal shumsher into his body, the sharp and pointed edge being each moment directed against his heart. Hitherto he had had the double disadvantage of contending from underneath his assailant, but at the moment his men drove the enemy before them he had the good fortune to throw the burly Afghan off his breast, and by a piece of extraordinary agility place his knee on his body. In this position he exerted all his strength both to keep him down and disarm him if possible of that fearful weapon, but such was the force with which the other grappled his throat that this was a task of great difficulty, and Edgar felt convinced that without a dagger or a pistol he should be unable to master his adversary, exhausted as he already was by the fatigues of the last two hours.

That the Afghan knew that his strength was fast leaving him, and that his power of resistance was becoming each moment fainter, Edgar could plainly read in his scowling and vindictive countenance, as, only a few inches apart, each glared into the other's eyes with such deadly animosity. Resolved to make one bold and unexpected effort to regain his sword and his feet at the same time, he remained for an instant perfectly motionless, to recover his breath.

"Accursed dog! unbelieving infidel! you shall die!" ejaculated the Afghan between his clenched

teeth. "Your last hour is come. Die, dog! in the name of Allah, die!" And, with a sudden and powerful effort, he threw up his sword-hand, to plunge the weapon into his enemy's body.

Thrown for an instant off his guard, Edgar had only time to clutch the man's wrist and to turn the point of his sword downwards from his breast, cutting his uniform as he did so with the keen edge of the weapon. At the same moment, to give him greater power, he put down his foot to push himself up higher on the other's breast, when, slipping on a pool of blood, he lost his balance, and at the same time his hold, and fell at full length on the body of the Afghan, for the moment completely helpless and at his mercy.

The dusky warrior, however, made no effort to take advantage of the enemy so unexpectedly placed in his power, but, with the almost whispered exclamation of "Allah—dog—cursed—dog!" the lids fell over his flashing eyes, and, with a slight tremor of the limbs, his body became as senseless as the earth on which it lay.

Bewildered and astonished at his escape, Edgar sprang to his feet, and, regaining his sword, looked around for an explanation of his antagonist's death. The seeming marvel was soon explained: Edgar in grasping the hilt of the dead man's sword had turned the point downwards, and when his foot slipped and he fell forward with all his weight on the Afghan he had driven the shumshere not only through his heart, but through his body, impaling it to the hard earth of the rampart.

Rushing after his regiment, as if endowed with new life from his extraordinary escape, Edgar soon rejoined the column, now carrying all before it, in some of the nearer streets of the city, while from the other quarters, fresh troops being poured in, the enemy were forced in every direction to the great square in the heart of the town, and the four narrow lanes that from the cardinal points of the compass led to that important spot. All else of Ghuznee—ramparts, towers, gates, citadel, and arsenal—was already in the hands of the British.

Possession having been so far taken of this important stronghold, non-commissioned officers and fatigue parties paraded with torch and lantern the now deserted walls, removing the wounded and taking count of the dead. Others were silently raking over the slain in that Golgotha of death and horror, the gloomy archway of the great gate, where the consequences of war were displayed in their most ghastly and revolting features, the scorched and mangled dead lying in piled-up heaps, and hardly a vestige of life remaining.

Flashes of ruddy light occasionally shot up into the dark sky, as some burning house fell in ruins, or the explosion of some neglected ammunition cart shook the earth and air, filling the atmosphere with volumes of sulphurous smoke, and decking the canopy of night with myriads of fiery stars; while the distant shouts and execrations of struggling men, the remote spattering of small arms, the long-sustained volleys of musketry, the sharp boom of an occasional howitzer or gingall, mingled with the clash of cymbals and the clang of gongs, told in unmistakable terms that a desperate struggle was still taking place in the heart of the city.

Driven from their guns and every tenable

position one after the other, the enemy had congregated in the great square, and here determined to make a last and desperate resistance, and sell their lives dearly. They hastily filled the windows, roofs, and parapets of the four narrow streets that led to and in a measure covered their retreat, intending to dispute every step of the infidel in his attempt to penetrate to it.

Believing that the numbers who had taken shelter in and around the great mosque must be extremely limited, the general gave orders for the instant storming of their stronghold, before those posted in the houses had time to fortify themselves and render the streets impassable. To Colonel Sawbridge was entrusted the carrying of one street, and to Major Haverling another; while to the supporting columns was given the forcing of the remaining two.

Edgar knew well the serious nature of the duty before him, and that, if it was to be done without decimating his force, the rush must be tried at once. With this object in view, he formed his men and advanced at the double into the gloomy and tortuous street. Not an enemy, as far as the obscurity would permit him to investigate, was to be seen at door, window, or parapet along the whole line on either side.

The leading files of the column had not, however, advanced a dozen paces, when, with a yell, every lattice was thrown open, and from basement to coping stone lanterns and torches lit up every building with the distinctness of an illumination, while a murderous fire of small arms, accompanied by masses of stone, huge pieces of timber, grenades, fire-balls, and seething pitch, was opened from either side and from every height on the doomed assailants.

"Back! back! every man back!" shouted Major Haverling, as, with drawn sword, he flung himself before his men and waved them back. "Back, all of you! It would be worse than murder to force that street."

The men at once fell back with orderly strides, dragging their wounded with them, at the same time keeping up a desultory fire on the inmates of the different houses.

"Brown! Where is Sergeant Brown?" Edgar exclaimed.

"Here I am, major," cried the sergeant, hurrying through the ranks to his officer's side.

"Give me your axe, send a corporal and file to the waggon for some bags of powder, and follow me with half a dozen pioneers. Quick!"

Then, turning to the men, so suddenly balked in their desire for vengeance, and looking with savage glances on their mangled comrades, killed without the exchange of a shot, he continued—

"Pick off as many of those scoundrels as you can for ten minutes, and I'll give you plenty of fighting presently. Now, Brown, follow me."

To the amusements of his soldiers, he instantly buried the short axe the sergeant had given him in the low portal of the house before him. The pioneers, seeing his object, soon brought their weapons and implements to his assistance, and the next instant the door was rent into splinters, giving admission to the party.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[FRENCH VENGEANCE AT QUATRE BRAS.]

THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

THE great Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and a second time become the head of the French Empire. England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, however, were not in a mood to throw away the fruits of past victories: so they resolved to invade France at various points and march upon Paris, to crush for ever their formidable and faithless enemy. The English and Prussians were to enter France by way of Belgium, and thither Napoleon flew with his best soldiers and generals to demolish the allies before they could unite their forces. He had gained some slight successes over the

Prussians, when he was emboldened to allow his favourite commander, Marshal Ney, to try his hand against the English.

On the night of the 16th June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington was sitting at dinner in Brussels with a party of officers, when he received despatches from Marshal Blücher, the Prussian generalissimo, informing him that hostilities had commenced. On the same night the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the Duke of Brunswick and Lord Uxbridge, with many others of the British officers, were present; and the Duke of Wellington, considering the first intimation as merely relating to an affair of

posts, after giving orders that the troops should hold themselves in readiness, had joined the assembly. At midnight a second messenger arrived, with intelligence that Charleroi was taken, that the French had advanced to Fleurus, and that a general engagement on the following day seemed inevitable.

Two hours after midnight Brussels, which had just previously been a scene of gaiety, became the field of warlike hurry and preparation. On the receipt of the Duke of Wellington's orders the drums instantly beat to arms, the bugles and the bagpipes sounded, and the whole city was roused. Before dawn the park and Palais Royal exhibited a continual bustle of armed men gathering and forming in the uncertain light of early morning. Many of the officers came straight from the ball-room to the place of mustering, and fell in with their respective regiments still attired in their ball costume, which they had no time to change.

At sunrise the march began, and each company as it quitted the ground gave three cheers. The appearance of the British brigades as they marched out was most imposing. The bright uniforms and polished arms glittering in the early sunshine, the measured but elastic tread of the infantry, the dash and spirit of the cavalry, the fluttering tartans of the Highland regiments, and the jaunty step and laughing chorus of the Irish brigades contributed to make up a picture such as may be seldom seen.

As each regiment marched through the town, with its band playing and colours flying, the inhabitants of Brussels looked down upon them from the windows and housetops, waving handkerchiefs, cheering, and wishing the cause God-speed.

At two o'clock, after a march of twenty-two miles along the dusty roads and beneath a burning sun, the British brigades reached Quatre Bras, the appointed scene of action.

This place took its name (in English "Four Arms") from its situation at the point where the road from Brussels to Charleroi crossed the road from Namur to Nivelles. It was a mere village, consisting of a few mean houses, and having a thick and extensive wood on the right, called the Bois de Bossu. All around the wood and hamlet rye-fields, of enormous growth and ready for the sickle, were extended.

The English force did not exceed 16,000; the whole cavalry consisted of some Brunswick hussars, supported by a few Belgian and Hanoverian guns, so that in point of numbers and equipment we were greatly inferior to the enemy.

When the duke arrived upon the scene he found the Prince of Orange with a division of his army endeavouring to hold the French in check. But the prince with his small force could make no stand against Ney's army, and, having been gradually driven back, the Bois de Bossu was won and occupied by the enemy. The duke's first object was to recover this important post, and the 96th were ordered to attack the tirailleurs who held it. The order was gallantly executed, and after an obstinate and bloody resistance the French were compelled to retire.

This point gained, the Duke of Wellington, attended by his staff, took up his position in front of the 92nd Regiment, then drawn up behind a hedge and across the road from which the farm-

house of Quatre Bras takes its name. He dismounted to consult a map stretched on the ground, and to assign the various points of attack: he had barely time to make these arrangements and remount his horse when the battle began.

The 42nd Regiment was the first engaged, and after receiving a large body of infantry they charged, broke it, and put it to flight. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, the two foremost companies pressed forward, and were separated from the main body, when a column of French lancers, who were lying in ambush in the adjoining wood, suddenly rushed out upon them. Their colonel, Sir Robert Macara, ordered the regiment to form into a square, and the adjutant was despatched to bring in the two companies. In obeying these orders some slight delay took place, nor was a square formed till Major Diek rode in among the men, calling loudly to them to rally round him. Sir Robert Macara at the same moment was shot by a tirailleur, and pierced by a lancer as he was falling from his horse. The two companies, being unable to rejoin the regiment, were obliged to form hastily to defend themselves. The lancers attacked them with so much fury that nearly one-half of the Highlanders were cut to pieces, while of the remainder nearly every one was severely wounded. The lancers at length retired, and the survivors of the two companies returned. The regiment was no sooner reunited than it was again attacked by cavalry in front and rear. Forming back to back, the men sustained no less than six charges of the enemy's horse, which suffered such havoc that it was at length glad to withdraw.

On the left the Royals and 28th were hotly engaged, and on the right the 44th and Highland regiments were simultaneously assailed. The battle now became general. Before the British could deploy the French cavalry charged furiously, the tall rye masking their advance and favouring the attack. Generally these charges were unsuccessful, and the perfect discipline and steady courage of the English enabled them to repel the enemy. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter, while whole squadrons, sheltered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares maintained their fire. The efforts of the French to break the squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon our unflinching soldiers a storm of grape, and when an opening was made by the cannon the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English, nor cause their steadiness to waver for an instant. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square was momentarily thinned, it still presented a line of glittering bayonets, through which the French infantry endeavoured to penetrate in vain.

One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly attacked by cavalry on three different sides at the same moment. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, whilst the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a desperate ordeal. There was a death-like silence. One voice alone, clear and calm, was heard: it was their colonel's, calling upon them to be "steady." On came the enemy. The earth quivered be-

neath the horses' feet, while on every side of the devoted band the corn bending before the rush of cavalry disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance-blades almost met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within a few paces, yet not a trigger was drawn. But when the word "Fire!" thundered from the colonel's lips each side poured out its deadly volley, and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square carried death into their retreating squadrons.

The Bois de Bossu had continued to be the point of severe and fluctuating combats. The 96th had driven the French out, but, under a heavy cannonade, supported by a cavalry movement, they were forced to retire, fighting inch by inch and contesting every tree. Ney established himself at last within the wood, and ordered up a considerable addition to the light troops who had already occupied this important point.

Up to this moment the 92nd Regiment had lain in ambush behind a ditch to guard the position which the duke considered so important. A regiment of Brunswick cavalry had attempted to repel a charge of cuirassiers, and, repulsed with loss, were driven back to the ditch. The rear of the Brunswicks intermingled with the foremost of the French horsemen, and for a while the 92nd could not relieve their friends with their musketry. At length, as a squadron of cuirassiers rode rapidly past their right flank, the Highlanders poured in their first volley on the as yet victorious troop. Never was a fire given with so complete an aim or so deadly an effect. The cuirassiers were literally mown down by the withering discharge. Over the horses that were brought down those following in full speed rolled in indescribable confusion, and those who missed a bullet could hardly escape being pressed or trodden to death by horses made furious in their agony. Thus in a few moments the road was choked with the dead and dying, and what was shortly before a splendid regiment was now but a handful of men, who contrived to escape, and retreated in desperate confusion.

At this period of the battle the Guards, after a march of twenty-seven miles, and having been on foot since three in the morning, arrived from Enghien. Exhausted by heat and fatigue, they had halted at Nivelles, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their dinners. But the increasing roar of cannon announced that the duke was seriously engaged, and staff orderlies brought orders to hurry on. The bivouac was instantly broken up, the kettles packed, the rations abandoned, and the troops, without a murmur, resumed their march.

The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, and at every step became more clearly audible. Waggoners were also met, heaped with the wounded, telling but too plainly that the work of death was going on.

The Guards, indeed, came up at a fortunate crisis. The Bois de Bossu was won, and the tirailleurs of the enemy, emerging from their cover, were about to take up a position on the road, so as to intercept the duke's communication

with the Prussians. The fifth division of the English army, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground, and were utterly incapable of any offensive movement. The first brigade of Guards, having loaded and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance, and, wearied as they were with a fifteen hours' march, they cheered and pushed forward. Every bush and coppice was held and disputed by the enemy, but they could not resist the steady onward charge of the Guards, and were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, they attempted to form and arrest the progress of their assailants. The stand was momentary; they were compelled to relinquish the position, and the wood was once more carried by the British. Their success was, however, limited to its occupation; the broken ground and close timber prevented the battalion forming, and when it emerged—necessarily in much disorder—from its cover the masses of cavalry drawn up on the open ground charged and forced it back. At last, after many daring attempts to debouch and form, the first brigade fell back upon the third battalion, which, by flanking the wood, had been enabled to form in square and repulse the cavalry, and there the brigade halted.

The French commander, Marshal Ney, finding that his men were becoming intimidated and depressed by repeated defeats, sent orders for the first corps, which he imagined was still in reserve, to throw themselves on the flanks of the British, but to his astonishment he was informed that Napoleon, who was engaged at the same moment with the Prussians in front of Ligny, had disposed of the reserve corps. It is said that Ney on receiving this unexpected intelligence was paralysed, and, giving way to a burst of rage, he exclaimed, "My plans are destroyed, and the battle is lost!" But a few minutes afterwards, recovering his wonted energy, he collected the whole of his cavalry, and, putting himself at their head, made repeated desperate charges, with the hope of recovering his lost ground. All was, however, in vain. Each effort only left him weaker than before, and at length, calling off his troops, he retreated, and the battle was at an end.

Thus terminated the fight of Quatre Bras, one of the most protracted and sanguinary struggles on record, and memorable beyond all others for the determination and bravery which the conquerors and the conquered equally displayed. The victory was all the more glorious from the disparity of numbers of the opposing forces: that of the British did not exceed sixteen thousand, while the French were thirty-four thousand strong.

The loss on both sides was terrible. That of the British amounted to 5000 killed and wounded, among whom was a large proportion of officers. The gallant Duke of Brunswick fell at the head of his troops. He had taken a solemn oath that he would never sheathe his sword till he had avenged the insult offered to the corpse of his father, who was slain at the battle of Jena, and whose remains Napoleon would not allow to be deposited with those of his ancestors. Although twice wounded, the duke could not be prevailed upon to retire, and, "foremost fighting, fell." Colonel Cameron, of the 92nd, was shot in the groin, and in falling from his horse was caught by some of his men and carried to the rear; on their way thither they were met by a body of French

soldiery, who cruelly put them all to death. Colonel Miller, of the 33rd Regiment, and Lord Hay, an ensign in the same battalion, were slain with many others in dialodging a column of French infantry. Sir Thomas Pleton, who was always to be seen in the thickest of the fight, was wounded in the chest, but he kept the circumstance secret, and it was not discovered until after his death, two days subsequently, at Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington throughout the conflict exhibited that composure of demeanour, firmness of purpose, and quickness of perception for which he was so remarkable. He took his station in a part of the field where he could command a full view of the battle, and while the bullets were whizzing past him, and the adjacent ground was ploughed with cannon-balls and shells, he continued looking through his glass, and giving his orders in his usual tranquil tone. In the course of the afternoon one of the officers of his staff pressed him to partake of some refreshment, but he replied, "I will not take anything till I have done my work." While one of the foot regiments was in the act of forming near him a cannon-ball swept a knapsack from the shoulders of a private. The man, not wishing to lose so useful an appendage, ran after it, and brought it back in both hands, much after the fashion that a waiter would carry a tray. The duke, evidently tickled by the singularity of the adventure and the oddity of the man's manner, fairly laughed outright—a most unusual thing with him.

It has been said with regard to Quatre Bras that there never was so great a victory with so little advantage. That cannot be denied, so far as immediate benefit was concerned; on the other hand, its influence on after events must have been immense. The gallant struggle and the signal victory achieved by us upon such unequal terms must have made us dreaded by our enemies, while it impressed our brave soldiers with a confidence in their superiority, and a conviction that they could not be beaten, which sustained and encouraged them forty-eight hours afterwards on the field of Waterloo.

A NIGHT ATTACK IN IRELAND.

SOME years back the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort, in Ireland, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour, adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and, his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him that, having supped in the bedchamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found before the door leading from the parlour into the bedchamber had been broken open.

While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bedchamber he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-

up door expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open the light, streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bedroom was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moonlight, a body of men, all armed; and of those who were in the van of the gang he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with his case-knife, but aided by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who, upon receiving the thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed. Shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded.

A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and, without betraying any audible emotion whatever that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated his own safety from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with any serious wound; and in this state of firm and manly expectation he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment, with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger—not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers than even they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it.

He did not lose a moment, after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had adopted: he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged.

The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell. While they were on the ground Sir John, thinking that his thrusts, though made with all his force, did not produce the decisive effect which they did in the beginning of the conflict, examined the weapon with his finger, and found that the blade had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the

curvature in the knife; but whilst one hand was employed in this attempt he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after he found himself wholly released from it: the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it.

At length the robbers, finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of these they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers had retired Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man-servant from his bed, who during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and he consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grandchild, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till daylight. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers that they were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed and three severely wounded in the conflict.

LORD RODNEY.

LORD RODNEY was born for the sea. As the son of Captain Rodney, who commanded the yacht in which George the First sailed to and from the Continent, it was no marvel that the future lord should have for his godfathers a king and a duke. But we well know that advantages of birth are not substitutes for natural ability, and we may fairly conclude that when George Brydges Rodney, twelve years old, went to sea his chance of promotion lay chiefly with himself.

After serving with Admiral Medley on the Newfoundland station for six years, he was appointed lieutenant in the *Dolphin* (February, 1739), in which he sailed with the Mediterranean squadron. Shortly after, in command of the *Plymouth* (sixty-four guns), he brought home 300 sail of merchantmen through the midst of a French fleet, then cruising in the chops of the Channel; and in the *Ludlow Castle* (40) he captured the great *St. Maloes* privateer, mounting an equal number of guns, and carrying a hundred more men. In the *Eagle*, a new ship of sixty guns, employed as a cruiser on the Irish station, he took two privateers—one a Spaniard of sixteen guns, with 136 men aboard; the other a French ship, the *Shoreham*, carrying twenty-two guns and 260 men. In 1747 he formed one of a squadron of five ships, under Commodore Fox, sent to intercept a fleet of French merchantmen homeward bound from St. Domingo. This fleet consisted of 170 sail, with valuable cargoes, and was convoyed by M. Bois de la Mothe with four ships of war. Fox took up his station in the Bay of Biscay, where on the morning of the 20th

of June the expected fleet was descried. He immediately gave chase, and pursued the French till the evening of the next day, when M. de la Mothe, finding the British in unpleasant proximity, crowded all sail, and made off in the night, abandoning his convoy. This became an easy prey; forty-eight ships were captured, and several others fell into the hands of our cruisers. Captain Rodney's share in these captures was six vessels.

Rodney was one of the commanders at Hawke's victory over the French under M. Lotendour, and on this occasion laid the foundation of that popularity he afterwards enjoyed. During the action the *Eagle* engaged with two ships at once, after passing through a raking fire all down the French line, from the rear to the van. She had her wheel shot away after every man that took it had been killed, and all her braces and bowlines gone, so that for a time she was absolutely ungovernable. Hawke came to the rescue of the gallant captain, but not till he had boarded and taken the vessel with which he was principally engaged. Not content, however, with having brought down his ship, after repairing damages he joined with Saunders in the *Yarmouth*, and Saumarez in the *Nottingham*, in the pursuit of the French admiral and the *Intrepide*, who were endeavouring to escape under cover of the night. These ships, having come up with the enemy, engaged them nearly an hour, and would in all probability have burnt or brought them back, had not the gallant Saumarez been killed by a shot from the *Townsend*, which induced his lieutenant to discontinue the pursuit.

At the end of the war a small squadron, of which the *Eagle* was one, fell in with a Spanish fleet from the West Indies of twelve sail of the line, with a rich convoy, and took six merchantmen. Upon Rodney's return to England the *Eagle* was paid off. Being presented to the king by Lord Anson, his Majesty observed that he did not imagine he had so young a captain in his navy, upon which Anson replied, "Sire, young Rodney has been six years a captain in your Majesty's navy, and, without reflection, I most heartily wish your Majesty had a hundred such captains."

In March, 1748, Rodney was appointed to the *Rainbow*, and two months after was sent out as commander-in-chief on the Newfoundland station, the very point at which he began his career. Passing over four uneventful years in this quarter, and his subsequent minor services, we find that in May, 1759, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue, and immediately appointed to the command of a small squadron of ships of war and bomb-ketches, equipped against Havre de Grace, where the French had collected a large number of flat-bottomed boats, to aid their intended invasion of the English shores. Rodney sailed from St. Helen's on the 2nd of July, and the following day anchored in the road of Havre. The bomb-ketches were placed in the narrow channel of the river leading to Harfleur, and the ships of war judiciously stationed to protect and support them. Early on the 4th the bombardment commenced, and continued for fifty-two hours. The enemy replied briskly, and by nine o'clock on the first day had opened a heavy fire from their bomb-batteries, which were rebuilt as often as they were destroyed. The town, how-

ever, was repeatedly in flames in various places, while the magazines, containing stores for the boat-flotillas, burned furiously for six hours, in spite of extraordinary exertions to extinguish the fire. The boats, which were a hundred feet long, and capable of containing four hundred men each, were all torn to pieces by the repeated explosions of our shells: not a mast stood erect, and the hulls lay together shattered and blackened.

Allowing himself only two days to run into harbour to re-victual, he returned to Havre, and kept the enemy in such a perpetual agitation that they did not attempt to restore or repair the ruin he had effected. On the 5th of July he drove on shore five flat-bottomed boats, laden with artillery and ammunition, and totally destroyed them, together with a fort under which they ran for protection at Port Bassin. Ten others, which were in company, contrived to escape up the river Orne, leading to Caen.

The French had sailed from Harfleur in the middle of the day, with colours flying and all possible parade, as if to defy the English squadron. The hills on each side the river, and the walls of Havre, were covered with spectators, astonished probably that the English took no notice of all the parade that was going on. But the admiral was too good a seaman not to discern that it would be useless for him to move until the French boats should have passed the shoal at the mouth of the river, and while they could take shelter at an instant's notice in several small ports. To infuse a little more courage into the French, and induce them to run out to sea, he ordered not a sail to be loosed, as if he saw them not, though the crews were ready at an instant signal to pursue. When the enemy had got the length of the river they kept standing backward and forward upon the shoals, and plainly evinced their intention of pushing down channel as soon as night fell.

As soon, therefore, as the day closed Rodney despatched a couple of cutters, with orders to make all possible sail to the mouth of the river, and ordered three frigates to pursue and destroy the enemy. They were met and turned by two English ships, disguised like Dutchmen, and, perceiving that their retreat was cut off by the frigates, they ran ashore, and met the fate just described. The enemy immediately unloaded a hundred other boats which were ready to sail, and laid them up at Rouen as useless. Thus Havre de Grace was completely ruined as a naval arsenal, and was the source of no further annoyance to Great Britain during the whole continuance of the war.

In the autumn of 1761 Rodney was appointed commander-in-chief of an expedition to Martinique. At Barbadoes he was joined by the *Téméraire* and *Actæon* (Commodore Buxton), from Belle-Ile, with a part of the army that had just before been employed in the conquest of that island. Soon after he was reinforced by a second corps from America, under Major-General Monckton, and proceeded to Martinique, off which island he arrived on the 7th of January, 1762, and anchored in St. Peter's Bay.

The ships having silenced the forts in St. Peter's Bay, the troops made good their landing without loss, but they had great difficulties to dispose of before they could lay siege to Port Royal, which now lay open to them about

four miles distant. The whole country was a natural fortification, extremely mountainous in the centre, from whence issued heavy streams, and these, in their way to the sea, had worn deep channels, so that the country was frequently intersected with deep ravines, while the fords were rendered difficult from the number of rocks which had rolled down into them from the mountain sides. The French had improved by every means in their power the formidable array of difficulties which nature had opposed to an invader. Guards were posted and batteries erected wherever they were practicable, and these obstructions were nowhere more formidable than in the neighbourhood of the place where the first regular attack was proposed. The Morne Tortenson and the Morne Garnier formed a natural outwork to the citadel of Port Royal, and had been fortified with a degree of care to be expected in the defence of so important a post.

The admiral superintended the landing of the artillery, and sent on shore a large body of seamen, who carried the cannon upwards of three miles, through what would have seemed to any but the most determined men insurmountable difficulties—dragging cannon and mortars up mountainous acclivities, and across the enemy's line of fire. "As soon as we were all safely disembarked," writes an officer who served in the expedition, "our engineers were immediately set to work in raising batteries, as well to establish our footing in the island as to cover in our approaches to dislodge the enemy from their posts. For this purpose all the cannon and other warlike stores were landed as soon as possible, and dragged by the Jacks to any point thought proper. You may fancy you know the spirit of these fellows, but to see them in action exceeds any idea that can be formed of them. A hundred or two of them, with ropes and pulleys, will do more than all your dray-horses in London. Let but their tackle hold, and they'll draw you a cannon or mortar, on its proper carriage, up to any height, though the weight be ever so great. It is droll enough to see them tugging along, with a good four-and-twenty pounder at their heels. On they jog, huzzahing and hallooing, sometimes up-hill, sometimes down-hill, now sticking fast in the brakes, presently floundering in mud and mire, swearing, drinking, but as careless of everything but the matter committed to their charge as if death or danger had nothing to do with them. We had a thousand of these brave fellows sent to our assistance by the admiral, and the service they did us, both on shore and on the water, is incredible." On the first cannon which ascended the heights a sailor got astraddle, with a fiddle he had managed to carry up, and played "God save the King," the enemy's bullets whistling an accompaniment.

While preparations were thus being made for the grand attack the army encamped above the Cas de Navires, and it was determined first to endeavour to take the Morne Tortenson by storm. To favour this operation a body of regular troops and marines were ordered to advance on the right along the shore towards the town, in order to storm the redoubts which lay in the lower ground, and a thousand seamen, in flat-bottomed boats, rowed close in shore to assist them. The attack succeeded in every quarter: redoubt after redoubt fell with such rapidity before the arms of

our brave fellows that the enemy were panic-stricken. They gave up their citadel almost without a blow, and on the 12th of February, just as General Monckton was about to embark for the reduction of St. Pierre, the capital, deputies arrived with proposals for the surrender of the whole island. Fourteen privateers had previously been taken by Rodney's captains; with the island as many more, in the various ports, were given up. Nor was this magnificent success ended here: Grenada, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent were speedily reduced, when the whole of the French possessions in the Caribbees were won to the British crown.

Admiral Rodney had nothing to detain him in the West Indies after these brilliant events, and peace was again signed in 1763. As a reward for his past services, he was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and was created a baronet in January, 1764, and Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1765.

In 1771 he resigned the governorship, on receiving the appointment of commander-in-chief on the Jamaica station, whither he sailed in the *Princess Amelia* (80): a marked compliment to Rodney, it being quite unusual to send a three-decker to the Jamaica station, except in time of war.

On his return to England the pressure of his circumstances became so great that he was obliged to retire to France from the persecutions of his creditors. There he lived for some years in obscurity, and so great was his indigence that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence. The duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on the subject, but, not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him that, as his royal master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make him the handsomest offers if he would quit the English service and take the command of a French squadron. Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made this answer:—"Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country, but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that can do no wrong."

The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar that he instantly exclaimed, "It is a great pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country. Will a thousand louis-d'or enable you to revisit it and tender your services to your sovereign?" The other replied they would. The duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week before he returned the duke's loan, accompanied with a most grateful letter for the obligation.

But heroes appear to have been held very cheap in England at this period, and Rodney's proffers

were coldly overlooked till the close of 1779, when he was appointed to the chief command of the Leeward Island station, with the rank of admiral of the white. He sailed from Spithead on the 25th of December, his flag flying on board the *Sandwich*, of ninety guns. He had under his orders fifteen sail of the line, with a large fleet of merchant ships for the Mediterranean, and transports with stores for the relief of Gibraltar.

On the morning of the 8th of January, when about fifteen leagues to the west of Cape Finisterre, several sail were discovered to the N.E. The admiral lost no time in making signal for a general chase, while his convoy were ordered to lie by. Above half the British fleet soon gained sufficiently on the strangers to discover that they were Spaniards, and by superior sailing and dexterity the whole squadron was captured by one o'clock. The prizes consisted of a ship of sixty-four guns, four frigates mounting from twenty to thirty guns each, two corvettes, and a considerable number of merchantmen laden with stores.

As soon as the prisoners were exchanged and the prizes secured the fleet proceeded along the coast of Portugal. Sir George, having obtained information from some neutral vessels that a squadron of fourteen Spanish ships of the line was cruising off Cape St. Vincent, ordered his fleet to sail abreast, in line of battle, with the convoy in the rear. On the 16th of January, at one p.m., the enemy appeared in sight, under easy sail, and some of them either lying to or standing towards our fleet. The weather being hazy, and the British line much extended, it is supposed that the Spaniards did not readily discover the whole of Rodney's force, for it was some time after they came in sight that they began to retreat, the British fleet steering directly upon them under a press of sail. The moment Rodney perceived the intention of the enemy to fly he made signal for chase, the ships to engage as they came up, and to take the lee gauge, to prevent the enemy's retreat into their ports.

At four p.m., perceiving the most advanced of his ships near the enemy, Rodney made the general signal to close and engage. In a few minutes the four headmost ships began the action, their fire being returned with vigour. At about five one of the enemy's vessels blew up while in action with the *Duguay-Trouin*, every soul on board of her being destroyed. Soon after another of the enemy surrendered. Meanwhile the action and pursuit were continued with vigour on both sides, a constant fire being kept up till one o'clock in the morning, when the *Monarca*, the headmost of all the enemy's ships, having struck to the *Sandwich* upon the receipt of a signal broadside, and the firing having ceased, the admiral made a signal to bring to.

Four of the captured vessels were taken into Gibraltar; the *Julien* and the *Eugenie* also surrendered, but were driven on shore near Cadiz the next day by violent winds, and totally lost. Fortunately the crews were saved, and were treated with great generosity by the Spaniards. The loss sustained by the British in this encounter was 32 killed and 102 wounded.

The fleet and convoy proceeded on their voyage to Gibraltar. The relief of this stronghold being accomplished, Rodney sailed to the West Indies, where he arrived in the month of March, and im-

mediately took up the command of his Majesty's ships there, which numbered twenty-one sail of the line and several frigates. As soon as he had refreshed his crews Rodney sailed for St. Lucia, where he arrived on the 27th March and found that the enemy, who for some days previous to his arrival had made a parade off St. Lucia with twenty-five sail of the line, had retired to Port Royal Bay on his approach. Thither he proceeded, and for two days endeavoured in vain to provoke the French to battle, the fleets lying near enough to count each other's guns. He therefore left a squadron of his fastest sailers to watch the motions of the enemy, and with the remainder returned to Gros Islet Bay, where he lay at single anchor, in readiness to ship and pursue the enemy upon the first intelligence that they had put to sea.

On the 15th of April the French fleet, under the Count de Guichens, consisting of twenty-three liners, a 50-gun ship, three frigates, and some corvettes, escaped at night from Port Royal. This being signalled to Sir George the following day from his squadron of observation, he immediately got under weigh and sailed in pursuit. In the evening he approached the French so near as to ascertain their exact force. The next day was consumed in manoeuvres, the Count de Guichens endeavouring to avoid a battle, and Rodney counteracting all his enemy's movements in order to insure one. At daylight on the morning of the 17th, the wind favouring the British a few points, the admiral made his disposition to attack the enemy (who were soon after seen forming into line ahead) in a succession of masterly manoeuvres, constantly shifted to check the efforts of the enemy. Rodney at length gave the signal for close action—every ship to bear down and steer for her opposite in the enemy's line. This order, however, was very imperfectly understood, or very imperfectly obeyed, which threw the admiral, at the last most critical moment, into some embarrassment. He at once exemplified his order, however, by his own vessel, and bore down upon the French admiral. The *Montague* and *Intrepid*, which were in the wake of the *Sandwich*, also singled out their enemy, and opened their guns in earnest; while the gallant efforts made by the *Ajax*, *Terrible*, *Princess Royal*, *Grafton*, and *Trident* put the enemy's van in disorder.

Sir George, having thus nobly set the example for close action, obliged the Count de Guichens to bear out of the line. This brought the count's seconds ahead and astern of him to windward, and they bore down to support their flagship. Had Rodney been only as well supported De Guichens and his seconds would never have escaped; as it was, the *Sandwich* maintained the unequal combat for more than an hour. At length Sir Hyde Parker, in the *Princess Royal*, came to her assistance, upon which the French drew off, leaving the *Sandwich* a perfect wreck. She had eighty shot in her hull, three of them between wind and water, her rigging cut to pieces, and a mast shot away; while, to maintain her own against her three opponents, she expended 100 barrels of powder and 8288 round shot. For twenty-four hours she could barely be kept above water; and yet, by the exertions of her crew, in another twenty-four hours she was again ready for action. Before the attack which

so cruelly crippled the *Sandwich* she had beaten three ships out of the enemy's line of battle. During this action a woman on board the *Sandwich* fought a 24-pounder gun, and afterwards attended the whole night upon the wounded.

At the conclusion of the engagement only nine French ships were in line; but it was impossible to pursue them that night, as a few hours were needed to repair damages; and, the wind veering just at the close of the action, the enemy got the weather-gauge and the next morning were out of sight. On the 19th they were again discovered to the northward, and every effort was employed to get up with them, but the French admiral cautiously kept his wind, hauling under Guadaloupe, while Sir George Rodney lay becalmed and baffled off Dominica. Under such circumstances, it soon became useless to continue the pursuit. The admiral therefore stood for St. Lucia to rest and land his wounded.

On the 6th of May following Rodney received intelligence that the enemy's fleet was approaching to windward of Martinique. He immediately put to sea, and soon after discovered them in the same force as before. He resorted to every manoeuvre he was master of to bring the French to a general engagement, but on the 21st, after hanging off and on for five days, they ran out of sight. Nor was he more fortunate with a Spanish squadron of twelve sail of the line which sailed from Cadiz on the 28th of April, and which he hoped to intercept before they could join the French at Martinique. The Spanish admiral altered his original destination: instead of proceeding to Martinique, he stayed at Guadaloupe, and sent for the French to join him, which they did with eighteen sail of the line. The great superiority of the combined fleets compelled Rodney to remain inactive, and on the approach of the hurricane months he sailed for North America.

Early in 1781 Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood joined Rodney with a reinforcement of seven sail from England, and instructions to attack the Dutch settlements in the West Indies, particularly the island of St. Eustatius, which had become peculiarly obnoxious to the English government on account of the aid it had afforded to the revolted provinces of America in naval and military stores. On the 3rd of February the fleet, with a detachment of soldiers, appeared before the island, which surrendered without a blow, with all the property it contained, which was estimated at the value of three millions sterling. That the inhabitants were treated with unnecessary harshness has been almost universally believed, and it is certainly pleasant to turn from this topic to the more brilliant and unexceptionable features of Rodney's career.

In the autumn he returned to England to recruit his health, which was much impaired by the harassing service he had so long been employed upon. On the death of the venerable Lord Hawke, in November, Rodney was appointed Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and a few days afterwards was reappointed to his West India command. Hoisting his flag in the *Formidable* (98), he sailed on the 15th of January, 1782, with a fleet of twelve liners. On the 25th of February he formed a junction with Sir Samuel Hood to windward of Antigua, and,



being shortly after joined by a reinforcement from England, he found himself at the head of a fleet comprising thirty-six sail of the line.

At the first moment Rodney put to sea with his whole force, in hopes of intercepting some French reinforcements which were daily expected to arrive in the West Indies. The convoy, however, eluded his vigilance and arrived safe in Port Royal Bay on the 25th of March. On intimation of this Rodney returned to Gros Islet Bay, St. Lucia, where he victualled his fleet; his cruisers, meanwhile, keeping strict watch upon the French fleet, which lay snug in Port Royal Bay, under the care of the Count de Grasse.

On the 5th of April the admiral received advice by Captain Byron, of the *Andromache* frigate, that the enemy were embarking troops; and on the 8th Byron signalled that they were coming out, and standing to the N.W. The French fleet consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, two of fifty guns, ten frigates, with armed brigs, five ships, and cutters; and in this fleet were embarked 5400 troops, with a heavy train of artillery, and all the necessary appliances for the reduction of Jamaica. In forming an idea of this fleet, the artillery and ammunition vessels, those carrying the baggage and tent equipage, and the traders for Hispaniola are to be reckoned; forming altogether a very large convoy.

Rodney instantly made signal to weigh, and by noon the whole British fleet was out at sea. The admiral first stretched over to Port Royal, and, finding the enemy clean gone, signalled for a general chase. In the night the enemy's lights were distinctly seen, and at daylight on the morning of the 9th some of the more advanced ships were close up to their convoy under Dominica. Their ships of war seemed to be

forming in line to windward, and standing over towards Guadaloupe. Early in the morning Rodney had made signal for forming in line also; but the fleet was becalmed under the high lands of Dominica, and the ships were for some time unable to get into their stations. But as soon as the breeze reached the van division, under Sir Samuel Hood, he stood on and closed with the enemy's centre. The opportunity of disabling the British van, while the centre and rear lay becalmed, proved too tempting for the French admiral. He formed, received the fire of Sir Samuel Hood's squadron, and the action was commenced. Hood's squadron maintained the fight in the most gallant manner for upwards of an hour—the *Barfleur*, the rear-admiral's own ship, being frequently engaged with three ships at one time.

At length, however, the leading ships of the centre caught the breeze, and crowded down to the support of the van. These were followed by the *Formidable*, *Duke*, and *Namur*, which as they advanced made and supported a tremendous fire. A few minutes after the rear began to move, and presently came cracking up with all the speed it could make; perceiving which the French admiral, repenting of the step he had taken, made sail and withdrew from the action, which was getting too serious. His example was at once followed by the rest of his fleet; and, the wind being in his enemy's favour, Rodney was unable to force the engagement. Two French liners were so crippled in this predatory action that they were obliged to quit their fleet and run to Guadaloupe. The *Royal Oak*, *Montague*, and *Alfred*, British ships, suffered severely; but their damages, though they occupied some time, were easily repairable at sea.

Meanwhile the enemy had stretched so far to windward as to be almost hull down. All hope of coming up with them and forcing them to a second engagement, therefore, seemed at an end: but at this crisis two of the enemy's ships were desisted to leeward of the fleet with their topmasts struck. They had been crippled in the late action, and were unable to keep up with the other ships. The signal was instantly made for chase. As it then blew a fresh steady gale, the foremost British ships could have cut off the stragglers before the evening; but the signals for assistance which they repeatedly threw out induced the Count de Grasse to bear down to their relief. This was an event more to be desired than the capture of the two vessels; for the enemy's fleet was thus brought so far to leeward that the hope of forcing them to renew the battle again revived. Sir George Rodney recalled the ships in chase, formed a close line of battle, and carried sail to windward all night.

At daybreak another French ship, disabled and towed by a frigate, was observed to leeward. Several Englishmen immediately went in pursuit; and, seeing that she must inevitably be taken unless he interfered, the French admiral again shifted his course and bore down towards her. Rodney was thus in a position to weather a great part of the enemy's fleet, and it was impossible for them to avoid an engagement. The ships in chase were ordered to their stations, and a close line ahead formed on the starboard tack, the enemy being to larboard. At half-past seven Rear-Admiral Drake's division, which led, opened the day, which soon became general from van to rear. The signal for close action was thrown out, and, after taking and returning the fire of half the French force, under one general blaze and thunder-peal along both lines, Rodney himself put in practice a manœuvre on which he had resolved ere the fleets closed. His own line running obliquely to that of the enemy, by simply continuing his course he broke their line about three ships from the *Ville de Paris*; being immediately followed by those in his rear, he wore, and doubled upon the enemy, keeping up, as he did so, a most destructive fire. By this bold and masterly manœuvre the French line was divided and thrown into utter confusion. The van bore away and endeavoured to form to leeward, but they were so hard pressed by the British that they were unable to accomplish it. Sir Samuel Hood's division, which had been becalmed the greater part of the forenoon, now came up and completed the rout. His men were fresh and his guns cool; and, bringing them all vigorously into action where the fire was hottest, the victory became a triumph.

The *Glorious*, commanded by the Viscount d'Eeue, made a most gallant defence. Her masts and bowsprit were shot by the board—the white flag being nailed to a stump of one of the masts—defiant, though a mere hulk, to the last. She did not strike until entirely abandoned by her consorts and when her brave commander had fallen. M. de Marigny, in the *César*, displayed equal gallantry; he did not surrender till mortally wounded, and when three British ships were bearing down upon him. As the *César* struck her masts went over the side.

Of the British ships, the *Canada*, commanded by the brave Cornwallis, behaved most gallantly.

After engaging a French seventy-four till she struck, he left his prize to be taken possession of by the ships astern, and made sail for the French admiral in the *Ville de Paris*, who was endeavouring to rejoin his flying and scattered fleet. Shortly coming up with his enemy, Cornwallis sent shot after shot through her rigging; and thus disabled, and several other British ships fast making down towards her, the *Ville de Paris* had no chance of escape. Her commander, the Count de Grasse, did not give in without a struggle, however, even then; and it was not till the *Barfleur* (Sir S. Hood) had come up, and poured in a telling and destructive broadside, that he thought of striking. But his ships had all deserted him; it was vain to resist, and his flag came down with the setting sun.

The enemy's fleet went off before the wind in small detached squadrons and single ships, with all the sail they could crowd, closely pursued by the English, which also, consequently, were very much dispersed. Upon the surrender of the French admiral, therefore, and the night fast setting in, Rodney made the signal to bring to, in order to collect his fleet and secure the prizes. Of these the most valuable was the *Ville de Paris*, of 106 guns, the largest ship in Europe, and the finest national trophy ever won at sea. On board were found thirty-six chests of money, for the pay and subsistence of the troops. This ship had been a present from the City of Paris to Louis XV., after the victories of Hawke and Boscawen had broken the French navy.

The total loss sustained by the French must have been enormous, as, besides the ships' crews, they had between five and six thousand soldiers aboard. It is believed that the killed amounted to above 3000, and the wounded to double that number. Sir Gilbert Blane, who was on board Rodney's ship during the action, states his estimate at 14,000 taken, killed, and otherwise hors de combat. Before the prisoners could be shifted from the *César* she was observed to be on fire, and in a few minutes blew up. By this accident a lieutenant, boatswain, and fifty men, drafted from the *Centaur*, and about 400 Frenchmen, perished. The British loss was 230 killed and 759 wounded, exclusive of the loss of the *Centaur* and *Alcide*: it may, therefore, be pretty safely stated at not more than 300 killed and 800 wounded.

When the intelligence of this important victory reached England the people were transported with enthusiasm. Both Houses of Parliament unanimously voted their thanks to the victorious admiral and the officers and seamen under his command. The king raised him to the dignity of a peer, by the title of Baron Rodney, and this honour was followed by a pension of £2000 per annum settled on his lordship and his immediate heirs.

It is a curious fact that a few days previous to the arrival of the news of this victory in England Admiral Pigott sailed to the West Indies with orders to supersede the gallant Rodney. On the intelligence being received a swift-sailing cutter was despatched to recall Admiral Pigott—but too late. The admiral arrived at Port Royal, and, following his instructions, took upon himself the command of the fleet which Rodney then led from victory. His lordship immediately shifted his flag to a seventy-four, sailed to England, and never after accepted a command.

He died in London on the 24th of May, 1792, at an appropriate naval age—74. Compare him as we may, he will ever stand in the first rank of British admirals. Firm as a rock in matters of discipline, he was yielding as water on occasions of charity and benevolence. And if in those burly times he made sailors tremble on the quarter-deck, he took especial care that they should not shiver for want of a great-coat in Greenwich Hospital.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

GROSS PURPOSES.

It was customary with Frederick the Great of Prussia, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions—viz., “How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?” It happened that a young soldier, born in France, and who had served in his own country, desired to enlist into the Prussian service, and his figure was such as to cause him immediately to be accepted. He was totally ignorant of the German language, but his captain gave him notice that the king would question him in that language the first time he saw him, and therefore cautioned him to learn by heart the three answers he was to give. The soldier learned them by the next day, and as soon as he appeared in the ranks Frederick came up to interrogate him. His Majesty, however, happened to begin with the second question first, and asked him, “How long have you been in my service?” “Twenty-one years,” answered the soldier. “The king, struck with his youth, which plainly indicated he had not borne a musket near so long as that, said to him, much astonished, “How old are you?” “One year, an’t please your Majesty.” Frederick, still more astonished, cried, “You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses.” The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, “Both, an’t please your Majesty.” “This is the first time I ever was treated as a madman at the head of my army,” rejoined Frederick. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, stood silent; and when the king again addressed him, in order to penetrate the mystery, the soldier told him in French that he did not understand a word of German. The king laughed heartily, and, after exhorting him to perform his duty, left him.

BAVES IN A SHIPWRECK.

In the year 1782 a vessel in the service of the East India Company, returning from the East Indies, encountered severe storms, and was in much danger of sinking. Everybody therefore began to prepare himself for his fate, except eight of the crew, who seized the boat and rowed off, leaving the remainder to perish.

The sailors thus left behind called out to the others to return, and take with them two helpless infants, “who,” they said, “can add no weight to your boat.” After some entreaty the fellows returned, first obtaining an assurance that

no one should set his foot in the boat, and, having received the infants, again rowed off. Not a man attempted to save his life, not a man attempted to leap into the boat; they had too much respect for their promise, and the honour of themselves and their comrades, and therefore permitted the eight seamen to depart without any molestation.

Thus did these generous seamen, in the hour of their deepest distress, forgetting themselves, think only of preserving the lives of two innocent children, and (when there was an opportunity of saving their own) scorn the very idea of life that was not connected with honour.

Melancholy to relate, before the boat was out of sight the vessel went down, and every soul on board perished. Another East India ship very shortly afterwards took up the fellows who had carried off the boat, and the captain, in the most humane manner, took the two children, put them into his own bed, and at length, by paying great attention, was able to recall the dying sparks of life in their almost frozen bodies.

THE MILLING ADMIRAL.

SEVERAL years since the bargemen of the *Berwick*, then at Spithead, quarreled with the bargemen of the ship which Admiral Milbank then commanded as captain, and the latter were heartily drubbed, to the no small mortification of the admiral, who was in his younger days exceedingly athletic, and somewhat addicted to boxing. A few days after the admiral called the boat’s crew together, upbraided them for a set of cowards, dressed himself in a common jacket and trousers, and, observing the *Berwick*’s barge rowing ashore to Portsmouth beach, ordered his own to be immediately manned, and, thus disguised, took an oar as one of the crew. The coxswain, as particularly directed, run the head of his barge against the *Berwick*’s barge quarter, in consequence of which a broadside of oaths was given and returned, which produced a challenge to fight with more substantial weapons. The admiral, as champion of his crew, beat the whole of the other barge’s crew, one after the other (eleven in number), to the great joy and admiration of his sailors, and then, making himself known, went and visited his friends at Portsmouth as if nothing had happened.

A PRESENTATION AT COURT.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip a young lieutenant of marines lost both his legs by a chain-shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed to England, and a memorial of his case presented to the Admiralty, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mason had the poor lieutenant conducted to court on a public day, in his uniform, where, posted in the guard-rooms, and supported by two brother officers, he cried out, as George II. was passing to the drawing-room, “Behold, great sire, a man who cannot bend his knee to you, he having lost both in your service.” The king, struck no less by the singularity of this address than by the melancholy object before him, stopped and hastily demanded what had been done for him. “Half-pay,” replied the lieutenant, “and please your Majesty.” “Fie! fie!

on't!" said the king, shaking his head; "but let me see you again next levée day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, where he received from the immediate hands of royalty five hundred pounds ready money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly, as long as he lived.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XV. (continued.)

EDGAR had justly surmised that the female inmates had quitted the basement part of the houses, and were engaged in either loading the men's arms or in preparing missiles for the enemy. Such indeed was the fact: a trap-door on the first floor of each house left the whole line of lower rooms perfectly isolated and untenanted.

To cleave a way through the earth and wattles that formed the parting walls of each tenement was only the work of a few seconds, any noise that was made being drowned in the savage yells of triumph that rose from the other streets, now being assaulted, in the rattle of musketry, and in the shrieks and oaths of the men scalded to death or blinded by the molten lead and boiling pitch flung on their advancing columns.

Suddenly reappearing with his small party through the splintered door, Edgar told his men to cease firing, took off his cravat, and, tying it to his sword, waved it as a flag of truce to the enemy in the houses nearest to him. After a minute or two the firing ceased, when, taking advantage of a lull in the yells and cries from the neighbouring streets, he inquired, in their own language—

"If you have any women or children in the houses on this side send them out, and they shall be taken to a place of safety. Quick, answer, or it may be too late to save them. Yes or no?"

One or two voices inquired from more remote buildings the meaning of the Christian dog's speech.

Understanding the purport of the questions asked, Edgar shouted for the last time his humane proposition to send out their women and children. A derisive laugh and the report of a rifle were the only answer given, and the young ensign who stood at his side fell forward on his face, and without a groan expired.

Quick as thought, Brown, who stood behind the major and the ensign, brought his piece to his shoulder, levelled it at the spot whence the puff of white smoke appeared, and fired. So true and sudden was his aim that before the piece could be recovered the dastardly marksman was seen falling head foremost to the earth from the parapet on which he stood.

"Well done, sergeant. Back, my men! back! No longer parley with the scoundrels," exclaimed Edgar, putting up his extemporised flag. Then, turning to the sergeant, he added, "Ready there, Brown? Back, all of you! back! Fire!"

The effect was grand and startling that broke

so suddenly on the gaze of the astonished men, who in great part were ignorant of what had been done or what was to be effected. Having laid a train of gunpowder through most of the houses to nearly the end of the street, Brown, at the order given him to fire, ignited the fuses, when at first, and almost without noise, the roof of every house in the line seemed lifted up as if by magic, revealing its groups of men, its cauldrons of boiling pitch and oil, and all the collected implements of destruction, while the whole interior showed like one vast mass of flame, with men, women, and children in every conceivable attitude clustered about the doors, windows, and divans. Scarcely had the eye time to comprehend this startling vision, when, with a loud report, the whole fabric was hurled in fragments into the air, or flung in blazing masses against the opposite houses.

Waiting till the hurtled rafters had descended, and the clouds of black smoke rose from the smouldering ruins, Edgar gave the word to advance, when, with a mad rush, the column swept along the highway, strewn with blasting masses, the terrified inmates of the opposite side being too seriously employed in extinguishing the fire or repairing the breaches in the fronts of their houses to have a thought or wish to dispute the passage of the enemy.

With a triumphant cheer, Edgar deployed his force into the great square, where they were instantly confronted by a large body of the enemy's picked men, every one armed to the teeth with firelock, pistols, shumashers, and shield.

Looking around, Edgar saw that the murderous warfare was still going on in the other streets, where the troops were fiercely struggling to force a passage, while, to increase the danger still farther, should they succeed in working a passage to the upper end, the Afghans collected in the square were divided and faced in different directions, so as to sweep each street as soon as the British appeared in sight.

The intelligence that Major Havering had blown up one side of his street was soon conveyed to the general, who ordered the bugle to sound the recall for those caught in the murderous toils of those gloomy lanes.

The moment he heard the ring of the bugle Edgar understood its purport, and, satisfied that he should now be quickly supported, no longer hesitated to attack the overwhelming numbers of the enemy before him.

"Now, then, my lads, take your revenge out of the rascals for your lost comrades and the boiling pitch. I have only one order to give you, and I hope you will keep it: stand close, and load and fire as quick as you can. Now, then—fire!"

A shout from behind proclaimed the approach of Colonel Sawbridge and his party, and directly after the skeleton of three companies of the supporting regiments appeared in sight.

"Stole away, by Heaven! Charge!" shouted Havering as he perceived the whole of the enemy retreating at a rapid run down one of the three streets, a few skirmishers covering their rear and keeping Edgar in check. The last of the skirmishers had just disappeared after the rear of the column as Edgar reached the head of the street down which they had vanished.

"Give them a parting volley, lads," he cried as he halted his men, and the discharge was poured

after them. Before the smoke had cleared away the folds of a large white flag dropped before his eyes, and, looking up, he saw a party of some twenty Persian and Afghan grandees standing before him, while one stately chief, with a courteous bow, presented the jewelled hilt of his scimitar, saying as he did so—

"The wisdom of Allah endureth for ever. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The victory of the day is yours, and with my sword I yield up my illustrious master's city of Ghuznee. Will it please my lord to allow his servant's vakeel to approach his musnud?"

Bowing respectfully, and saluting the seraskier with his sword, Edgar explained, with modest deference, that his excellency had made a mistake, that he was but an inferior officer under his general's command, and concluded by offering to conduct his excellency to his chief. On turning round to show the way he beheld, to his astonishment, both Colonel Sawbridge and the general, the latter surrounded by the whole of his staff.

"No explanation is at all necessary, Major Havering," the general remarked in a deprecatory tone, as Edgar began to explain the nature of the governor's mistake. "If any officer deserves the honour of receiving that sword it is unquestionably you, Major Havering, who have done more to put us in possession of this important city than any man in the army. Besides, it is my desire, major, that you accept the governor's sword, as some acknowledgment of the valuable service rendered this day."

Then, courteously saluting the Persian governor, and apprising him that he was quite correct in the offer he had addressed, he turned again to Edgar, saying—

"Accept his sword, major, and do what you please with it."

Upon this Edgar received the gold-hilted and splendidly jewelled scimitar, and, with a low bow, returned it into the small white hand of the Persian chief, a prince of the royal line, and a cousin of the reigning sopher. With a look of some surprise, the Persian sheathed his sword, and then, unfastening the crimson sheath from the richly-embroidered sword-belt, again presented the costly weapon to Edgar, and said—

"The brave English officer who has had the honour of capturing the city of Ghuznee, and knows so well how to respect the feelings of his prisoners, must do me the honour of exchanging swords. Akbar Ali can never again wear a weapon that failed to protect the trust reposed in him by his illustrious master; but he will be proud to wear that which has conquered him."

Astonished by the proposition, and by the magnificence of the present offered, Edgar instantly unfastened his common regulation sword, and while he accepted the Persian's with one hand presented his own with the other.

Inviting the general and his staff to visit the palace, the governor and his officers led the way to the imperial residence, to receive, through the vakeels and proper functionaries, a list of the treasures, stores, and spoil of the captured city. As the brilliant party proceeded, surrounded by a guard of honour, to the palace, Edgar, at the head of his company, took his way to the ramparts, to see the different regiments marching into the city, just as the sun rose like a fiery globe from the purple canopy of the eastern heavens.

As the party reached the highest part of the ramparts a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, the provost-marshal and the quarter-master-general, surrounded by a knot of officers, at the same time hoisting the royal standard on the staff that had so lately carried the blazonry of Persia. All fighting had long ceased, and fatigue parties were now busy extinguishing fires, removing prisoners, burying the dead, and attempting to restore general order to the captured city.

Thus, after fifteen days of siege and bombardment, the loss of thousands of lives, the ruin of half the town, the infliction of incalculable misery on the inhabitants, and the capture of an enormous amount of treasure, was Ghuznee, the great capital and important fortress of Northern Persia, lost and won.

CHAPTER XVI.—A RECONNOITRING ADVENTURE.

"How is the siege getting on to-day, Brown?" inquired Peggy of her husband, now Sergeant-Major Brown, as, two months subsequent to the events narrated in the last chapter, he entered the wooden shed that formed his quarters, among the huts and tents of the Anglo-Indian army encamped before the strong town and fortress of Attock. This city is situated on the first fork of the Indus, and formed the capital and stronghold of the twenty-four independent rajahs of Northern India, a turbulent set of marauding chiefs, a perfect nest of disaffection, and a source of perpetual annoyance to the north-western provinces; sometimes waging war on their own account, but more frequently acting as confederates or mercenaries to the Afghans of Cabul, or to the governors of the northern and eastern districts of Persia.

The East Indian government, having entered into a treaty of peace and friendly relations with Persia, had determined to overawe and coerce these refractory and bloodthirsty chiefs, for their late cruel inroad of the Punjab, by destroying their great arsenal and constant centre of mischief—Attock.

For this purpose, Major Havering, advanced by the commander-in-chief to the rank of colonel and major-general, for his brilliant services at Ghuznee, had been despatched at the head of 10,000 men (2000 of them being Europeans) to reduce Attock, and bring the rajahs to a sense of their danger. The commander-in-chief himself, taking the field in person at the head of 50,000 men, advanced north by rapid marches, intending to make a sudden attack upon the proud capital of Cabul, and to punish the first instigator of the war, Akbar Khan, the tributary sovereign.

Edgar, now invested with supreme command, proceeded with his army nearly due east to Attock, before which the trenches were immediately opened.

It was on the third day after setting down before the place that Sergeant-Major Brown, leaving the trenches on the relief of the morning guard, returned to his quarters in a top of mangoes, some quarter of a mile in the rear of the advanced lines of the army.

"And how's the major—no, the colonel—Lord bless my head! the general, I mean?" continued the sergeant's comely wife, as her husband, having divested himself of his arms, sat down to

the food his partner had provided for his breakfast.

"You ask so many questions at once, Peggy, that it is almost impossible to answer you," replied Brown, speaking between the mouthfuls he ate with such avidity.

"Well, then, if I must speak one thing at a time," said Mrs. Brown, "how's the general's head, where that cruel savage cut through his shako right to the bone with his queer little sword?"

"His shumashere you mean."

"Well, of course I do, and an ugly cut it was, and might have turned out bad, as he wouldn't be reported wounded, and only let me wash and dress it for him on the promise that I said nothing about the murdering villain's cut."

"Don't you see, if he had been reported wounded, the doctors, out of fear of the erysipelas, sunstroke, or some o' them killing diseases, would have ordered him rest in a dark bungalow, with Himalaya ice on his head, and half a dozen pun-kahs going, for two or three weeks."

"Well, and wouldn't it have been the safer plan? But there, you see, all you men are so impatient, and won't take the natural way in anything," replied Mrs. Brown, speaking with all the force of injured womankind.

"And, if he had, somebody else would have been sent on this expedition, and, though he would have obtained his rank, he would have lost the honour and credit of a separate command—and only think of that!"

"Well, answer my other questions. How's the general's head? for I shan't see it till evening, if he'll let me then. And how's the siege getting on?" demanded the wife, a little impatiently.

"His head seems all right—at least, he says so. As for the siege, we are getting nearer and nearer the place every hour. The general wouldn't waste the time to approach the place by three parallels, in the old fashion, but was content with one line of circumvallation, and we have just completed our trench, which leads us up to—where do you think?" he asked, with a mysterious wink at his wife.

"Bless the fool of a man! how should I know?" she replied, somewhat tartly. "To the breach perhaps," she added, at a venture.

"How do you know that we have made a breach at all?"

"Haven't I heard the great guns thundering away at one place for the last dozen hours? And haven't I heard the shouts and yells of the enemy when they made their sorties? And doesn't any fool, putting one and one together, know well enough that all that hubbub means that you have made a hole in the wall, and the enemy want to drive you off before you make the hole bigger, and—"

"Hole! What a word for a soldier's wife to use!" replied Brown contemptuously. "But, however, you are right enough; we have effected a breach, and a pretty considerable one too, just of the proper shape, and in prime condition to give the assault; and our zig-zag trench, from what would generally have been the third parallel, seemed to lead, after a few yards of glade, slap into it, making it so easy you might have gone into it blindfold."

"And doesn't the covered way lead after all to the trench?" she inquired, with great interest.

"No. The beggars have let in an arm of the Sutlej, making an awful deep and broad moat round all this side of the town."

"And how came it that you wiseacres didn't find out that three days ago?"

"The ground somehow favours the deception, and, though our general suspected the fact at first, the engineer officers said it couldn't be; so, as the breach was declared practicable last night, the general set out at dark with me and an orderly, to reconnoitre, and then of course the whole truth was discovered; but it was necessary to know whether the moat was faced with masonry or simply cut out of the bank, as the power of scaling the opposite side would greatly depend upon the nature of the face of the moat."

"Well, and what did you do?"

"Why, the orderly ran back and brought a rope, and I volunteered to swim across and try the face of the moat with my bayonet; and, as the night was precious dark, and the water was more than ten feet from the bank, I should want something to lower me down and help me out—"

"When was this, Brown?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Last night, or rather this morning, just before sunrise. So I took off my regimentals, tied the rope to my middle, and, giving the end to the orderly and the general to hold, slipped over the bank and dropped quietly into the water. Oh! my eyes, Peggy, wasn't it cold! Fortunately I recollected in time the importance of silence, or I should have gasped out my opinion of the temperature, for the melted snow was just down from the Himalayas; but, striking out as quietly as I could, I at last reached the other side of the moat, exactly under the breach, when I drew my bayonet and began probing above and below the water-line for the stone facing, for we didn't know but they might run the water out of the moat, and if the lower part was cased with stone it would prove worse for the scalars than a ditch brim full of water; but nowhere could I reach or find anything but soft earth. This was so far satisfactory, but not enough, I well knew, to satisfy my general, so I resolved to do what I knew he would have done had he been in my place."

"And what was that?" inquired Mrs. Brown. "I'm sure he wouldn't ask a man to do anything he wouldn't undertake himself."

"Go to the bottom, and find out what it was made of there," was the prompt reply.

"Well, go on. Are you wet now?" she demanded suddenly, as she darted on her husband and anxiously felt his coat.

"Dry, hours ago; besides, I told you I stripped off most of my clothes. I first picked out a hole in the bank for the point of my toes, and then drove my bayonet firm into the bank as high up as I could reach, and then I climbed up till my head was nearly on a level with the brink of the bank, and I could look straight into the great black chasm of the breach, for I had been attracted by a hum of voices and some strange noises. I could now just make out the figures of some five or six sentries keeping guard in front of the breach, while the place itself was swarming with men, doing what they could to repair and render it impracticable for an assault. I had just satisfied myself on this point, when the soft mud in which I had stuck my bayonet, and which formed my chief support, gave way, and I was

sent, with an awful splash, sprawling back on the water. I had just consciousness enough to know the extreme danger of my case, so I instantly turned over and dived down to the bottom, as half a dozen bullets struck the water at the place where a moment before I had been kicking helplessly on my back. I had fortunately dived in such a direction as to find myself almost in contact with the face of the bank. Grasping some weeds, I was able to keep my position long enough to probe the bank and satisfy myself that there was no masonry anywhere.

"This knowledge obtained, I had to think of my return, and running the gauntlet of not less than six firelocks, by this time probably a dozen. I had risen almost directly under the spot where my floundering fall had caused such evident astonishment among the sentries at the breach. Sheathing my bayonet, I looked across the moat, and perceived that the general and orderly had taken the precaution of throwing themselves on their faces, where they must have been invisible to all but those who, like myself, were conscious of their presence. Cautiously giving the preconcerted signal by three jerks on the rope, I worked the noose part to my back, that I might the more readily pass through the water unperceived. Scarcely was this effected when I felt myself suddenly dragged along by all the strength of two pairs of vigorous hands. Such was the speed, however, at which I moved that, with all my precaution of changing the position of the rope and my efforts to keep below the water, the gleam of my under-clothing betrayed my moving figure against the dark water, and at once exposed me to a dropping fire, which, from the nearness that each shot struck the water, gave me a very uncomfortable feeling that I was in the line of their range, and that my escape hitherto was owing entirely to the speed at which I was being hauled in. It was with no small satisfaction, then, that I at last found myself safely back again, and able to protrude my face above the water and draw a full breath.

"I had, however, been too quick in concluding myself safe, Peggy, for with the draught of fresh air my body mounted up some inches, a fact I was unpleasantly reminded of by a bullet whizzing past my ear, and another striking the bank in front and sending pieces of clay in my face. To think of pulling myself up the face of the moat in the teeth of such well-directed shots would have been downright madness, while to remain longer in that freezing water would have been self-murder, for I already felt myself getting perfectly benumbed. What was to be done? Another ounce of lead in unpleasant nearness to my nose determined me, and I went plump down to the bottom to reflect.

"The general, however, who mostly does all the thinking for us, wouldn't give me time to arrange my ideas, but had me hauled up so quick that my head was again bobbing above the water.

"'Brown,' he cried in a low whisper, hanging over the brink, and spreading out his great horse-cloak till it nearly touched the water. 'Brown,' he cried again, 'can you hear me?'

"'Yes, general, perfectly,' I replied, as well as my confounded teeth, that went chattering like a pair of castanets, would let me.

"'Well, then, get under my cloak—that will hide you from the rascals over the way—and pull

yourself up. We have made the rope tight between us. I'll take care you are covered. Can you pull yourself, or shall we do it for you?'

"'I ain't dead yet, your honour,' I cried, though my teeth did jump awful; besides, I didn't like him to think a cold bath had doctored me out and out."

"Gracious, Brown, what an awful situation! How did you get out?" exclaimed his wife, with a more than customary demonstration of feeling.

"Well, that was rather a narrow touch, I must confess, but I climbed up as well as my numbed hands would allow me. The general buttoned the cloak about my neck when I got high enough, and whispered—

"'As soon as you throw your legs over, Brown, you must not attempt to stand, but roll down the glacis as quick as you possibly can. Don't show anything white, for Heaven's sake, or they'll mark you for a certainty.'

"'I'll take care, sir. But pray look after yourself, for you've got your general's hat and feathers on, and I could notice them in the moat, sir.'

"'Yes, yes; but look sharp, Brown, for we must all roll down together.'

"'You may start, Smith,' I said to the orderly, who had the other end of the rope round his body, and was lying on his side ready for the move.

"I then gave myself the pitch up, but unluckily my legs and white stockings came up before the skirts of the cloak, and, though I didn't stop, you may be sure, to look after the decency of my dress, but began to roll down the glacis quicker than ever I did down Greenwich Hill when I was a boy, the rascals, who had been lying like so many cats watching a mouse, no sooner caught sight of my legs turning over than they let fly a regular volley, knocking over the general's hat, and nearly blinding us with the dust and pebbles thrown up by their balls. We all reached the bottom, however, safely, the hat first, and got into the covered way, when Smith and I, being tied together, ran as fast as we could to the first guard-butt, when the general sent me some dry clothes, and, the orderly having had the precaution to bring away my regimentals, I was soon dressed again and fit to go to head-quarters and report what I had discovered in the moat."

"Is this the cloak, Brown?" exclaimed the wife, making a rush at some dark article of dress which on entering he had flung down.

"Yes, that's it; he has given it to me, as a reminder of the narrow escape I had. If you look at the skirts you'll see how it is riddled; and I know there wasn't a hole in it when we went out, for I brushed it myself before he put it on."

Mrs. Brown was by no means a demonstrative woman, as far as the expression of her natural feelings went, but she looked at her husband on this occasion with a longer and more affectionate glance than was her wont, and then examined all the small circular holes, that looked as if they had been punched out of the cloth. Carefully counting them, she then folded the article neatly up in the most approved military fashion, went up to the chair on which her husband was seated refilling his pipe, and, putting one arm round his neck, drew his head back till his face was almost parallel to the punkah on the ceiling, and impressed a very audible kiss on his lips. Having

removed the garrotting embrace, she grasped a handful of his short curly hair, and, using it as a lever, said playfully, as she shook his head from side to side—

"I tell you what, old man, I mean to keep this all to myself—at least, till we go back to old England."

Releasing her hold of his hair, she used the hand to slap and emphasise the cloak, which in its neat circular form she kept on her other arm, saying—

"I don't envy nobody nothing, but I'll tell you what, father, I wouldn't give this cloak, with all its holes, and which my stupid old man wore, no, not for Mr. Havering's beautiful sword, with all its jewels, gold, and diamonds; no, that I wouldn't!"

In her exuberance of feeling, she gave the rough hair another clutch, and the good-natured head beneath it another shake, and turned round, blew her nose, and carefully deposited the cloak in the large domestic chest, with its imposing white letters, representing by unmistakable abbreviations the owner's rank and the number of his regiment.

"I don't know about changing, old woman," replied her husband. "That scimitar is not only a splendid thing to look at, but it's valuable as well, and I'm almost as glad that he had it as if it had been given to myself, who had no right to anything more than I got—this fourth stripe, which makes me as proud in my way as he is with all his honours. Though, for that matter, he ain't proud at all, and if ever a man did deserve his good fortune I'm sure it's Mr. Havering. For my part, I don't see a bit of difference in him since he first enlisted as a private in the 5th Regiment of Foot up to now, when he's a major-general and in command of an Indian army. He's just as good-natured and cheery with the men as ever he was, and, though he never does nor ever did threaten the men with fatigue drill or punishment, his company was always the best in its facings and the most perfect and orderly in the corps, and that was simply because every man respected his officer and did his best always to please him."

"Sergeant Murphy's wife says that such a thing was never heard of before as a man to rise from the ranks in so short a time, and up to be almost a field-marshal."

"Perhaps not, mother, but then it isn't always that the service gets hold of such a man as Mr. Havering in the ranks—a man as all through life set his duty above every other consideration, as I know perhaps better than anybody."

"How do you mean?" his wife demanded, with a considerable dash of curiosity.

"You remember, when we got to the cantonments at Bombay, there was a court-martial on for the trial of—"

"I know, Private Nixon, a picquet sentry, who had deserted his post, and was shot."

"That was one, but the other was a young lieutenant-colonel, who had let his regiment run to seed, a regular young blood, with a rich father and great expectations—a swell who larked, gambled, gave astounding dinners, fought duels, and did lots of high-life vices."

"I remember; he was to be drummed out, disgraced, or something in that way."

"Not exactly drummed out, mother, but to be

caulked and publicly reprimanded. Well, our regiment had the guarding of him, and Mr. Havering (he was only captain then) was entrusted with the duty, and I was sergeant of the guard. Now, when our captain went in to see his prisoner, who do you think he found the colonel was?"

"How should I know? His brother perhaps."

"Not exactly that, but the oldest and dearest of all his friends, and the brother of the young lady to whom he was to be married."

"Who told you all that, Brown?" inquired his wife, with sudden anxiety. "You never mentioned the subject before. And me such a fool as to go and think he had never been in love," she added, with self-reproach.

"You see, dear, I never thought of it, and we had the route given us just then. I was on duty, and couldn't help overhearing a good deal of what was said; and poor Nixon came from that part of the country and knew all about the colonel's proud old father, and said, when he found Mr. Havering in love with his daughter, the old baronet turned him out of the house, and forbade their ever seeing each other again. Well, after the two friends had had a long talk, the colonel asked the captain to let him escape, or else shut his eyes while he got and answered a letter from his own regiment, and went on pleading awful hard to his friend, for the sake of his sister, to save him from the disgrace that was sure to fall on him. But the captain said he would only guard him the more safely, and that he wouldn't save his own brother from disgrace, if it was to be done by neglecting his duty or compromising his honour. And he was as good as his word, for he doubled the guard, and had the prisoner constantly watched."

"Then I suppose the engagement with the sister was broken off."

"Most likely, for I heard the prisoner say as much. But, though the captain wouldn't let him escape, he went to our Colonel Sawbridge and got him to interfere with the commander for the young fellow, for the captain had to start next day with the wings of the regiment, and we were left behind; and then I heard all about it from an orderly, and what Colonel Sawbridge said and did, and so, instead of being disgraced, the young colonel was sent to the hills for the benefit of his health, and told to sell out of the service as soon as possible."

"And did he never know how he came to be so kindly treated?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh! yes. Our colonel was determined he should know, and the day before he started for the hills gave me the letter to take to him, but, instead of being thankful, he only stamped his foot, crumpled up the letter, and cried, 'Beaten by that cursed Havering again!'"

"So much for that. Now to come back to the beginning, old man. When and how is the assault to be given?"

"As soon as ever the boats and ladders, the pontoons and things, are ready to cross the moat at dark to-night. By this time to-morrow we shall be in Attock, and then, old woman, the route for England will be one of the orders of the day."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

OR
Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[FINAL CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.]

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

NAPOLÉON'S hour had come. That supreme hour for which he had summoned to his standard the beardless and the bald—the whole manhood of France. That supreme hour in which, by the

grandest efforts of military genius, he was to cope with, dash back, and for ever subdue the armed opposition of Europe and the world. So he thought. And if at any time the thought of aspiring soldier seemed nigh to accomplishment, it was on that stormy daybreak of the 17th of June

1816. Yesterday's sun had set upon a marvellous scene in the plains of Belgium. On the very day and at the very hour that Wellington was defeating the French at Quatre Bras, Napoleon, a few miles off, was defeating the Prussians at Ligny. At the very moment that Wellington, calm and collected, was forming at Quatre Bras his plans for a junction with Blücher, the Prussian hero was in imminent danger of being trampled to death on the battle-field of Ligny. At a crisis of that encounter he had headed a charge against the French cavalry, and, while the enemy was in vigorous pursuit, a musket-ball struck the veteran's horse, which began to gallop more furiously, and did not stop till he fell down dead. Stunned by the fall, Marshal Blücher lay entangled under his charger, and the enemy's cuirassiers passed over him without observing the prostrate commander. His only attendant was an adjutant, who, with an honourable self-devotion, had alighted to share his fate. In the meantime the Prussian cavalry had rallied, and, having repulsed the French, became in their turn the pursuers. Still the Prussian general was laid on the ground, and was again passed, by both his own troops and the enemy, without being recognised. He was, however, eventually disengaged from the dead animal, and immediately mounted the horse of a trooper. Night put an end to the sanguinary battle of Ligny. The French became masters of the field; but the Prussians effected their retreat in good order, and in the course of the next day their whole army was concentrated in the neighbourhood of Wavre.

Napoleon now cherished the hope that he had completely succeeded in separating the English and Prussian armies, by cutting off their communication. Under this persuasion, he marched on the morning of the 17th towards Quatre Bras, after leaving a strong force under Marshal Grouchy to follow the retreating Prussians.

The retreat of Marshal Blücher demanded a corresponding movement on the part of Wellington, and at ten o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 17th, the British army retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon the forest of Soignies. The duke had scarcely commenced his march, when the masses of the enemy began to appear. The French cuirassiers and lancers formed the advanced guard, and pressed closely upon the rear of the British column. The rain, which fell in torrents, had rendered the roads almost impassable, and the open country could not be traversed even by the cavalry. From this circumstance, the enemy were unable to harass the flanks of the retiring army, and forced to confine all their efforts to the centre, which proceeded on the high road. The duke, on passing Genappe, expressed his surprise that he had been allowed to move through that narrow defile unharassed by the enemy, and surmised that Napoleon did not command in person the pursuing divisions of the French army; but in this conjecture the British commander was mistaken, and the apparent want of activity was to be imputed to the heavy loss sustained on the 16th, to the tempestuous state of the weather, and to the impracticability of the roads.

Lord Uxbridge, who covered the rear of the British army, finding his cavalry much pressed by the French lancers, resolved to attack the advancing squadrons as they issued from the pass

at Genappe. This attack, which was most gallantly led by the 7th Hussars, was repulsed with loss. The attack was again renewed, but the massive columns of the enemy remained unbroken. The heavy household troops were now ordered to charge, and to strike only at the limbs of their adversaries. Dismayed by this novel mode of attack, the lancers turned their horses, and the British were permitted to continue their retreat, without further molestation, to the entrance of the forest of Soignies, three miles in front of Waterloo.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the English army arrived at its destination, and Wellington, having made his arrangements for the night, established his head-quarters at a petty inn in that small village. And he felt himself at home, for he had travelled through this part when there was no appearance that hostilities would be soon renewed, and, seeing everything with the eye of a soldier, had observed that, were he ever to fight a battle for the defence of Brussels, Waterloo was the ground which he would choose as the scene of operations.

On his arrival he despatched a messenger to Marshal Blücher, informing him of his resolve to accept battle on the following day, if the Prussians could support him with two of their corps. Blücher, in reply, promised not only to support the duke with two corps, but with his whole army; adding that, if Napoleon did not choose to attack them, the allies should unite their whole force and attack him. The French, whose force was gradually coming up during the evening, occupied a ridge nearly opposite to the position of the English army, and while Napoleon established his head-quarters at the farm of Oailon, near Planchenoit, a village in the rear of his position, the bivouacs of his numerous army covered the declivity of the hill, and rose to its summit.

The night of the 17th was dreadful; the rain fell incessantly and in torrents; the soldiers, in their open bivouacs, were up to their knees in mud; and many of them, particularly the officers, who had advanced from Brussels in their ball-room dress, worn out by the fatigues they had encountered at Quatre Bras, stretched themselves on this cheerless bed to rise no more! Few places could be found sufficiently free from mud to admit of a fire being lighted, and the pelting of the storm, even in those situations, instantly extinguished the flame. The interval usually appropriated to rest, however, was not lost by the British troops. In the course of the night time was found to cleanse their arms, distribute ammunition, and make the necessary preparations for the approaching conflict.

It was the general fear in the French army that the English would disappear during the night, and when the slow and gloomy dawn of the morning of the 18th exhibited them still in possession of the opposite heights, Napoleon could not suppress his satisfaction, but exclaimed, while he extended his arm towards their position, "Oh! these English, I have them at last!"

The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent of front, compared with the number engaged, of any field of battle in the recollection of military men. The English line did not exceed a mile and a half in length, and the French line not more than two miles; and to this

circumstance must in part be attributed the tremendous loss sustained on both sides. The forest of Soignies is an immense wood, composed of beech-trees growing unusually close together, and is intersected by a long broad road, which, upon issuing from the forest, reaches the small village of Waterloo, at a distance of twelve miles from Brussels. Beyond this point the wood assumes a more straggled and dispersed appearance, till it reaches a ridge called Mount St. Jean, from a farmhouse situated upon the Brussels road, where the trees disappear, and the country becomes quite open. Along this eminence the British forces were dispersed in two lines, and through the woody passes of St. Lambert the Duke of Wellington kept up a communication by his left with the Prussian army at Wavre. The ground in front of the British position formed a gentle declivity into a valley, nearly half a mile in breadth, which lay between the two armies, and at that time bore a tall and strong crop of corn. The French position ran along an eminence parallel to the British lines, at a distance of from twelve to fourteen hundred yards, and the opposing hills were each of them lined with three hundred pieces of artillery.

The force of the two armies has been variously stated; but it appears that the French corps which fought at Waterloo did not exceed 80,000, and that the miscellaneous force brought this day into the field by the Duke of Wellington, including British, Belgian, Hanoverian, and Brunswickers, did not amount to more than 70,000 men.

Both the rival commanders were in full view of the field when the battle began, and remained upon it all day without retiring for a moment. Napoleon's first post was a high temporary observatory, constructed some weeks before, by order of the King of the Netherlands, as a point of observation for the persons employed in making a survey of the country; but his principal station during the day was a small elevation in front of the farm of La Belle Alliance, and on the left-hand side of the road leading to Brussels. Soult, Ney, and other officers of distinction commanded under him, but he issued all orders and received all reports in person.

The well-chosen station of the Duke of Wellington formed the precise centre of the British line, near the top of Mount St. Jean, under a tree, on the Brussels road, which commanded a full view of the intermediate plain, and of the whole of the enemy's force upon the adverse slope, and from which every movement made or threatened could, with the aid of his achromatic telescope, be distinctly seen. Here the British commander, dressed in a blue regimental frock-coat, and wearing a plain cocked hat, kept his post during the whole day, except when engaged in confirming the unconquerable spirit of his gallant countrymen, or in leading them on to the final charge.

The two points of the greatest importance in the British lines were the Château of Hougoumont, with its wood and garden in front of *the right*; and the farm of La Haye Sainte in front of *the left*. Hougoumont in particular was the key of the Duke of Wellington's position, and here three companies of General Byng's brigade of Guards, under Lord Saltoun, were placed, while the gardens and woods were lined with Nassau troops as sharpshooters.

A little before mid-day the battle commenced by the almost simultaneous advance of three entire French *corps d'armée*, on the right, left, and centre of the British lines.

The attack on *the right* was made by a division of the second corps of the French army, under Jerome Bonaparte, and such was its fury and impetuosity that the Nassau troops abandoned their post at Hougoumont in dismay. The French forced their way to the very gates of the courtyard, but there they were received by the Guards with so close and well-directed a fire that they retired in confusion, or were charged with the bayonet and repeatedly repulsed. In less than half an hour 1600 men perished in the orchard only, which did not exceed four acres in extent. A station of so much importance was to be obtained if possible at any price, and fresh reinforcements were sent in succession to this scene of carnage. At length the house and outbuildings took fire; but even amidst the flames the combat continued with unabating fury. In one of the outbuildings the wounded of both armies had sought a temporary refuge, but in the rush of battle their shrieks were unheeded by friend or foe, and they perished by the most horrible of deaths.

The house and offices were now reduced to mere shells, and, the post of Hougoumont being in some degree insulated, and its defenders no longer in close communication with the British army, the French cavalry were enabled to pour round it in great strength. Here, as in the other parts of the field, the British forces were, during this memorable action, drawn up in squares, each regiment forming a separate square, nearly solid, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded space enough to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to deploy, and the regiments were posted with reference to each other much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board. It was of course impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares without exposing themselves to a fire in front from that square which was in the rear, and on both flanks from those between which it had moved forward. These dangers were far from repressing the courage of the French, who pressed forward in defiance of every obstacle, and in their furious onsets seemed to unsettle the firm earth over which they galloped; but as often as they advanced to the lines they were driven back with the bayonet, and, although these efforts were repeated during the whole day, such was the constancy of the troops to which the defence of Hougoumont was confided that the ruins of the château never for a moment passed into the hands of the enemy.

The attack upon Hougoumont was accompanied by a heavy fire from more than two hundred pieces of artillery upon the whole British line, and under cover of this fire repeated assaults were made. Columns of French infantry and cavalry, preceded by formidable artillery, advancing from every point, ascended the eminence on which the British were posted, and precipitated themselves on their squares. In vain the French artillery mowed down whole ranks of their enemies. The chasms were instantly filled, and not a foot of ground was lost. "What brave troops!" exclaimed Napoleon to his staff. "It is a pity

to destroy them; but I shall beat them, after all."

The principal masses of the 6th corps of the French were at this moment directed on the left of the British position, where were posted the divisions of Generals Picton and Kemp. The object of Napoleon in this attack was to turn the left of the allies, and, by separating them from the Prussians, to cut off the retreat of the Duke of Wellington in the direction of Ter la Haye. Nothing could be more tremendous than the mode of attack; it was headed by artillery, which discharged showers of iron grape-shot, each bullet larger than a walnut. It was a battle, on the part of the French, of cavalry and cannon; and at the head of their columns were the iron-cased cuirassiers, in complete mail, upon which the musket-balls were heard to ring, as they glanced off without injuring or even stunning the wearer. The 42nd, 79th, and 92nd Highlanders, supported by the 1st and 28th Regiments, met this phalanx without dismay, and displayed all the gallantry by which they had been distinguished at Quatre Bras. The advancing column marched on amidst the destructive fire of the British artillery, and gained the height, determined to carry the position. Already some of the foreign corps posted at this point had given way, and it required all the skill of the British commander, and all the courage and discipline of his soldiers, to withstand the shock. The Duke of Wellington, who happened to be in this part of the field at the moment, moved up a body of British troops to a kind of natural embankment, formed by a hedge and bank in front of the line. Sir Thomas Picton, without waiting for the attack, formed his division into solid squares, and advanced to the charge. The Royals, the Greys, and Enniskillens, co-operating in this bold manoeuvre, wheeled upon the flanks of the advancing column; and the French, after suffering immense loss, were driven into the plain. It was at this moment that Sir Thomas Picton fell gloriously, while leading his troops to the charge.

In this part of the field, at a more advanced period of the battle, the mild yet intrepid Sir William Ponsonby fell. To check the destructive attacks made by the Polish lancers against the British infantry, he had led his brigade into the heat of the battle, and a more brilliant and successful charge was never witnessed. Two thousand prisoners served to announce his success; but, the impetuous valour of two of his regiments having hurried him too far in the pursuit, he entered a newly-ploughed field, and, being badly mounted, his horse sunk in the mire, and was incapable of extricating itself. At this instant a body of lancers approached him at full speed; and Sir William, anticipating his fate, took out a picture and his watch, and was in the act of consigning them to his aide-de-camp, to be delivered to his wife, when the lancers came up, and terminated the career of both the general and his attendant. His body was found soon after, pierced with no less than seven wounds. But he did not fall unavenged: before the close of the day the Polish lancers were almost annihilated; and two of those imperial eagles, on which were emblazoned the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and Wagram, fell into the hands of the British. The struggle for the eagles was maintained principally by the 92nd Regiment, who broke into the

centre of the French column with the bayonet, and the moment they had pierced the line the Scotch Greys dashed in to their support, both regiments greeting each other with the exulting cry of "Scotland for ever!" The enemy's column to a man was put to the sword or made prisoners; and the Greys, charging through the second line, took the eagles. The emperor, surrounded by his staff, and attended by a trembling farmer named Lacoete, witnessed the recoil of his choicest troops, and felt himself constrained, in spite of himself, repeatedly to utter compliments to the spirit, rapidity, and steadiness of the British cavalry. "These English fight admirably," said he to Soult, "but they must give way." "No, sire," was the reply; "they prefer being cut to pieces." The Scotch Greys especially struck him, and he often repeated, "Look at those grey horses!"

The attacks on the right and left of the British line having failed, Napoleon now directed his efforts against the centre. La Haye Sainte was a point as important to be carried as Ter la Haye, and inferior only to Hougoumont. If the enemy succeeded here he indulged the hope that the line would be broken and the communication with Brussels cut off. Both parties nobly exerted themselves, the French to carry and the British to defend it. Perpetual reinforcements occupied the places of the weakened battalions, and for more than an hour the contest was maintained with equal success. While the contest still hung in suspense it was discovered that the ammunition of the detachment of the German legion which occupied La Haye Sainte was expended, and that the enemy had occupied the only communication with that place. But even in this extremity the German legion scorned to surrender: they defended themselves desperately with the bayonet; nor was the position carried till its defenders had ceased to breathe.

Napoleon, with his characteristic promptitude, seized the advantage which now presented itself, and, pressing on with immense masses of infantry and cavalry, redoubled his attacks against the exposed centre. The first battalions that he encountered, overwhelmed by superior numbers, gave way; and the emperor, deeming the fortune of the day no longer doubtful, despatched couriers to Paris with the intelligence that the day was won. An awful crisis had now arisen, and had Napoleon brought up his reserves of infantry, or waited till the British squares had been thrown into confusion by the tremendous fire of artillery which he was enabled to direct against them from the position he had conquered, it might have been impossible for the unrivalled skill even of the Duke of Wellington to retrieve the disaster. But the impetuosity of the French troops was not to be restrained by the caution of their general. The cavalry of reserve, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from the batteries, from which they suffered so much, crowded the heights of Mount St. Jean, and charged the infantry. The cuirassiers and lancers, rushing on at the head of their columns, precipitated themselves on the British squares, and a few battalions, slow or awkward in their evolutions, were in a moment cut to pieces; but wherever the squares were formed the enemy could make no impression. In vain the French cavalry walked their horses round the

British squares, and dashed at the slightest opening; in vain, when they arrived within a short distance, a few of them rushed on, and would have nobly sacrificed themselves, by receiving the fire of their adversaries, while the main body waited to charge on the British ere they could re-load their pieces or fill up the chasm. Our troops, without pulling a single trigger, continued to present a barrier of steel against the advance of the main body of the enemy. Other squadrons of cavalry penetrated between the squares, and desperately charged on the position occupied by the Duke of Wellington and his staff. It was evidently their object to signalise themselves by the death or capture of the British commander. Even his personal escort were compelled to be continually on the alert, and were frequently fighting their foremost assailants hand to hand.

The cavalry took a distinguished part in the action. They fiercely engaged the cuirassiers, lancers, and chasseurs, who had penetrated the line, and the battle was bravely contested man to man. Notwithstanding the most undaunted exertions of the Earl of Uxbridge, seconded by his officers, the light cavalry were found to suffer severely in their unequal encounter with the ponderous and sword-proof cuirassiers. Even the German legion, so distinguished for discipline and courage during the Peninsular conflicts, were now found unequal to the shock of the French cavalry. But no sooner had Sir John Elley obtained permission to bring up the heavy brigade, consisting of the Lifeguards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scots Greys, than a charge was made which overwhelmed all resistance. The armour of the cuirassiers, the weight of their squadrons, and the power of their horses, united, proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy brigade; they were literally ridden down upon the field; and, in the homely but emphatic language of one of the Lifeguardsmen, "hundreds of them were unhorsed, and cracked like lobsters in their shells." Others were forced headlong over a sort of quarry or gravel-pit, where they rolled a confused and undistinguished mass of men and horses, exposed to the galling fire of the 95th, which, being poured closely in upon them, soon put a period to their struggles.

Napoleon, perceiving the error that had been committed by his cavalry reserves, brought forward the whole centre of his infantry to assist, and, if possible, to disengage his cavalry. A close column of French pressed forward to carry the village of Mount St. Jean, in the rear of the British position. The Duke of Wellington, presenting himself wherever the danger was most imminent, led on in person several successive charges, exclaiming repeatedly, "We must not be beat! What would they say in England!" When any of the squares appeared to falter he threw himself into the midst of them, and the consciousness of the treasure committed to their care rendered them firm as a rock. The enemy, in his turn, now began to retreat; the farm of La Haye Sainte was retaken, and the combatants again occupied the situation which they had held at the commencement of the attack on the British centre, with this difference only, that the French troops had established themselves on a small mound on the left of the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and never quitted it till the grand

advance of the British army at the close of the engagement.

It was with the greatest difficulty the duke could restrain the impetuosity of his troops; and in visiting the different stations he was often received with shouts of impatience. The gallant 95th, in particular, wearied with the iron cases and the iron grape-shot, requested to be led on. "Not yet, not yet, my brave fellows!" was the duke's reply. "Be firm a little longer."

The attacks on the right, the left, and the centre, now described, form a fair specimen of the reiterated contests till four o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour a new series of attacks commenced along the whole extent of the British line, but principally upon the centre, sometimes with infantry, at others with cavalry, and frequently with both united, while 300 pieces of artillery on each side vomited forth their death-dispersing charges. Terrible as the slaughter was, it would have been yet more dreadful had not the shells, owing to the wetness of the ground, frequently buried themselves in the earth, and when they exploded produced no other effect than that of casting up a tremendous fountain of mud.

It was now five o'clock, and still the Prussians, so long expected, and so ardently wished for, had not yet arrived. The British reserves were all in action; their loss was already severe in the extreme; and the brave Scotch division was reduced to one-third its number. The sixth division, still less fortunate, because less actively engaged, had been almost destroyed without firing a gun; and patient endurance, though still as necessary as ever, began to find its limit. The spirits of the soldiers drooped; they scorned the thoughts of a retreat, and were eager to be led against the enemy; but thus to stand as targets for the French columns to direct their fire against was more than they could much longer endure. An indifference to life was fast spreading through the ranks; and the penetrating mind of the commander became a prey to the most anxious suspense. Success was more than doubtful: another hour, without the appearance of Blücher, might render defeat inevitable. Still the Duke of Wellington was cool and collected, and, while he looked at his watch with a frequency and intentness that sufficiently indicated the anxiety he felt for the arrival of his allies, he continued firm at his post. "All who heard him issue orders took confidence from his quick and decisive intellect; and all who saw him caught mettle from his undaunted composure." At this juncture an aide-de-camp came with the information that the fifth division was almost destroyed, and that it was utterly impossible that they could longer maintain their ground against the murderous attacks to which they were exposed. "I cannot help it," said the duke. "They must keep their ground. They and I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot rather than give way. Would to God that night or Blücher were come!"

The duke's personal staff fell around him in rapid succession. The Prince of Nassau, one of his aides-de-camp, received two balls. The gallant General de Lancy was struck by a spent ball while animating and leading back to the charge a battalion of Hanoverians who had got into confusion, and exclaimed as he fell, "Leave me to die; my wound is mortal; attend to the duke, and do not waste that time on me which may be

usefully employed in assisting others." When, on the following morning, the bloody field was traversed, he was found yet living, but expired six days after the battle. A more sudden fate overtook Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who, while earnestly remonstrating with the duke on the too free exposure of his invaluable life, was struck by a musket-ball, which closed his career by the side of his beloved commander. Colonel Ferrier, of the 1st Lifeguards, had led his regiment to the charge no less than eleven times, and several of these charges were made after his head had been laid open by the cut of a sabre. Still unsubdued, he made a final effort; it was his last; he sunk in the bloom of life among the slain. Lieutenant-Colonel Canning, aide-de-camp to the duke, had been sent with some important orders to a distant part of the line, and on his return was struck by a grape-shot on the breast. As he fell his friend Lord March hastened to his assistance; the colonel with difficulty raised himself up, and even in his last moments, sensible only to that enthusiastic regard for his commander which the Duke of Wellington so well knew how to inspire, eagerly inquired, "Is the duke yet safe?" "He is, my friend," was the reply. A smile of joy played round the lips of the dying hero. "God bless him!" he exclaimed; and then, seizing the hand of the young nobleman, he feelingly added, "And God bless you," and expired. About this period of the battle the Prince of Orange, while rallying some of his troops, who had shrunk from the impetuous attacks of the enemy, received a musket-ball in his arm, which lodged in his shoulder and obliged him to quit the field.

The enemy's attacks were now redoubled, and Napoleon continually sent forward fresh troops, with orders to charge with the bayonet and to carry everything before them. He was frequently told that at various points the battle was against him, and that his troops began to waver; but there was no waver in his purpose: "Forward! forward!" was his only reply. A general sent his aide-de-camp to inform him that he found himself in a position which he could not maintain, owing to the dreadful fire of a battery, and to ask what he should do to support himself against this artillery. "Seize upon it," said Napoleon, and turned his back upon the aide-de-camp.

An officer now approached with the intelligence that the Prussians were advancing in the rear of the right wing of the French army; but Napoleon appeared to be incredulous; he furiously dismissed the messenger, and affirmed that it was the corps of the French Marshal Grouchy, whom he had commanded to keep the Prussians in check at Wavre (see page 274). It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and General Labodoyere was despatched by the emperor to Marshal Ney on the left, to inform him that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on the right of the French army, and attacked the left of the English and Prussians united. This general officer, in riding along the lines, spread the intelligence among the soldiers, whose courage and devotion remained unshaken, and who gave new proofs of them at that moment, in spite of the fatigue which they had experienced. But what was the astonishment, not to say indignation, of the French army, when they learned that, so far from Marshal Grouchy having arrived to support them, between

40,000 and 50,000 Prussians, under General Bulow, had attacked the extreme right of their army!

Napoleon, however, had still in reserve four regiments of the Middle Guard, who remained on the heights of La Belle Alliance, or, covered by the hill, had never yet come into the battle. On the approach of night he determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve, and, putting himself at their head, to make one last and desperate effort to force the left centre of the British army at La Haye Sainte. For this purpose he placed himself in the midst of the highway fronting Mount St. Jean, within a quarter of a mile of the British line. The banks, which rise high on each side of the road, protected him from such balls as did not come in a direct line, but it does not appear that he was protected by any ravine in front. Here he harangued his troops while they defied before him, and he concluded by pointing to the causeway in front and exclaiming, "That, gentlemen, is the road to Brussels!"

Led by Marshal Ney, the Imperial Guard, rallying in their progress such of the broken cavalry and infantry of the line as yet maintained the combat, advanced dauntlessly, and a momentary pause took place in the British fire; but no sooner did the heads of the French columns present themselves within the range of the British artillery than an enfilading fire opened upon them, with an effect so tremendous as to present the appearance of a large body of men advancing perpetually from the hollow way without ever gaining ground on the plain. At length the Imperial Guard reached the plain, and, defeating a body of Brunswickers with immense slaughter, penetrated the British lines.

On the brow of the hill, immediately in front of the French advancing columns, a regiment of British Guards had been ordered to lie down, to shelter themselves from the enemy's fire. The Imperial Guard had approached within a hundred yards, when, at a signal from the duke, the Guards sprang upon their feet, and the French battalions suddenly paused, but, immediately recovering themselves, they advanced still more rapidly, and at a given signal their artillery filed off to the right and left. They approached within twenty yards of their opponents, and were in the act of dashing upon them with the bayonet, when a volley was poured upon them by the British, now formed in line four ranks deep, which literally threw them back with the shock. A second volley heightened their confusion, and before they had time to deploy or to manoeuvre, the British cheered and rushed furiously upon them; but not one of the French Guards stopped to cross bayonets with them. Napoleon witnessed the recoil with the same clearness as the English general, and wished to rally the fugitives and lead them in person to another effort; but Bertrand and Drouet threw themselves before him, and, representing how much the safety of France and of the army depended upon his life, besought him to forbear. Napoleon suffered himself to be persuaded, and fell back to his former station.

The duke now ordered the whole line to move forward. The centre, led on by the Duke of Wellington in person, proceeded in line to the decisive charge, while the flank regiments were formed into hollow squares, in order to repel any attacks that might be made by the enemy's

cavalry. Nothing could resist the impetuosity of the attack. The French fought with bravery and desperation; but their first line was speedily penetrated; the second afforded little more resistance, and complete confusion and rout ensued. Cries of "All is lost!" issued from all parts of the French army. A complete panic at once spread itself through the whole field, and the greatest disorder prevailed on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point. Enormous masses of infantry, supported by an immense cavalry, fell upon them in every direction, and summoned the Guard to surrender. "The Guard never surrender: they die!" was the heroic reply, while they slowly retreated inch by inch. Quarter that was rejected could not be given; and the carnage terminated only with the resistance. The enemy was thus forced from his position on the heights, leaving behind him 160 pieces of cannon, which fell into the hands of the English.

While these events were passing in the centre the Prussian columns continued to advance. The whole of the 4th corps, and part of the 2nd, under General Pirch, had successively come up. The French troops fought with desperate fury; but it was observed that several pieces of cannon were retreating. At this moment the first columns of the corps of General Ziethen arrived on the points of attack, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged. The vigour of this charge could not be withstood. The enemy's right wing was broken in three places; they abandoned their position; and the Prussian troops, rushing forward at the *pas de charge*, completed their overthrow. According to the French official account, their whole army was now nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps.

Napoleon exclaimed to Bertrand, "We must save ourselves," and, retreating with his staff forty yards along the road, halted twenty yards from La Belle Alliance, where, putting the glass to his eye, he saw the Scotch Greys intermingled with and furiously cutting the French troops to pieces. This brought from him the exclamation, "How terrible are these grey horses! We must decamp! we must decamp!" and the emperor and his suite galloped off the field.

Night had now come on, and the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher met in the dark at Belle Alliance, and embraced each other with transport. At the request of Marshal Blücher, the pursuit of the retreating army was consigned over to the Prussians, and, while the exhausted English were preparing their bivouacs, their gallant allies made a momentary pause to greet them with their favourite air of "God save the King," which was returned with three hearty cheers, combining the mingled feelings of gratitude and exultation.

The tremendous scenes of the day were surpassed by the horrors of the night. Marshal Blücher assembled all the superior officers of his army, and gave orders to send the last man and the last horse in pursuit of the enemy. The sun had long gone down, but no friendly darkness sheltered the fugitives; an unclouded moon, near her full, lighted the pursuers to their prey. The causeway between Waterloo and Genappe is described as presenting the appearance of an im-

mense shipwreck: it was covered with innumerable cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, and arms, forming one vast and almost impenetrable chaos. No rallying point had been given to the French army, and it was now impossible for any command to be heard. Fear exaggerated the horrors of the fugitives, and the night, without being dark, considerably augmented the general disorder. Even Marshal Ney, the second in command, was alone, totally ignorant of what had become of the emperor, and altogether incapable of arresting a single soldier to oppose the progress of the victors. A mutual and deadly hatred animated the Prussians and the French, and the sanguinary scenes of Ligny were amply atoned in the streets of Genappe.

The last stand made by the wreck of the French army was at Genappe. Bonaparte effected his escape through this town before midnight, and the fugitives, who had intrenched themselves with cannon and overturned carriages, awaited the approach of the Prussians with symptoms of reviving resolution. The progress of the Prussian troops was for a moment arrested by a brisk fire of musketry; some cannon-shot, however, followed by a loud *hurrah*, served to renew the panic and to put the town in possession of the assailants. Here, among other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon, containing his papers, was captured by Major Von Kohler, and his hat, sword, and casket of treasures, well stored with napoleons, enhanced the value of the prize. His travelling library, consisting of nearly 800 volumes, in six chests, was also taken, and among the books were found French translations of Homer and Ossian, the Bible, and the Pucelle of Voltaire.

The Brunswick cavalry, though they had borne their full share in all the fatigues of the day, asked and obtained permission to join in the pursuit. The destruction on the field of battle had not, in their estimation, sufficiently compensated for the death of their beloved leader. They now eagerly headed the chase, and their savage ferocity knew no bounds; not a man whom they could sacrifice to the *manes* of their prince was spared. As they charged through Genappe the French General Duchesne, who commanded the rear-guard of the French army, was standing at the gate of an inn, when one of the Brunswick black hussars, perceiving that he was a superior officer, rode up to him, and instantly cut him down, exclaiming, "The duke fell the day before yesterday, and thou also shalt bite the dust." In some of the villages the officers repeatedly attempted to rally the troops, and to maintain themselves under the protection of the houses; but the beat of the drums or the sound of the trumpet of the Prussians appalled the stoutest of their number, and they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners.

Early in the morning of the 19th of June Marshal Blücher's head-quarters were established at Genappe, and from thence he addressed a letter to the governor of Berlin, announcing "the most complete victory ever obtained."

At break of day the feeble wreck of the French army began to arrive at Charleroi and Marchienne, where they eagerly pressed on to re-pass the Sambre. Four days before they had proudly traversed these places as conquerors, which now they stole fearfully through, as if

dreading to be recognised, or to find an avenging enemy in the peaceable inhabitants. The most melancholy part of the cavalcade was the long column of wounded, who clung to each other as if they sought consolation or protection in the contemplation of the common misery. Some of them crept slowly along on foot; others were mounted on the horses which they had forcibly taken from the waggons that had been abandoned on every step of the road. They were pale, feeble, and covered with the bloody linen which they had hastily bound round their streaming wounds. As they approached the bridge of Charleroi horsemen, infantry, and carriages rushed on, contending who should cross first; the stronger unfeelingly thrust aside or threw down the weaker, and too often drew their sabres or their bayonets on those who offered any resistance. Numbers fell under the wheels of the waggons or artillery, and at length the heaps of dead bodies choked up the road. At this dreadful moment the enemy appeared, and the confusion was redoubled. Some hastily cut the traces of their horses, and, springing upon them, abandoned their carriages, forcing their way through the crowd. Others turned off at the foot of the bridge, and, driving furiously along the banks of the Sambre, sought for a passage, and at length, madly plunging in, were swept away by the torrent. Those of the French who had escaped from the field, and who had been able to continue their flight without much impediment, did not expect to be so closely pursued. Worn out with fatigue, and fainting from want of food, they halted at some of the villages. But they had scarcely tasted their repast, when crowds of fugitives precipitated themselves upon them, exclaiming that the Prussians were coming. The blast of the trumpet too soon confirmed the intelligence, and they were driven from one bivouac to another, till the victors were glutted with slaughter.

Napoleon in the meantime passed through Charleroi in the night of the 18th, and, surrounded by a few of his staff, halted about three leagues beyond that city. In the bivouac at this place, pitched upon a grass plat, a fire was kindled and refreshments prepared, of which he partook, being the first food he had taken for fourteen hours. On his departure from that place his guide was dismissed, with the trifling present of a napoleon d'or for his services, and the emperor and his suite directed their course to the French capital.

Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington slowly led his army over the field of battle. All was hushed and silent, except where the moans of the wounded, or the agonising shrieks of the dying, burst upon the ear. The moon, riding in unveiled majesty, shed a pale and mournful light on the horrors of the scene. When the duke contemplated the piles of dead which were heaped on every side, and reflected how many hearts even the joyful news of this brilliant but sanguinary victory would sadden, he burst into tears. The glory of a victory so dearly bought afforded him no consolation; and nothing but a persuasion that the sacrifices of this day would be crowned with the attainment of the first object of his ambition alleviated his sorrow for the losses the country and the service had sustained.

The British troops, though worn out with fatigue, disdained to indulge in repose till they had sought out their wounded companions, bound up

their wounds, and despatched numbers of them to the hospitals at Brussels and Antwerp. Nor was their humanity confined to their own countrymen. In the left wing alone more than 500 Frenchmen were indebted for their lives to the generosity and compassion of the British soldiers. On every part of the field the troops were seen diligently employed in constructing litters, and carefully conveying both friends and foes to the huts they had erected for their comfort, where their hunger and thirst were supplied out of the little stock of their generous benefactors. In many places a still more interesting scene was presented: the wounded soldiers, after their own injuries had been attended to, were seen carefully and tenderly staunching the wounds of their conquered enemies, many of whom afterwards found an asylum in the hospitals of Antwerp.

The murderous charges at the close of the battle had been fatal to many of the British officers. Sir Francis D'Oyly, of the 1st Footguards, fell in the very last charge to which his regiment was led, and at the moment when the broken battalions of the enemy were preparing to quit the field. Colonel Fitzgerald, of the 2nd Regiment of Lifeguards, fell nearly at the same moment, while he was cheering the men to the pursuit of the foe. Almost the last shot which was fired on the British wounded the gallant Earl of Uxbridge—Paget, as Napoleon called him—and which name was familiar to the ears of his countrymen during the Peninsular war. He had personally led every charge of cavalry, and was not wounded until almost all danger had ceased. The chair is yet shown in the farm of La Belle Alliance in which his lordship sat and endured the amputation of his right leg without a single groan or contortion of countenance, exclaiming in the midst of the operation, "Who would not lose a leg for such a victory?"

The total loss of the British and Hanoverian troops in the allied army, in the battle of Waterloo, was stated, on official authority, to amount to 10,676 men in killed, wounded, and missing; the Prussians lost, on the same day from 5000 to 6000 men; and the loss of the French was incalculable. In the chamber of peers, on the 22nd of June, Marshal Ney stated that so fatal had been the campaign that Marshal Soult, on whom the command of the fugitive army devolved after Napoleon quitted Flanders, could not rally 60,000, including the corps under Marshal Grouchy, so that in the brief campaign of a week 90,000 men were lost to the French army.

Thus terminated Napoleon's gigantic struggle with the powers of Europe. From the British and the Prussians he had received the death-blow to his ambition. Four days after Waterloo he a second time abdicated the imperial crown of France. On the 22nd of July he surrendered at Rochelle to Captain Maitland, on board the *Belterophon*. He was not permitted to land, even as a prisoner, in England. On the 7th of August he was transferred to the *Northumberland*, his destination the small rocky island of St. Helena. There, on the 16th of October, he stepped ashore, and there, after a hopeless captivity of nearly six years, his turbulent spirit passed away, on the 5th of May, 1821. Never did a life of fifty-six years more resemble the flashing of a meteor. Few lives have been extinguished in such outer darkness.



[VALLETTA, THE CAPITAL OF MALTA.]

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

AMONG the venerable ruins that came toppling down in the crash of the French Revolution was that half-religious half-military brotherhood known as the Knights of Malta. They had been fine fellows in their time, and in one shape or other dated back their origin more than seven hundred years. As early as 1045 a hospice or home was founded at Jerusalem by permission of the Saracen Caliphs of Egypt for the reception of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. In 1065, however, on the conquest of Palestine by the Turks, the hospice was plundered of all worth stealing, and it must have been a very strong faith indeed that led Gérard, a French pilgrim, to undertake its restoration. On the capture of Jerusalem by Godefroy de Bouillon, in 1099, poor Gérard was found languishing in a dungeon, where during the siege he had been confined by the Mussulmans as a suspected person. When his dungeon doors flew open, and he marched forth a free man, he became an object of great interest to the Christian army, and he was joined by several of its noblest warriors, who resolved to devote the remainder of their lives to the good of the pilgrims.

The Hospitalers, or Knights of St. John, as they were now called, bound themselves by solemn vows of purity, poverty, obedience, and readiness to fight all Mussulmans and enemies of the true creed. In time of peace they were distinguished by a black dress, having on the left breast a white cross with eight points or arms; and in war they wore the same device, over a red jacket or tabard. They soon won such distinction that from charitable benefactors the hospice acquired lands for

its support in most European countries, as well as in Palestine.

When, in 1291, Acre, the last stronghold of the Christians, was taken by the Turks the remaining Hospitalers withdrew to the island of Cyprus, where Limisso was given them for a residence. In 1310, having lost all hope of recovering Palestine, they equipped a fleet and, being joined by crusaders from Italy, landed in Rhodes, which they took from the Greek and Saracen pirates. In the hands of its new masters the city of Rhodes was surrounded with almost impregnable fortifications, whence issuing, the knights carried on deadly war against the Turks, some of whose sultans were even glad to conciliate them by a yearly tribute.

Besieged at last in 1522 by Soliman the Great, they defended themselves bravely under their grand master, Villers de l'Isle Adam, but his rival D'Amiral, a Portuguese knight, betrayed the state of the garrison and the weak points of the fortifications, and, though the traitor was executed, his treachery was fatal. Its advanced posts snapped up, its outer lines forced, assailed most fiercely in its worst-protected part, the citadel surrendered, and Villers was ushered into the presence of his conqueror. Soliman, who, with all his faults, could admire a valiant enemy, was so impressed with the majestic air of the grand master that he exclaimed aside to his vizier "he could not help being grieved at driving that Christian in his old age out of his house." On New Year's Day the remnant of that hero band made their sorrowful exit and took refuge in Italy.

Eight years after the great emperor Charles

the Fifth gave them the islands of Malta and Gozo, and though at the time of their entrance Malta was a barren rock, exposed alike to the fury of man or of the elements, its new possessors quickly made it one of the strongest, if not the pleasantest, places in the world. So, indeed, the Turks found it in 1666, when Mustapha Pasha, at the head of 30,000 choice troops, was ignominiously repulsed, with a loss of 25,000 men. Next year La Vallette, its grand master and successful defender, laid the first stone of a city which was named after him Valletta, and whence for a long period they continued to despatch expeditions against the Turks.

By degrees, however, on the enfeeblement of their principal enemies, the knights, for want of a useful and elevating purpose, became indolent and listless. Their habits of self-denial gave way to a love of luxurious enjoyment, and their religion, at first so simple and earnest, became a puffed-up hollow thing, sounding like brass, and tinkling like a cymbal. Such, indeed, was their condition when, in 1798, the French admiral Bruys, on his way to Egypt, arrived off the island, with 18 liners, 18 frigates, 400 transports, and 40,000 men.

To pick a quarrel, Bonaparte, on board the *Orient*, sent a haughty message, demanding permission to anchor his whole force within the port to take in water. The inhabitants, by no means confident about the intentions of their visitors, sent a tart refusal, and prepared to back it up by an armed resistance. Thousands were ready to shed their blood in preference to giving the Frenchmen a drop of water. But treachery had been at work. The French knights had already laid their plans for surrendering the island to France. The weak and credulous grand master Hompesch had allowed them to retain command of the towers on the coast, and, under much pretence of activity, they had given out muskets unexamined, left the outposts unvictualled, and confused the pickets and look-out men with contradictory orders. The common people, therefore, had no more idea of pulling together than so many sheep, and on the morrow, taking French leave, the French troops landed and the knights capitulated. In a few hours 15,000 men had seized Valletta, the three cities on the other side of the harbour, and all their outworks. Bonaparte sailed two days after for Egypt, leaving General Vaubois, with 4000 men, to take care of Malta.

The knightly order of Malta was now extinct. Hompesch embarked privately in a merchant ship in the night of the 17th of June, and, accompanied by twelve knights, arrived at Trieste, where he resigned his office.

The French general immediately began to examine the fortifications, and such was their amazing strength that Caffarelli, one of his suite, said, "It is well, general, that somebody was inside to open the gates for us. We should have had some difficulty in entering had the place been altogether empty." The French found in port 2 liners, 1 frigate, 3 galleys, and other small vessels; 1500 pieces of artillery (800 mounted on the works), 35,000 stand of small arms, 12,000 barrels of powder, and an immense number of shot and shell.

Having melted down all the gold and silver of the churches and the knights' dwellings, and sent

it to France, they were proceeding to remove the rich silk damask hangings from the sacred edifices at Città Notabile, when the populace (who had heard of the French defeat at Aboukir) flew to arms. The French commandant in that town rashly drew his sword, but was killed, with all his detachment, and their bodies burned. Another detachment of 200 even the peasantry drove back, and in a few days Vaubois was closely blockaded in Valletta from the land side. Sending out boats in all directions, the islanders came across Lord Nelson, who on the 26th of October, 1798, appeared off Malta with eighteen ships of the line, and for two years invested the French so closely that in their extremity a good fat rat sold for 1s. 7d. This bill of fare opened their eyes to the folly of starving for the honour and glory of the French Republic, and on the 6th of September, 1800, according to previous agreement, they marched out with the honours of war "as far as the sea-shore," surrendered as prisoners, and sailed for France in English transports.

Nearly every boy in the empire knows that Malta is at this day a half-way house for our fleets in the Mediterranean; nor is it any more of a secret that, in British hands, Malta is the unlikely place on the globe for finding a rusty musket, a perfidious coastguard, or an incapable commander.

A FATAL VOYAGE.

We have already narrated Lord Rodney's victory over the French fleet in the West Indies. A fit sequel to that memorable achievement is afforded by the perilous voyage of Admiral Graves, on whom devolved the task of sailing home with the prizes.

On the 26th of July he hoisted his flag on board the *Ramillies* (74), having under his orders the *Canada* and *Centaur*, with the *Pallas* frigate, and the following French ships taken by Lord Rodney the preceding April—namely, the *Ville de Paris*, the *Glorieuse*, *Hector*, *Ardent*, *Caton*, and *Jason*. All these vessels were in a very wretched condition. The *Ardent* was ordered back to Port Royal, and the *Jason* never joined the fleet. The rest sailed from Bluefield's Bay on the 15th of July and proceeded homewards.

On the 17th of September a violent storm arose, which in a few minutes reduced the *Ramillies* to a very shattered condition. The cabin where the admiral lay was flooded, and his cot-bed jerked down by the violence of the shock and the ship's instantaneous revulsion, so that he was obliged to pull on his boots half-leg deep in water, without any stockings, to huddle on wet clothes, and get on deck.

At dawn of day the people of the *Ramillies* beheld the *Duton*, formerly an East Indiaman, but now a store-ship, go down head foremost, the fly of her ensign being the last thing visible. A lieutenant of the navy, who commanded her, leaped from the deck into the sea, and was soon overwhelmed by its billows; but twelve or thirteen of the crew contrived to push off one of the boats, and, running with the wind, succeeded in reaching a ship, which, fortunately decrying them, flung over a number of ropes, by the help of which these daring fellows scrambled up her side and were fortunately saved.

Out of ninety-four or ninety-five sail seen the day before hardly twenty could now be counted. Of the ships of war, the *Canada*, half full, was down upon the lee quarter, her maintop-mast and mizen-mast gone, and otherwise much damaged; the *Centaure* was without masts, bowsprit, or rudder; and the *Glorieux* without foremast, bowsprit, or maintop-mast. Of these the two latter perished with all their crew, except the captain of the *Centaure*, who, with a few others, slipped off from her stern into one of the boats without being noticed, and so escaped the fate of the rest. The *Ville de Paris* appeared unhurt, and was commanded by Captain George Wilkinson, a most experienced seaman, who had made twenty-four voyages to and from the West Indies, and had therefore been pitched upon to lead the fleet through the Gulf. She was, however, afterwards buried in the ocean with all on board, consisting of more than eight hundred people. Of the convoy, besides the *Dutton* and the *British Queen*, seven more were discovered without masts or bowsprits, eighteen had lost masts, and several others had foundered.

The *Ramillies* had at this time six feet of water in the hold, and the pumps would not free her, the water having worked out the oakum. The admiral therefore gave orders for all the buckets to be remanned, and every officer to help towards freeing the ship.

In the evening it was found necessary to dispose of the forecastle and aftermost quarter-deck guns, together with some of the shot and other articles of very great weight; and, the frame of the ship having opened during the night, the admiral was next morning prevailed upon to allow ten guns more to be thrown overboard. The ship still continuing to open very much, the admiral ordered tarred canvas and hides to be nailed fore and aft, from under the fills of the ports on the main deck and on the lower deck. Her increasing damage requiring more still to be done, the admiral directed all the guns on the upper deck, the shot both on that and the lower deck, with various heavy stores, to be thrown overboard.

The *Ramillies* still getting worse, notwithstanding the unabated exertions of every one on board, the officers united in entreating the admiral to go into one of the merchant vessels then in sight; but this he positively refused to do, saying that it would be unpardonable in a commander-in-chief to desert his comrades in the hour of distress, that his living a few years longer was of little consequence, but that by leaving his ship at such a time he should set a bad example to his crew.

On the evening of the 20th, the water continuing to increase, notwithstanding the anchors were cut away, and all the lower-deck guns were thrown overboard, the people, who had hitherto borne their calamities without a murmur, began to despair, and earnestly expressed a desire to quit the ship, lest they should all founder in her. The admiral advanced, and, addressing himself to the crew, said—

"My brave fellows, although I and my officers have the same regard for our own lives that you have, yet I assure you we have no intention of deserting either you or the ship, and we will stand or fall together, as becomes men and Englishmen. As to myself, I am determined to try one night more on board the *Ramillies*. I

hope you will all remain with me; for one good day, with a moderate sea and our exertions, may enable us to clear and secure the well from the encroaching ballast; and then hands enough may be spared to raise jury masts that will carry the ship to Ireland. The sight of the *Ramillies* alone, and the knowledge that she is manned so gallantly, will be sufficient to protect the remaining part of the convoy. But, above all, as everything has now been done for her relief that can be thought of, let us wait the event; and be assured I will make the signal directly for the trade to lie by during the night."

This temperate speech had the desired effect; the firmness and confidence with which he spoke, and their reliance on his seamanship and judgment, as well as his constant presence and attention to every accident, inspired them with new courage; they returned to their labours with cheerfulness, although they had had no rest from the first fatal stroke.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the well being quite broken in, the frame and the carcass of the ship began to give way in every part, and the crew exclaimed that it was impossible any longer to keep her above water. In this extremity the admiral resolved not to lose a moment in removing the people whenever daylight should appear, but told the captain not to communicate any more of his intention than that he proposed to remove the sick and lame at daybreak, and for this end he should call on board all the boats of the merchantmen. He nevertheless gave private orders to the captain to have all the bread brought upon deck, with a quantity of beef, pork, flour, &c., and to make every other preparation necessary for the whole crew quitting the ship.

Accordingly at dawn the signal was made for the boats of the merchantmen, but nobody suspected what was to follow until the bread was entirely removed and the sick gone. About six o'clock the people themselves were permitted to go off, and between nine and ten, there being nothing further to direct or regulate, the admiral himself, after shaking hands with every officer, and leaving his barge for their better accommodation and transport, quitted for ever the *Ramillies*, which had then nine feet of water in her hold. He went into a small leaky boat, laden with bread, out of which both himself and the surgeon, who accompanied him, had to bale the water all the way. He left behind him all his wine, furniture, books, charts, &c., being unwilling to employ even a single servant in saving or packing up what belonged to himself in a time of such general calamity, or to appear to fare better in any respect than his crew.

By half-past four all the complement had been taken out, and the captain, first and third lieutenants, with every soul except the fourth lieutenant, Mr. Chapman, had left her, and the latter gentleman was left to carry into execution the admiral's orders for setting fire to the wreck when finally deserted. The hull burned rapidly, and the flames quickly reached the powder, which was filled in the after magazine, and had been lodged very high; the decks and upper works, within thirty-five minutes, blew up with a tremendous explosion, while the bottom was precipitated into the ocean. The crew had but just all reached the respective ships when the wind rose to so great a height, and so continued without in-

termination for six or seven days successively, that no boat in the time could have lived on the water. On so small an interval depended the salvation of more than 600 lives! The admiral, who had got aboard the *Belle*, reached Cork harbour on the 10th of October.

In this storm (the greatest on record) all the trophies of Lord Rodney's victory, except the *Ardent*, were lost, together with two British ships of the line and an incredible number of merchantmen under convoy, while the destruction to human life exceeded 3000 persons.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

Crus Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A BROTHER'S VENGEANCE.

IN Queen Anne's reign a soldier belonging to a regiment quartered in a provincial city was taken up for desertion, and sentenced to be shot.

The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both in London, the command of the regiment had devolved on the major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment was drawn up to witness it; but when all present expected to see the corporals cast lots for the ungracious office they were surprised to find it fixed by the major upon the prisoner's own brother, who was also a soldier in the regiment, and was at the moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers they both fell upon their knees: the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood; and the other that he might receive his doom from any other hand. But all their tears and supplications were in vain—the major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger and the execution the more horrible. Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose.

The brother prepared to obey. The prisoner, having gone through the usual service with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and, this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and at that instant to do his office and despatch the prisoner.

When the major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last motion of his cane the soldier suddenly turned and shot the tyrant in a moment through the heart. Then, throwing down his piece, he exclaimed, "He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit. I had rather die this hour for this death than live a hundred years and give my brother his."

At this unexpected event nobody seemed to be sorry; and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that passed, prevailed with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until further

orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequences, as far as their whole interest could possibly go with the queen.

This request being complied with, the city corporation that very night drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her Majesty's clemency towards both the prisoners. The queen, upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented by one of the city representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire a little further into the matter. On doing so she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars, and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from her service.

SINGULAR NAVIGATION.

WHEN the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board the *Boyne* a marine was peaceably sitting in his berth, with his wife and son, a boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began. Finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, the man, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and, bracing the boy on the animal's fleecy back, dropped them into the sea. "There," said he, "turn to the land, and God go with you."

Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the brine, and the man followed after, supporting his companion above water till the boats arrived to their assistance, when they were taken up little the worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with young Ben Bowline riding upon his back like an infant river-god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore, who rushed into the water to meet the young navigator, whom they presently unsheeped and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents. The singularity of this event attracted the patronage of a lady in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared, in the most friendly manner, "that, as the boy had begun his naval career on a lamb, she would never leave him till he was able to end it like a lion."

WILLING VICTIMS.

IN the civil war of La Vendée General Kléber, with 4000 men, was completely surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and saw no way of saving his little band except by stopping for a short time the passage of the Vendéans through a narrow ravine, which separated the two armies. He called an officer to him for whom he had a particular friendship and esteem. "Take," said he, "a company of grenadiers; stop the enemy before that ravine: you will be killed, but you will save your comrades." "General, I shall do it," replied the officer, who received the order to immolate himself with as much calmness as if it had been a simple military evolution. The prediction of Kléber was but too fatally verified. The brave officer arrested the enemy's progress, but perished in the achievement.

A similar instance of devotion was exhibited in the affair of Saumur, 3rd of June, 1793. General

Coustard gave orders to a corps of cavalry to carry an enemy's battery which prevented his going to the succour of the left of the army. "Where are you sending us?" asked Weissen, the commander of the corps. "To Death!" replied Coustard. "The safety of the republic demands it." Weissen stopped to hear no more, but, charging at the head of his cavalry, gained possession of the battery. The infantry, however, refusing to advance to his support, the advantage was but momentary: the enemy returned in overpowering numbers, and the brave Weissen, and almost every one of his intrepid band, perished in the unequal conflict.

FAIR PLAY.

In the attack on the strong fortresses of St. Fernando de Omca in the year 1780 an English sailor, who had scrambled singly over the wall, had, for the better annoyance of the enemy on all sides, armed himself with a cutlass in each hand. Thus equipped, he fell in with a Spanish officer just roused from sleep, and who in the hurry and confusion had forgotten his sword. This circumstance restrained the fury of the British tar, who, disdaining to attack an unarmed foe, but unwilling to relinquish so happy an opportunity of displaying his courage in single combat, presented one of the cutlasses to him, saying, "I scorn any advantage; you are now upon an equal footing with me." The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and the facility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing else, from the uncouth and hostile appearance of his foe, than being cut into pieces instantly and without mercy, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relation of the story excited in his countrymen.

A MUTINY SOON QUELLED.

Soon after Admiral Cornwallis succeeded to the command of the *Canada* a mutiny broke out in the ship on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company, in consequence of which they signed what they termed a round robin, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had all hands called upon deck, and thus laconically addressed them:—"My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return to port; and as to your not fighting, I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see, when the devil himself cannot keep you from it." The Jacks were so tickled with this tar-like compliment that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied, perhaps, than if they had been paid the money they demanded ten times over.

GOOD ADVICE.

When Commodore Anson's ship, the *Centurio*, was engaged in close fight with the rich Spanish galleon which he afterwards took a sailor came running to him and cried out, "Sir, our ship is on fire very near the powder magazine." "Then pray, friend," said the commodore, not in the least discomposed, "run back and assist in putting it out."

STOPPING A LEAK.

When Admiral Boscawen defeated the French fleet he was under the necessity of going on board a boat, in order to shift his flag from his own ship

to another, in the midst of a violent storm. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side, when the admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means kept the boat from sinking until he made the ship he intended to hoist his flag in.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE STORMING OF ATTACK.

"Odd drat the drums and guns, I say," ejaculated Mrs. Brown suddenly, as a loud rattling of drums, apparently just without the hut, pealed noisily on the air, followed almost on the instant by the discharge of a battery of breaching artillery—"startling a body that way, and waking up the children out o' their sleep, and akeering the twins, I'll be bound, as if I hadn't my hands full enough already! Yes, there they are, and me just got them off so comfortable. Drat all the noises, I say! If they had a parcel of children to nurse they wouldn't be so free with their beastly murdering gunpowder. There! you be off with you," she continued vehemently, addressing her husband, who sat calmly enjoying his pipe. "Sitting there, smoking and smelling the room up with filthy tobacco, and pretending not to hear them crying children. There now! let 'em alone," she exclaimed abruptly, as Brown, putting down his obnoxious pipe, crossed the room towards the beds, with their mosquito curtains. "What's the use o' your doing anything? Go along with you, and see what's the matter."

"Oh! I know very well what it is," replied her husband, preparing to set forth to find a little more excitement in the trenches than he could procure in the domestic bungalow, with an irritable wife and a number of fractious and crying children. "It's only the signal for the heavy guns to play upon the breach again, and knock down as much of last night's repairs as possible. But I shall go now and look after the pontoons and things for the assault. There! don't be cross, old girl: the twins will go to sleep again."

Mrs. Brown met this conciliatory remark of her husband's, as he looked through the muslin blind at his wife's maternal duties, with anything like a forgiving temper, having been severely tried in the morning by the misconduct of one of her *dhobies*, or washermen, who had allowed his ass to munch up some of her family linen, and, as she was just now reminded afresh of her loss, she had no complaisance to spare, and answered abruptly—

"Don't stand there, keeping off all the wind from the punkah (goodness knows, that sleepy beaver does not give us too much of it), but go and make yourself useful somewhere else."

"Very well. Good bye; I'm off," replied the sergeant-major.

"Brown," cried his helpmate, as he reached the rude shelter of the verandah, "I hope there'll be no more cold baths to-night. Do you hear?"

tossing up one of the twins, as she looked through her gauzy screen at her husband.

"Yes, Peggy, I hear; but how can I tell?"

"How can you tell! You must know whether your report this morning was satisfactory or not. If the bath is to be repeated give somebody else a turn to-night. Let Sergeant Murphy have an opportunity of showing his smartness."

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed. There'll be no need of doing that work over again."

"Why couldn't you have said so at first?" she added sharply.

"I didn't know exactly what you meant. I know I shan't be ordered to the bottom, but there's no telling what stray messenger in search of a billet may send me there without orders."

"Nonsense! Here, won't you kiss baby before you go? You can do it through the curtain," she cried in a softer tone, as she pressed against the network of the curtain the soft round face of the youngest of the twins, which, on account of being a girl, and half an hour later in the world than its brother, was denominated the "baby."

Brown took two hasty steps back, and, removing his shako, gave the soft crowing lips a fervent kiss, and then waited a moment, thinking, probably, that his wife would place her own pretty mouth there for a similar offering of affection. But Mrs. Brown immediately turned her back on her husband, and, as if seized with a sudden fit of maternal love, began kissing the baby's lips with such earnestness that Brown, seeing no chance of her return, stepped out again on the verandah. Espying a native bearer squatted in a corner, lazily pulling a rope, he approached the man so quickly that, opening his eyes with a jerk, and staring with some surprise on his master, he inquired what "the sahib, half officer, wanted."

"Only to say that if you don't keep your eyes open, and work that punkah at twice the rate you are now doing, I'll stop your rations and see what a taste of my sergeant's rattan will do in the way of improving your morals."

Satisfied with the visible effect of his admonition, in the speed at which the rope was instantly handled, Brown directed his steps towards a large marquee dedicated to the engineers' department.

Here he found a considerable body of men actively employed in repairing a number of flat-bottomed tin boats, and about a score of large wickerwork frames, like immense cradles, which some were covering with raw hides, and some with tarpaulin only, each boat, when properly loaded, holding from ten to twenty men, seated close, with their muskets between their knees.

While Brown was taking a general observation of the preparations, and anxiously wishing for night, the cannonading suddenly ceased on both sides, and a silence almost unnatural, when contrasted with the splitting din of battle, reigned over the scene. It was the hour of siesta, the hour of intense mid-day heat, when the natives fling themselves on the ground beside their guns, or wherever they may be posted, and, instantly dropping into profound sleep, enjoy two hours of repose. So universal is this practice that even the British sepoy shrinks from all exertion during those two hours of prostrating heat.

Fully persuaded that what their acclimated natures could not perform no foreigner could possibly endure, they lie down to sleep in perfect security, well assured that on waking they will

find all in *status quo*, and the enemy in the same condition as themselves—just awaking from slumber. Brown had no occasion to glance at the sun, or consult a watch to inform him of the time of day: the sudden cessation of the firing told him plainly that it was one o'clock, and that till three, in the ordinary course of events, not a gun would be fired from those walls, so crowded with remorseless, but, for the present, silent foes.

A company of some twenty mounted officers, following Major-General Havering, were seen at this moment skirting at full gallop the edge of the glacis, in advance of their own lines. Then, wheeling round, they gained the first parallel, and, entering the trench or covered way, drew in their smoking chargers in a sheltered situation, where the 5th and 39th Regiments were already drawn up in a hollow square.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Edgar, addressing the dismounted officers and those who had stepped by invitation from the ranks of the square, and speaking from his saddle as from a rostrum—"gentlemen, brother officers, and companions in arms and glory, by your exertions, bravery, and perseverance we have been enabled in less than thirty hours to carry out the ordinary work of two or three weeks. The breach is practicable; Attack is before you; with its fall ends the war, and a long term of repose and peace awaits you. It is well known to most of the army that it was my intention to order the assault to be given to-night. A personal recognisance, however, has compelled me to abandon that scheme and make the attempt at once. Why I have done so the following reasons will explain:—The moat is both deep and broad, not filled with stagnant water, but supplied by a canal from the Sutlej above the town, and terminating in the river about a *cos* (two miles) below it. The enemy, dreading an assault, have removed the sluice-gates, and a rapid river is now running through the moat. The danger of crossing such an impetuous stream in the dark in our shallow boats would be very great, and still greater the difficulty, the almost impossibility, of landing directly at the breach, which would be sure to be lighted up the moment the alarm was sounded, exposing the stray boats to the heavy fire of the ramparts. British heroism and patience would no doubt ultimately lead to success, but at a great sacrifice of life. I have, therefore, resolved to have daylight to execute this dangerous operation, and, taking advantage of the enemy's time of repose, carry the storming party across at once, and gain a fair hold of the opposite bank before he wakes to renewed action. The false attacks, feints, and diversions will be conducted as arranged this morning. Now every officer will retire to his post; the engineers will at once see to their pontoons and boats; and the storming and supporting parties will immediately fall in and march to the proper spot. Now, once more, every gentleman to his duty, and farewell till we meet as conquerors in Attack."

While an ominous silence like death reigned in the beleaguered town, a scene of extraordinary animation and bustle was taking place behind the lines in the British camp. Regiments of sepoys and Europeans were marching and counter-marching, and taking up positions where they could unmask or threaten in a moment, while heavy wains, field artillery, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons were proceeding in all directions.

Within a quarter of an hour from the time Colonel Havering had dismissed his officers he was standing on the spot in front of the breach where only a few hours before he, Brown, and the orderly had carried out the night adventure. About fifty active artificers stood on the ledge beside him, while on the slope of the glacis down which they had all rolled in so undignified a manner were reclining hundreds of armed and eager men, and near them engines of all descriptions were ranged in order for instant use. Having carefully surveyed the walls and breach on the opposite side through his telescope, and made out the sleeping gunners and small-armed men, lying among the loose stones or by their guns or embrasures, he closed his glass, and, turning to the artificers around him, said calmly—

"Now, lads, you know your work. No noise and no confusion. Begin."

Instantly they raised a ponderous stage or pontoon, and cautiously lowered it into the water, that was rushing by like a mill-pool, when several men descended by the ropes that held it for the present to the bank. A number of the heaviest cannon were then lowered, and these, being fastened to the pontoon, were cautiously dropped into the water, so as to anchor it on the spot required. The first platform having been securely moored, the more difficult and tedious task was next performed of floating a second pontoon of the same size to the opposite side of the moat.

Two guide-ropes were now passed between the two pontoons, the boats of tin and willow lowered, with a number of ladders, when the word was passed for the stormers to descend in companies. As soon as the pontoon was filled with men the boats were loaded, and two soldiers standing up in each dragged and guided them across, where they were landed, and, ladders being ready, mounted and drew up on either side of the breach and under the walls. In this manner, one set of boats passing empty and the other full, the three hundred men who comprised the storming party were passed in safety, and Edgar only waited to get a portion of the supporting column, which he meant to lead in person, established on the other bank to give the signal of attack.

Before, however, he could raise the signal flag above his head, and for which the officer in command was so impatiently waiting, a rifle-ball shattered the staff near his hand, when the clash of bells and the clang of gongs suddenly rang out and echoed from every part of the city, to which the boom of cannon made a clamour that might have woke the dead, while from the English lines the bray of trumpets, the rattle of the drum, and the shrill notes of the bugle conjured up as by magic from the earth a host of living men.

A change more startling and abrupt—a change from the hushed silence of sleep to the shouts, the turmoil, and the madness of war—was probably never before witnessed, and seemed more like the result of the magician's spell than the work of human agency. But for the premature rousing of an Afghan sentry on the watch-tower of the palace, the surprise would have been perfect and overwhelming: in three minutes the breach would have been covered with stormers, and, foot to foot on the ramparts, the possession of Attock must have been decided.

Springing to sudden life and energy, from every stone and crevice of the battered walls, the swarming foe presented from base to battlement a living pyramid of receding steel, filling up every inch of the huge gap that formed the breach, every man calmly waiting the coming assault, while all around, above, and below, to the right and the left, from every loop-hole and embrasure, poured forth a stream of fire and smoke, the British guns replying in deafening roar from every quarter of the sweeping lines.

Ordering the trumpets to sound the advance to the stormers, Edgar only waited to see the assault made and give directions for the passage of the supporting column, when he hastened to a masked battery he had established to assist the stormers, and superintended the discharge of rockets to clear the ramparts in the rear of the enemy in the breach. The effect of these missiles, falling perpendicularly on the heads of the besieged, was most important, as it left those in the breach nearly unsupported, and materially facilitated the progress of the stormers, who, with the colours at their head, were courageously progressing up the deep and crumbling gap. Though exposed to a raking cross-fire, and depending only on the bayonet as a means of offence, they had made good more than two-thirds of the distance, and were already planting ladders to carry them over the remaining portion, when Edgar, discontinuing the firing from the battery, sprang on his horse, and, followed by his staff, galloped to the different points of attack, to see that the orders already given were being properly carried out.

Satisfied with all he saw, he ordered a wing from each of three sepoy regiments to join the supporting column, and, leaving the senior colonel of his staff in command of the field, galloped back at full speed to that part of the moat opposite the breach.

This spot, lately so quiet, presented a picture of the wildest confusion and havoc, for the enemy, having discovered the artifice by which the troops were brought over, had concentrated his fire on the spot, over which such dense volumes of smoke were perpetually rolling that it was impossible to see the water beneath, or even make out the pontoon to which the sepoys were rapidly descending. Every now and then a lurid stream of fire flashed through the sulphurous canopy, as some iron globe of death tore through the serried masses that halted on the glacis.

Descending through this smoky atmosphere, and a perfect storm of small shot and heavy artillery, Edgar reached the first pontoon in safety, but the smoke overhead hung so dense that it was impossible to see the brink which he had left, while, from the rush of the river, all below was clear, showing fragments of broken boats and ladders, struggling men, and dead bodies, swept along, while from the passing boats men were each moment dropping mortally wounded into the moat.

Springing into the first return boat, Edgar guided himself across that fatal river, and, leaping on the platform, mounted the opposite face of the moat, where he could once more use his eyes, and see all the dangers before him. The rear of the storming party were just emerging from the breach as he reached its base. Placing himself at the head of those who had passed,

making a force of nearly 200 men, he leaped into the gap, and, waving his sword, called on all to follow him. With a loud hurrah, the men gladly responded to the voice of their beloved chief, and an emulous struggle ensued between European and sepoy to reach the top, a task of no ordinary difficulty, the stones being made slippery with blood, or insecure from the dead who covered them.

As he struggled up over the alain and dying Edgar had time enough to reflect and congratulate himself on having changed his plan of operations, for, heavy as had been his loss already in crossing the moat, the most difficult part being executed unmolested, if left till dark, or in the face of a vigilant enemy, and all the works brilliant with lights, it would have been murderous, or perhaps—dreadful thought!—defeat and ruin. But now, thank Heaven! he was beyond the power of a repulse. With this thought swelling his breast, he bounded over the last gap, and stood on the rampart.

Leaving an officer to head the next company and support the stormers, who were sweeping the walls to the left, Edgar, under the guidance of a native he had obtained, led his party down a tortuous passage into the town, as yet unperceived by the enemy.

As they reached the bottom of the precipitous way they came abruptly on a large body of Affghans, hurrying towards a broader approach to the walls. Edgar instantly ordered his men to fix bayonets, form three abreast, and charge with a cheer through their column, which was done so suddenly and so effectually that Edgar had led his company through their midst and gained another street, without the loss of a man, before the enemy had recovered from their consternation. Hurrying onwards at the double, the next turning brought them in front of the gate for which they had been so expeditiously striving.

Flinging themselves on the guard in front of the entrance, a short but sanguinary contest ensued. The bayonet, however, was too strong for the shumsher, and Havering was in a few minutes in possession of the fort and sally-port. To open the ponderous leaves and sound the advance on the bugle was the work of only a few seconds. A loud and pealing cheer from the distant lines answered the summons, and then, bounding from their screen, a column of 1500 men came on, tearing through the gates, and, dividing into three bodies, intersected the town and took possession of the walls, on which the stormers had already hoisted their regimental colours. But, though the town was virtually in their possession, and more than 2000 men had laid down their arms, fighting was still continued in remote quarters.

Having hurried along the ramparts and traversed the principal streets, to assure himself of the complete mastery of the place, as well as to see that his strict orders against pillage or maltreatment of the inhabitants were observed, he heard the sudden shriek of women, the clash of steel, the report of fire-arms, and all the sounds of an angry feud. Hastening towards the direction of the commotion, he beheld a house of superior order, from the verandah of which drooped a long white flag. In front of the dwelling were congregated some fifty sepoys, while others were throwing from the windows

rich silks and costly articles of furniture, as spoil to their comrades without. But that which fixed his attention most was a group of females and an old man, under a corner of the verandah, struggling with about a dozen of the most brutal of the sepoys.

Drawing his sword, Edgar rushed forward to the rescue, but nearly fell over the bodies of the faithful domestics, who had paid with their lives for their devotion to their master.

"Back, scoundrels! back!" he shouted, bursting through the throng of armed ruffians, and catching a young and beautiful girl in his arms, as the old man to whom she was clinging was felled by a brutal blow. "Back to your regiment, scoundrel, or I'll mark you for life with a coward's brand! Back, you audacious villain!" he exclaimed, as one fellow grasped her gold-embroidered veil, and two others, unawed by their commander, or not knowing him, seized her jewelled shawl, and attempted to cut it from her waist. "Profaning scoundrels!" he cried, cutting the first man over the face with his sword, and bringing the weapon down on the wrists of the other two.

Amidst the howls of pain from the wounded men as they fell back, and the savage oaths and defiant threats of their comrades, another ruffian, calling to his fellows to seize the woman, drew his bayonet, and rushed forward to regain their prize, when Edgar, seeing that nothing but determined action could save him, secured the lady in his left arm, and, stepping forward, parried the bayonet-thrust and passed his sword through the sepoy's heart.

Incensed at the death of their comrade, half a dozen of the nearest raised their muskets to their shoulders, but before they could fire were stretched on the ground by the well-delivered blows of the muskets of the provost-guard, as Brown, springing towards Edgar's side, drove his sword through the body of a crouching soldier, who was preparing to strike him in the back.

"Provost-marshal," cried Edgar, "make an example of those mutinous dogs. Arrest the whole of them, and let them be tried and punished for violating the order of the day. I will have every man punished, no matter what his corps, who has disobeyed my order."

Then, turning to Brown, he continued—

"Place a double guard round this bungalow, get a palanquin for the old gentleman there, and another for this lady; they shall go with me to head-quarters."

As he spoke the fragile beauty rose from his protecting arm, and, assisted by her women, who rushed forward, adjusted her veil. Courteously handing her to her palanquin, and seeing the old man carefully disposed of in another, some of the women following in a covered bullock-dray, and escorted by a company of his own regiment, Edgar sprang on his horse, and, leaving directions for Major Napier, who had conducted the assault, to bring the governor to head-quarters, slowly followed his interesting captive to the bungalow of a zemindar that now formed his own temporary residence.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[INDIANS MAKING SPORT OF THE CAPTURED GARRISON.]

THE SIEGE OF CALCUTTA.

HAVING followed the British army over its well-fought battle-fields in Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, we change the scene, and invite attention to the struggles that established our sovereign's Indian Empire. But, before narrating the achievements of Clive, Eyre Coote, Cornwallis, Arthur Wellesley, and Lake, we give a picture of Indian life—we might say death—one hundred years ago.

At that period the British dominion was limited to a few scattered factories at the mercy of native princes, and among these was a sanguinary tyrant Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal. Having determined upon hostilities with

the English, he raised a numerous army, proceeded against the East India Company's settlements at Cassimbuzar, treacherously obtained possession of the fort, and marched directly to commence the siege of Calcutta. The town was invested on the 17th of June, 1756. His demands increasing as Governor Drake, who commanded in it, inclined to accommodate matters with him, he proceeded with great vehemence, but little skill, towards its reduction. He attacked a redoubt at the entrance of the town, from which his troops were repulsed with great slaughter. On the next day he attacked another redoubt, and was again obliged to retire. But, having renewed his attacks with a vigour increased by disappointment, the troops in those posts were

ordered to retire into the fort, and the Moors obtained possession of the town, which they were allowed to plunder for twenty-four hours. The nabob then invested the fort, but with inconsiderable force; he raised a battery of two 12-pounders, but their fire was too feeble and ill directed to effect a breach. Nevertheless, preparations were making for a spirited attack, to which the place was by no means equal, and it possessed a number of useless refugees, including several ladies, which tended only to embarrass the defenders.

Governor Drake, therefore, assembled a council of war to consider what was necessary, when, being informed by the officer who commanded the artillery that there was not ammunition in the fort for four days, he determined to provide for the safety of those who could not protect themselves. Most of the ladies were embarked on board the ships which lay off, and shortly after the governor and others followed their example, leaving Mr. Holwell, the second in council, and 250 men, who determined to stay and defend the fort to the last extremity.

Mr. Holwell (now sole commandant) called a council of war, and, dividing three chests of money among the discontented soldiers, made large promises to them for their courage and fidelity. He secured the keys of the place, and took every precaution; but the Moors, having possession of some houses that commanded the fort, kept up such a fire of musketry upon the bastions as to compel the English soldiers to retire. The cannon at the same time dislodged them frequently from these houses with great loss, but no decisive advantage was gained by the besieged, who became considerably diminished.

On the 20th, in the afternoon, the attack being still continued, and the garrison much exhausted, the governor ordered the white flag to be hung out for a cessation of hostilities, in order to procure delay, that he might make good a retreat down the river. In both designs, however, he was defeated, for, the back gate being betrayed to the Moors, they entered the fort while a parley was taking place on the opposite side.

The nabob received his unexpected advantage with much moderation, and promised that no harm should be done to the British troops; but when it became dark Mr. Holwell, as well as his party of every description, were indiscriminately thrust into the Black Hole, a close apartment not sufficient to contain one-tenth part of their number. The distress they suffered is the most important circumstance in this siege, which, with what remains to be told of the result of the defence of the fort at this time, will be found more impressively related in a letter published two years after, by Mr. Holwell, on the return to England.

"Imagine, if possible, the situation of 146 wretches crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet, in a close sultry night in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and the southward by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarcely any air. What must ensue appeared to me in lively and dreadful colours the instant I cast my eyes round and saw the size and situation of the room.

Amongst the guards posted at the windows

I observed an old jemmatdaar near me, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance. I called him to me, and pressed him to get us separated, half in one place and half in another; undertaking that he should in the morning receive a thousand rupees for this act of tenderness. He promised he would attempt it, and withdrew, but in a few minutes returned and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand: he withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and told me that it could not be done but by the suba's order, and that no one dared awake him.

We had been imprisoned but a few minutes, when every one fell into a perspiration so profuse that it brought on a raging thirst, which increased as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To obtain the former, every man put off his clothes, except myself, Mr. Court, and two wounded young gentlemen near me. Every hat was waved about to produce a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures, who could not immediately recover their legs as others did when the word was given to rise, fell down and were instantly trod to death or suffocated.

Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were made to force the door, but in vain; and many insults were addressed to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon us, and so end our misery.

For my own part, by keeping my face between two of the bars I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period so strong an effluvia came from the prison that I was not able to turn my head that way for more than a few seconds at a time. Now everybody, excepting those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious. 'Water! water!' became the general cry; and the old jemmatdaar before mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water, little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects: This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud it became impossible.

The water appeared. Words cannot paint the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. We had no means of conveying it into the prison but by hats forced through the bars, and thus myself and Messrs. Coles and Scot (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied the others as fast as possible. But, though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get at it that before it reached the lips of any one there would be scarcely a small teacupful left in them.

How shall I give a conception of what I felt at the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not indulge a probable hope of obtaining a drop; and others calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to

me? The confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and many from the further part of the room pressed down those in their way and trampled them to death.

This scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without, and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it; they even held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion.

My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Reverly, Law, Buchanan, Simpson, and several others, for whom I had a real esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet, and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier who could force his way to the window and hold fast by the bars over me. At last, so wedged up that I was deprived of all motion, I called to my fellow-sufferers, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, they would permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead (then I believe amounting to fifty) and the numbers who flocked to the windows, for by this time they had water also at the other window.

In the Black Hole there was a platform raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath, extending the whole length of the east side of the prison, and above six feet wide. I travelled over the dead and repaired to the further end, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr. Dumbleton and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. Here my poor friend Mr. Edward Eyre came staggering over the dead to me, and, with his usual coolness and good-nature, asked me how I did, but fell and expired before I had time to make him any reply.

I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me on the platform, and, recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a violent pain in the breast and palpitation of the heart.

By an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed I pushed for the opposite window, and, clutching one of its bars, began to breathe more freely; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for 'water, for God's sake!' I had been concluded dead, but as soon as they heard me amongst them they had still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, 'Give him water! give him water!' Nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk.

But my thirst was rather increased by the water: so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event, and kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt-sleeves and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain, from my head and face.

One of my miserable companions on the right of me took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store. After I detected him I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reser-

voirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer I found afterwards was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and he has since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeve. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give a more lively idea of the melancholy state and distress we were reduced to.

By half-past eleven the much greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable, few retaining any calmness but the ranks next the windows.

'Air! air!' was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard and the suba was shouted in chorus to provoke the guard to fire upon us. Every man that had strength enough rushed tumultuously towards the windows in hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to Heaven to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. Some now laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows: others made a last effort at the windows, and by leaping and scrambling got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them.

Many to the right and left sank with the violent pressure and were soon suffocated, for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, as if we were forcibly held with our heads over a bowl full of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn.

In this plight, from half-past eleven till two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees on my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head. A Dutch sergeant had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz (a black Christian soldier) bore upon my right. The two latter I frequently dislodged by shifting my hold on the bars and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and, as he held by two bars, was immovable.

Towards two o'clock, rather than sink where I was, I resolved on quitting the window.

In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Cary, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege. (His wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived.) He had long been raving for water and air; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting he made a fruitless attempt to get my place, but the Dutch sergeant who sat on my shoulder supplanted him. Poor Cary expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window, several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead, but standing erect from the equal pressure around. He laid himself down to die, and his death, I believe, was very sudden, for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great, and I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to force my way. I was at this time sensible of no pain: I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man the Rev. Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead

with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison.

When I had lain there some little time I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought that I should be trampled on when dead. With some difficulty I raised myself and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation.

In my own escape from absolute death the hand of Heaven was manifestly exerted. When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no entreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly, Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence, and, imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of. But no one would give up the station in or near the window: so they were obliged to carry me back again. Soon after Captain Mills, who was in possession of a seat near the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen and placed in the window. At this juncture the sub, who had received an account of the havoc death had made amongst us, sent one of his jemmoutdaars to inquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him, told him I had the appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door were speedily opened. An order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life, and in a few minutes after the departure of the jemmoutdaar I was restored to my sight and senses. The weakness of the survivors made it a difficult task to remove the dead pile from against the door, and it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time."

The mournful procession of the living, however, must have been a short one, for of the hundred and forty-six persons confined in this den of horrors *one hundred and twenty-three* had perished during the night.

In revising Mr. Holwell's narrative we have borne in mind our editor's promise that over sufferings incidental to war the veil shall be lightly drawn. If we have pruned away too much, it has been with this intention. If we have been too timid in our pruning, it has been out of regard for that closeness of detail which has the stamp of truth. We merely add that on the victorious advance of General Clive the author of these atrocities fell into the hands of a rival chief, Meer Jaffer, whose son put him to death a few months after.

EXPLOITS OF HARRY PAULET.

SOME years since the subject of the following sketch died in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, and was followed to the grave by a number of poor people, whom he had made comfortable by his bounty. He was fond of narrating his exploits, and such was his power of description that he was certain to bring his hearers into the very scene of action: while listening to him a

dozen labouring men have been known to simultaneously spring to their feet and give three cheers while he paused to recover breath.

We first hear of him as the master of an English vessel in North America, trading on the St. Lawrence. Being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner under Montcalm, at Quebec, who refused to exchange him, on account of his extensive knowledge of the coast, and of the strength of Quebec and Louisburg, with the different soundings. They therefore resolved to send him to France, to be kept a prisoner during the war, and with this intention he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with despatches to the French government.

Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard on any danger of being taken. This he marked as the object of a daring enterprise; and shortly after, in consequence of the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions and intelligence, he put his design into execution. There were two English men of war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt. He therefore one night, when all but the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and, having fixed it to his mouth, silently let himself down to the water, floated on his back to one of the English ships, and was immediately taken on board with the packet.

The captain, charmed with the bold achievement, treated him with great liberality, and gave him a suit of scarlet clothes, trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained to the day of his death. The despatches proved to be of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America, and Harry was sent with a copy of them post over land to Lisbon, whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London. Upon his arrival in town he was examined by proper persons in the administration, an expedition was instantly formed upon a review of the despatches, and our successes in North America under Wolfe and Saunders are in some degree to be attributed to the attachment of Paulet to the interests of his country.

For his services the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages (for Harry had ever been prudent), he was enabled to purchase a vessel. Here fame takes some liberty with his character, and asserts that he used to run to the French coast, and there take in a cargo of brandy. Be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning, when the French fleet had stolen out of Brest, under Conflans, while Admiral Hawke was hid behind the rock of Ushant to watch the motions of the enemy. Mr. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, soon ran up to the British admiral, and, demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast and come on board. Upon his telling Hawke what he knew of the enemy the admiral told him if he was right he would make his fortune; but if he had deceived him he would hang him upon the yard-arm.

The fleet was instantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the master (for he was an excellent pilot) was presently brought between

the enemy and their own coast. The admiral now ordered Paulet to make the best of his way out of danger; but Harry begged, as he had discovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to assist in beating them. This request was assented to, and Paulet had his station assigned, at which no man could have behaved better. When the battle was over this true-born Englishman was sent home covered with commendations, and rewarded with that which enabled him to live happy the remainder of his life.

A LADY'S RETREAT FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE following interesting anecdote will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo.

"I had the good fortune," says the writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and *naïveté*.

The husband was in the battle of Quatre Bras, as well as that of Waterloo. He was living with his wife in cantonments at Nivelles, when the unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras, leaving behind him his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass.

Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but, being suddenly ordered, on the Saturday morning he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage ass.

With the firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and, much retarded and endangered by the artillery, her fatigue was great. It rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme.

She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; and she knew that the sight of her *there* would only embarrass and distress him. She kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night, the road being choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses. Multitudes of native fugitives were flying into the great wood, and many of the wounded, walking their painful way, were dropping at every step and breathing their last. Every few yards lay a corpse or a limb, particularly, she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves. To add to the horrors, the rain

continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were being torn to pieces.

Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud and her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted. But, still unhurt, she led her ass; and, although thousands lost their baggage and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass, bag, and baggage, without the loss of an article.

In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which for ten hours she knew her husband to be; but after a day and night of agony she was rewarded by finding herself in his arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse.

The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his '*dare* little woman,' and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life. I never saw a more elegant gentlemanlike young man: and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him."

THE QUEBEC AND THE SURVEILLANTE.

OF all the heroes who have died in the service of their country probably none evinced greater bravery and devotedness than the gallant Captain Farmer, who chose rather to perish with his ship than suffer himself to be taken by the enemy. The narrative of this gallant and heroic deed is as follows.—

On the 6th of October, 1779, Captain Farmer commanded the *Quebec*, of thirty-two guns. While cruising off Ushant this brave officer perceived a ship to leeward, which proved to be the French frigate *Surveillante*, of forty guns. In spite of the Frenchman's endeavours to escape, the *Quebec* was soon alongside. She reserved her fire till she got within point-blank shot of the enemy, when, showing her colours, she commenced the action.

At ten o'clock in the morning the first broadside was poured into the French vessel. This she speedily answered, and for upwards of three hours the action continued with unabated fury on each side. The Frenchman's foremast went first, then the *Quebec's* mizenmast fell, and her mainmast was roughly handled. Before one o'clock neither the French nor the English ship had a stick standing.

In the meantime the *Rambler*, an English cutter, commanded by Lieutenant George, stood in between the two contending ships, in order, if possible, to cut the enemy off. The little English vessel brought her popguns to bear between the great guns, and the musketry. In the heat of the action the sails of the *Quebec* caught fire, and the vessel was soon in a blaze.

Every effort was made to extinguish the flames, but they continued to spread in all directions. The Frenchman, still hard by, could make but little of her advantage of not being on fire, for she rolled about heavily, and most of her shots fell harmless.

In this dreadful crisis there was some talk of removing poor Captain Farmer, who was dread-

fully wounded, by the British; but he would not bear of this, declaring that he would never strike his colours nor leave his brave companions. The ship's crew tried all that men could do to extinguish the fire, but it increased rapidly till about six of the evening, when she blew up, her officers dying, and her captain and most of the crew perishing with her.

Lieutenant George, in the *Reindeer*, endeavoured to get alongside the *Quaker* in order to extinguish the fire and save the crew; but, his own ship having suffered severely, and being considerably to leeward, with a little wind and a heavy swell, he was unable to accomplish his object.

A few words of praise are due to the enemy for the magnanimous part she played in this dreadful encounter. Although a complete wreck, and with most of her men killed or wounded, she received on board each of the crew of the *Quaker* as could be saved. It deserves also to be told that the French captain, when in the agonies of death, spent his last breath in declaring the satisfaction he felt in having had such an opportunity for the display and exercise of his humanity.

THE DOOMED SENTINELS.

DURING hostilities in America a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. The war was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers."

The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising the sentinels and cutting off the stragglers. Even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them. In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments, to station sentinels some miles in the wood, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body. The sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was more hazardous than that of any other. It was likewise great. The sentinels were surprised upon their posts by the sudden appearance of their stations without any alarm or being heard of in any manner in the manner in which they were conveyed away, except that

upon one or two occasions a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imagined this unaccountable disappearance to be treachery, and suggested as an unsatisfactory argument that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went out at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great, but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth; "I shall not desert."

The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment.

The colonel, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time they all marched together, and again to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant and the man gone. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.

Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he; "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters or a leaf falls you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter, but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery." The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back and waited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon

the rack for the discharge of the musket, when upon a sudden the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied as before by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but, being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees. Still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eyes constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, would laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig. I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance so exactly corresponded to that of the animal, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect." He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk.

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched the moment when they could throw it off, burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them and bore their bodies away. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy they brought.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SOME years since an officer of distinction was travelling through the Highlands of Scotland, attended by a single servant. The public roads, where there were any, were hardly passable, and a great fall of snow coming on rendered them at

last not to be traced. After wandering about a whole day they discovered, in the dusk of the evening, something like a light at a distance. Thither they eagerly directed their steps, but when they reached the spot, where they expected to find a house, they found themselves at the foot of a tremendous precipice, and the light which had decoyed them still glimmering at an inaccessible height above their heads.

They hallooed with all their might, and were immediately asked by a human voice what they wanted. They answered that they were travellers who had lost their way, and begged to know whether they could hope for shelter and assistance. In an instant a man appeared before them and desired them to follow him. They did so, but were obliged, though reluctantly, to leave their horses fastened below. They soon arrived, by a zigzag way, at a large cave in the middle of the rock, in the centre of which a pile of faggots was burning. Here their guide left them, while he proceeded into an inner cave or apartment, whence he returned in a few minutes, followed by about fifty armed men. The travellers were greatly startled at the appearance of so formidable a body, when one, who seemed to have the command of the rest, addressed them to this purpose:—

"You can be at no loss to guess what we are, but you have nothing to fear; for, though we live by what is called violence, we are not insensible to humanity. Our depredations are never stained with cruelty, and seldom with blood; and those whom necessity has thrown on our care have never either been treated with barbarity or suffered to want. We extort a little from those only who are able to spare it, but rather augment than diminish the property of the poor. We know what we have to expect when we fall into the hands of the rich and powerful, and are prepared for our fate, but we never take advantage of the miserable. Nor is it to distress others, but solely to support ourselves, that we live in this manner. You see our quarters, and shall have all the accommodation they can afford you; and if you can trust us, who have no reason to deceive you, we bid you welcome."

This harangue revived the courage of the guests, and they were seasonably presented with a cup of whiskey each, to recover them from the cold and fatigue they had experienced. Their appetites were by this time abundantly keen, and by their own accounts they never supped more deliciously in their lives than they did that night, on poultry and fine Highland mutton, hastily broiled on the live ashes.

Rest was the next thing of which they stood most in need, and their generous host led them to the inner apartment in the cave. There two sacks of heath were, by his order, brought in, and on these the wearied travellers were invited to repose.

The officer had a considerable sum of money and some costly trinkets upon him, but, as he expected they would search him, he did not attempt to secrete anything. Their host either discovered or suspected their fears, and offered himself to be their guard. They dissuaded him as much as possible, but he told them plainly that, unless he kept constantly by them, he could not be answerable for the conduct of his companions. He therefore watched by them on the bare rock the whole of the night. In the morning they found themselves thus alone

with him and everything as they left it in the morning, save that of the whole they men they had seen, and that was now visible for the first of the young. Another line of wood was quickly sprung up, and as they saw that they had nearly twenty miles to go before they could find any provisions for themselves to borrow, they were prepared to go, perhaps very heavily of these and without any other aid.

He then pointed their horses, which had been well fed and were in good spirits. He likewise began to put them in the road where they might be in no further danger of being seen. On the way the service was ordered to be mounted and give him the horse, but he chose rather to walk and told them he could easily keep up with them. At this passing the officer said:

"But, we are struck at the whole of your conduct, from first to last, with equal admiration and gratitude. We have been treated like princes, where we expected our deaths were to be ours. It is not in my power sufficiently to reward your generosity, but here is a small purse of guineas, which is all the ready cash I have about me. I can very well spare it, and shall think myself honoured by your acceptance of it. I can only say it is no more, for your sake."

"Look ye, sir," said the Highlander: "you now see our way of life. The fellows you saw are all traitors and tried. We go to a free market for whatever we want. In such a situation money can be no object to us; though it were, know that Sergeant More is above being hired to do what his heart tells him is right."

"Are you Sergeant More?" exclaimed the officer.

"I am."

"Why, your name is a terror to the whole country. Do you know that a reward is offered for you dead or alive?"

"I do."

"Why, then, do you trust yourself alone with two armed men?"

"To show that my heart is a stranger to fear."

He then drew his sword, and, leaning on it gently, "Sir," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and have lived a clown. Early misfortunes obliged me to conceal my name and family and enlist in the army. My conduct there attracted the attention of my superiors, but I had no interest to rise higher than a halibut, and was discharged with the regiment in which I served. This way of life was then imposed on me by necessity. It is likely I shall be made an example of to deter others from the same clandestine practices, and all I ask, when you hear of my death, whether public or private, is, that you remember you once owed your life to him who never took one but in the cause of his country, when he fought for his king, and exposed his own. Farewell!"

LORD HOWE.

RICHARD, second son of Viscount Howe, was born in the year 1726, and at the age of fourteen quitted Eton College to join the squadron in which Anson sailed round the world. The ship in which he sailed was the *Severn*, fifty guns; but the storm which broke up the squadron in its passage through the Straits de Maire obliged the

Severn to put back. He next served (in 1748) under Sir Charles Knowles, then commander of a squadron detached to reinforce Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet in an attempt on the town of La Guayra, in the coast of Guayana. Howe, who was then about sixteen years of age, served in the *Barford*, ordered considerably in the action, her captain's leg being shot away at the thigh, which caused his death. Soon after Mr. Howe was appointed acting lieutenant by Commodore Knowles and came to England with his ship; but, his commission not being confirmed by the Lords of the Admiralty, he returned to his patron in the West Indies, where he was made lieutenant of a sloop of war. Here an opportunity offered to exhibit his resolution and active character. An English merchantman had been captured by a French privateer, under the very guns of the Dutch settlement of St. Eustacia; the governor permitting it with a view to interference. Lieutenant Howe, first at the mouth, was sent, at his own request, to claim the merchantman for her owners, and meeting with no success in his claim, begged leave to cut her out of the harbour. The danger of the attempt was represented in vain; he insisted on his request, went in with the boat, cut out the vessel, and restored her to her proprietors.

In the eventful year 1748 Howe was raised to the rank of commander, and appointed to the *Baltimore* sloop of war, one of the vessels employed off the coast of Scotland. While cruising there in company of another armed vessel he fell in with two French frigates of thirty guns, having on board troops and ammunition for the Pretender. On making them out Captain Howe ran the *Baltimore* in between the ships, and almost close on board one of them. A desperate and bloody action ensued. He fought his ship with that intrepidity and coolness which so signally distinguished his character, till at length he was wounded in the neck by a musket-ball and carried from the deck, to all appearance dead. He soon, however, discovered signs of life, and began encouraging his crew. His wound was dressed, and scarcely was the operation finished when he was again at his post amidst the proud shouts of his men. His presence, and in such a manner, was the signal for redoubled exertion; the guns vomited their deadly burdens with renewed eagerness, till the French ships began to sheer off, but leaving the *Baltimore* in so crippled a condition that she in vain attempted to pursue them. Immediately upon the knowledge of this gallant action the Lords of the Admiralty raised Howe to the rank of post-captain, and appointed him to the *Triton* frigate on the same station.

At the conclusion of the war in 1748 he had completely established himself as a brave and valuable officer. In March, 1750-1, he was appointed to the command of his Majesty's ships on the coast of Africa, in which capacity he insisted upon and obtained satisfaction for the injuries English merchants had long sustained from the Dutch authorities at Cape Coast. In 1752 he was ordered to the Mediterranean in the *Dolphin* frigate, and was for two years employed, with success and distinction, in many difficult services. In 1754 he returned to England, and early in the following year obtained the command of the *Dunkirk*, a new 60-gun ship then fitting



out in consequence of an anticipated rupture with France.

The *Dunkirk* formed part of the squadron which sailed for North America under Admiral Boscawen in April, 1744, a French fleet sailing for the same destination at about the same time. The British admiral, with a view to obstruct the passage of the French fleet into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, took his station off the banks of Newfoundland; but, favoured by a thick fog, the French escaped him. On the 8th of June, however, the fog clearing, two ships which had separated from the French fleet—the *Alcide*, sixty-four guns, and the *Lys*, pierced for fifty-four, but mounting only twenty-two—appeared in sight. Captain Howe, who was in advance of the English fleet, followed at some little distance by the *Defiance*, bore down upon these ships and desired the French commander to go immediately under the English admiral's stern. M. de Hocquart replied by asking quaintly whether it was war or peace. Captain Howe repeated his order, advising the Frenchman to comply at once, as he momentarily expected to see a signal from the flagship to commence an attack. The ships were now close together, and Captain Howe perceived the enemy's quarter-deck crowded with passengers, officers, and ladies. He took off his hat, and, speaking in French, begged them to leave the deck, as they could have no personal share in the contest, adding that he only waited for their retiring to commence it. M. de Hocquart still refused to surrender, replying to Howe's humane representations of the folly of opening a contest with a whole hostile squadron in sight with, "Commence, if you please." Howe returned the invitation, and at the same instant their guns opened. After a close action

of about an hour's duration, the *Alcide* struck to the *Dunkirk*, her inferior in rate, guns, and men, the *Lys* immediately after surrendering to Captain Andrews, of the *Defiance*. The *Alcide* had on board 900 men, chiefly land forces. The general was killed, and the governor of Louisbourg, with four officers of distinction, were made prisoners, while about £80,000 sterling fell into the hands of the victors.

In the month of September, 1757, Captain Howe served in the expedition against the Isle of Aix. He led in with the *Magnanime* (74), anchored his ship under the very walls of the fort, which opened fire upon him, and his people soon grew impatient to return the compliment; but he continued to advance with perfect composure without firing a shot, and continually urging the pilot to lay the ship as close under the fort as possible. The moment he came abreast of the battery, however, he opened so furious and well-directed a fire that in an hour the enemy were driven from their guns and surrendered. On the fort were two handsome and highly-finished brass 12-pounders, which Sir John Mordaunt presented to Captain Howe as trophies to adorn the quarter-deck of the *Magnanime*.

In the following year he removed into the *Essex* (64), and was appointed commodore of a squadron despatched to cover the landing of a body of troops on the French coast, but, after destroying about a hundred sail of shipping in the Bay of Cancele, the armament returned, arriving at St. Helen's on the 1st of July.

This expedition was soon followed by another. On the 6th of August Howe's squadron anchored in the Bay of Cherbourg, and a few shells were thrown into the town that night. Next morning the squadron got under weigh, and brought up

in the Bay of Maris, about two leagues west of the town. The troops were immediately landed and the fortifications of the place (which were in an unfinished state) were taken possession of without opposition. About twenty brass cannon were taken on board the English ships, and nearly 200 hundred iron guns and mortars rendered unserviceable. The celebrated basin was ruined, twenty-seven sail found in the harbour destroyed, and a small contribution levied on the town.

Shortly after Commodore Howe proceeded off St. Maloes with instructions to keep the French coast in alarm by frequent descents. The town of St. Maloes, however, was the principal aim of his operations. To effect it, troops were landed about two leagues west of the town, and preparation made aboard the squadron; but the land officers decided that success was hopeless; and to re-embark the troops they had to be marched overland to the Bay of St. Cas. This was not accomplished without loss from the enemy; and in getting to the boats both soldiers and seamen were compelled to endure a fire which killed and wounded more men than, in all probability, would have filled the returns had St. Maloes been taken twice over. In the midst of carnage which staggered the bravest of our seamen Howe ordered his barge to be rowed into the thickest of the fire, and, standing up, encouraged the men by voice and gesture. The men responded as Britons will; and, by perilous exertion and sacrifice, saved hundreds of soldiers who otherwise would have been slaughtered or made prisoners. In some of the boats ten or twelve men out of twenty were killed; in one, sixteen, with a lieutenant.

In July of this year (1758) the commodore succeeded to the title of Viscount Howe by the death of his brother, a brave officer, who fell in a skirmish between the advanced guard of the French and the troops commanded by General Abercrombie in an expedition against Ticonderoga.

The following year he was employed in the Channel, and was present at the memorable defeat of De Conflans by Sir Edward Hawke. On being presented to the king by that brave seaman after the battle his Majesty observed, "Your life, my lord, has been a continued series of services to your country."

In the much-to-be-regretted American war Lord Howe, as commander-in-chief on the American station, was uniformly successful in all his fleet undertook to accomplish, and the taking of New York, Rhode Island, Philadelphia, &c., are noble proofs of his zeal and ability. In 1778, France having become a party in the war, the Count d'Estaing unexpectedly appeared in sight of the British fleet at Sandy Hook, with a large and well-equipped fleet, having a little army on board. Most of Howe's ships had been long on service, were wretchedly manned, and in every respect inferior to the Count d'Estaing's. He was therefore compelled to act upon the defensive; but he contrived nevertheless to baffle all the designs of the French admiral.

Resigning his command to Admiral Byron, Howe returned to England, and in the spring of 1782 was created a peer of Great Britain and admiral of the blue. He accepted the command of a fleet then equipping for the relief of Gibraltar.

His fleet was powerful, consisting of thirty-four sail of the line, but the combined fleets of France and Spain, which lay in the Straits of Gibraltar to intercept any attempt at relieving the distressed garrison, were composed of forty-six ships of the line, under eight admirals.

Nevertheless Howe led on his fleet undaunted, and, entering the Straits on the 11th of October, arrived off the Bay of Gibraltar about five in the evening. The *Panther* and *Buffalo*, without a moment's delay, passed in with the storeships and tenders under the guns of the fortress, while the rest of his fleet dared the baffled enemy to an encounter. The enemy, struck with respect, declined; the garrison was effectually relieved without the expenditure of a shot; and the various squadrons of the fleet safely dispersed to the important stations which had been assigned them in event of success.

Lord Howe returned from this famous expedition on the 10th of November, peace, as the effect of his success, being concluded almost immediately after. In January, 1783, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; in September, 1787, admiral of the white. In August following he became Earl Howe; and on the outbreak of hostilities with France, in 1793, he was invested with the command of the Channel fleet, with extraordinary powers.

His great victory on the 1st of June, 1794, we have already narrated (see page 5). Earl Howe continued to command the Channel fleet till May, 1796, when ill health compelled him to resign. In the course of the following year he was appointed admiral of the fleet and general of marines, and for a short time resumed the command of the western squadron, but finally struck his flag in April, 1797.

It is no mean glory for Lord Howe that his mingled firmness and benevolence had an important share in quelling the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. On the subsiding of those formidable outbreaks the grand old man seems to have faded away, as if to make way for new heroes in the hot strife that was approaching. He died in September, 1799, and for many years after his decease the Glorious First of June was a national holiday.

A DARK STORY OF NAPOLEON.

THERE was never, perhaps, a scion of a noble house more likely to preserve the honours of an illustrious family, and give it new lustre, than the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. Worthy of being the descendant of the Great Condé, he was brave as a lion and generous to excess. In all the campaigns in which the French emigrants were engaged to recover their country, and the throne for their sovereign, this prince was at their head, cheering and encouraging them by his example, and winning their affection by acts of the most touching kindness, of which many instances are related.

At one time the duke visited the hospital at Ulm, which contained several hundreds of wounded French republican prisoners, whom the Austrians had neglected. The prince had but a small sum of money at his disposal; but a ring, which the Emperor of Russia had presented to him, he sold to a Jew, much under its

real value; but it produced sufficient to enable him to give every wounded republican a crown. The Archduke Charles, hearing of the circumstance, procured the ring, and afterwards presented it to the prince, with an addition to it of six new diamonds, in the form of a C.

After the peace of Luneville, in 1801, the army of Condé was disbanded; but every soldier who had been under the command of the duke left him with at least fifty crowns in his pocket. This benevolence exhausted the trifling resources of the duke, and was one of the causes of his residence in Germany. After residing some time at Ettenheim, in studious retirement, he was, on the 16th of March, 1801, seized by an armed force employed by Bonaparte, who thus violated the independence of the German empire to gain possession of a French prince. He was compelled to travel night and day to Paris, where he arrived at six o'clock on the morning of the 20th. He was first conducted to the Temple, and afterwards to the Castle of Vincennes, where a military special commission was convened at nine o'clock, and at eleven he was sentenced to death.

The Duc d'Enghien showed himself a worthy descendant of the Condés. His calmness and courage on this trying occasion were the more remarkable, as during the five preceding days and nights every indignity had been heaped upon him that could irritate his mind, and he had endured every suffering that could enfeeble his body. From the time of his arrest bread and water had been his only nourishment, and he was loaded with fetters; yet he passed the fourteen hours between his condemnation and his death with cheerfulness.

When the duke was dragged out into the wood of Vincennes, and told that his sentence was to be executed, he calmly said, "I am ready, and resigned;" and when he heard that the grenadiers who were commanded to shoot him were Italians of Bonaparte's guard he exclaimed, "They are not Frenchmen! This is one stain less upon my countrymen." When at the place of execution two gendarmes proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes; but he said, "A loyal soldier, who has so often been exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear." He then gave the signal, and, of the nine grenadiers who fired, seven hit him; two balls pierced his head, and five his body. A small coffin filled with lime was ready to receive his corpse, and a grave had been dug in the garden of the castle, where he was buried.

Madame de Staël relates that a few days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien a lady went to take a walk round the Castle of Vincennes; the ground, still fresh, marked the spot where he had been buried. Some children were playing with quoits on this little mound of turf, the only monument for the ashes of such a prince. An old invalid, with silvered locks, was sitting at a little distance, and remained some time looking at these children; at last he arose, and, leading them away by the hand, said to them, shedding some tears, "Do not play there, my children, I beseech you." These tears were all that were paid to the descendant of the great Condé, and the earth did not long bear the impression of them.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien was the most

wanton and cruel act that the mistaken policy of Bonaparte ever committed: it was not only a gross outrage of the law of nations, but it was also in defiance of the entreaties of his most sincere friends. The Empress Josephine threw herself at his feet to beg that he would spare the life of the duke, and his brother Lucien, as soon as he heard that he was seized, hastened to the Tuileries and remonstrated against a deed which he said would shock the moral feelings of mankind. He urged every argument which his ingenuity could devise, but Napoleon remained inflexible, and he was obliged to retire without effecting his purpose. As a last resource, Lucien went to his mother, roused her feelings against the atrocious deed, and urged her to employ her whole influence and art of persuasion to avert it. The lady, without delay, hastened to the palace, and, presenting herself before her son, fell on one knee; she conjured him, by his regard to his family, by the honour of the French nation, and by his own glory, to save the life of the duke; but he, respectfully raising her up, told her that he could not grant the request, because reasons of state which she could not comprehend prescribed his conduct. Lucien, when he learned the unfavourable issue of his mother's application, flew again to the Tuileries, rushed into the presence of his brother, and upbraided him in severe language on his conduct. "I quit France," says he, "for I will not live under a man who disgraces himself at once as a son by his want of affection, and as a man by his cruelty. You will render every man," continued he, "your enemy; and the day may approach when, like a second Nero, you will be dragged through the streets of Paris."

Bonaparte, notwithstanding all remonstrances, executed his purpose, and Lucien quitted France, and became a voluntary exile, until the return of his brother from Elba.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE MISSING SNUFF-BOX.

MARSHAL WADE had a great passion for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where play was going forward, without being very nice as to the company he met. At one of these places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceedingly valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round, keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he threw out; then, recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and that a general search should be made.

On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, who now and then, with great humility, begged the honour of going a shilling with him, and had by that means picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first. The gentleman, however, declared, "I know the marshal well, yet neither he nor all the powers upon earth shall

subject me to a search while I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and I hope that will be sufficient; let the man who doubts follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour or perish."

The eyes of all were now turned upon the marshal for an answer, when, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, he felt the snuff-box in a secret side pocket of his breeches, into which he had inadvertently put it after it passed round. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow-soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly that he could only say to him, as he left the room immediately—

"Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted by your breakfasting with me to-morrow, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends."

It may be easily supposed that the invitation was complied with. After some conversation, the marshal requested him to say what could be the true reason of his refusing to be searched.

"Why, marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny. I had that day very little appetite, and, as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, was then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket, the thought of which being found there appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round."

"Enough, my dear sir," said the marshal; "you have said enough. Your name? Let us dine at Sweet's to-morrow. We must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma."

They met next day. The marshal presented him with a captain's commission, and a purse of guineas to enable him to join his regiment.

THE CAPTIVE'S FRIEND.

DURING one of the wars in India Major Gowdie became Tippoo's prisoner, and was confined with many other gentlemen in Bangalore, where they suffered every species of insult, hardship, and barbarity. A humane and beneficent butcher, whose business led him often to the prison, saw and felt for their sufferings, for they had been stripped of their clothes and robbed of their money before they were confined. It would have cost the butcher his ears at least, and perhaps his life, had he discovered any symptoms of pity for the prisoners before his countrymen. They were allowed only one seer of rice and a pice or halfpenny per day for their subsistence; but the butcher contrived to relieve their necessities. Upon opening the sheeps' heads which they frequently bought of him for food they were astonished to find pagodas in them. In passing the yard of their prison he often gave them abusive language, and threw balls of clay or dirt at them, as if to testify his hatred or contempt; but on breaking the balls they always found that they contained a supply of money for their relief; and this he did frequently for a long time, until the prisoners were released.

In the following war Major Gowdie was destined to attack Bangalore; and he had not long entered the breach when he saw and recollected his friend the butcher. He ran with eagerness to embrace him, saved him from the carnage, and

led him to a place of safety. The transport of the two generous souls at their meeting gave the most pleasing sensations to all who beheld them: it softened the rage of the soldiers, and made the thirst of blood give way to the soft emotions of humanity.

A GOOD SHOT.

CAPTAIN FOY had been engaged in four or five duels, without ever having been the challenger, and was so expert in the use of pistols that he would hit a bottle at the distance of twenty paces, or extinguish a candle with a bullet at half the distance. While in quarters with his regiment in the North of England he one day at the mess-table gave offence to a young officer, who, conceiving his honour injured, challenged the captain.

Captain Foy asked the officer if he had ever fought a duel, or if he was a good shot, and, being answered in the negative, he said, "Suppose we practise a little before our meeting to-morrow morning." Then, calling for his pistols, the whole party adjourned into the yard of the inn where they were quartered. A wine bottle was placed at the distance of twenty paces. Captain Foy took his pistol and shattered it to pieces; then, turning to the young officer, he said, "Now, sir, I am ready to give you satisfaction. To have accepted your challenge, after the knowledge of my own skill and your inexperience, would not have been consistent with that honour of which I trust I entertain as delicate a sense as yourself." The young officer thanked him for his frankness, and, observing that he could not believe that a gentleman who could act thus nobly could be guilty of an intentional affront, declared himself perfectly satisfied, while the conduct of Captain Foy endeared him to the whole circle of officers.

AN ECCENTRIC CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS was a truly brave man, but possessed many singularities. Previously to going into a particular action he literally ordered the colours to be nailed to the ensign-staff, and from thence acquired among the seamen the whimsical name of "Old Hammer and Nails."

On one occasion, being struck down by a splinter, he lay for some time on the deck, completely motionless, inasmuch that all those round him concluded him dead, and were bewailing, in their uncouth but affectionate terms, his disaster. Stunned as he was, he soon recovered his recollection, but lay without appearance of life for a few moments, till at length, one of his people uttering an exclamation of grief, whimsically expressed, at his fate, saying he was certainly dead, he jumped instantly on his feet and exclaimed, "It's a lie! Fire away, my lads!"

DISAGREEABLE PROPENSITIES.

AN American general, being at dinner with some Scotchmen, took occasion to say, soon after the cloth was removed, that he had an unfortunate propensity when he happened to take a glass too much, which was, to pour every sort of abuse on the Scotch, and therefore, should anything of that kind happen, he hoped they would excuse him. "By all means," said one of the Scotchmen. "We all have our failings, especially when in liquor. I myself have a very disagreeable propensity, when that is the case, to take the first thing I can lay hold of and knock

down any man that abuses my country. I hope, therefore, the company will excuse me if any such thing should happen." The general, after this speech, did not choose to indulge his propensity.

LORD NELSON'S PUNCTUALITY.

WHEN Nelson was leaving London, on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner party at his house, and the upholsterer, having waited upon him with an account of the completion of the goods, was brought into the dining-room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated that everything was finished and packed, and would go in the wagon, from a certain inn, at six o'clock. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord; I shall be there punctually at six." "A quarter before six, Mr. A.," returned Lord Nelson; "be there a quarter before six. To that quarter of an hour I owe everything in life."

A CHALLENGE DECLINED.

SIR JOHN DOWNIE, in one of his attacks on the French, at Seville, during the Peninsular war, was wounded and taken prisoner. The French general in command suffered him to be most shamefully insulted, and even beaten, a treatment which he could never forget. On afterwards joining Lord Wellington he happened to be posted in that part of the line where the same French general was opposed to him. On learning this Sir John immediately sent him a challenge, offering to fight him in single combat in face of the two armies, and requesting him to name the day and fix the weapons; but the Frenchman, who was capable of ill-treating a brave enemy, could not be expected to give him the satisfaction of a man of honour, and returned no answer.

ONE CHEER MORE.

At the battle of Camperdown a marine named Covey, on board Admiral Duncan's flagship, the *Venerable*, was brought down to the surgery deprived of both legs, and it was necessary some hours after to amputate still higher. "I suppose," said Covey, "those scissors will finish the business of the bullet, master mate?" "Indeed, my brave fellow," replied he, "there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind," said Covey, "I've lost my legs, to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life; but we have beat the Dutch, my boy, we have beat the Dutch; so I'll have another cheer for it. Huzza! huzza!" Covey recovered, and became cook of one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth.

THE FLAGSHIP DEARER THAN LIFE.

IN the battle between Lord Hawke and the French the gallant admiral, finding so much to depend on the capture of the French admiral's ship, the *Soleil Royal*, desired to be laid alongside her; but the pilot hesitatingly replied that he feared to do so, from the rocky shoals of the coast off which the battle raged. Hawke, however, was not to be dissuaded, and bore down upon her, with every gun double-shotted. The captain of a French 74-gun ship, the *Surveillante*, aware of Hawke's design, gallantly threw his ship between Hawke and the French admiral in time to receive Lord Hawke's fire, which saved the

French admiral, but sent the *Surveillante* and every soul on board to the bottom.

AN UNAVAILING SEARCH.

THE Count de Grasse being wounded in the knee with a musket-ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked why they cut and carved him so cruelly. "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why did you not speak before?" said the count. "I have it in my pocket."

A MATCH FOR A TAILOR'S BILL.

ADMIRAL HAWKE, when a young man, was much pressed by a tailor to discharge a debt which he was then unable to pay. "You know," said the tailor, "my bill is very long, and frightful to think of." "Don't threaten me with your bill," replied Hawke; "my *tailons* will prove a match for your bill at any hour."

A REAL ENGAGEMENT.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of the Nile Lord Nelson sent a cheque to his wine merchant, with a note apologising for not having attended to the matter before, as he had been engaged.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XVIII.—GOOD NEWS.

"WHAT have you got there, master? A newspaper?" inquired Mrs. Havering as, towards evening on a cold spring day, the fine old yeoman whom we have already introduced to the reader's notice entered the hall, or general sitting-room of the family, carrying a folded newspaper in his hand.

"Yes, dame," replied her husband, taking his place at the head of the supper table, now, as on the former occasion, surrounded by his family—"yes, dame; that is, it's the *Gazette*, a very good paper for certain information, when it happens to be in season; but this, which old Hutchins the exciseman has received from his son, has been to China and back since it was published."

"How stupid! Why, that's worse than sending coals to Newcastle," observed Harold, the eldest son.

"His son Dick is in the marines, you know," interposed Constance, "and probably he or his company has been mentioned, and that's why he has sent the paper home to his father."

"Quite right, girl; that's just it. The marines, headed by Sub-Lieutenant Hutchins, have had a gallant brush with the Malay pirates, and taken one of their junks, with three or four guns. It was swarming with the half-naked savages, who, rather than be made prisoners, jumped into the water in scores and were drowned, or were shot down in the hold, like vermin, when they wanted to blow up themselves and their conquerors, rather than be taken alive."

"The old man is proud, I'll be bound," observed one of the sons.

"Of course, and quite right he should be. It seems to have been a very gallant affair. The vessel and her crew were the terror of the Chinese waters, and her capture was hailed as a perfect blessing by the merchants and shipowners of Canton and Batavia."

"But, master, will you not see if there is any notice of our dear boy?" inquired Mrs. Havering, with evident anxiety. "We haven't heard from him for more than three years, and then his letter was nearly a year overdue."

"He had just reached the cantonments near Bombay when he wrote last, and had been promoted to captain," remarked Constance; "and don't you recollect, father, that he was obliged to leave off, because he was called away to attend a court-martial on a young officer, whose case he was afraid would prove a very unfortunate one?"

"Yes, Constance, you are quite right," added Mrs. Havering, who had opened an old pocket-book, and, taking out a well-worn letter, preserved among the most valued archives of her family, she referred to the last paragraph. "Those are nearly his very words. I wonder who the poor young gentleman was."

"I think I can enlighten your curiosity on that head, dame," replied her husband, looking down the columns of the *Gazette*. "No," he continued, "there's nothing here about the Bombay Presidency. The only Indian news is an expedition against the Nepaulese, headed, 'Successful Issue of the Nepal Expedition.' No, dame, this is out of Edgar's latitude altogether. Ah! what's this?" he suddenly ejaculated, as his eyes became fixed for an instant in extreme surprise on the lines before him. "But no—absurd! It must refer to somebody else."

"What is it, Alfred? Pray don't keep us in suspense. Has anything happened to our dear boy?" importuned his wife.

"No, no; nothing that I know of, dame. Only I was rather astonished by meeting with the same name."

"What name?"

"I had better read it to you," replied the farmer, taking up the paper, and removing to the upper end of the table, nearer his wife and daughters and the lamp. As soon as he had properly seated himself, and arranged his spectacles and paper, he began reading aloud the paragraph that had attracted his attention.

"Successful Issue of the Nepaulese Expedition. Information has just reached this country that the difference with the Rajah of Nepal, which last year threatened very serious complication and difficulties with that power, has, by the prompt action and diplomatic skill of the commander of the expeditionary forces, Major-General Havering, been—"

"What, master?" ejaculated the mother.

"Who, father?" cried Constance, in surprise.

"Just what I told you; it's only a remarkable coincidence of name," replied the farmer. "Now, don't deceive yourselves, for I tell you it can't by any possibility be our boy who is alluded to."

"I don't see the impossibility of that, father," remarked Harold.

"Nor I, I'm sure," added the mother and sisters in a breath.

"Why might not this person be our Edgar, father?" asked Harold.

"First of all, boy," exclaimed the farmer, "the

great distance that Nepal is from where we know Edgar was sent to, and where, in all probability, he would remain till his term of service was up in India; and, secondly, our Edgar was only a captain—an officer having the command of a hundred men—whereas this is a field officer, a major-general, entrusted with an army and the power to wage war and make peace."

"But you know very well, Alfred," interposed the wife, "that he was to be promoted to the rank of a major; and this person is only a major. For my part, I have a presentiment—"

"Bless the woman alive!" exclaimed her husband, irritated at what he regarded as an evidence of female prejudice and obstinacy, "don't you see the immeasurable distance between a simple regimental major and a major-general?"

"Not a greater distance, father," interposed Constance, "than there was between a private and a major."

"Pshaw! You women are all alike. It is only a similarity of name, I tell you."

"Finish the account, at all events, father," suggested Harold. "We can compare notes afterwards."

Taking up the paper again, the farmer resumed the reading:—"Of the commander of the expeditionary forces, Major-General Havering, been brought to a speedy and most satisfactory termination. Early in the November of last year General Havering set out at the head of a force of 25,000 men, composed of three of his Majesty's regiments of infantry, seven regiments of the Honourable Company's European troops, some Poonah horse and irregular cavalry, with ten light field-pieces and an efficient body of artillery, and about 10,000 sepoy. Embarking his infantry in flat-bottomed boats, and ordering the cavalry and elephants to advance along the right bank of the Jiria, General Havering started from Patna, and in fifteen days reached the fork of the river above named, where a powerful army of the enemy was posted and strongly intrenched, to oppose the hostile entrance of our forces into the territory. Taking advantage of a dense fog, the general suddenly transported all his cavalry, beasts of burthen, and artillery, by an extemporised bridge of boats, from the east to the west bank of the river, and, pushing his flotilla hastily forward, was enabled to pass by the enemy, totally unperceived in the darkness."

"At daybreak, when about six *cos* beyond the enemy's lines, General Havering suddenly recrossed the river again to the eastern bank. By mounting an infantry soldier behind every trooper, loading the elephants, camels, and bullocks with as many of his light infantry as could be seated, and doubling the number of sweeps to his boats, he was enabled to land the rest of his forces by the afternoon, and by a hasty march of two hours to intrench his army in front of the enemy's capital city of Mocwanpoor. This was done so admirably that, while he commanded the approaches of the capital, he was enabled to present such a front in the opposite direction that the city could not be relieved by the army already in the field without previously risking an action. At sunrise the Nepaulese rajah, having discovered the ruse, immediately set his army in motion, and followed up the pursuit with as much despatch as the cumbrous nature of his conveyances would permit, but was unable to

come in sight of his enemy till General Havering had made his masterly disposition.

"The rajah, believing that he saw the whole of the Anglo-Indian force in the long front drawn up among the low hills before him, at once placed his army in battle array, and in person led on his overwhelming force of cavalry on the right, while the artillery on the left and the infantry in the centre kept line and flung themselves madly on the seeming handful of men before them, who waited patiently for the onslaught. At this moment General Havering ordered the regiments who had been lying down to rise and fire, when a terrific discharge from more than 10,000 small arms, and of grape and canister from the field-pieces, was poured in on the enemy. The slaughter was frightful. For an instant the survivors stood appalled and irresolute, then, turning on their own supporting columns, they cut their way off the field in a paroxysm of terror. While the struggle between the advancing and the flying foe was taking place the field-pieces were again loaded with grape and canister and discharged with murderous effect.

"The battle was over; not another shot was fired. Of the 50,000 men the rajah had brought into action only ten minutes previously not a man was visible, except the dead and dying. The horsemen in their efforts to escape had ridden down those on foot, whose mangled bodies strewn the plain in all directions.

"The sudden setting in of darkness prevented General Havering ordering a pursuit. Sufficient light, however, remained to enable Colonel Taunton, at the head of the Poonah horse, to capture the whole of the enemy's camp equipage, baggage, and artillery, with a large amount of stores, and the rajah's private tents, treasure chests, and wardrobe. The loss of the enemy was enormous, and, for so short an action, almost unprecedented.

"Major-General Havering sent a flag of truce early on the following morning to the governor of Mowwanpoor, apprising him of the defeat of the rajah, and threatening that if the gates were not instantly opened, or conditions made to ransom his capital, the walls would be immediately breached, and the city given over to assault and plunder. These demands not being complied with, advantage was taken of a hillock within range of the walls, and a breastwork thrown up with sand-bags and fascines. The field-pieces were mounted behind this cover, and a fire directed with such rapidity and precision on one part of the walls that in less than an hour a large and assailable breach was made in the weakest curtain of the city.

"Upon this a flag of truce was hung over the battlements, whence not a shot had been returned, the gates were thrown open, and the governor and his officers came forth on elephants, preceded by white flags, kettle-drums, and gongs, to half-way between the British intrenchments and the city gate. Here a splendid marquee of crimson cloth and bullion fringe, part of the spoil of the previous night, had previously been erected. To this spot Major-General Havering, with his staff and a guard of honour, advanced to meet the governor. The ransom of the city was here decided upon, and two hours later paid in silver bars and ingots of gold. At the same time the original cause of war was

apologised for and compensated, and a lasting treaty of peace between the Rajah of Nepal, the British government, and the Honourable Company drawn up and signed, it being agreed that the army should be withdrawn on the second day from signing the treaty, or as soon as the sum that would cover the expenses of the expedition was paid. The rajah having on the next day returned to his capital and ratified the treaty, and the compensation being duly paid, General Havering returned with his forces to Patna, having effected in the shortest time one of the most brilliant and satisfactory campaigns to be found in the annals of India.

"There, now I have read all the Indian news this *Gazette* contains, and I repeat again" (and here Mr. Havering spoke with marked emphasis) "that there is not a particle of relationship between this no doubt veteran Major-General Havering and our young son Captain Edgar Havering."

"Major, master—major, at least," persistently remarked the dame.

"Oh! then, major, if you like. So let us have no more talk on that nonsensical head, if you please," the farmer concluded, dogmatically.

"You said just now, father, that you thought you could throw some light upon who that young officer was to whose court-martial Edgar was going when he finished his last letter," said Constance, anxious to give the conversation a new theme.

"Ah! so I can. I've heard quite a little romance since dinner, and, as it has something to do with our boy, I am sure of enlisting all your attentions. Do you recollect Mary Baker, dame, the wheelwright's daughter, the pretty girl that they once made Queen of the May?"

"She that married Nixon the smith, who afterwards went for a soldier?"

"The same exactly. It was said his brother, who was in the army, enticed him to enlist."

"I remember the girl, and all about the lads, too, father," observed Harold. "Mary was very fond of young Nixon."

"Well, Mary is now a widow, and has just come home again to the village, with her children, and has hired a room at her father's cottage."

"A widow is she? Poor Mary! How will she manage to support herself?" Mrs. Havering inquired.

"Oh! she's pretty well off in that respect, though, poor thing, she has had her trials. Her husband was out on picket duty one dark night and was induced to leave his post. He was discovered, tried, and shot, our Edgar having to see the painful duty carried out."

"Edgar? How was that possible, and he in India?" inquired the dame.

"Why, he belonged to the same regiment."

"Then Mary must have seen our Edgar lately?" remarked the mother eagerly.

"No such thing. I asked her that question, you may be sure. She was many hundred miles away from the regiment when he was tried and executed, and knew nothing of what had taken place till months after, when she received a packet from the 'good captain,' as she calls our Edgar, telling her what had happened, and enclosing a letter from her husband, written after the sentence, with orders on the authorities at Somerset House for his back pay and prize-money,

and a cheque from Edgar for £100 to start her in some way of business, and a promise to look after her interest when he returned to England."

"Edgar must be rich to afford to give a hundred pounds away in charity," remarked Mrs. Havering, pleased at her favourite son's generosity.

"Then this, I suppose, was the court-martial to which Edgar referred," Constance observed.

"Oh! no, it wasn't, though it occurred at the same time. I thought it was, and asked Mary Nixon that question, but, though she was nearly a thousand miles away at the time, there were so many sick or disbanded soldiers going home in the ship with her that she heard all the particulars of what had taken place at the cantonment of Bombay both before and after her husband's execution. Now, who do you think that officer was to whom Edgar alludes?"

"How can we possibly guess, father," exclaimed Constance, in some surprise at her parent's query, "not knowing, besides Edgar, another officer in the army?"

"Well, not to keep you longer in suspense, what do you think of Colonel Lionel Clinton?"

"What, Lionel? Edgar's friend and earliest companion? Lionel Clinton? Impossible!" ejaculated the whole party, in general astonishment.

"The fact, for all that. That he did not know the name or offence of the officer to be tried is explained by the fact that Edgar had only just joined the cantonment, and was also ignorant that Lionel was in India. The true nature of Lionel's derelictions I could not ascertain, but it is evident that they were so serious that he expected public exposure and cashiering. Having heard, I suppose, of Edgar's presence, he seems to have sent for and asked his assistance to save him from the disgrace he expected. Through Edgar's influence with his own colonel, and the colonel's with the general, Lionel was, however, only ordered to sell out and return to England as quickly as possible."

"And you could hear nothing more of Edgar?" inquired the anxious mother.

"Nothing; and all this was merely hearsay evidence. It seems, however, from the report of all the men who came home with Mary and her children, that Edgar is the life and soul of the corps, the friend of the officers, and the idol of the men; all of them, she says, declaring that he will be colonel of the 5th before he returns home."

"I always thought there was something very singular in Lionel's conduct when he came home two years ago, saying he had left the army in disgust, and that he should go abroad," remarked Constance. "He refused, after one visit, to return to his father's; and he so proud, too, of such old family ties and distinctions. Ethel told me herself she could not make out what had induced her brother to leave the army in so abrupt a manner. When she asked him if he had ever met Edgar he was very angry, and asked if she thought that he, a lieutenant-colonel, would compromise his dignity by speaking to a private."

"Something has happened to hurt the family pride, I am very certain," resumed the farmer, taking the warm seat in the settle, and shading his broad bronzed face from the scorching heat of the wood fire. "Sir Jasper never now talks

about his son's brilliant future as one of the first strategical commanders of modern times; and I have good reason to know that, whatever may have disgusted Lionel with the army, he has found abundant compensation for it at the fashionable gaming-tables of Homburg, Baden, and other watering-places of Germany. That something is wrong with the family is evident, for Sir Jasper told me himself to-day that he wants to sell the hall."

"Sell Clinton Court!" exclaimed every voice in chorus.

"When do you expect Ethel to call again?" inquired Mrs. Havering of Constance.

"To-morrow, mother."

At that moment the village postman entered the comfortable apartment, and, taking a large sealed envelope from the mail at his side, said, as he handed it across the table—

"A letter, squire, from foreign parts; postage, three shillings and ninepence. I hope the ladies is well to-night, and your rheumatiz, squire, is better."

"Good news, dame; it's from Edgar," exclaimed the farmer. Then, turning to the man, he added, as he took out his purse to pay for the letter, "Yes, much better, thank you, Morris; all well. There; thank you. If you follow Betty into the kitchen she will help you to a tankard of beer and some cold meat. Good night."

"The same to you, squire, and ladies. Thank you, sir. I hope you'll have good news." And, fixing his eyes on the receding joint, Morris attached himself so closely to Betty, as she removed the last of the supper, that they may be said to have quitted the room together.

The large sealed letter having passed through nearly a dozen pairs of anxious hands, and stood the inspection of as many eager eyes, from the still comely and reverend mother to the youngest of the children, it was again returned to the father.

Farmer Havering broke the seal, and, taking out the enclosure, glanced his eye hastily down the closely-written pages, and at last, with a heightened colour and a deeply thankful look, remained for a moment in a kind of grateful rapture, with his eyes turned to the ceiling; then, calmly laying down the letter by his side on the settle, he folded his hands and said, in accents of devout reverence—

"Lord God, I thank and bless Thee!"

Before his wife or children could express a wish regarding the letter they were so anxious to hear read he resumed in the same strain—

"The devout wishes of my life have been gratified, and God, in His mercy, has granted me my prayer, and given me back my son."

Then, turning to his wife, whose hand he took and kissed with all the fervour of youth and the devotion of an honourable age, he continued—

"I am but an idle dreamer, who arrogantly sets his aged prejudice against maternal instinct. You were right, wife and children, right. What I have just read to you was the achievement of our beloved Edgar, while I believed it was a stranger. Our boy, Alice, is indeed a major-general."

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[ARREST OF SURAJAH DOWLAH.]

THE BATTLE OF PLASSY.

THE loss of Calcutta, and the hideous tragedy of the Black Hole, were no sooner reported in Madras than every available soldier and sailor was despatched to retake the captured fortress and avenge its unfortunate garrison. The troops destined for the expedition amounted to 900 Europeans and 1500 Sepoys under Colonel Clive, accompanied by a squadron of five ships under Admiral Watson; but when on the point of departure they were deprived of the royal artillery and of the King's guns and stores by the disgraceful refusal of Colonel Aldercon to take an inferior command.

On the 16th of October, 1756, the expedition

sailed from Madras, and on the 20th of December all the ships except two, after encountering some disasters, had arrived at Fulta, a village on the Hooghly, at some distance from Calcutta, where the British authorities had re-assembled when beginning to recover from the effects of their panic.

The absence of the two missing ships seriously diminished the efficiency of the force. One of them, the *Cumberland*, which bore the flag of Admiral Pocock, the second in command, was the largest in the squadron, and had on board 250 of the European troops; the other, a Company's ship, named the *Marlborough*, contained the greater part of the field-artillery. A detachment under Major Kilpatrick was at Fulta,

but, having suffered dreadfully from the effects of long encampment upon swampy ground, was not in a condition to add materially to the strength of the British force. Of 230 men who had originally composed it one-half had perished, and of those who survived only 30 were fit for duty. Reinforcements were expected from Bombay, but Clive determined to wait neither for them nor for the arrival of the two ships which had been separated from the rest of the fleet, but to advance at once upon Calcutta.

Surajah Dowlah, who had left a garrison of 3000 men in Calcutta, never contemplated the probability of any attempt on the part of the English to recover that place. He was much astonished, therefore, to find that they were advancing in great force upon their old settlement, and forthwith ordered his whole army to assemble at Moorsheadabad, the capital of his dominions, for the purpose of resisting the daring strangers.

On the 27th of December the fleet left Fulta, and the next day anchored at Moidapore, where the troops were disembarked and marched to attack Buj-Buj, a fort of some strength about ten miles distant. The march thither was one of dreadful fatigue, and occupied sixteen hours. The country was such as could not be traversed, under the most favourable circumstances, without extreme labour, and the troops on this occasion had not only to encounter the difficulties which it presented to their own passage, but also to drag along with them two field-pieces and a tumbril laden with ammunition.

After such a march in such a climate, when the troops came to their ground they stood very much in need of repose. They indulged themselves in this, however, to such an extent that their quarters were beaten up during the night by Monichund, the Governor of Calcutta, who rushed upon the sleeping British with a body of 3000 horse and foot. On the first alarm Clive promptly made the necessary dispositions for repelling the enemy, who were speedily driven from the posts they had occupied, Monichund himself turning his elephant and flying with his whole force more rapidly even than he had advanced to the attack.

The following day was fixed for an assault on Buj-Buj, but, in the confusion of the night attack, a drunken sailor named Strahan, belonging to the British squadron, having straggled to the ditch, crossed it and scrambled over the ramparts. Finding no sentinels, he shouted to the advanced guard of the British force that he had taken the fort with his own hand, and, on their proceeding to join him, it was found that the place was evacuated. Monichund, having returned to Calcutta, left in that city a garrison of 500 men, and marched with the rest of his force to Hooghly.

On the 2nd of January the English once more became masters of Calcutta, where, however, some fierce disputes arose between the King's and East India Company's officers as to the right of command. Their divisions being at length healed, a force was detached to attack Hooghly, and, the fleet having effected a breach in the fort, it was carried without loss by assault.

Meanwhile the Soubahdar was advancing, and on the 3rd of February the van of his army was seen in full march towards Calcutta, while some villages in the distance were in flames, and the terror of his approach prevented the country

people from bringing provisions either to the town or to the British army. Another cause of alarm was the intelligence of war having been declared between England and France, and a junction might therefore be expected between the Soubahdar and the garrison at Chandernagore, which comprised as many Europeans as the English had in the field. Under these circumstances negotiations took place, and the Soubahdar agreed to restore the Company's factories, while the English were permitted to fortify Calcutta, to coin money in their own mint, all their merchandise to be exempt from tax, fees, or imposition of any kind, and all the privileges to be restored which had been granted them by the Mogul Emperors from their first arrival in the province. No satisfaction, however, was obtained for the atrocities of the Black Hole.

It was part of Clive's instructions to attack the settlement of Chandernagore, if, during his command in Bengal, news should arrive of war having been declared between England and France. This had now occurred, but he could not attack Chandernagore without an actual breach with the Soubahdar, who was more friendly towards the French than the English. It was decided, however, to incur this risk, and on the 23rd of March Chandernagore was taken by the forces under Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive, after a most obstinate resistance, and with great slaughter on board the ships engaged. "Few naval engagements," says Sir John Malcolm, "have excited more admiration, and even at the present day, when the river is so much better known, the success with which the largest vessels of this fleet were navigated to Chandernagore, and laid alongside the batteries of that settlement, is a subject of wonder."

Alarmed by the success of the English at Chandernagore, the Soubahdar reinforced a large division of his army encamped at Plassy by a body of 15,000 men, under the command of Meer Jaffer—the very man who was plotting against him! During these movements secret negotiations were going on between Meer Jaffer and the British authorities, and a treaty was at length concluded between them. A rumour of this treaty having come to the ears of Surajah Dowlah, he at first thought of attacking Meer Jaffer in his palace with artillery, but, his heart failing him, he endeavoured to conciliate his too powerful rival. The latter appeared to be won over by the concessions of his sovereign, and they swore upon the Koran to adhere to one another. The Soubahdar then addressed a letter of indignation and defiance to Clive, and, in proud anticipation of a victory over his English enemy, ordered his whole army to assemble without delay at their former encampments at Plassy, about thirty miles from Moorsheadabad, and ninety from Calcutta.

In the meantime the English had not been idle, and on the 12th of June the troops at Calcutta, with a party of 150 seamen from the fleet, marched to join the remainder of the British force at Chandernagore. Here 100 seamen were left in garrison, that every soldier might be at liberty for service in the field; and on the 13th the rest of the force proceeded on their march. It consisted of 650 European infantry, 150 artillerymen, including 50 seamen, 2100 Sepoys, and a small number of half-black Portuguese, making

a total of something more than 3000 men; it was accompanied by eight field-pieces and one or two large howitzers.

The British force continued its march without interruption, and on the 17th of June took possession of the town and fort of Kutwah, where they found an immense store of rice.

Surajah Dowlah, after some altercation with his troops respecting arrears of pay, had succeeded in assembling at and near Plassy his whole force, amounting to 50,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry, with upwards of 40 pieces of cannon. The Hooghly flowed between the two armies, and to cross it was to provoke an engagement. Uncertain of the support of Meer Jaffer, Clive for some time hesitated to take a step which, if it should fail, would be fatal to the British power in Bengal. At length, however, he decided on risking the attempt, even in opposition to the opinion of a council of war, and on the 22nd of June the British force crossed the river. An hour after midnight they arrived at Plassy, and took up a position there in a grove of mango trees.

At daybreak the army of Surajah Dowlah was discovered in motion. Countless bodies of troops were seen advancing with guns of the largest calibre, drawn by vast trains of oxen, while a number of elephants, gorgeously clothed in scarlet cloth and embroidery, added greatly to the magnificence of the spectacle. The cavalry and infantry were disposed in columns of four and five thousand each, and between them were placed portions of the artillery. They marched as if intending to surround the English force as far as the river would permit, but as soon as their rear was clear of the camp they halted, and a party of forty or fifty Frenchmen advanced with some guns, their officer, named Sinfray, calling upon some of the Soubahdar's troops to follow him. But such was their mistrust of each other that no commander dared to advance singly, for fear some other commander, favourable to the British, should fall on him. A general cannonading, however, commenced from the Soubahdar's artillery, which was severely felt by the English, who had quitted the grove, where they were sheltered by a bank, in front of which they were now drawn up. Clive, therefore, withdrew his troops once more to their position behind the bank. The enemy thereupon advanced their heavy artillery nearer, and fired with greater rapidity than before; but they produced little effect, the English troops escaping the shots by sitting down under cover of the bank.

About noon a heavy shower so much damaged the enemy's powder that their fire became feeble; but the English, who had throughout the day answered the enemy's guns with their field-pieces, continued firing without interruption, and with considerable effect. Another disaster befell the Soubahdar's cause in the loss of Moodeem Khan, one of the most able and faithful of his generals, who fell mortally wounded by a cannon-ball. Shortly afterwards the enemy ceased firing, the oxen were yoked to the artillery, and the whole army turned and proceeded slowly towards their camp.

The Frenchmen, who seem to have behaved with much gallantry, still kept their post, till a party of British, under Major Kilpatrick, moved forward to attack them, when Sinfray, seeing

himself unsupported, retired, but carried off his guns. The detachment which had dislodged the French party was soon joined by the remainder of the British force, and, all the field-pieces having been brought up, a vigorous cannonade was commenced on the enemy's camp. Symptoms of confusion after a time encouraged Clive to attack at once an angle of the camp, and an eminence near it. Both were carried, and a general rout ensued, and the camp, baggage, and artillery of the enemy became prize to their conquerors. The enemy were pursued for about six miles, and it is supposed lost in the action and during the pursuit five or six hundred men. The loss of the English in killed and wounded was about seventy.

When Moodeem Khan was killed the unhappy sovereign of Bengal sent for Meer Jaffer. Casting his turban at the feet of his rebellious general, he implored him in almost abject terms to forget their differences, and conjured him, by the respect due to their departed relative Aliverdi Khan, to defend the throne of his successor. Meer Jaffer promised all that the Soubahdar could wish, but on the approach of the English Surajah Dowlah was advised to retire to Moorshedabad, and, his fears strongly supporting the recommendation, he fled with the utmost rapidity, being one of the first to bear to his capital the news of his own disgrace. The disappearance of the Soubahdar rendered hopeless any attempt to rally his troops, and nothing was left for the English but to take possession of the camp and pursue the fugitives.

Meer Jaffer, who had kept aloof during the battle, and had endeavoured to stand well with both parties, was conscious that his conduct throughout had been open to suspicion; and, in the interview with the English officers which followed the flight of Surajah Dowlah, he evinced more apprehension than joy. The military honours with which he was received at the English camp alarmed instead of gratifying him; but on being introduced to Clive his fears were allayed by the apparent cordiality with which the colonel saluted him as Soubahdar of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. A few days afterwards he was led by Clive to the musnud in the hall of audience at Moorshedabad, and received the formal homage of the principal officers and dependents of the government.

Meanwhile Surajah Dowlah arrived at Daudpore about midnight after the battle, and, several of his principal officers being already there, he assembled them in council. Rejecting the advice urged by some of them that he should surrender to the English, he disguised himself in a humble garb, and, with his favourite eunuch and concubine, carrying a casket of his most precious jewels, placed himself in a barge and endeavoured to push up the river to Patna, where, from the fidelity of the governor, he expected to be in safety. He arrived at Rajmahal, where the boatmen, overcome by fatigue, insisted on resting for the night, and the ex-nabob sought concealment in a deserted garden. In the morning, however, a man of low rank, whose ears in a fit of rage he had formerly caused to be cut off, discovered him, and made the report to a brother of Jaffer, who gave notice to the soldiers in pursuit. They hastened to seize their prey, and conveyed him down the river to

Moorshedabad, treating him on the passage with every species of indignity.

The unhappy prince was dragged like a felon into the palace which he had so lately occupied in all the pomp of eastern royalty. Jaffer showed himself somewhat affected at this spectacle, not indeed without reason, having owed everything to Aliverdi Khan, grandfather to Surajah, against whom also he had no serious ground of complaint. He desired the captive prince to retire, and assembled his counsellors to deliberate on his fate. Some recommended clemency; others, among whom was his son Meeran, aged about seventeen, urged the cruel but safe expedient of putting him to instant death. The new nabob still hesitated, when the youth entreated him to go to bed and leave to him the care of the royal captive. He consented, not without an obvious presentiment of what would follow. Meeran lost no time in sending a band of assassins to the apartment of the prisoner, who met his end with weak and pusillanimous lamentations; and the view of his remains, placed on an elephant and carried through the streets, induced the servile crowd to yield implicit submission to Meer Jaffer.

As might have been expected, Meer Jaffer, sleeping away half his day, was no match for the British—for men who had come 15,000 miles from home in pursuit of money, and could fight the natives ten to one. To satisfy the victors of Plassy he almost emptied the Bengal treasury, and after placing in their hands a vast amount of jewels and £800,000 in cash he was still their debtor. How, sick at heart, he tried to wriggle from his bargain—how they dethroned him and how they restored him—how at his death they made his son nabob and degraded the youth into a mere puppet of the British power—and how, irresistible in courage and in craft, they tore Bengal from the Emperors of Delhi—we stay not to describe. Let it suffice that Clive's victory at Plassy laid the foundation of our Indian Empire.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

On the 20th of August, 1814, twelve men set out from Kentucky for Vandalia, a journey of several days' distance through the backwoods. One day "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile off, and at night the savages were discovered prowling about, but no alarm was given.

On the following morning the party moved out in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, on crossing a small bridge which was covered with a hazel thicket, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, one fell badly wounded, and the rest fled, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Cole.

It was an extremely sultry morning, the day was fast dawning, a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night, the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under cover of this cloud Cole's surviving companions had escaped, supposing all who were left were dead, or that, at all events, it would

be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force.

Cole's horse, which had been shot through the neck, fell to his knees, and rose again several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but, finding the wound had not greatly disabled the beast, he continued to hold the bridle; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. One of the Indians stood at no great distance loading his piece, and at him Cole took deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Cole, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round he discovered the suppliant to be one of his comrades, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground. Cole answered instantly, "No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you." "I can't come," replied Burgess; "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Cole sprang from the saddle, and, picking up in his arm his comrade, whose ankle-bone was broken, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse, taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Cole with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was equal to any emergency, and, setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off in the best way you can, while I stay between you and the Indians, to keep them off," instructing him at the same time to make for the highest grass, and crawl as closely as possible to the ground. Burgess followed this advice, and escaped without molestation.

Had Cole immediately retreated in the same direction that Burgess had taken he would have secured for himself an immediate and safe deliverance, as a station was not far distant in a direct line. But this noble fellow foresaw that if he pursued the same track it would lead to the discovery of his friend, whose life would probably be forfeited. He therefore took the heroic resolution of deviating from the true course so widely that any of the enemy following him would not fall in with Burgess.

With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending, when he emerged, to run at his topmost speed; but as he left the thicket he beheld an Indian of gigantic proportions near him, and two others not many paces distant. Cole coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track, coming to the determination that, as he had an enemy on each flank, he would separate them and engage them singly. Making for a ravine which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a wound on the first fire, which until now he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Cole turned several times to fire, but the Indian dodged and danced about, so as to baulk the aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found that, unless he could dispose of the first, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Cole watched his adver-

sary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger he suddenly threw his side towards him. In all probability this movement saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would otherwise have pierced his body. Cole fell, but rose again and ran, and the tall Indian, making certain of his prey, loaded again, and, joined by the other two, went on in pursuit. They soon came upon Cole, who had again fallen, and as he rose they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, laying aside their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting his gun at one or the other they fell back. At length the largest one, thinking probably, from Cole reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him, and Cole, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, and with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a short distance off, almost any man would have given up all hope; but Cole was not to be repressed in this way. The Indian whom he had just slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he had little fear of the others. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They then rushed on him, and a fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians, in their furious rushes, stabbed Cole in many places, but fortunately the shafts of their spears were thin poles, fitted hastily for the occasion, and bending whenever the point struck a rib or other obstacle. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sank deeply into Cole's cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on, but Cole instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, assisted him to rise, when, clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon his nearest foe and dashed his brains out.

The remaining Indian thereupon rushed on Cole and attempted to stab him; the latter now drew his hunting-knife and succeeded in stabbing the Indian in several places; and the two combatants, bleeding in every direction, were on the point of falling by each other's hands.

At this moment, however, relief was at hand, for Burgess had carried the news of Cole's danger to the nearest station, and a body of rangers, hastily setting out on horseback to his relief, reached the spot at the moment indicated. The wounded Indian was taken prisoner, and Cole, insensible from loss of blood, was taken up by his deliverers and carried to the station.

He remained in a critical situation for several days, and his life was preserved with some difficulty, but his body and face were seamed with scars, which honourable badges he bore with him to the grave.

CHASING A PRIVATEER.

TOWARDS evening it fell dead calm, at which time there were two strange sails in sight; one of them a ship which we "calculated" was an American, from the whiteness of his sails—the other a very suspicious reguish-looking brig; but,

as both of them were hull down, much of this was guess-work. As the night fell a light breeze sprang up, and we made all sail in the direction of the brig, though she was no longer visible. In the course of the middle watch we fortunately got sight of her with our night-glasses, and by two in the morning we were near enough to give her a shot. The brig was then standing on a wind, while we were coming down upon her right before it, or nearly so. The sound of our bow-chaser could hardly have reached the vessel before her helm was up: the most crack ship in the navy could hardly have made sail more smartly. The two fore-castle guns, long 9-pounders, were now brought to bear; but, as we made quite sure of catching her, and did not wish needlessly to injure our prize or to hurt her people, orders were given to fire at the sails, which, expanded as they now were before us, like the tail of a peacock in its fullest pride, offered a mark which could not well be missed. Nevertheless, the little fellow would not heave to for all we could do with our fore-castle guns. At four o'clock, therefore, we managed to get one of the long 18-pounders on the main-deck to bear upon him from the bridle-port. Still we could not stop him, though it was now bright moonlight, and there was no longer any tenderness about hurting his people or injuring his hull. The vessel, however, at which we were now peppering away with round and grape shot as hard as we could discharge them from three good smart guns, was so low in the water that she offered, when seen end on, scarcely any mark. How it happened that none of her yards or masts came rattling down and that none of her sails flew away under the influence of our fire was quite inexplicable.

The water still continued quite smooth, though the breeze had freshened, till we went along at the rate of six or seven knots. When the privateer got the wind, which we had brought up with us, she almost kept her own, and it became evident that she was one of that light and airy description of vessels which have generally an advantage over larger ships when there is but little wind. We therefore observed, with much anxiety, that about half-past four the breeze began gradually to die away, after which the chase rather gained than lost distance. By this time of course every man and boy in the ship was on deck, whether it was his watch or not; even the marine officer, the purser, and the doctor left their beds—a rare phenomenon. Every one was giving his opinion to his neighbour: some said the shot went over her, some that they fell short; and the opinion that she was a witch, or the *Flying Dutchman*, or some other phantom, was current amongst the sailors, whilst the marines were clicking their flints and preparing to give our little gentleman a taste of the small arms when within their reach.

While things were in this anxious but very pleasurable state our foresail flapped slowly against the mast, a sure indication that the breeze was lulling. The quadruple rows of reef points were next heard to rattle along the topsails, sounds too well known to every ear as symptoms of an approaching calm. The studding-sails were still full, and so were the royals; but bye and bye even their light canvas refused to belly out, so faint was the air which still carried us, but very gently, along the water, on the surface of

which not a ripple was now to be seen in any direction. As the ship, however, still answered her helm, we kept the guns to bear on the chase without intermission, and with this degree of effect, that all her sails, both low and aloft, were soon completely riddled, and some of them were seen hanging in such absolute rage that the slightest puff of wind must have blown them away like so many cobwebs. By five o'clock it was almost entirely calm, and we had the mortification to observe that the chase, whose perseverance had kept him thus long out of our clutches, was putting in practice a manoeuvre we could not imitate. He thrust out his sweeps, as they are called, huge oars requiring five or six men to each. These, when properly handled by a sufficiently numerous crew, in a small light vessel, give her the heels of a large ship when so nearly calm as it now was with us.

The Frenchman got out, I suppose, about fifteen or twenty of these sweeps, and so vigorously were they plied that we could see by the moonlight, and still more distinctly when the dawn appeared, that the foam was made to fly in sheets at each stroke of these gigantic oars, which were worked together by their looms being united by a hawser stretching fore and aft. Our chief anxiety now was to pitch a shot amongst his sweeps, as one successful hit there would have sent half his crew spinning about the decks. But we were not so fortunate; in less than an hour he was out of shot, walking off from us in a style which it was impossible not to admire, though our disappointment and vexation were excessive. By mid-day he was at least ten miles ahead of us, and at two o'clock we could just see his upper sails above the horizon.

Bye and bye the true wind, the ripple from which had marked the horizon astern of us, and broken the face of the mirror shining brightly everywhere else, indicated its approach by fanning out the skysails and other flying kites, which upon such occasions as this do good service, by catching the first breath of air, that seems always to float far above the water. One by one the sails were filled; and as the ship gathered way every person marked the glistening eye of the helmsman when he felt the spokes of the wheel pressing against his hand, by the action of the water on the rudder. The fire-engine had been carried into the tops, and, where its long spout could not reach, buckets of water were drawn up and thrown on the sails, so that every pore was filled, and the full effect of the wind was exerted on the canvas. The ship now began to speak, as it is termed; and on looking over the gangway we could see a line of small hissing bubbles, not yet deserving the name of spray, but quite enough to prove to us that the breeze was beginning to tell. It was near the middle of November, but the day was as hot as if it had been summer; and the wind, now freshening at every second, blew coolly and gratefully upon us, giving assurance that we should have no more calms to trouble us, whatever might be our other difficulties in catching Monsieur Frenchman.

Meanwhile, as we spanked along, rapidly accelerating our pace, and rejoicing in the cracking of the ropes and the bending of the lightest and loftiest spars, we had the malicious satisfaction of observing that the poor little privateer had not yet got a mouthful of the charming wind which

was by this time setting us all a-skippping about the decks. The greater part of the visible ocean was now under the influence of the new-born breeze; but in the spot where the brig lay there occurred a belt or splash of clear white light, within which the calm still lingered, with the privateer sparkling in its centre. Just as the sun went down, however, this spot was likewise melted into the rest, and the brig, like a poor hare roused from her seat, sprang off again.

It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within good shot of him; and, as it had been alleged that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the utmost attention was now paid to laying them properly, and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled till the person looking along the gun felt certain of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her to cry *Peccavi*, nor bring down a yard, nor lop off a mast or boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge monster as the *Endymion* tearing and plunging after her like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying fish.

In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig, for, as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence. The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her sails, till we had reached within musket-shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman, and every one else on her deck. This, however, was not our captain's plan—or perhaps he became impatient. At all events, he ordered the whole starboard broadside to be got ready; and then, giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his wretched victim!

Not a mortal on board the frigate expected ever to see the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little cocky gliding away more merrily than before! As far as good discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the Frenchman's gallantry. In the next instant this sound was converted into hearty laughter over the frigate's decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a 6-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonist's prowess. The breeze had now freshened nearly to a gale of wind, and we were going nearly twelve knots (or between thirteen and fourteen miles an hour), foaming and splashing along. The distance between us and the brig was now rapidly decreasing, for most of his sails were in shreds, and we determined to bring him, as we said, to his senses at last. The guns were reloaded, and orders given to depress them as much as possible (that is, to point their muzzles downwards), but not a shot was to be fired till the frigate came actually alongside of the chase.

On we flew, right down upon our prey, like the enormous rock-bird of the Arabian Nights. We had ceased firing our bow-chasers, that the smoke might not stand between us and the lesson we meant to read to our resolute pupil, so that there

was "silence deep as death" along our decks, and doubtless on his, for he likewise had intermitted his firing, and seemed prepared to meet his fate and go to the bottom like a man. It was possible, also, we thought, that he might only be watching, even in his last extremity, to take advantage of any negligence on our part which should allow him to haul suddenly across our bows, and, by getting on a wind, have a chance of escaping. This chance, it is true, was very small, for not one of his sails was in a condition to stand such a breeze as was now blowing, unless when running nearly before it. But we had seen enough during the two days we had been together to apprehend that his activity was at least a match for ours; and, as he had already shown that he did not care a fig for shot, he might bend new sails as fast as we could.

At all events, we were resolved to make him surrender, or run him down: such was our duty, and that the Frenchman knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taffrail, and until the narrow space between us was filled with a confused boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports and along the decks, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave signal of surrender.

The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and characteristic as any part of his previous conduct. The night was very dark; but the ships were so near to one another that we could distinguish the tall figure of a man mount the weather main-rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hand held out at right angles from his body. Had this light not been seen or its purpose not understood, or had it been delayed for twenty seconds longer, the frigate must, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him. Even as it was it cost us some trouble to avoid running him down; for, although the helm was put over immediately, our lee quarter, as the ship flew up in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing we ordered him to bring to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room; though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manoeuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had set was blown in one moment clean out of the bolt-ropes. His haul-yards, tacks, and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that everything not made of canvas remained in its place—the yards at the mast-heads, and the booms rigged out—while the empty leech and foot ropes hung down in festoons where but a minute before the tattered sails had been spread.

It may be supposed that the chase was now completely over, and that we had nothing further to do than to take possession of our prize. Not at all! The privateer, having no sail set to keep her steady, became so unmanageable that the sea made a clean breach over all, rendering it out of the question to board her on the weather side. Nor was she more easily approachable to leeward, where a tangled network of broken spars, half-torn sails, shattered booms, and smacking rope's-ends, formed such a line of *chevaux de frise* from the cathead to the counter that all attempts to get near her on that side were useless. About three o'clock in the afternoon,

the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up, and set off once more right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize, and such a hubbub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before. "Where is she? Who was looking out? Where did you see her last?" and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths, were poured out in abundance; some on the privateer, whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance; some upon those who by their neglect had given him the opportunity; and many imprecations were merely uttered to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this stupid loss of a good thing, which had cost us so much trouble to catch.

All this passed over in the first burst—sail was made at once—the topsails, close-reefed, were sheeted home like lightning, and off we dashed into the thick of the squall in search of our lost treasure. At each mast-head and at every yard-arm there was planted a look-out man, while the fore-castle hammock-netting was filled with volunteer spyglasses. For about a quarter of an hour a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the utmost, for no one knew exactly where to look. There was, indeed, no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward, far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the foretop, who had perched himself on the jib-boom end, calling out with a voice of the greatest glee, "There he goes! There he goes! Right ahead, under his topsails and fore-sail!" And sure enough there we saw him, springing along from wave to wave, with his masts bending forwards like reeds under pressure of sail enough to have laid him on his beam-ends had he broached to. In such tempestuous weather a small vessel has no chance whatever with a frigate; indeed, we could observe that, when the little brig fell between two high seas, her foresail flapped to the mast, fairly becalmed by the wave behind her.

In a very few minutes we were again alongside, and doubtless the Frenchman thought we were at last going to execute summary vengeance upon him. Nothing daunted, however, the gallant commander of this pretty little eggshell of a vessel placed himself on the weather-quarter, and, with a speaking trumpet in his hand, indicated by gesticulations a wish to be heard. This could not well be refused, and we steered as close as we could pass along without bringing the two vessels in contact, or risking the entanglement of the yards when we rolled towards one another.

"I have been compelled to bear up," he called out in French; "otherwise the brig must have gone to the bottom. The sea broke over us in such a way that I have been obliged, as you may perceive, to throw all my guns, boats, and spars overboard. We have now several feet water in the hold in consequence of your shot, which you may likewise observe have nearly destroyed our upper works. If, therefore, you oblige me to heave to I cannot keep the vessel afloat one hour in such weather."

"Will you make no farther attempt to escape?" asked the captain of the *Endymion*.

"As yet I have made none," he replied firmly. "I struck to you already—I am your prize, and, feeling as a man of honour, I do not consider myself at liberty to escape, even if I had the power. I bore up when the squall came on as a matter of necessity. If you will allow me to run before the wind along with you till the weather moderates you may take possession of the brig when you please—if not, I must go to the bottom."

Although we distrusted our companion most grievously, we sailed along most lovingly together, as if we had been the best possible friends, for about sixty or seventy miles. During the greater part of this interval the frigate had scarcely any sail set at all, and we sometimes expected to see our little friend pop fairly under the water, and so elude us by foundering, or escape by witchcraft, by the protection of which, in the opinion of the Johnnies, he had been so long kept from us. At eight o'clock in the evening it began to moderate, and by midnight we succeeded in getting a boat on board of the prize, after a run of between three and four hundred miles! Such is the scale of nautical sport. And where, I now beg to ask, is the fox-hunting, or the piracy, or anything else, more exciting than this noble game?

The brig proved to be the *Milan* privateer, from St. Malo, of fourteen guns and eighty men, many of whom were unfortunately wounded by our shot, and several killed. The captain's name was Lepelletier—I have pleasure in recording it—M. Pierre Lepelletier; and wherever he goes I will venture to say he can meet no braver or more resolute man than himself. Long before he came on board he had well earned the respect of his captors, high and low; and his manners and information, after we became personally acquainted with him, raised him still more in general estimation. One day, when I was walking with him under the half-deck, I overheard two of the sailmakers conversing about the chase, the prize, and the prisoners—the only topics which occupied our thoughts for a week afterwards. These men were repairing one of the sails which had been shot through and split during the chase. One of them laid down his palm and needle, and, looking very significantly to our side of the deck, exclaimed, "I say, Bill, is it not a pity that the French captain walking there is not an Englishman?" I lost no time in translating this observation to the person whom it most concerned, who declared it was by far the highest compliment he had been honoured with since he came on board the *Endymion*.

GENERAL WOLFE, THE HERO OF QUEBEC.

JAMES, the son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, January 11, 1726. There is little doubt that he owed to maternal care the principal part of his education, for he was early introduced to the army by his father, and had seen much service before he arrived at an age at which others are expected to set out. When not more than

twenty years old he was distinguished at the battle of Lafeldt, in Austrian Flanders, and had the honour in consequence to receive the praises and patronage of William, Duke of Cumberland. Such was the rapidity of Mr. Wolfe's promotion that at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, he remained lieutenant-colonel of Kingsby's regiment, which he disciplined in the best manner. When the West Indian encroachments that led to the German war took place, Colonel Wolfe went to America under Major-General (afterwards Lord) Amherst, and soon showed on hazardous occasions his value as a scientific soldier. After the surrender of Louisbourg, in 1758, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and immediately appointed to command the military forces in an expedition against Quebec, the capital of Canada.

Quebec consists of an upper and lower town, the lower, which is narrow, being built upon a strand at the foot of a lofty rock, upon which the upper town stands. This rock extends, with a bold and steep front, westward along the river St. Lawrence for a considerable way. Another river from the north-west, the St. Charles, falls here into the St. Lawrence, washing the foot of the rock where Quebec stands. The point on which the town is built thus becomes a sort of peninsula by the junction of these rivers; so that whoever attacks Quebec must either make his approaches above the town and overcome the precipice which we have mentioned, or cross the St. Charles and attack it upon that side. The former of those methods must appear to a prudent commander wholly unadvisable, and the latter extremely difficult. If the former method should be attempted he would have that dangerous precipice to overcome, defended by the enemy's whole force, which the attack would draw to this quarter. On the other hand, the country from the St. Lawrence to the northward, for more than five miles, is extremely rough, broken, and difficult, full of riviulets, gullies, and ravines, and so continues to the Montmorenci, which flows by the foot of a steep woody hill. On the side of the St. Lawrence, moreover, is a bank of sand of great extent, which prevents the approach of any considerable vessel.

In this advantageous situation was the French army posted, upon what was deemed the only accessible side of Quebec, intrenched at every attackable spot, with the river and sandbank above mentioned in their front, and thick impenetrable woods in their rear. It is impossible to imagine a stronger post—a post at once more defensible in itself and better calculated for succouring the city on which side soever it should be attacked. Thus placed, they greatly exceeded in numbers the besiegers, being about 10,000 men, under an able and hitherto fortunate commander, M. de Montcalm, who, though superior in number to the English, resolved to risk nothing, and wisely relied on the natural strength of the country.

When Wolfe saw the situation of the town, the nature of the country, the number of the troops, and their position, though of a sanguine temper and highly adventurous, he began to despair; but, however another commander might have thought inaction in such circumstances justified to himself, or even to the world, by such strong appearances, Wolfe resolved to leave nothing unattempted, and, amidst the choice of difficulties



which lay before him, to pitch upon those where the valour of his troops might be employed with the best prospect of success.

As soon as he had secured the west point of the isle of Orleans, and that of Levi, he erected batteries there of cannon and mortars, on the high ground, from the point of Levi, which looks towards the town: these fired continually upon the place. Admiral Saunders was stationed below the north channel of the isle of Orleans, opposite to Montmorenci. Admiral Holmes was stationed above the town, at once to distract the enemy's attention and prevent their attempts against the batteries which played upon the town.

After this wise disposition was made of the fleet General Wolfe caused the troops to be transported over the north channel of the St. Lawrence to the north-east of the Montmorenci, with the view of passing that river and bringing the enemy to an engagement. Some heights, which commanded the enemy's intrenchments, and a ford above and another below the falls, encouraged him to this attempt, but upon reconnoitring the ground the opposite shore was found so steep and woody that he could not hope to put his design in execution, which was by moving towards the enemy's flank to draw him to an engagement. To bring the French to an action was, indeed, his single object. He had found that any attempts to assault the city would prove to no purpose, whilst the fleet could only batter the lower town, and must suffer greatly by the cannon and bombs of the upper whilst they were employed in this ineffectual service, for, after the reduction of the lower town, the passages to the upper were extremely steep, and, moreover, so well intrenched that this advantage would prove little towards the reduction of the place.

The only point left, therefore, was by every means to entice or force the enemy to an engagement, and to this end no means were omitted, by sending detachments up the river, and by every appearance of a design to attack the town on that side. But the Marquis de Montcalm, in choosing his post, was well apprised of its importance. He knew sufficiently the nature of the country up the river, and he trusted to it; therefore he kept himself closely in his post, disposing his parties of savages, in which he was very strong, in such a manner as to make any attempt upon him by surprise absolutely impossible. In the meantime from Quebec fire-ships and boats were let down the river to destroy the shipping, which, as they almost filled the channel, was greatly endangered, until, by the extraordinary skill and vigilance of Admiral Saunders, every vessel of the kind that was sent against them was towed ashore without doing the least mischief.

Finding that all his efforts to decoy the enemy to an engagement had proved unsuccessful, Wolfe came at last to the resolution of attacking them in their intrenchments at the mouth of the river Montmorenci. The English grenadiers, however, who led the attack, and had orders immediately after their landing to form themselves on the beach, rushed impetuously towards the enemy's intrenchments, in the utmost disorder and confusion, without waiting for the corps which was to sustain them. Met by a violent and steady fire from the intrenchments, they were thrown into great confusion, and obliged to shelter themselves behind a redoubt which the French had abandoned on their approach. It was therefore impossible for the grenadiers to form under so severe a fire. Night drew on, a violent tempest was gathering, and the tide began to make out.

Wolfe saw clearly that he had nothing further left than to order a retreat, with as little disadvantage as might be. He therefore called off those troops, and, having formed them behind Brigadier Monckton's corps which was on the beach in excellent order, the whole repassed the river without molestation, the general exposing his person with that intrepidity which distinguished him during both the attack and the retreat.

The loss in this check was not inconsiderable, and the event, on the whole, was such as to discourage any further attempts on that side. The general again sent some bodies above the town, and some men-of-war sailed up the stream for more than twelve leagues. They received intelligence that the enemy had amassed some magazines of provisions in the interior country, and they proposed, by getting between them and the town, to draw the French army from their intrenchments to the long-desired engagement, but if they failed to compass this they might at least destroy the ships of war which the enemy had in the river, and help to open a communication between them and General Amherst, on whom their expectations were fixed, and who, they flattered themselves, was on his march to their assistance. But, though they succeeded in destroying some of the enemy's magazines, they could not come near to the men-of-war, and it became evident that all hope of reinforcements must be abandoned.

Meanwhile the season wasted apace, and the young general fell violently ill, consumed by care, watching, and fatigue. It was not enough for him to escape from so great an expedition uncondemned and unapplauded: to be pitied was, he thought, but a mild sort of censure; he knew that no military conduct can shine unless it be gilded by success. His own high notions, the public hope, and the good success of other commanders all turned inward upon him, oppressed his spirits, and converted disappointment into disease. As soon as he had a little recovered he despatched an express to England with a by no means flattering account of his proceedings.

He resolved, however, to continue the campaign to the last possible moment. The camp at Montmorenci was broken up, and the troops were conveyed to the south-east of that river and encamped at Point Levi. The squadron under Admiral Holmes made movements up the river for several days successively, in order to draw the enemy's attention as far from the town as possible. This succeeded in some measure, for, though it could not persuade the Marquis de Montcalm to quit his post, it induced him to detach M. de Bougainville with 1600 men to watch their movements, and to proceed along the western shore of that river, whilst the English army directed its march the same way on its eastern bank.

When General Wolfe saw that matters were ripe for action he ordered the ships under Admiral Saunders to make a feint, as if they intended to attack the French in their intrenchments on the Beauport shore, below the town, and by their motions to give this feint all the appearance of a reality that it really could have. This disposition being made below the town, the general embarked his forces about one in the

morning, and, with Admiral Holmes's division, went three leagues further up the river than the intended place of landing, in order to amuse the enemy and conceal his real design. Then he put his men into boats, and fell down silently with the tide, unobserved by the French sentinels posted along the shore. The rapidity of the current carried these boats a little below the intended place of attack, but the ships followed them and arrived just at the time which had been concerted to cover their landing. Considering the darkness of the night and the rapidity of the current, this was a very critical operation, and it required excellent heads, both on the part of the marine and land service, to preserve a communication and to prevent discovery and confusion.

About one o'clock in the morning, September 12, 1759, the first embarkation, consisting of four complete regiments, the light infantry, commanded by Colonel Howe, a detachment of Highlanders, and the American grenadiers, fell gently down the river in flat-bottomed boats, under the conduct of Brigadiers Monckton and Murray; but General Wolfe accompanied them and was among the first who landed. The boats were then sent off for the second embarkation, which was superintended by Brigadier Townshend. In the meantime Colonel Howe, with the light infantry and Highlanders, ascended the wooded precipices with admirable courage and activity, and dislodged a captain's guard who defended a small intrenched narrow path, by which alone the other forces could reach the summit. They then mounted without further molestation, and General Wolfe drew them up in order of battle as they arrived.

The Marquis de Montcalm was thunderstruck at the intelligence that the English had gained the heights of Abraham, and, knowing the weakness of the city on that side, he advanced with his whole force in such order of battle as showed a design to flank the English forces on the left. Brigadier Townshend, with the regiment of Amherst, was sent to defeat this movement by forming his corps so as to present a double front to the enemy. The French were most advantageously posted, with bushes and cornfields in their front, lined with 1500 of their best marksmen, who began the action with an irregular galling fire, and this they kept up till it proved fatal to many of our brave officers, singled out by them for destruction.

About nine in the morning the enemy advanced to the charge with great order and resolution, but their fire was irregular and ineffectual. On the contrary, the British forces reserved their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line, when they poured a volley into them, and continued firing with murderous effect.

The gallant General Wolfe was stationed on the right, at the head of Bragg's regiment and the Louisbourg grenadiers, the post of the greatest honour, for here the attack was most violent. As he stood dauntless and conspicuous in the front of the line he had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and received a wound in his head. But neither pain nor danger could make him retire: having wrapped a handkerchief round his head, he continued giving orders without the least emotion. Soon after he received a ball in his stomach, but he concealed this second wound,

and was advancing at the head of the grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, when another ball, most probably from the same hand, pierced his breast, and he fell in the arms of victory just as the enemy gave way. The wounded general was carried to a small distance in the rear, where, roused from fainting fits in the agonies of death by the loud cries of "They run! they run!" he with great eagerness inquired, "Who runs?" and, being told "the French," and that they were defeated, he added, in a faltering voice, "Then I thank God; I die contented!" and almost instantly expired. Much about the same time fell Brigadier-General Monckton, the second in command, at the head of the regiment of Lascelles, when the command devolved on Brigadier-General Townshend, who had the honour of completing the victory.

Never was a battle fought which did more honour to the officers or even to the private men of both sides than this. The highest encomiums were bestowed on the Marquis de Montcalm, the French general, who was mortally wounded, and who distinguished himself in his last moments by an affectionate regard for his countrymen, in writing a letter to General Townshend, to recommend the French prisoners "to that generous humanity by which the British nation has always been distinguished." He died in Quebec a few days after the battle. His second in command was left wounded on the field, and was conveyed from thence on board an English ship, where he expired the next day. The death of Montcalm, which was an insupportable loss to France in America, threw the Canadians into the utmost consternation. Confusion prevailed in all their councils held at Quebec; and, seeing themselves invested by the British fleet, which with the troops was preparing with all vigour for a siege, they surrendered the city of Quebec upon honourable terms.

This capitulation was highly creditable to the judgment of General Townshend and Admiral Saunders, for the place was not yet completely invested; the enemy were on the point of receiving a strong reinforcement from Montreal; and M. de Bougainville, at the head of 800 fresh men, with a convoy of provisions, was almost at the gates of the town on the day of surrender. A new army was likewise assembling in the neighbourhood, with which the city continued to have a free communication on one side after the battle; and the British troops in a little time, the season being far advanced, must have been obliged to desist from their operations from the severity of the weather, and even to have retired with their fleet before the approach of winter.

A garrison of 6000 men, under General Murray, was put into the place, with a supply of provisions and ammunition for the winter. The fleet sailed for England soon after, fearing lest the setting in of the frosts should lock them up in the river St. Lawrence.

The remains of the gallant general were brought to England in the *Royal William* man-of-war, and landed at Portsmouth on the morning of the 17th of November, with the highest naval and military honours. At eight o'clock the removal of the body was announced by two signal guns. It was placed in a twelve-oared barge, towed along by two others, and followed by twelve,

manned by officers and seamen, in the most solemn and respectful manner. Minute guns were fired from the whole fleet during the procession, and the invalids and artillery of the garrison were prepared to receive the body at Portsmouth Point. Landing a little after nine, it was put into a hearse and followed by certain attendants in a mourning coach, which proceeded slowly through the garrison, having the train of artillery in the van, and the invalids in the rear, both with their arms reversed. Their drums beat the Dead March, minute guns were fired from the platform, and the colours half struck on the fort, while the bells of the town were tolled muffled. At the landport gates it departed alone for London, and on the 20th, at night, was privately deposited in the church of Greenwich.

A mingled testimony of joy and sorrow was exhibited in the metropolis and principal towns on the occasion, but the delicate respect of the village of Westerham, in which the mother of General Wolfe remained, forbade the smallest marks of joy that should remind her of the loss she had sustained in their gain, and a solemn silence prevailed there amid the tumult of surrounding guns and illuminations.

A monument to his memory, executed by Wilton at the expense of the nation, was erected in Westminster Abbey, and Mr. West painted a fine historical picture of the battle, representing the expiring general listening to the sounds of victory.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

SHUT THE GATE.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden, riding out one day, left his attendants at some distance, and coming to a gate, he opened it, but neglected to shut it again, according to the laws of the country. The owner of the land, who was an ensign in the army, came up and inquired why he did not shut the gate after him, according to the king's orders, and made use of some uncivil expressions.

"Why do you not go and shut the gate yourself?" said the king.

This so enraged the gentleman that he seized the bridle and stopped the horse. On this Charles put his hand to his sword, but the other snatched it from him. The king then drew a pistol, and threatened to make him repent his conduct unless he immediately put the sword down.

"You would not be so valiant," said the gentleman, "if I was also provided with a pistol."

"Go and fetch one," said the king.

The gentleman immediately went for a pistol, while the king waited his return; but as he was coming back he saw the king's attendants at a little distance, which giving him some suspicion, he made his retreat.

The ensign acquainted his colonel with the circumstance, and begged his interest to save him. The day on which the regiment was to pass in review the ensign did not make his appearance. His Majesty observed to the colonel that there was an officer missing, and was informed that he

was on guard. "Let him be sent for," said the king. The ensign was brought forth. The king immediately galloped up to him, then stopped, and, looking steadfastly in his face, named him to a first lieutenancy, and ordered a liberal sum to be given him.

A GENEROUS REGIMENT.

WHILE the 42nd Highlanders were upon duty at Dublin in the year 1770 a Scotch vessel lay in the bay, the master of which was an old friend of three of the regiment. This man was arrested for a debt of considerable amount and lodged in jail. There he was visited by his military friends, through whose means he made his escape. The keeper of the prison suspected the soldiers, and took out a warrant to apprehend them and sent them to prison. When this was reported to the commanding officer, Colonel Gordon Graham, he mentioned the circumstance at the morning parade, and expatiated upon the disgrace that such conduct reflected upon the regiment. The companies immediately consulted together, and resolved to subscribe a sum equal to the debt; and, on condition that the men should be discharged and their punishment left to their own commanding officer, they pledged themselves to satisfy the demands of the creditor. This offer was rejected, and the jailor, who was responsible for the debt, refused to give up the prosecution. Lord Townshend, then lord lieutenant, hearing of the circumstance, was so much pleased with the conduct of the regiment that he ordered the three men to be set at liberty, and became himself responsible for the debt.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A YOUNG lady, having met with opposition from her friends in an attachment which she had conceived for Captain C. Ross, followed him in men's clothes to America, during the revolutionary war, and, after such a search and fatigue as scarcely any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods lying for dead, with a poisoned wound, received in a skirmish with the Indians. Having some knowledge of surgery, she saved his life by sucking his wound, and nursing him for six weeks, during which time she remained unknown to him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark. The captain recovering, they removed into Philadelphia, where, as soon as she had found a clergyman to unite them for ever, she appeared as herself, and was immediately married to the man for whom she had made such a sacrifice, and whose life she had preserved. They lived for four years in a fondness that could only be interrupted by her declining health; the fatigue she had undergone, and the poison not being properly expelled which she had imbibed from the wound, undermining her constitution. The knowledge of this circumstance, and the piercing regret of having been the occasion, affected Captain Ross so much that he died of a broken heart, at John's Town, in America. His faithful partner lived to return to England; but died in consequence of her grief and affection the following year, at the age of twenty-six years.

JACK ASHORE.

SOME years ago a sailor, just returned from India with more money than he well knew what to do with, took up his residence at a public-

house in Chelsea, and spent his time and his cash in the following manner:—He walked out before breakfast in the morning, and the first persons he met of the labouring class, both men and women, he hired for the day. He then brought them to the house, and, first paying them their wages, ordered each a couple of glasses of shrub and brandy, by way of a whet for breakfast, which consisted of hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, tea, coffee, eggs, beef-steaks, and brandy. The remainder of the day till dinner he kept them singing, dancing, and drinking.

At one o'clock the sailor had dinner served up, which consisted of good roast beef, boiled leg of mutton, plum pudding, and porter; and after dinner there was plenty of port wine and other liquors. The wine was brought up by a dozen bottles at a time. This social tar never hired the same persons to be merry a second day, but had a fresh party every morning. His company each day was limited to twelve persons besides the musician.

A LACONIC DESPATCH.

The following short letter was written by Admiral Blake to the Admiralty:—

"Please your honours and glory, yesterday met with the French fleet, beat, killed, took, sunk, and burned, as per margin. Yours, &c."

THE TIME TO COUNT AN ENEMY.

AN officer in Lord St. Vincent's fleet asked Nelson, when bearing down upon the Spaniards, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy. "No," replied Nelson; "it will be time enough to do that when we have made them strike."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XVIII. (continued.)

AGAIN, as if carried away by his feelings, the old farmer, proud of his honour, proud of his untarnished ancestry, and prouder still in his children, stood up, and, pressing his wife to his heart, bent down and kissed away the tears of joy that welled up so plentifully in the grey expressive eyes of the happy mother.

"I believe I am a great old fool," he at length said, after tenderly seating his wife by his side. "But forgive me. I will now read to you Edgar's letter:—

"MY DEAR FATHER AND BELOVED MOTHER,—

"The first and best news that I can tell you is that I leave here (Calcutta) for England a month after the sailing of the packet that bears this, so that you may expect to see me (God willing) by the first week in May.

"I will not attempt to justify my gross neglect in not writing to you oftener, though I might say with truth that my duties of late have been manifold and incessant; but that was not the reason. Now, however, that I am, as I hope,

coming home for good, I can candidly tell you the truth. It was pride, vanity, my dear mother and father, that made me neglect you. I felt so arrogant of success that I waited till I could announce to you that I had reached the highest distinction within my likelihood of grasping—that of colonel.

"Pardon the vanity that could allow me to trifle with my parents' anxiety for so selfish a motive. When, nearly two years ago, this great distinction did fall to my lot I meant to write a whole volume of my feelings and adventures; but the promotion came with increased rank, and such responsibility that from that time to this, when I sit in an hotel, looking out on the Hooghly, with my wine and sword on the table by my pen and ink, I have, on the truth of a Havering, had no opportunity of addressing you.

"How I have been promoted and advanced to my present grade I shall reserve till we meet; I shall merely here give you the names of a few of the events with which I have been connected since my last letter, written the day I arrived at Bombay. Here I must say, in some excuse for my neglect, I thought you would always see the *Gazette*, from which you would be able to learn where our corps was situated, and what it was doing."

"Oh! Alfred, Alfred, why did you forget that source of satisfaction, if not always of comfort?" murmured Mrs. Havering, as her husband paused a moment.

"I confess my neglect—my ignorance, perhaps—which the reading of that paper for the first time to-night reminded me of. But let that pass," replied the farmer, as he resumed the reading of the letter.

"Soon after my last the war with Persia broke out, and I was constantly in the field or on the march, till our army invested the city of Ghuznee, where, after a long siege, I was allowed the honour of leading and directing the forlorn hope. We blew in the city gates, entered, and were masters of the town. The success of the achievement gave me both honour and promotion, and, our colonel retiring from the service, the commander-in-chief gave the regiment to me. My duties were now doubled, and, what with hill-forts to be taken and enemies encountered in the field, I had not a leisure moment. At length some of the mountain tribes rose in arms, and I was entrusted with a small army to subdue them. This I effected by attacking and taking their capital city of Attock. When this campaign was over our regiment expected to be sent home; but, unfortunately, though war had ceased in the west, it had broken out in the east of the peninsula, and with such virulence that I and my small army of 10,000, instead of being ordered home, were sent into Bengal, where I was formally invested with the dignity of major-general, though previously holding that rank. My force being augmented to nearly 28,000 men of all arms, I was sent to reduce to obedience the twenty-four rajahs of Nepal; their chief, or king-rajah, being then in the field at the head of 50,000 soldiers. This expedition, which consumed in all about six weeks, turned out highly successful; peace was established, and I received the public thanks of the governor-general for my services, with orders to keep myself in readiness to superintend the embarkation of as many of his Majesty's

regiments of the line as could be spared out of India at that time. Transports were to be sent into the Hooghly for the purpose as soon as they could be obtained; and for these I am now waiting.

"At Ghuznee I had the good fortune to make a favourable impression on the governor, a relation of the Persian sophi, or sovereign, and who, as a mark of his esteem, presented me with his magnificent sword. At the fall of Attock I was enabled to save from some savage sepoy a beautiful young girl, with her women attendants, and an old man, whom I took to be her father. However romantic the situation might be in having a lovely native in my tents, I assure you it was far from being altogether agreeable. She was terribly in my way, and I no doubt equally so in hers; and I knew not what to do. One day, however, I discovered, through my vakeel, that she was the only child of my friend the governor of Ghuznee, who, believing her slain, or carried off by some brutal soldier, was nearly frantic at her loss. I had grown very much attached to Zuleika, and began to regard her as a sister, and was full of strange projects about bringing her home as a wife for Harold or Albert. When I discovered my beautiful captive's name and rank, though I had always treated her with the utmost respect, I at once gave her proper attendants, placed a guard of honour over her, and had her attended with every mark of distinction.

"As soon as I could obtain leave of absence for the purpose I procured a train of elephants, and, mounting my fair captive and her attendants in gaily-decked *howdahs*, set out, escorted by a wing of my own regiment, and taking with me the wife of one of my sergeants, who had from the first been her companion, and to whose children Zuleika had taken a wonderful liking. The joy of the father at the recovery of his child was a most touching sight. I had sent forward a vakeel to apprise him of my coming, and of the safety of his daughter, and the prince, with a splendid retinue, met me half-way. I must reserve the account of this meeting and parting till I see you all. The poor child cried at leaving me, and insisted on my accepting a jewel to give to my mother when I went home as a mark of her regard for the son.

"I presume you still see Ethel, as usual, and that you will read this letter to her; but I want you to do more this time, and give her the enclosed, the first letter I have ever sent her. Tell her the rose she threw me at parting has been my talisman through all the trials and dangers of my life, and still lies where I placed it, next my heart. Farewell, dear father and mother, till we meet, as I trust we shall, in peace and happiness at home.—Your ever affectionate son,

"EDGAR."

"What enclosure, father?" inquired Constance, as she glanced at the open sheet and envelope.

"Here, on the ground. It must have fallen out of Edgar's letter," replied her father, picking from the floor a small neat enclosure, bearing the simple superscription of "Miss Ethel Clinton."

"Oh! poor Ethel, wouldn't she anticipate to-morrow morning, and be here directly, if she knew that such good news awaited her arrival!" exclaimed Constance, as the family drew round the fire and sat down for a long conversation.

CHAPTER XIX.—RETURN OF EDGAR.—PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

GREAT changes had taken place in the households of the aristocratic Sir Jasper Clinton and the honest yeoman Alfred Havering in the six or eight weeks which had elapsed between the receipt of Edgar's letter and the middle of the month of May, the time when the long-absent son and lover was expected to return to his home and patient bride.

In the house of his parents every preparation had been made for his reception, as was plainly shown by the amount of cheer provided, by the profusion of flowers that everywhere decked the walls and approaches of the good old homestead, and by the gala dress in which each member of the family was habited.

Besides these, and the affianced partners of sons and daughters, there was one tall and graceful figure, one bright and happy face, the possessor of which, though a frequent visitor at the homestead, we have never seen there or met with in our narrative since the opening chapters of our veritable tale—the gay, beautiful Ethel Clinton.

"I could not stay at home to-day, Constance; everything there seems so dull and miserable," said Ethel. "Papa was restless and unsettled as a child, and sits waiting in solemn dignity to receive Edgar, who wrote yesterday to say at what time he expected to wait upon him and Lionel. So, for fear you might think I kept him, I resolved to come here, and wait till all of you had had your due share of his love before I came on the scene. There, was I not considerate?" and she smiled archly.

"For my part, I can't think what could have detained him a whole week in London before coming home. He could have gone back to town at any time," observed Constance, in reply.

"You forget, my dear," suggested her father, "he had despatches to deliver, and had to be presented to the king, and we know nothing of the time when courts and levées of presentation take place. He might be delayed for a court day."

"It will be a sad disappointment to Edgar not to find Lionel at home when he returns," remarked Mrs. Havering.

"I cannot understand Lionel's conduct at all," resumed Ethel. "Some disagreement, I am sure, has taken place between Sir Jasper and him. My father is out to the heart at what he considers the ruin of all his hopes and the bright castles of future honour and distinction he had built up for the family."

"How do you mean, Ethel?" inquired the farmer.

"Why, my father had ordained a brilliant career for Lionel. He had settled in his own mind that he was to rise in the army to a position that should make the name of Clinton one of the first in the land. But, without any assignable reason, Lionel quits the army in disgust, with the same rank with which he entered it; and then, at last, refusing to live at home, he takes a mansion in some paltry German town, where he declares he means to take up his permanent residence."

"And but for you Sir Jasper too would quit the hall, and take up his abode in London, with the rest of the family?" inquired Harold.

"Yes. But I am determined not to leave the dear old place till it is either sold or let, if I

must then. But what gives me the greatest uneasiness is the estrangement between Edgar and Lionel, once the closest and dearest of friends."

"How do you know that, Ethel?" asked the farmer, with evident interest. "I thought nothing could ever shake their youthful attachment."

"So I thought," replied Ethel; "but something has occurred abroad to separate them. What it is I cannot conceive, unless Lionel's pride has been hurt by Edgar's rising from the ranks to a position of such distinction, while he, beginning life with a fortune and a high grade in the arm, leaves it without one step of promotion."

"It is not envy, Ethel dear," replied the farmer. "There is some other cause at the bottom of this conduct than pique at Edgar's success, for every time your brother was in action the *Gazette* gave him the highest praise for his dash and gallantry. We shall, however, hear the truth of the matter, in all probability, when Edgar arrives."

"I hope so, I am sure, for I cannot understand Lionel's answer to my invitation to come over, if only for a day, to meet his friend. I told him the whole village was to give him a grand reception, and that his absence would be particularly noticed."

"And what did he say to that?"

"That he acknowledged no friendship now; he had outlived all that schoolboy nonsense. He had had enough of Edgar in India, and neither wanted to see nor hear of him again; and much more equally unjust and cruel."

"Hark!" cried Harold abruptly, as he rose and threw open the window, letting in the sound of the first clash of merry bells, that, mellowed in their passage through the summer air and chestnut woods, came pealing soft and musical on the listening ear. "Edgar has come, father; he has crossed the village boundary; and, there! listen to the shouts of the people. There again!" as the cheers came on the balmy air, mingled with the rise and fall of the clanging bells.

One louder and wilder shout rose from the throats of the assembled populace, and then gave place to a burst of triumphant music, as the village band took its place in the demonstration.

"They have entered the avenue, and will be on the lawn in a moment. Come, father, let us go out to meet him."

As the first sound of those distant joy-bells entered the apartment all the inmates had risen and pressed towards the window, which commanded a view of the winding avenue just as it joined the drive at the farther end of the lawn. All had risen, and, with feelings of love, interest, or curiosity, crowded round the open casement—all but one.

Ethel, lately so radiant and joyous, so full of happiness herself, and diffusing gladness on all around—she, too, had started at that first reverberation of the bells; but now, oppressed by a sudden fear, a dread she could not master, she was obliged to lean against the wall for support, and then, to hide her emotion, sink into the seat from which she had so recently risen.

Giving his wife his arm, the tall and portly farmer conducted her to the lawn, followed by Harold with his affianced bride, by Constance and the young curate, her accepted lover, and by the rest of the brothers and sisters, with their friends and sweethearts, making a party of fifteen couples, who ranged themselves on the grass on either side of the stately farmer and his dame.

The room had scarcely been cleared a minute when Constance rushed back, calling anxiously for Ethel. Looking eagerly round and not perceiving her, she darted into an inner room, her own little boudoir, where, with her face hid in her hands, she found Ethel reclining on a couch.

"Oh! do not think we forgot you, or were unkind, dearest Ethel," she began, kneeling down and kissing her friend. "Thinking you would wish to be alone, I meant to return and stay with you till he had been welcomed by all without, and then leave you to yourselves. Now come, dear, to the window, where you can see him without being perceived. Come; they have just entered the avenue, and you will be in time to see them sweep round the lawn."

"I am very foolish to give way. Go, dear; I am better now. I will see him from behind the curtains. Go, Constance; Mr. Staunton will wonder what detains you, and I shall not be missed."

Cordially returning the sisterly kiss, Ethel again made her way to the large apartment, and as the clash of musical instruments sounded close on the ear she urged her friend to leave her. As Constance closed the door, and hastened to the side of the curate, Ethel, with one hand pressed on her heart, hastily enveloped herself in the long lace curtains of one of the bay windows.

Scarcely had she thus shrouded her fair features when the band of village musicians debouched from the overhanging foliage of the avenue, followed by a troop of young men, dragging in noisy triumph an open barouche, from which the postmen had been taken, and seated in which were two gentlemen and an officer in a general's hat and plume. A troop of mounted gentlemen and farmers surrounded the carriage, while all the villagers, from far and near, old and young, swarmed after, shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

Ethel had no difficulty in recognising the officer, as he stood erect, bowing to the people who thronged around; but the distance was too great at first to distinguish who the two civilians were, one seated facing and the other beside the officer.

With a long and eager scrutiny Ethel surveyed that bronzed but handsome open countenance, every lineament of which was so indelibly graven on her mind. How handsome Ethel thought he looked when, recognising his parents, he raised his plumed hat! And with what force was she compelled to press her side to still the throbbing of her heart, as, after scanning all the upper windows, he fixed for a moment his eyes with anxious scrutiny on the very eash through which she was so intently looking! She had barely time to recover from the fear that she had been detected secretly prying, when the carriage was hastily drawn past the window, and, to the utter amazement of Ethel, she discovered the other occupants of the carriage were Sir Jasper Clinton and her brother Lionel.

The next moment Edgar had leaped from the carriage, and was folding his mother in his arms, while his father, with eyes glistening with pride and love, was wringing the hand of his gallant son, and looking with admiration on his well-knit limbs and manly form.

"Constance, Harold, Albert, Florence—all, all; but where is Ethel?" exclaimed Edgar, as he embraced his sisters and seized the hands of his

brothers. Ethel heard all this, and saw her father and brother descend from the barouche, and then, hurrying from the window, she retired to the farther extremity of the room, where she in vain tried to quiet the unnatural throbbing of her heart.

"He has asked for me because he knows I am here, and he has written to tell me I am still as dear to him as ever because he thinks of me as he last saw me; but will he love me as fondly as ever when he sees the change that these long years have made? Oh! dreadful uncertainty! It would kill me to know he no longer loved me, or only married me out of respect to his former promise. Time, that has decked him with honour and made him look so proud and noble, may have deprived me in his eyes of every youthful attraction—may—my heart would break—"

"Ethel! Ethel! my own darling!" exclaimed Edgar, hurrying forward to where, with her face in her hands, she sat crouching in tears and uncertainty.

With a start, a cry, a sob, a face all tears and smiles, Ethel rose, and, throwing back her clustering ringlets, bounded into the arms that opened so eagerly to receive her. One glance of doubt through those dew-gemmed lashes into her lover's clear grey eyes, and Ethel laid her head in peace and happiness on Edgar's shoulder, while her soft white arms stole fondly round his neck: that one look, that ardent clasp, had dispelled every doubt, while her mind whispered to her heart, "He loves me still!"

While Edgar and Ethel were thus engaged in the old-fashioned parlour the farmer had invited Sir Jasper, Lionel, and the other gentlemen into the hall to partake of wine and cake. Harold and his brothers at the same time led the villagers and peasantry to the upper portion of the lawn, where a row of ale and cider casks were already pouring their contents into cans and pitchers, ready for service at the tables, on which piles of home-made bread and cheese were displayed in hospitable profusion. When the assembly had been seated, or ranged along the grass, with the liquor they preferred and food at their side, Harold informed them that it was the intention of his father to invite the whole parish to an abundant dinner, in the good old English fashion, when old and young, the able-bodied and infirm, all who could walk or be carried, should be welcome to partake of the joy of the family at the safe return of General Havering. Due notice would be given of the festivities, which it was expected would commemorate more than one event. In the meantime, in the name of his father and himself, he thanked them for their kind and spontaneous expression of feeling, and concluded his remarks by telling those present not to forget their absent wives and mothers, but to take to their homes as much food and liquor as would insure an equal amount of pleasure to all.

At the same time Farmer Havering was addressing nearly a similar speech to about a hundred gentlemen, closely packed in the spacious old hall, that formed the general family apartment, the farmer observing that, as Edgar had to meet so many old and dear friends after his long absence, they must not take it amiss if he did not personally address them on that occasion. The rest of the worthy farmer's speech

was cut short by the abrupt opening of an inner door and the entrance of Edgar among them. A cheer so loud greeted his appearance that the dispersing crowd without ran trooping back, and gathered in a dense body in front of the hall windows.

After warmly shaking hands with some of his old schoolfellows and early companions, Edgar proceeded to the rustic portico in front of the chief entrance. The enthusiastic crowd having collected from all parts upon the lawn before him, and welcomed his appearance with redoubled cheers and applause, he delivered a short and appropriate speech, and, after expressing the deep pleasure their cordial and unexpected welcome home had given him, concluded by saying that, as he had now returned to the place of his birth for good, the dearest wish of his heart was that he might be permitted to remain there till the last day of his existence, and renew among them all, in the mid-day and decline of life, those ties of good feeling and friendship which had bound him to them and the place of his birth in the spring-time of youth and boyhood.

Delighted to find the same frank and affable manners that had so endeared him as a youth unchanged by absence, high position, or honours, the crowd, with many expressions of their satisfaction and joy, soon broke up and dispersed, and in a few minutes the family were left alone to the full enjoyment of their domestic happiness.

"Before anything farther is said, Edgar," observed Farmer Havering, when they had all rejoined Ethel in the parlour, "tell me—nay, all of us, for we are anxious to know—by what good fortune we have Lionel Clinton among us to-day, to fill up the measure of our general happiness."

"That explanation, Mr. Havering, must come from me," replied Lionel, as he crossed from Ethel's side, and seated himself between Sir Jasper and his early friend; "and, though I expose some of the worst traits in my character, I will not hesitate to speak the truth. Only those who can remember how close and inseparable had been the friendship existing between Edgar and myself can understand how deep and insuperable I made the breach between us. In the first place, my pride was offended to think that any man I had called my friend should degrade himself, as I thought, by entering the ranks. My envy was next excited by the praise and rapid promotion that followed every action in which he was engaged. When my own misconduct brought me into disgrace in India, and I was threatened with degradation and expulsion, I took advantage of my friend's being placed in an office of trust to insult him and humiliate myself by asking him to ruin himself for ever by conniving at my escape. I had fallen so low that, though not ashamed of neglecting my duty and exposing myself to merited censure, I had not the courage to face the penalty of my own derelictions, but was base enough to ask the friend I no longer valued, and in my heart hated for those qualities that so far outshone my merit, to disgrace himself, that I might be saved the just penalty of my offences.

"I might have known that he would refuse with scorn to violate the trust reposed in him, to save a friend or even a brother, and we parted, on my side in bitter animosity. A few days later I received the finding of the court-martial, which,

to my surprise, instead of cashiering and open disgrace before the army, only reprimanded me and sent me for a few months to a hill station, with a suggestion to sell out as early as convenient, and when that was effected I might without further notice return home.

"This favourable verdict I ignorantly believed had been effected by my former good conduct and the influence of my family name, an opinion in which I was rather confirmed than shaken by the receipt of a letter purporting to come from a special friend of Edgar's, to whose recommendation I was told, and the high regard in which he was held by the general and commander-in-chief, I owed the remarkable leniency shown me. This letter I at once attributed, with a baseness of thought that makes me truly ashamed, to an overweening arrogance and excessive vanity in Edgar, who, to make himself look important in my eyes, had, I thought, written the letter himself under another name, and employed one of his own sergeants to bring it to me, with orders doubtless to observe how I received it. Full of this idea, I crushed up the letter in my hand and destroyed it, and, thinking I saw through the artifice, laughed contemptuously at the useless pains he had taken to make himself contemptible. Under this delusion I returned to England, hating my old friend more and more, and determined never to come near the place he would visit. Renouncing my home, and associating with a number of gentlemen of questionable reputation, I then took up my residence in one of the German gaming towns. Here I should have remained a moody misanthrope, and perhaps have degenerated in time into a confirmed gambler. Fortunately for me, a few hours after answering Ethel's affectionate letter, in a tone that makes me blush to think of, Colonel Sawbridge, the late commander of Edgar's regiment, was introduced to me, and, being surprised to hear him refer to my Indian escapades, I questioned him more closely, and then learned, for the first time, that the letter I had despised was a true and *bond fide* epistle from himself, written when Edgar was a hundred leagues away and perfectly ignorant of its being sent. Still more, I learned—that my own heart should have told me from the beginning—the real verdict of the court, and the noble devotion of Edgar in finding influence and friends to save me from the disgrace of being publicly cashiered. Thus he who scorned to violate his duty to save me from shame exerted extraordinary influence to rescue his friend in a legitimate and formal manner. Overwhelmed with shame at my base ingratitude, I made a vow to reform my mispent life, and by confessing my offence pave the way to a thorough reconciliation. Taking a grateful leave of Colonel Sawbridge, I set out for London, found out Edgar, and made a true confession of all my faults. Having once more cemented our former friendship, we started yesterday for home, found my father waiting Edgar's arrival, explained matters which had too long been a mystery to him, and drove on here—the dear old home of so many pleasant memories."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[COMBAT BETWEEN YOUNG DALLAS AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.]

THE WAR WITH HYDER ALI.

THE din of battle in the north of India woke up strange echoes in the south. For a time the native princes hushed their sanguinary quarrels. The bravest put by sword and spear. The wisest met in council. Why, for lack of rupees and slices of land, should they tear each other in presence of the infidels? Why not unite their forces, and, like a vast inundation, sweep those hated English from the soil of India?

Such at the sound of Clive's far-off artillery was the project of Hyder Ali, the Rajah of Mysore; and such was the origin of that famous war which led the British army to the gates of Seringapatam.

Hyder's forces consisted of 180,000 loosely-drilled infantry, 20,000 of the finest light cavalry in the world, and a small corps of 750 Frenchmen. His ally, the Nizam (or rajah) of the territory called the Deccan, brought into the field an ill-armed rabble of 100,000 men. The scattered forces of the British amounted to 90,000 regularly disciplined Europeans and Sepoys, and 20,000 inferior soldiers contributed by princes friendly to the East India Company; but of all these the principal officer, Colonel Joseph Smith, could at first operate with only 7000 foot and 1000 horse.

After the opening of the campaign, in 1767, many affairs took place with alternate advantage, till the 26th of September, when the armies ap-

proached each other near the fort of Trinomalee, and the enemy commenced a distant cannonade on the left of the British line. Colonel Smith made a movement from his right round a hill for the purpose of turning or coming into contact with the enemy's left flank. Hyder, observing this movement, and concluding that it was made in retreat, put his troops in motion, for the purpose of crossing and intercepting the English column. The two armies were thus marching round the hill at the same moment, each concealed from the view of the other, though in a very short space of time their meeting was inevitable.

When this took place the astonishment was reciprocal, but the first struggle was for the possession of the hill. It was secured for the English by the exertions of Captain Cooke, and some detached rocks, forming a position of considerable strength, were wrested from a large body of the enemy's infantry. When the troops were drawn up in order of battle the contrast between the numbers was striking. The English force consisted of 1400 European infantry, thirty European cavalry, 9000 Sepoys, and 1600 exceedingly bad native cavalry belonging to Mahomed Ali. The numbers of the enemy have been computed at 70,000, of which more than half were cavalry: these were drawn up in a crescent, half encircling the British force, and seemingly sufficient to overwhelm them.

The enemy had about 100 pieces of cannon, but not more than thirty could be brought into action. The English had about the latter number, which, being steadily and skilfully served, nearly silenced those opposed to them. The guns were then turned upon the dense and frowning masses of the enemy's cavalry. For a few minutes the fire was sustained with sullen calmness, and the horsemen appeared to be in expectation of orders to charge. None were given, however, and, as to sit inactive and unmoved amidst the deadly havoc produced by the well-directed fire of the English was beyond the power of endurance, myriads of flying cavalry soon covered the field in every direction. Hyder, who had for some time perceived that all was lost, now drew off his cannon, and urged the Nizam to take the same course, which he accordingly did on the advance of the British army in line. The elephants bearing the women of his establishment were in the rear, and these, too, were ordered to turn, when a soft voice from the covered vehicle borne by one of them exclaimed, "This elephant has not been taught so to turn: he follows the standard of the empire." The English shot fell thick and heavy around, but the heroic woman would not suffer her elephant to be turned till the standard had passed, when she withdrew, followed by her train.

On the following day the confederate army was observed at a distance in full retreat, but a train of forty-one pieces of artillery was captured, exclusive of nine pieces which had been taken on the preceding day, and fourteen which were subsequently secured. The loss of the English was 160 men; that of the enemy was believed to exceed 4000. The defeat of the allies had the effect of clearing the country of various parties which had been employed in ravaging it almost to the gates of Madras.

The Nizam, on witnessing these disasters, and

the disappointment of all his hopes of aggrandisement at the expense of the English, began to waver in the alliance. Another check sustained near Amboor, and the invasion of his territory by a detachment from Bengal, confirmed him in the resolution to withdraw himself from Hyder, and agree to a separate treaty, which was concluded with the English on the 23rd of February.

A body of Mahrattas which had been taken into the English service joined Colonel Smith's force in August, and immediately after their junction Hyder was foiled in a singular manner in a night attack on the Mahratta camp, in which he sustained a loss of about 300 men. The lead in the attempt was assigned to the cavalry, who were to penetrate to the tent of Morari Rao, the Mahratta general, and possess themselves of his head. The infantry were to follow, and complete the victory which was anticipated as the result of the attack. Morari Rao no sooner learned that the attack was made by cavalry than, to prevent friends and enemies being mistaken, he gave orders that not one of his men should mount, but each stand at the head of his horse, and cut down, without distinction, every person on horseback. These orders were but too strictly executed, for in the darkness Captain Gee, aide-de-camp to Colonel Smith, who had ridden into the camp to ascertain the cause of alarm, was mistaken for one of the enemy, and cut down. The prevailing confusion was still further increased by an accident. The state elephant of Morari Rao, having received a wound, broke loose from his pickets, and rushed wildly through the camp. He carried with him the chain by which he had been attached; this he seized with his trunk, and hurled furiously against a mass of Hyder's cavalry which he met, throwing them back headlong over a column of infantry that was behind them. These, ignorant of the cause of the shock, retired in dismay, and before order could be restored the symptoms of motion in the British camp discouraged a renewal of the attack.

Soon after a detachment under Colonel Wood found itself unexpectedly in the presence of Hyder's whole army, posted on an eminence about a mile in front. The British commander saw that he had no course but to retreat with all speed. He accordingly abandoned his two guns, and prepared to force a passage in the direction from which he had just advanced. His object was aided by a battalion detached from the line to support him, and which attacked in flank a body of the enemy through which he had to pass. With some difficulty the retreating force reached a point where they could receive further assistance from the line, and the battle was maintained with vigour, until the English force gradually receded before the well-directed guns and impetuous charges of the enemy.

The fortune of the day seemed to be irrecoverably lost, when it was admirably retrieved by a stratagem. The baggage guard was commanded by Captain Brooke, and amounted only to four companies and two guns. With this insignificant force he conceived the idea of turning the tide of victory in favour of his country. The sick and wounded being under his protection, as many of them as were able to move were drawn out to add to the apparent strength of his force; the

two guns were dragged up by volunteer camp-followers, and manned by wounded artillerymen. The summit of a flat rock was chosen as the scene of operation, and was approached by a circuitous and concealed route. Immediately on its being attained the two guns opened a fire of grape on the enemy's left flank, and the voice of every individual in the little band, sound or sick, joined that of their commander in shouting, "Hurrah! Smith! Smith!"

Throughout the field the impression was conveyed alike to friends and enemies that the division of Colonel Smith had arrived. The effect was almost magical. The delusion, indeed, could not long be maintained, but the temporary advantage which it gave the English allowed Colonel Wood an opportunity of making a better disposition of his force, and when Hyder, after discovering the deception, resumed the attack, he found his opponents well prepared to receive him. Repeatedly failing in his attempts, he returned again and again, but still in vain; and when darkness put an end to the combat the English remained in possession of the field. The loss of Hyder Ali was reported to amount to 1000 men, while that of the English was less than a quarter of that number.

Meanwhile the clique of lawyers and merchants who composed the Madras Council had recalled Colonel Smith, and entrusted the chief command to a far inferior officer, Colonel Wood. The British military power, no longer wielded by a master in the art of war, was frittered away in captures of hill-forts and petty castles. Ceasing to play the lion, Wood failed in playing the fox, and, eventually rescued from an ambush by Major Fitzgerald, was sent back under arrest to his patrons at Madras.

Hyder Ali took heart at these blunders, and pushed hostilities with renewed vigour. Fuzzul Oola Khan, one of his ablest generals, having entered Coimbatore with 7000 men and ten guns, proceeded vigorously but cautiously to dispossess the British of all their posts in that province. Near Cauveriporam he received a check from an insignificant force led by a man of very humble station. An English sergeant named Hoskin commanded an advanced post of two companies and one gun in a mud fort, which he defended with a spirit that entitles him to remembrance. Reporting to his officer the success of his resistance to the attempts of the enemy, he added, "I expect them again to-morrow morning in two parties, with guns. I will take the guns from them, with the help of God." In a subsequent attack, however, the fort was carried, but not until it had become a heap of ruins, nor then without a sanguinary conflict. The fate of its brave defender is unknown, but he probably met a soldier's death on the spot.

In marching for the reduction of Eroad, Hyder encountered an English party, consisting of fifty Europeans and 200 Sepoys, commanded by Captain Nixon. Two deep columns of infantry, supported by 12,000 horse, were set in motion to destroy them. Captain Nixon and his little force remained firm while the enemy were advancing, and when the latter had arrived within twenty yards of them delivered a volley. The Europeans then rushed forward, and their fifty bayonets spread instant confusion amongst the enemy's infantry, who broke and fled. This, however,

was all that their gallantry could achieve. The enemy's cavalry at the same moment charged the Sepoys in flank and rear, and the return of the killed and wounded of this glorious detachment included every man, both native and European, with the single exception of Lieutenant Goreham, who saved his life by his knowledge of the country language, which enabled him to request the humanity of a native of rank in the Mysorean army.

Darkly and heavily did the year 1768 close upon the prospects of the British on the Coromandel coast. A few weeks had wrested from them nearly all that they had previously gained, and Fuzzul Oola Khan was sent to visit Madras and Tinnevely, while his master ravaged the country in the neighbourhood of the river Cauvery, where flaming villages and a flying population marked every point of his progress.

Colonel Smith, once more in command, watched the movements of Hyder with unceasing vigilance, and frequently counteracted them with admirable skill, till at last the bold Mysorean, with equal judgment, energy, and presence of mind, turned the flank of his opponent, with a body of 6000 chosen cavalry, and, making a rapid détour of 130 miles in less than four days, appeared to the astonished Council on the 29th of March within five miles of Madras, when they imagined him to be at least a hundred miles distant!

Effectually roused by this sudden apparition, the government of Madras agreed at once to the demands of Hyder, and for a few months peace—a deceptive peace—ensued between them.

At length, in the month of June, 1780, Hyder, as commander-in-chief of the most formidable confederacy the English ever had to contend with, entered the dominions of his detested adversaries at the head of an army capable, from its numbers, of overwhelming all resistance.

On the 24th of July, the cavalry of Hyder Ali being within nine miles of Madras, a despatch was sent off to Colonel Baillie to join Sir Hector Munro's army at Conjeversam, fifty miles distant from the capital; but Baillie, in order to reach that place, was obliged to take an inland route, in which he was exposed to the hazard of being attacked by the whole force of the invader. He was detained ten days by the swelling of the river Cortelaur, and after effecting his passage was assailed by a detachment under Hyder's son Tippoo, consisting of 30,000 cavalry, 8000 foot, and twelve pieces of cannon.

After nobly repelling their attack Colonel Baillie sent off a messenger to Sir Hector Munro, informing him of the precarious state in which he found himself. In consequence a detachment of about 1000 men was sent to Baillie's assistance under the command of Colonel Fletcher. Dreading an attack, Colonel Fletcher avoided it by altering his line of march, and making a wide détour, which enabled them to join Colonel Baillie on the morning of the 9th of September, having, nevertheless, fallen in with Hyder's pickets. Wary as they were, the troops of this detachment were permitted to halt only till the evening, when the whole force marched, under the command of Colonel Baillie, to join Sir Hector Munro.

But Hyder had again obtained the most correct intelligence of their movements, and, taking

advantage of the necessary delay in the return of this gallant body of troops, enfiladed with artillery every part of the road by which they were to march, and placed his best infantry in ambuscade at every available point. The English troops had not proceeded more than four miles when an alarm was given that the enemy was on their flank. They immediately formed, but, finding the attack was not serious, continued their march. The road lay through an avenue of banyan-trees, with jungle on both sides, and on their entrance into this road they were again attacked on their flanks by the enemy opening two or three guns, and commencing a fire of some musketry from the thick part of the jungle. The British instantly halted, and immediately afterwards endeavoured to take the guns, but the darkness frustrated their efforts. The guns were, however, silenced by the superior execution of the English artillery, and, all reason for delay being at an end, everything was prepared to continue the march.

Colonel Baillie, however, determined to prolong the halt, his own words to Captain Baird being, "I am determined to halt till daylight, that I may have an opportunity of seeing about me." This fatal delay enabled the enemy to withdraw his cannon to a point where they could again be employed in embarrassing the English troops, while it also allowed Hyder time to become apprised of their situation, and to take his measures accordingly.

At daylight on the 10th, therefore, as the column moved out of the avenue into the plain a battery of eight guns opened upon it; and soon afterwards Hyder, who had passed Sir Hector Munro in the night, began to show the heads of his columns, moving down upon the line.

Colonel Baillie now formed his force, consisting of little more than 300 men, in line, upon the bank of an old nullah, or water-course, and opened his guns upon the enemy; but Hyder so disposed his immense army as completely to surround him, and commenced a destructive fire upon him from his artillery in every direction. The enemy were, however, continually repulsed, their infantry gave way, while their cavalry were falling fast, and it is said that Hyder was only prevented from retreating by the persuasions of Colonel Lally, a French officer, who represented to him that retreating would bring him into contact with Sir Hector Munro, who was in his rear. At this moment also, and while the English were actually sustaining the combined attack of Hyder and his son Tippoo, two of their tumbrils exploded, and in an instant the brave men, who were on the eve of gaining one of the most splendid victories ever achieved, were deprived of their ammunition, and the services of all their artillery!

In this helpless and dreadful state, under a heavy and continuous fire of cannon and rockets, these gallant but unfortunate soldiers remained from half-past seven until nine o'clock. The slaughter of the British began to be tremendous as the enemy closed in upon them on every side. Colonel Fletcher had carried off the grenadier company of the 73rd, to support the rear-guard, and was never heard of more. Hyder came with his whole army on their right flank, charging them with columns of horse, while the infantry

kept up a heavy fire of musketry. These were followed by the elephants and Mysore cavalry, which completed the overthrow of this little band of heroes. In the midst of the slaughter Colonel Baillie, wounded as he was, formed his men into a square, and, without ammunition, received and repulsed thirteen different attacks of the enemy's squadrons.

At length Colonel Baillie, seeing that further resistance was vain, tied his handkerchief on his sword as a flag of truce, and ordered Captain Baird, who was now second in command, to cease firing. Hyder's officers refused to attend to Colonel Baillie's signal, pointing to the Sepoys, who, in their confusion, were still continuing to fire: this, however, being explained, they agreed to give quarter, and Colonel Baillie directed Captain Baird to order his men to ground their arms. The order was of course obeyed; and the instant it was so the enemy's cavalry, commanded by Tippoo Sahib in person, rushed upon the unarmed troops before they could recover themselves, cutting down every man within their reach. "Hyder's young soldiers, in particular," says Colonel Wilks, "amused themselves with fleshing their swords, and exhibiting their skill, on men already most inhumanly mangled, on the sick and wounded in the doolies, and even on women and children, while the lower order of horsemen plundered their victims of the last remnant of clothing." The only humanity exercised was through the exertions of two French officers.

Nothing remained to relieve the gloom of this ill-fated day but the recollection of the gallant conduct of the defeated corps, the greater part of which perished on the field. Eighty-six British officers were engaged in the conflict: of these thirty-six lay dead upon the field at its termination, or subsequently died of their wounds; thirty-four more were wounded, but not mortally, and sixteen only surrendered unwounded. But the worst was yet to come. Seated in his tent, Hyder Ali, the ruffian conqueror, regaled his eyes by having his prisoners paraded before him, while from time to time the heads of the slain were deposited at his feet. Every indignity, every privation that cruelty could inflict awaited the unhappy Europeans, who were destined for years to remain the prisoners of Hyder Ali. They were conveyed to Seringapatam, where all those not wounded were put in irons, and lodged in a kind of open shed, with sleeping places at the corners, supplied simply with mats. Only sixpence a day was allowed for food, and no medicine was provided to counteract the severe maladies caused by this mode of life.

Meanwhile, at Madras, fear, indignation, and sorrow pervaded the minds of the inhabitants, some of whom sought opportunity of returning to England, and others prepared for flight to Bengal. The authorities of the presidency were in a state of inexpressible alarm, and a fast-sailing vessel was despatched to Bengal with the intelligence of their mismanagement and its consequences.

As soon as the news reached Calcutta Mr. Hastings, then governor-general, took the most active steps to repair it. Sir Eyre Coote, a veteran officer, enjoying the highest military reputation of any in India, was appointed to the chief command, and sent from Bengal with 560 Euro-

pean troops, while a corps of Sepoys prepared to march along the coast as soon as the rainy season should terminate.

General Coote, on arriving at the presidency and preparing to take the field, found at his disposal not more than 7000 men, of whom 1700 only were Europeans. Yet with this force, so far from fearing, he anxiously desired to encounter in the field, the numerous, brave, and well-commanded troops of the enemy. What he dreaded was the harassing warfare carried on by Hyder, in a country which he had already converted almost into a desert. The English army when it left Madras was like a ship departing on a long voyage, or a caravan preparing to cross the deserts of Arabia. Everything by which life could be supported must be carried along with it; and the soldiers, continuing to depend on the capital alone for supply, were in danger of absolute famine. As they moved in a close body through this desolated region, never occupying more than the ground which they actually covered, clouds of the enemy's cavalry hovered round them, who, finding that they did not choose to waste their ammunition on individual objects, even rode up to the line and held an occasional parley, uttering from time to time a fierce defiance, or an invitation to single combat.

There was in Sir Eyre Coote's body-guard a young cavalry officer named Dallas. In common with the rest of the army, this officer had smiled at the recital of these absurd challenges; but while reconnoitring on the flank of the column of march one of them was personally addressed to himself by a horseman who, from dress and appearance, seemed to be of some distinction. He accepted the invitation, and the requisite precautions were mutually acceded to: they fought, and he slew his antagonist. After this incident the challenges were frequently addressed, not as formerly to the whole army, but to Dallas, whose name speedily became known to them; and whenever his duty admitted, and his favourite horse was sufficiently fresh, the invitations were accepted, until the Mysoreans became weary of repetition. With a single exception the result was uniform. On that one occasion the combatants, after several wounds, feeling a respect for each other, made a significant pause, mutually saluted, and then retired.

As it had been decided that the army should march in relief of certain garrisons which were severely pressed by the enemy, Sir Eyre Coote succeeded, on the 19th of January, 1781, in relieving Chingleput, in which only fifteen days' provisions remained. It being supposed that the enemy were quitting the fort of Carangooly, and carrying off the store of provisions, Captain Davis was despatched with 1000 men, at midnight on the 20th of January, for the purpose of intercepting them. So far from the place being deserted, however, Captain Davis found the garrison perfectly ready to receive him. He determined, notwithstanding, to execute his orders; and the place being unprovided with a drawbridge, a 12-pounder was rapidly run up to the first gate, which at the second discharge was blown open, so as to allow passage for one man. Passing this, a second and a third gate presented themselves; and these were ultimately forced, though with greater difficulty, the assailants being exposed during the whole period of operation to the

enemy's fire from above. The third gate being carried, the garrison escaped by ladders on the opposite side, and the English were in undisputed possession of Carangooly. The loss of the victors was severe, but the effect of so brilliant a stroke at the opening of the campaign was highly beneficial, more especially after the shadow which had so recently passed over the power of the British arms. One main object of the attack was also secured, in the capture of a quantity of grain.

In like manner the important fortresses of Wandewash and Permacoil were relieved and a stop put to the career of the enemy. The British commander, however, in following the rapid movements of this indefatigable adversary, found his troops so exhausted and reduced to such destitution as left no prospect of relief except in a general action; and this he was at length fortunate enough to accomplish.

Encouraged by the appearance of a French fleet on the coast, and by a repulse sustained by our countrymen in attacking the pagoda of Chillumbrum, Hyder intrenched his army in a strong post near Cuddalore, where he at once maintained his communication with the sea and cut off the supplies of his opponent. This station was extremely formidable, but Sir Eyre Coote, skillfully leading his men through a passage formed by the enemy for a different purpose, drew them up in the face of several powerful batteries, as well as of a vast body of cavalry. The battle raged for six hours, and every inch of ground was fiercely contested. "Every individual in the Company's service," says one chronicler of the battle, "fought as if the fate of the day had depended on his single efforts." Their energy met its reward in a brilliant victory: at four o'clock the enemy's line gave way, and a precipitate retreat followed. Hyder, seated on a portable stool upon an eminence in the rear of his army, was struck with amazement at the success of the attack, and burst into the most furious passion, refusing for some time to move from the spot, till a trusty old servant, seizing the feet of the chief, forced on his slippers, and placed him on a swift horse, which bore him out of the reach of danger.

The English army engaged on that day amounted to about 8000 men, while that of Hyder was at least eight times that number. The enemy had forty-seven pieces of cannon of heavy calibre; the English guns were lighter, but they were fifty-five in number. About three hundred was the total amount of killed and wounded on the English side; the loss of the enemy was estimated at 10,000!

After sundry marches and countermarches Hyder once more waited battle in a position chosen by himself, being no other than the fortunate spot, as he deemed it, near the village of Poliloor, where he had triumphed over the corps of Colonel Baillie. Here General Coote led his troops to an action which proved more bloody than decisive, but the Mysorean at length yielded the ground on which the battle was fought, and the English reached it over the unburied bodies of their countrymen who had fallen in the former action.

Having learned that the important fortress of Vellore was besieged and reduced to extremity, Sir Eyre Coote determined on a vigorous attempt

to relieve it; and, finding that Hyder was posted at Sholinghur, resolved upon another effort to bring him to action. On the evening of the 27th of September he pushed forward with such vigour as nearly to surprise the enemy, before their ranks could be fully formed. They rallied, however, and made several brisk charges, but were finally obliged to betake themselves to flight, with the loss of 5000 men, while only a hundred fell on the side of the assailants. General Coote was thus enabled, though not without difficulty, to march upon Vellore, the siege of which was abandoned on his approach.

Hyder now, smarting under ill-success, contemplated retreating, when the arrival of 3000 French threw a momentary brightness over his position. With their assistance he captured Cuddalore, and proceeded to attack the important fortress of Wandewash, but, General Coote having presented himself and offered battle for its relief, the combined army avoided the combat and retreated towards Pondicherry. The British general, however, followed and defeated them with considerable loss near Arnee. Thus, even with powerful foreign help, Hyder remained unable to face the British army in the open field, though, on the other hand, Sir Eyre Coote, hampered and tormented by the imbeciles who governed at Madras, could make little headway. Thus far the contest appeared a drawn battle, but, whatever plans these two obstinate old men had meditated for each other's destruction, they were fated to bow before a more powerful conqueror. Death had put his seal upon them both. Hyder, full of rage and malice, expired on the 7th of December, 1782; and Coote on the 26th of April following. We reserve to a fresh chapter the continuation of the struggle by their successors Tippoo Sahib and the Marquis Cornwallis.

THE LAST OF POOR JACK.

THE surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man, who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick-bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place, and to speak to the men every morning, and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wine, fresh meat, and any other supplies recommended by the surgeon are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the sick men as require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provide. After the carver in the gun-room has helped his messmates he generally turns to the surgeon and says, "Doctor, what shall I send to the sick?" But, even without this, the steward would certainly be taken to task were he to omit inquiring, as a matter of course, what was wanted in the sick-bay.

I would strongly recommend every captain to be seen (no matter for how short a time) by the bedside of any of his crew whom the surgeon may report as dying. Not occasionally, and in the flourishing style with which we read of great generals visiting hospitals, but uniformly and in the quiet sobriety of real kindness, as well as hearty consideration for the feelings of a man

falling at his post in the service of his country. He who is killed in action has a brilliant Gazette to record his exploits, and the whole country may be said to attend his death-bed. But the merit is not less—or may even be much greater—of the soldier or sailor who dies of a fever in a distant land, his story untold, and his sufferings unseen. In warring against climates unsuited to his frame, he may have encountered, in the public service, enemies often more formidable than those who handle pike and gun. There should be nothing left undone, therefore, at such a time, to show, not only to the dying man, but to his shipmates and his family at home, that his services are appreciated. I remember, on one occasion, hearing the captain of a ship say to a poor fellow who was almost gone, that he was glad to see him so cheerful at such a moment, and begged to know if he had anything to say.

"I hope, sir," said the expiring seaman with a smile, "I have done my duty to your satisfaction."

"That you have, my lad," said his commander, "and to the satisfaction of your country too."

"That is all I wanted to know, sir," replied the man.

These few commonplace words cost the captain not five minutes of his time, but were long recollected with gratitude by the people under his orders, and contributed, along with many other graceful acts of considerate attention, to fix his authority.

If a sailor who knows he is dying has a captain who pleases him, he is very likely to send a message by the surgeon to beg a visit—not often to trouble his commander with any commission, but merely to say something at parting. No officer, of course, would ever refuse to grant such an interview, but it appears to me it should always be volunteered; for many men may wish it, whose habitual respect would disincline them to take such a liberty, even at the moment when all distinctions are about to cease.

Very shortly after poor Jack dies he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sailmaker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sow him up in his hammock, and, having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package—apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and, being placed across the after-hatchway, the union jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns under the half-deck, but generally, I think, it is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before that, as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck is tolled for the funeral, and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the

mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers. In some ships (and it ought perhaps to be so in all) it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend the ceremony. If such attendance be a proper mark of respect to a professional brother—as it surely is—it ought to be enforced, and not left to caprice. There may, indeed, be times of great fatigue when it would needlessly harass men and officers to oblige them to come on deck for every funeral, and upon such occasions the watch on deck may be sufficient. Or, when some dire disease gets into a ship and is cutting down her crew by its daily and nightly, or it may be hourly, ravages, and when two or three times in a watch the ceremony must be repeated, those only whose turn it is to be on deck need be assembled. In such fearful times the funeral is generally made to follow close upon the death.

While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee gunway. The stanchions for the man-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed never fails to rivet the attention of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors, with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious, and when they have fair play given to them they will always, I believe, be found to stand on as good vantage-ground, in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive or apparently reverent auditory than assembles on the deck of a ship of war on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

The service for the burial of the dead contains the following words:—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope," &c. Everyone, I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend (and whom will this not include?) must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner:—"Forasmuch," &c.; "we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up

her dead, and the life of the world to come," &c. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body, being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something solemn, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the mainchains.

A PRISON ADVENTURE AT LYONS.

DURING the Reign of Terror the prisons of Lyons were so full that one gloomy chamber contained eighty unfortunates who had incurred the suspicion of the government. While some bewailed their sufferings with bitter lamentations, others brooded in silence over their impending fate, and, with guillotines erected at all points of the compass, many began to count their remaining hours of life. A few daring spirits, however, under the guidance of their fellow-victim Charbonnières, addressed themselves to the only sensible proceeding under the circumstances—a plan for effecting their escape. Peering carefully round the walls of their apartment, they perceived nothing to break its monotony but a large blue cloak suspended from two nails. A brilliant idea struck them at once. Like many men outside a prison, they knew the value of working under a cloak, and set to work accordingly.

While most of his fellow-prisoners were taking the air or sleeping, Charbonnières began by scraping out the cement which held the stones of the walls together. Three only of his companions were associated in the plot: one carried away in his pockets the mortar as it was scraped out, which he scattered among the straw, while two were either singing or quarrelling, to occupy the attention of the others and prevent their hearing Charbonnières.

One day, while the uproar was unusually great, a large stone, which had been detached, was, by a violent effort of Charbonnières, pushed through on the other side. This was all he wanted; he came from behind his place of concealment, and laid himself down on the straw. When night came Charbonnières and his associates went to explore the opening he had made, when, to their great disappointment, they found that it only led into a neighbouring church, then used as a military magazine, and shut up with locks and bars, which it was impossible to force with the instruments they possessed. So far, however, were they from being disheartened that they resolved to break through the walls of the church.

With the same instruments which had hitherto served them (the tongues of their buckles and the blade of an old knife) they began their operations

in a corner of the church opposite to the wall of the prison. Unfortunately the person who had the charge of the magazine lodged directly behind this spot. The deadened noise which he at first heard becoming every night more distinct, he began to suspect what was doing, when some fragments of stone and mortar falling into his chamber confirmed his suspicion. It was midnight; he arose hastily, and gave information of what he had witnessed to the turnkey in waiting. Having called a guard, they violently broke open the doors of the chamber, and, after examining the walls, to their utter astonishment, and that of the rest of the prisoners, discovered the breach that had been effected behind the cloak.

In vain did the prisoners protest their innocence: irons were brought, and the turnkey swore they should all be removed to solitary dungeons. The irons were produced, and four already shackled, when Charbonnières suddenly started up as from a profound sleep. With the air and manner of a general, accustomed to command and brave every danger, he cried out—

"Hold! All those men whom you have thrown into so much terror are innocent. But would you know the real author of the project? Behold me: it is I, and to no one will I yield the honour of having conceived the idea, though I had associates in my endeavours to carry it into execution. The three men who still feign to sleep have been sharers in my labours, though they have not magnanimity enough to avow it."

Then, addressing himself to the turnkey, he proceeded—

"My interest is to endeavour to quit this place—yours is to detain me and guard me well. I have fulfilled my duty, now do yours; bring hither the irons; I am prepared to receive them."

A profound silence was observed by every one during this harangue. Charbonnières sat down, had the irons fixed on his legs, and then went cheerfully to be immured in his dungeon. He remained here some time, but was ultimately set at liberty.

THE FISHERMAN-KING OF NAPLES.

ONE of the loveliest, filthiest, happiest, and most miserable spots on the face of the whole earth is the city of Naples. Many an English milord, glancing round its beautiful bay, has marvelled whether any country short of Paradise could so lull the current of his life-blood. The tints of the landscape are as precious gems: the sky seems a ruby, the sea an emerald, and the mountains are like amethysts. But the dark side of Naples repels us utterly, and we question if the worst-hacked of British toilers would exchange his smoke and his grime for the dirty bliss of the *Lazzaroni*. These are the floating population of Naples, or, to describe them more correctly, the sinking and the sunk. Like a nation that has never reached its manhood, they pass their lives in a childish dream: hunger pinches, and they laugh; tyranny rides over them, and they sing. There have been times, however, when, starting from this lethargy, they have rubbed their eyes, flung aloft their arms, and poured forth in burning passion to alarm and to destroy, like *Vesuvius*

One of these notable occasions was the nine days' reign of Massaniello, the fisherman-king; and the story deserves to rank among those daring deeds with which our Book of Battles endeavours to attract the reader.

Tomaso Annello, by contraction called Massaniello, was born in the year 1623, and at the time when he attracted the notice of the world was about twenty-four years of age. In person he was robust, of a good countenance, and middle size; and, as to attire, he wore linen trousers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap. His profession was that of a dealer in fish, which he either caught himself or purchased for the purpose of retailing. He lived in a corner of the great market-place of Naples, and it was a singular circumstance that under one of his windows were fixed the arms and name of the Emperor Charles V. That monarch had granted to the people of Naples a charter of privileges, which about this period were grossly violated. The discontents excited in the city did not escape the observation of Massaniello; nay, so alive was he to the cause of them that, notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, he began to form a project for effecting a reformation. Going home one day, violently agitated, he met with the famous bandit Perrone, and one of his companions, as he passed by a church to which they had fled for refuge. They inquired what ailed him; on which he replied, that he would be bound to be hanged if he did not right the city. They laughed at the extreme improbability of such an event, but Massaniello swore that if he had two or three of his own humour to join him he would keep his word. They gave him a solemn promise of assistance, and he departed.

Soon afterwards some of the officers of the customs, having met his wife carrying a small quantity of contraband flour, seized her and carried her to prison; nor could Massaniello procure her release till he had sold the whole of his property to pay a fine of 100 ducats as the price of her freedom. He now determined to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the popular discontents, on account of the tax on fruit, which fell particularly heavy on the lower classes, and accordingly went round among the fruit-shops in his quarter, advising the keepers of them to go in a body the next day to the market, and tell the country fruiterers that they would buy no more taxed fruit.

The market-place was frequented by a great number of boys, who assembled there to pick up such fruit as fell. Massaniello associated with them, taught them certain cries and clamours suited to his purpose, and collected such a number of them between sixteen and seventeen years of age that at the first they amounted to 500, and afterwards to 5000. Of this youthful army Massaniello acted as general, providing each with a small cane. The shopkeepers complying with his instructions, a great tumult took place the next day between them and the fruiterers—such a tumult as Anacleto, an officer sent by the viceroy, found it impossible to quell.

Among the fruiterers was a cousin of Massaniello, who, seconding the views of the latter, endeavoured as much as possible to inflame the people. He found that he could not sell his fruit unless at a very low price, which, when the tax was paid, would be less than the prime cost.



[NAPLES, FROM THE BAY.]

On this he fell into a violent rage, and threw two large baskets on the ground, exclaiming, "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth. I care not for this fruit; let those take it that will." The boys eagerly ran to pick up and eat the fruit. At this moment Massaniello rushed in among them, crying out, "No tax! No tax!" Anacleto threatened him with whipping and the galleys, on which not only the fruiterers but the rest of the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits with great fury in his face. Massaniello hit him on the breast with a stone, and encouraged his regiment of boys to follow his example; but Anacleto saved his life by flight.

The people by this time flocked in multitudes to the market-place, loudly exclaiming against the hardships under which they groaned, and protesting their resolution to submit to them no longer. The uproar still increasing, Massaniello leaped upon the highest table among the fruiterers and harangued the crowd. He compared himself to Moses, who delivered the Egyptians from the rod of Pharaoh; to Peter, who was a fisherman like himself, yet rescued Rome and the world from the slavery of Satan: promising them a similar deliverance from their oppressors by his means, and declaring his readiness to sacrifice his life in such a glorious cause. By harangues of this kind Massaniello wonderfully inflamed the minds of the people, and disposed them to assist heartily in his design.

They commenced their operations by setting fire to the house next to the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burned to the ground, with all the books, accounts, and goods they contained.

All the shops were by this time shut up, and, the numbers increasing, many thousands of people went in bodies to those quarters of the city where all the other toll-houses were situated. These they plundered of all their books and writings, great quantities of money and many rich moveables, all of which were thrown into a great fire of straw and burned to ashes in the streets. Meeting with no resistance, the people became still bolder, and proceeded towards the palace of the viceroy. First marched the corps of Massaniello, consisting of 2000 boys, every one holding up his cane with a piece of black cloth at the top, and with loud and doleful cries exciting the compassion and entreating the assistance of their fellow-citizens.

On their arrival at the palace they not only demanded by loud cries to be relieved from the fruit-tax, but that all others, and especially the tax on corn, should be suppressed. At length they entered the palace, which they rifled in spite of the resistance of the guards, whom they disarmed. The viceroy endeavoured to escape in his carriage, with the intention of securing himself in the church of St. Louis, but, being observed by the people, they stopped the coach, and, surrounding it with drawn swords, threatened his life if he refused to take off the taxes. By means of fair promises and assurances of redress, and by throwing money among the multitude, which they were eager to pick up, he at length reached the church in safety, and ordered the doors to be shut. The people then applied to the Prince de Bisignano, who was greatly beloved by them, to be their advocate. He promised to

obtain what they desired, but, finding after much labour and fatigue, that it was impossible to restrain their licentiousness or to quell their fury, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape.

Finding themselves without a head after the retirement of the prince, Massaniello was nominated by the people to be their leader, which charge he accepted. They appointed Genoio, a priest of approved knowledge, temper, and abilities, to attend his person; and for a companion they added the above-mentioned famous bandit Perrone. By his spirit, good sense, and resolution Massaniello gained the hearts of all the people, who became willing to confer solemnly upon him the supreme command, and to obey him accordingly. A stage was therefore erected in the middle of the market-place, where, clothed in white like the Neapolitan mariners of those days, he, with his councillors, gave public audience, received petitions, and pronounced sentence in all cases both criminal and civil.

Massaniello now had no less than 150,000 persons under his command, including a multitude of women, armed like so many Amazons. In order to make examples to posterity, a list was made out of above sixty persons who farmed the taxes and had enriched themselves by oppressing the people. It was therefore decreed that their houses and goods should be burned; and this was done with such regularity that no one was suffered to carry away the smallest article. Many, for stealing mere trifles from the flames were instantly hanged in the market-place.

The viceroy, who had shut himself up in the castle, was meanwhile devising methods to bring about an accommodation. He applied to the archbishop (of whose attachment to the government he was well assured, and of whose paternal care and affection for them the people had no doubt) to second his endeavours. He agreed to give them the original charter of Charles V., which exempted them from all taxes, and likewise to grant a general pardon for all past offences. Furnished with these powers, the archbishop prevailed upon Massaniello to assemble the principal leaders of the people, and great hopes of a happy accommodation were entertained.

While this negotiation was going on 500 banditti, all armed and on horseback, entered the city under pretence that they came for the service of the people, but in reality, as it afterwards appeared, for the purpose of destroying Massaniello, for they discharged several shots at him, some of which narrowly missed him. This proceeding immediately put a stop to the whole business, and it was suspected that the viceroy was concerned in the treachery. The streets were barricaded, and orders were issued that the aqueduct leading to the castle in which were the viceroy and all the principal officers of state should be cut off, and that no provisions should be carried thither except a small quantity of roots and herbs.

The viceroy again applied to the archbishop, charging him to assure the people of his good intentions, of his abhorrence of the design manifested by the banditti, and of his resolution to bring them to condign punishment. The treaty was renewed and soon concluded, after which it was judged proper that Massaniello should pay a visit to the viceroy in his palace. He directed

that all the windows and balconies should be hung with the richest silks and tapestries that could be procured. He threw off his mariner's habit, and dressed himself in cloth of silver, with a fine plume of feathers on his hat; and mounted on a beautiful charger, with a drawn sword in his hand, he went attended by at least 50,000 people.

During his interview with the viceroy in the balcony of the palace he gave him surprising proofs of the ready obedience of the people; whatever cry he gave out was immediately echoed by the crowd, and when he put his finger to his mouth the most profound silence prevailed. At length he ordered them all to retire, and they instantly vanished away. On the following Sunday the stipulations were signed in the cathedral, and solemnly sworn to be observed.

Massaniello, having now accomplished his designs, declared a resolution to return to his former occupation. Had he adhered to it he might justly have been regarded as one of the greatest characters that any age or country has produced; but unfortunately, being either instigated by his family, induced by fear, or allured by the sweets of power, he still retained his authority; and what was worse, he exercised it in such a capricious and tyrannical manner that his best friends began to be afraid of him. It has been imagined that something was infused into his drink to take away his senses, or, what is still more probable, that he drank to such excess as to deprive himself of reason. Be the cause, however, what it might, his conduct became singularly outrageous. He galloped through the streets like a madman, wantonly cutting and maiming every person, without distinction. The natural consequence was that, instead of being followed by the people as before, they all avoided his presence. Fatigued and exhausted by one of these paroxysms he took refuge in the church of the Carmelites, of which the archbishop immediately sent information to the viceroy.

At this stage of the revolution a sudden reaction took place in the public mind, and a portion of the citizens instantly turned it to the advantage of the government. Hastening to the church they entered it, shouting, "Long live the King of Spain, and down with Massaniello!" The unfortunate man, hearing his name pronounced, came out at once, crying, "Are you looking for me, my friends? Here I am." The only answer he received was the discharge of four muskets at him, when he instantly fell, and only had time to exclaim, "Ah! ungrateful traitors!" before he expired. One of his murderers then cut off his head, which he carried to the viceroy, in sight of eight or ten thousand of the populace assembled in the church and market-place.

A more remarkable instance of the inconstancy of popular favour can scarcely be produced, for, so far from avenging the death of their captain-general, they exhibited unequivocal signs of satisfaction. Nay, no sooner was the breath out of his body than those who had hitherto been his followers took his mutilated corpse and, having afterwards procured his head, they first dragged them through the streets, and then threw each of them into a different ditch. Next day they began to appreciate their loss, and to mourn over the fate of their idol. The mangled relics of the unfortunate Massaniello were then carefully sought, and when found were washed from the filth by

which they were defaced. A more sumptuous funeral was never seen in Naples than that which was now prepared for him. His body was followed to the cathedral by 40,000 persons of all ranks. The Spanish ensigns were lowered as it passed, and the viceroy sent out numerous attendants with torches to assist at the ceremony.

The commotion began on the 7th of July, 1647, and terminated on the 16th of the same month. Masaniello thus ruled only nine days. His career is an eloquent proof that no cause ultimately triumphs by an appeal to mere brute force. Heads without hands may go to the wall at first, but in the long run hands without heads will play a losing game. Knowledge is power.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

KING GEORGE IV., when Prince of Wales, was on one occasion so exceedingly urgent to have £800 to an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry he was informed that the moment the money arrived the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The prince by accident overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money, and, that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, and give some account of himself in future, saying which he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

A MILITARY ASCETIC.

SUWARROW, even while in the height of his glory, led the simple life of a soldier, and never indulged in luxury and pomp. He slept but a few hours, on a bed of hay, and in a tent during nearly all the seasons of the year. He rose at one o'clock in the morning, and ate his only meal, a plain and frugal repast, at eight. His usual dress, both in winter and summer, was a linen or cotton coat, which on the day of battle he commonly exchanged for a short jacket.

When he arrived at Vienna, at the hotel of the Russian ambassador, he immediately ordered all the superfluous furniture to be removed from the apartments fitted up for his reception. Instead

of the beds of down, a couch was prepared for him on the ground, of hay and straw, over which was a mattress; the soft silken chairs were exchanged for hard matted stools; and all the looking-glasses taken out of the room. He had an extraordinary aversion to looking-glasses, and did not make use of any during the last twenty years of his life. The Empress Catharine, knowing this peculiarity in his character, always gave him audience in a room without that article of furniture.

FEAR OVERCOME.

AN officer once avowed, with noble frankness, that he felt himself afraid when called to engage, but that this impression did not prevent him from discharging his duty with honour, and that he always experienced the highest satisfaction in anticipating the orders of his general. The same officer, being one day commanded to attack a post, exhibited considerable uneasiness as he marched to the spot. A brother officer who accompanied him, and who was a great blusterer, affected to be so much offended at his weakness that he returned to his general, and requested that some other companion might be assigned to him, who would support him in a *coup-de-main* that he was about to undertake, as his present associate would run away from the field of action, having himself acknowledged his want of courage. "Ah! my good sir," said the general "if you were no more afraid than he you would not have been here at this moment. Return instantly to your post: you are in danger of not being there in time, and it is probable that your *poltroon* will take from you the whole honour of the action." This prediction was in fact verified.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

CRILLON, whose valour was so celebrated as to acquire him the name of "The Brave," was once at Marseilles, when the Duke of Guise, being curious to put his firmness and intrepidity to the test, caused an alarm to be given in the dead of the night, and immediately afterwards, with some young officers, rushed into the chamber of Crillon, who was in a profound sleep. "The enemy is master of the port and of the town," cried the duke; "I have brought you a horse, that we may escape as quickly as possible." Crillon arose, took up his arms without emotion, and declared he would rather die sword in hand than survive the loss of the place. He hastened out of his chamber; but, hearing the duke and his companions on the staircase in fits of laughter, he presently discovered the deception. Crillon upon this assumed an air more severe and determined than if actually going to battle, and, seizing the arm of the Duke of Guise, "Young man," said he, "never trifle with a brave man's courage. If you had found me fall in the present instance you would certainly have been the victim of my dishonour."

AN AFTER-DINNER NAP.

TURENNE pressed hard upon the town of Venet. To raise the siege, it was necessary to seize upon a convoy, which, under an escort of only three squadrons, was coming to the French army at Bethune. Don Juan of Austria, general of the Spanish army, and the Marquis of Carazane, who commanded under him, slept every day after dinner, in their carriages. The convoy

appeared; but such was the rigour of ceremony with respect to persons of their rank that no one dared awake them. The Prince de Ligne, who was at the head of the cavalry, foamed with rage; but, by the regulations established in Spain, it would have cost him his head if he had dared to make an attempt without orders. The convoy reached the French camp in safety; and the generals learnt as soon as they awoke that after this it was impossible to save the place.

A NOBLE SAVAGE.

THE French in Canada once made an attack upon the Iroquois Indians, who were surprised and routed. The most distinguished among them, a venerable chief nearly a hundred years of age, was taken prisoner and abandoned to the savages, who, according to their custom, made him suffer the most exquisite tortures. The old man did not utter a groan or a sigh, but severely reproached his countrymen for submitting to be the slaves of Europeans, of whom he spoke with the utmost contempt. These invectives irritated one of the spectators, who struck him several blows with a sabre to despatch him. "You are wrong," replied the intrepid prisoner coolly, "to attempt to shorten my life, which might have allowed you more time to learn from my example how to die like a man!"

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

EDGAR HAVERING; OR, RISING FROM THE RANKS.

By one of the Contributors to the "Magnet Stories."

CHAPTER XIX. (continued.)

"THIS happy understanding with Edgar" observed Sir Jasper, "has not only restored Lionel to his family and removed a load of anxiety from my heart, but gives me now a motive for fixing my residence in London, for the sake of the other children. It only remains for me to say" (turning to Edgar) "that the compact I formed with you on leaving home, and which has been so eminently useful to you as a stimulus through life, you have nobly, chivalrously, and heroically fulfilled, and well and honourably have you earned, not only my consent to your addresses, but my lasting admiration and esteem. The dower that Ethel will bring you is of infinitely less account than her priceless love and devoted constancy. Take her from me, Edgar, and believe me sincere when I say that no action of my life has afforded me such unalloyed pleasure and happiness as this—of bestowing my daughter on one who has proved himself a man of honour, a gentleman, and an illustrious soldier." And, leading Ethel across the room, the stately baronet placed the hand of his daughter in that of her delighted lover.

"I now regret having offered Clinton Hall for sale, for, from Ethel's attachment to the place, she might like to have resided there," observed Sir Jasper as he resumed his seat.

"Can you not suspend the order?" inquired Mr. Havering

"Unfortunately I heard this morning from the agent, who says that a gentleman has engaged to purchase the lease of the hall and park, and has already paid the deposit."

"Oh! I am so sorry," murmured Ethel.

"I thought you would be, dearest," Edgar replied. "Then your agent has not informed you that the whole of the amount has been paid, and that for thirty years after quarter-day Clinton Hall is no longer your property?" Edgar asked, turning to Sir Jasper.

"Certainly not. My letter had reference to the previous day. Can this be the fact, Edgar? Are you certain?" inquired the baronet, slightly annoyed.

"Quite certain, Sir Jasper. I knew a gentleman who wanted to buy the place as a present to give his wife, and if I mistake not you will find the lease, transfer, and payments all duly certified in these papers." And, drawing a packet of legal papers and parchments from his pocket, he placed them in the hands of the astonished baronet.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Sir Jasper, after hastily glancing over the deeds, "that you have really bought Clinton Hall yourself to bestow on Ethel?"

"Of course I have. What else could have kept me so long in town? And Lionel's arrival was most opportune, as his presence saved me the necessity of informing you. But it was not quite all to please and surprise my darling here that I bought her thirty years' possession of her own home—not all to please my dear and constant Ethel." (And Edgar drew her closer to his side and pressed a kiss upon her upturned face.) "I wanted to please myself. There are two keepers' houses in the park, the old dwellers in which, I find, you have pensioned off, Sir Jasper, and into which houses I mean to instal two pensioners of my own. The larger of the two will do admirably for a retired sergeant-major of my regiment, a man to whom I owe my life on more than one occasion. His wife, in her way, is priceless, and has been as good as a mother and sister to me. They have several children, and I am godfather to the youngest, twins, who were born on the march to Ghuznee."

"Was she the person, Edgar, to whom you entrusted your captive princess?" Ethel asked, with sudden animation.

"Yes, and about as sensible a woman in a camp as I could have entrusted her to. After a time the princess grew quite fond of the mother and twins, and used to help to wash and dress them. One day I went to Brown's bungalow, and, stepping into the verandah, looked over the pattle screen to ask for the sergeant, when I saw Mrs. Brown and Zuleika seated round a bath, each with one of the twins. Zuleika's confusion and amazement at my finding her in such a position were so great that she would certainly have drowned her charge by hiding it under the water, while her large black eyes were fixed on me, if I had not directed the mother's attention to the gasping infant."

"It's all very well for you to laugh at the poor girl's fright and annoyance," cried Constance, "but what business had you there at such a time?"

"I wanted my sergeant," replied Edgar, still laughing. "Besides, the two bungalows stood

together, and I thought—if I thought at all on the matter—that Zuleika was in my bungalow."

"Was Zuleika very beautiful?" asked Ethel timidly.

"I believe so, but I am no judge of oriental beauty. Mrs. Brown can tell you much more about her than I can—describe all about her hair and her eyes, her hands and feet, for she took it into her head to be dressed in the English fashion, and Mrs. Brown was her lady's maid. As for me, I only saw her face three times—when I had the good fortune to rescue her, the time at the bath, and when, after giving her back to her father, she threw her veil aside at parting and said, 'Give this to your mother.'"

"And what was the *this* meant for me, Edgar?" inquired his mother.

"A jewel, dear mother, which I will give you when my trunks arrive."

"But you have not told us how you rescued her, Edgar," said Constance.

"Ah! that's too long a story for to-day," replied Edgar.

"And when do you expect Mrs. Brown?" inquired Ethel.

"Oh! she'll come with the baggage—that is, as soon as the cottage is ready and I send the route to the sergeant."

"And who is the second house for, my son?" asked the farmer.

"For the widow of a poor fellow we had to shoot, an old parishioner of the name of Nixon. I promised the poor fellow to look after his widow and children."

"She has been in the village for some weeks," replied his father. "And to her praises you owe much of the enthusiasm shown to you by the people to-day."

"I am glad she has arrived safely. In another week I hope to see both Brown and her comfortably established in their new homes, which I must get you, mother and Constance, to see properly furnished. And then—then, Ethel dear, we must think about finding occupants for the great house itself, especially as your father's tenancy expires in three weeks." Then, after a pause, he added, "Am I to take those downcast eyes and that heightened colour as an evidence of maiden hesitation and bashful diffidence, or as an open honest assent to my proposition? Come, Ethel, be in this, as in all things else, yourself. How shall I interpret it?" and he looked long and entreatingly into her face.

"As the willing response to any wish that emanates from him I am proud to love," she replied, lifting her head and placing her hand, with unreserved freedom, in the open palm of her manly handsome lover.

Before the expiration of Sir Jasper's nominal tenancy of Clinton Hall the event foreshadowed had taken place, and Edgar led his bride from the church to the mansion over which she was henceforth to preside as mistress. At the same altar that made Ethel a bride Harold was united to one to whom he had been long affianced, and Constance Havering was married to her tried and deserving suitor, Mr. Staunton, the worthy curate of the parish.

The Browns and Nixons were duly installed in their respective cottages, and, after the customary wedding tour, General Havering and his

wife returned to the hall, when the Indian trunks and baggage were unpacked and the family began to hear some account of those scenes of bloodshed and toil through which he had fought his way so nobly and bravely, showing by every episode that it is possible for a man whose motto is truth and duty to rise from the lowest to the highest grade in any pursuit in life.

THE END.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin," &c.

CHAPTER I.—WILD OATS.

"LIE close, lads, if it's only for warmth, for I'm blest if I'm not so cold that my back is a perfect highway of ice, and I'm frozen up to the very vitals."

"With an alarm tongue of perpetual motion, eternally going clang! clash!" laughed one of five reckless youths, who had just thrown themselves on the ground before some gorse bushes at the mouth of a rocky glen in the West Highlands of Scotland."

"We shall have Phil here in a minute, and he'll make a precious row if he finds you speaking above your breath."

"Thurs for ye there, Dan, my darlin'," exclaimed another of the party, with a rich Milesian accent. "Bedad if he'll let a fellow think when out huntin', for he swears the brute bastes can understand your thoughts, and put thim into illigant English, before ye've got hold of the tail of your own ideas."

"For all his wild tricks, Phil's a thorough good fellow; and, though he does take liberties with other gentlemen's game, it isn't because he can't pay for it, but because there's more pleasure in taking what you fancy than in paying for what you require."

"Then doesn't he share everything among his friends like a real gentleman, as he is?" And don't we have glorious nights of it afterwards!" added the Hibernian, with evident gusto.

"Ah! my boys," ejaculated the first speaker, "those glorious days, or rather nights, are coming to an end. I believe this will be the last spree we shall ever have with Phil. The club of 'Independent Freebooters' is likely to come to a general wind-up."

"But how—how? Explain, Tom."

"Why, Phil's governor has grown out of temper at his excesses, as he calls them, and is going to send him abroad to sow the remainder of his wild oats."

"Nonsense! absurd! Send away Phil?" burst in indignant unanimity from the rest of the party. "It's impossible."

"Both possible and true," replied the other speaker. "His father, horrified at the principles of our honourable fraternity, whom he designates a body of young thieves and vagabonds, has determined to send him to sea, and has picked out the most fire-eating ferocious salt-water tyrant that ever stumped the quarter-deck."

"But Phil will never submit; he won't give up his rollicking life on shore to be mowed up with

tar and bilge-water, or be tyrannised over by a drunken skipper, with his mouth full of oaths, and a cat-o'-nine-tails for a sceptre."

"Oh! yes, he will. A roving commission right over the world, with plenty of money, and lots of elbow-room for fighting, larking, or love-making, will make him as happy as a king. Phil will go."

"But how about the skipper and the cat?"

"Let them try it, that's all. The fact is, our mad pranks have made the town too hot to hold us, while Phil is over head and ears in several ugly scrapes. The truth of the matter is, he must bolt."

"Forcibly put, but not elegantly expressed. Who must bolt?" demanded a voice from behind. "Your worship was the last man in our mouths. Where have you been, Phil?" inquired the former speaker, making room between himself and companion for the tall well-built youth who had just addressed him.

"You are a nice captain, to desert your company all this time. Here's Tom so cold with waiting that his very tongue has frozen to the roof of his mouth, for he hasn't spoken for three seconds and a half."

"I wish yours had frozen as well," replied the last comer, Philip Maberly, or "Random Phil," as he had been appropriately dubbed by his companions, "for I expect to see a splendid stag in a moment, and, though the wind blowing down the glen will cover our scent, your voice may scare him. Peace! yonder he comes, by all that's gracious! Don't move a muscle; still, every man."

Carefully raising the rifle he had laid at his side when stretching himself along the heather, he inserted the muzzle between a branch of the gorse bushes, and instantly became as rigid and immovable as if converted into stone.

A tall stag, with a head of magnificent antlers, was slowly descending the throat of the glen, only from time to time turning his proud head from side to side, and opening his red nostrils as he scented the wind, or peering with a long scrutiny at some lichen-covered rock or grey boulder that lay in his path, though never for a moment pausing in his cautious descent.

The impatience of the five youths who lay so still watching the approach of the noble game was almost past endurance. Why did their companion delay? Surely the stag was within the range of his unerring rifle. In an instant he might bound aside, and then—

There was a sudden flash, followed by a faint crack, that rolled away louder and louder, echoing back from rock to rock, and the crested monarch sprang clear from the ground, gathered up its legs, then with a violent jerk plunged them out, and, falling heavily on its side, expired before the echo of the shot had ceased to reverberate among the rocks and gorges.

"Well done, Captain Phil! Just between the eyes! Beautifully marked!"

"One stag the less to my lord of Breadalbane," exclaimed another.

"We'll drink his lordship's health when we eat his venison."

"Well, lads, shall we break him up?"

"Yes, of course," replied Phil; "but I mean to play a trick with the carcass before we leave the hills."

"What do you mean?" asked several voices eagerly.

Phil's explanation followed; and, his comrades rushing forward, the stag was soon reached, broken up, and made roughly ready for Phil's practical joke.

Squeezing himself into the stomach of the animal, with his head under the breast and his legs and arms tied to the inside of its limbs, Phil was placed at the door of a shealing on the narrow path that ran along the face of the hill.

Hardly able to control their laughter, the rest of the party hastily scrambled a short way down the precipitous bank, so as to be able to overhear what took place.

Waiting till he thought his friends had got out of sight, Phil raised a stick and struck three solemn and deliberate blows on the door.

"There's Sandy come a'ready, and I hae no' primed my gun. Wha's my horn? Gang to the door, guid wife; or Marg'it, wha's she?" exclaimed a man's voice within the cottage.

"I'm here, faeher," replied a youthful female voice. "What did ye want?"

"There's Sandy, lassie, chappin at the door," returned the father.

"That was no' Sandy's knock, guid mon, and didna sound like a mortal chappin; but wait till I light the crusie," said an elderly woman, and a gleam of light was suddenly seen through the open chinks of the door.

"If that's you, Sandy," exclaimed the young woman, "lift the snack and come ben the house, for I'm deghtin my han's."

At this point Phil again raised the stick and repeated the three ominous strokes.

"The Lord save us! Whatan awsome chappin! What's that?" ejaculated the old woman, stopping half-way towards the door.

"Open the door, ye auld fule, and dinna stand there as if ye feared to see a ghaist," tried the husband.

"Elspeth seed a corp candle in the kirkyard yestreen, and I heard the death-tick—"

"Open the door, ye blatherin' auld faggit!" roared the indignant spouse.

"I'm goin', guid mon; but I'm sure Christin folk might come wi' a less awsome—what's yer weel?"

The latter portion of this sentence was spoken rather to the night than to any particular object, as, opening the door, the old woman held the lamp over her head and gazed abroad at the leaden-coloured sky.

"Dugald MacIver," cried Phil, in a hollow sepulchral voice. "I summon you for the first of March! Eight o'clock on the first of March!"

"Merciful Lord! it's the Kelpie Stag!" shrieked the terrified woman, dropping the lamp, and, with her daughter, who had heard the words and seen the dreaded sight, pouring forth a succession of piercing shrieks.

(We may here explain that, according to Highland superstition, a fairy stag, which no sportsman had ever been able to hit, was said to wander over the hills at night, and knock at the doors of those mountaineers who were to die within the year.)

For a moment, at seeing the noble head and broad antlers almost protruding into his dwelling, Dugald gazed in blank amazement. It was, however, only for a moment: at the first shriek from

the women he raised the gun to his shoulder, and whether stag or devil he heeded not, but fired straight at the animal's head.

That sound culminated the confusion. With a louder scream, both women fell to the floor, while, with a strong ejaculation, the stag's head dropped over the shoulder, and the next moment the carcass, with the living body in it, rolled over the brink, and, performing a series of rapid gyrations down the hill, drove with yells and cries the clustering friends before it, lodging at length in the icy water of the mountain river. Here Phil had a narrow escape from being drowned, embowelled and bound up as he was in a state of utter helplessness.

The shouts of Dugald for help, and the sound of rapidly-approaching feet, admonished the band of "Freebooters" in the ravine to the utmost despatch. Dragging their half-suffocated chief from the water, and cutting his bonds, the young men left their quarry in the river, and, as well as their dripping garments and chattering teeth would allow, boat a rapid retreat from the spot.

The discovery of so audacious a piece of poaching as that of killing one of the finest bucks in the earl's deer-park, with the consequences to the keeper's wife and daughter from their fright, the youths felt would make the Highlands too hot to hold them, and, late as the hour was when they reached their inn, they only waited till a conveyance could be obtained to take them to Stirling.

It was well they took such precaution, for with the morning the chase was begun in earnest, and followed up with such heat that it was only by dividing, and each going a different road, that they contrived to reach and then leave Glasgow in safety.

CHAPTER II.—A FIRE-EATING OLD SALT.

A WEEK after this escapade in the Highlands the elder Mr. Maberly waited on his friend Captain Somers, the commander of a fine East Indian clipper ship bound for Madras and Ceylon, in reference to the subject already alluded to by one of the *honourable* fraternity of "Freebooters."

"The fact is, Somers," began the father, "the boy has got associated with a set of regular young scoundrels, the sons of respectable worthy men: they steal people's knockers and door-plates, rob orchards by wholesale, poach anything worth poaching, and commit all manner of atrocities. I am perfectly weary of bailing my scapegrace out of station-houses, and freeing him from all manner of scrapes. Even now I am threatened with proceedings for a deer-stalking adventure in Scotland, on a nobleman's preserves. Indeed, if I don't send him out of the country myself I expect the government will do it for me. I have tried every means in my power to correct or tame him, and find it impossible."

"Yes, you have tried all but the right plan—the only one likely to succeed," replied his friend in a quiet sententious manner.

"Indeed, Somers? And that is—"

"What you are now about to do—send him to sea," and the captain looked with a singular expression of eye at the father.

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned Mr. Maberly, not exactly comprehending the significant look. "And when do you sail?"

"We drop down the river by the afternoon tide to-morrow."

"Good. Then I may bring him on board to-morrow evening at Gravesend?"

"Of course. We anchor there for the night. But can you get him ready in so short a time?"

"His outfit has been ready this week, and shall be sent on board before you leave the dock. Now pray, Somers, keep a strict hand over him, and don't let him have with you what has been his ruin at home—his own way."

"Leave him to me, Maberly. I'll be a father to him, and a friend also. Leave him to me," and the captain gave another significant expression to his eye.

"I do, and leave him, Somers, with the utmost confidence in your judgment and fatherly affection," replied Mr. Maberly, as he grasped his friend's hand.

"Quite right. The youth has a large amount of undeveloped energy in him, which wants vent and direction. I think your son will make a bright man yet, when he has found his proper pursuit. He may take to a seafaring life, but I don't think it. At all events, you can't do better than let him see the world and rough it. Now good bye till to-morrow."

"Then you don't lie here all night, as you proposed, Somers?" inquired Mr. Maberly of the captain, as, with his wife and daughter and Phil, he boarded the *Minerva* off Gravesend on the following day.

"No. The pilot's in charge, and I shall drop down as low as the Foreland at once. The boat will take you ashore without lying to for an hour."

"Oh! what a beautiful ship, Philip! How I should like to be going with you!" exclaimed his sister, a beautiful ladylike girl of nineteen, admiring everything she saw. "And those state-rooms, as the steward calls them, are such loves! Remember, Phil, that you have that one with the blue and gold ornaments, for it is the prettiest of them all, and will be quite close to your friend the captain, if you should ever feel ill in the night."

"Ill? Pahaw! Nonsense! Who's going to be ill?" cried the delighted Phil, as he assumed an indignant expression at the idea of anything so effeminate as sea-sickness overtaking him. Haven't I been in the Bay of Biscay in a gale of wind, and half-way to Iceland in Wyndham's yacht? Ill, indeed!"

"What's that you are saying, Mary?" asked Mrs. Maberly, suddenly turning round on her son and daughter. "Ill? Ah! yes, I never thought of that, or I would have packed up my medicine chest for poor dear Phil's use. But I must speak to the captain."

"Oh! don't bother, mother; I shan't want any physic," replied Phil petulantly. "You won't to make a great girl of me."

"Now, my dear Philip, don't be obstinate," began his mother, "but for my sake take care of your health. Avoid getting wet or cold; be sure you wear your flannels; and pray take care of your feet on these damp decks."

"Yes, yes, mother; I'll take care," was the impatient answer.

"Now, there is another thing I must make you promise me, Phil," as she took a seat on the

poop by her daughter, and, drawing Phil down by her side, gazed with motherly affection in his open handsome face, and pressed with loving tenderness the hand that returned no filial response to her mute appeal.

"Well, what is it, mother?"

"That you will promise me always to wear the cork soles I have packed up with your boots, and never never go up those horrid rope ladders."

"What, the ratlins?" he demanded.

"I don't know whether they are rat or mouse lines, or what horrid name they go by, but they make me tremble to look at them. And don't stain your nice hands with that filthy tar, that sailors will dab everywhere."

"Anything else, mother?"

"Only to take care of yourself always, and directly you feel the least thing the matter with you to go to the captain for advice. He is half a doctor, and in the long conversation I had with him when he dined with us on Monday he promised to be a father to you. He's such a nice man, Philip, and a real friend; he'll watch over you as if you were his own son. Ah! there he is, coming up the ladder from the cabin with your father. Captain Somers!" and the party, rising, advanced towards the commander.

"Take a weed, Somers. I can recommend them: I only smoke the best brand," observed Phil, opening his gold-mounted cigar-case and offering the contents for the selection of the commander.

"I never smoke at this hour, thank you," replied Somers, with a singular expression of surprise and indignation in his eyes, as he glanced at the costly case of cigars, and leered with a malicious expression at the unconscious youth.

"You are wrong, governor, decidedly. I do; but that's a matter of taste." And, coolly striking a light, he began to smoke his cigar, while the mother and daughter, each seizing an arm of the captain, began to pour in questions and make suggestions concerning the health and comfort of the darling son and brother, the hope of the family, and the youth of such wonderful promise, torn from his home and sent to face the horrors of the sea at the will of a cruel father, who could see nothing but vice in his harmless eccentricities.

"You will be sure to give him one of the best state-rooms, captain," pleaded the mother.

"The one with blue and gold; that's my choice," observed Mary. "It is next to yours, and he can call you whenever he wants assistance."

"Admirable provision, Miss Maberly," replied the captain, with a mischievous twinkle of his eyes.

"You have feather beds, of course, captain? And I am sure that you will be good enough to see that the chambermaid—"

"The what, ma'am?" cried the captain, with a look of astonishment.

"The stewardess, or person who attends to the sleeping and dressing rooms—that she is careful in airing the bed. Dear me! what is that bell ringing for?" Mrs. Maberly stopped suddenly to inquire.

"It means that the boat is ready to take you to shore, ladies," replied the commander.

"Which of the state-rooms is to be my bunk, governor, that I may stow away my togs?" asked

Phil, glancing at his half-dozen new and handsome trunks, piled in a heap on the deck.

"We'll see about that presently," replied the captain, with a bland smile.

After mother and sister had taken a tender leave of Phil, the captain handed the ladies to the gangway, and saw them deposited in the boat, Phil leaning over the bulwarks to chat with his sister and ogle some pretty girls in a steamer alongside, while the captain and old Maberly were exchanging a few parting words.

"What a kindly good-natured man that Captain Somers is! It quite reconciles me to parting with my darling boy," Mrs. Maberly said to her husband as they were rowed to shore. "He has such a winning smile, and talks so fatherly."

Her opinions might possibly have undergone some change had she observed the skipper's face and heard his gruff voice at that very moment, when the steward, approaching his commander, inquired—

"Where is Mr. Maberly, the young gentleman, to be stowed, sir?"

"Who?" roared the captain, in a sou'-westerly voice.

"The young gentleman there, winking at the girls in the steamer. Is he to have number two state-room?"

"No, you fool! Sling his hammock in fok'sell."

"Hammock, captain? There ain't no hammock or bedding among those hairy boxes," replied the astonished steward, pointing to the pile of trunks.

"You'll find a hammock and sea-chest, with slops, in my state-room; take 'em for'ard for Phil; that's his name for the future on the ship's books, and remember it. Do you hear?"

"Yes. And these here traps, sir?"

"Bundle them into the hold."

"I say, Somers, now the dear old fogies are gone, suppose we go and have a glass of wine and wish them a safe return to town," drawled Phil, taking the glass from his eye. "Come along, old buck, and you can show me which is to be my bunk."

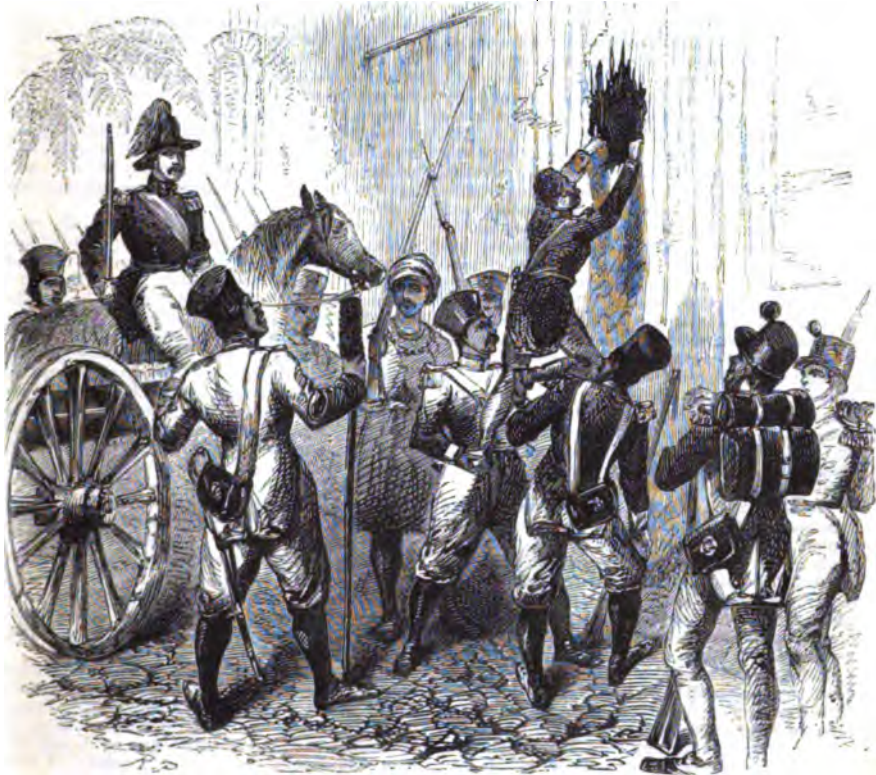
"Steward!" roared the captain, in his most stentorian voice, assuming a countenance as hard and weather-beaten as that of any North Sea pilot, "show this lubber his way to the fok'sell, and tell the boatswain's mate that if he lets such a popinjay come abaft the main-chains I'll give him a round dozen with his own cat. Aft here, you lubbers, and ease off the spanker boom." Turning to see the order he had given executed, the captain ascended the poop, while the steward, touching the astonished Phil's arm, led him passively to the dingy hole known as the forecabin, or fok'sell.

And thus, perfectly amazed at the altered manner and suddenly metamorphosed behaviour of Captain Somers, Philip Maberly shipped on board the *Minerva*, and started on that voyage which was fated to prove to him beset with the most extraordinary perils and adventures that probably ever fell to the lot of one man to encounter.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[LIEUTENANT AYRE CLIMBING THROUGH THE BREACH.]

THE STORMING OF BANGALORE.

ONE of the most gallant enterprises of the British army was the hunting down of Tippoo Sahib, or the Tiger Sultan. Unlike the chase of a literal tiger, it was not lightly undertaken for mere sport or the love of adventure: it was a struggle for life or death to a noble band of heroes, and on its issue depended the very existence of our Indian Empire.

Tippoo was miles away fighting the British when trusty messengers arrived in his camp with intelligence that Hyder Ali was no more. He immediately drew in the flying parties of his detachment and rejoined the main army at headquarters. There, buried amid spices in a treasure-

chest, lay all that was mortal of Hyder Ali, whose decease had been kept secret by plotters desirous of governing in the dead man's name; but this ingenious plan (a rather old trick) was upset by the proclamation of the new rajah.

After a few minor hostilities he made peace with the British in 1784, and war was not declared again till 1789, when he resolved to invade Travancore, a little kingdom partly encompassed by mountains, and partly divided from his own territories by a wall and a ditch. Accordingly he commenced his march, with a force of 35,000 men, to attack the weak barrier of the Travancore lines, and on the 29th of December, while a numerous body, by a feigned attack on the principal gate, occupied the attention of the

inhabitants, he, with upwards of 14,000 men, the lower of his troops, had effected his entrance at an unguarded point on the right flank. He then pushed along the interior of the rampart, to reach the nearest gate, and open it to his soldiers. For some time his progress was almost unresisted; the garrison retreated from one tower to another, though, as reinforcements arrived, they began to make a more vigorous stand.

The garrison maintained their defence particularly in a large square building that served the joint purpose of a magazine and barrack; and here Tippoo, seeing his first division considerably diminished by successive contests, ordered it to be strengthened by a fresh corps. As these troops were advancing in some disorder a party of twenty Travancoreans, from under a close cover, opened a brisk fire on their flanks. The commanding officer fell, upon which the whole body was thrown into irretrievable confusion. The mass of fugitives drove before them a detachment which was advancing to their support, and who again impelled those behind. Many of the men, thrown down, were trampled to death, and the ditch was filled with heaps of bodies. Tippoo himself was borne along by the torrent, and some servants with difficulty conveyed him over the ditch, after he had twice fallen, and suffered such contusions as occasioned a lameness from which he never entirely recovered. His palanquin, the bearers of which had been killed in the crowd, was left behind; and his seals, rings, and other ornaments fell into the hands of the enemy. He hastened forward, partly on foot and partly in a small carriage, and arrived at his camp in the most miserable plight, after losing 2000 of his men!

We shall not attempt to describe the rage and humiliation of Tippoo at seeing his fine army thus completely repulsed by a despised enemy; but he made a vow that he would not leave the encampment till he had retrieved and avenged the disaster. At length, his arrangements being completed, about the beginning of April, 1790, he opened regular batteries against this contemptible wall, and soon made a breach nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent. The troops of Travancore, thus exposed in the open field, fled with little resistance, and he soon saw the whole country lying defenceless before him.

This attack set in motion a British army of 15,000 men under the governor of Madras, General Meadows, who captured a few of Tippoo's fortresses in the low country, but, letting slip his wily foe, left him at liberty to burn and slay at almost every point of Southern India.

Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General, therefore, determined to resume his original design of directing the war in person; and, having arrived at Madras on the 29th of January, 1791, he took the command. On the 6th of February Cornwallis began his march, and on the 11th passed through Vellore towards Ambor, as if he meant to ascend the mountains by some one of the passes directly opposite to Madras. Tippoo, meantime, was lingering near Pondicherry, in hopes of persuading the French to reinforce him with 6000 troops. He trusted, too, that with his light cavalry he might reach the passes towards which the English were advancing in time to place himself in their front. Cornwallis, however, suddenly wheeled to the right; and, by a

circuitous march of four days, attained the pass of Mooglee, where he found no preparation on the part of the enemy to dispute his passage. In a similar period he entered without resistance the table land of Mysore, and was now in the heart of Tippoo's country.

Tippoo, taken completely by surprise, hastened to the defence of his dominions, but lost much valuable time in superintending personally the removal of his harem from Bangalore; and, though he made several attempts to harass the British, he scarcely opposed an obstacle to their taking ground before that stronghold, which they did on the 6th of March. The fortress was too extensive to be invested; operations were therefore carried on solely by breach and battery; the garrison received all the reinforcements and supplies of which they stood in need, while Tippoo, with the whole of his brave and active army, well skilled in desultory warfare, hovered round, making continual efforts to support the besieged and to annoy their outposts.

But, in spite of all Tippoo's efforts, the only serious disaster which the British experienced was occasioned by the too forward valour of Colonel Floyd, when despatched with the cavalry to cover a reconnaissance. Being about to retire, he saw the enemy's rear in a position exposed to an advantageous attack, and could not resist the temptation. He pushed on, and, though soon entangled in broken and irregular ground, drove successive detachments before him, when suddenly a musket-ball entered his cheek, passed through both jaws, and he fell down, apparently dead. The second in command being on the extreme left, there was no one to give orders or encourage the troops at this critical moment. They began a retreat, which, as the different corps of the enemy rallied, and a cross-fire was opened from the fort, was soon changed into a confused flight. The overthrow might have been very serious, had not Colonel Gowdie come up with a body of infantry, and checked the advance of the pursuers. The loss of the British in men was only seventy-one, but the destruction of nearly 300 horses was very severely felt.

Another enterprise which proved somewhat hazardous was the carrying of the town, or pettah, of Bangalore, a place of very considerable extent and importance. It was surrounded with an indifferent wall, but the ditch was good, and the gate was covered by a "bound hedge" or very close thicket of bamboos, aloes, and prickly pear, which forms an impenetrable barrier—at least to cavalry. The attack, also, was made without any due knowledge of the ground; and the storming party, when advancing and endeavouring to force an entrance, was exposed to a destructive fire from turrets lined with musketry. The field-artillery and six battery-guns being placed under Colonel Moorhouse (a highly distinguished officer who had risen from the ranks), the first barrier was gallantly carried, and it was expected that the application of a field-piece would soon force the gate. This being found ineffectual, some 18-pounders were brought up, which slowly performed the desired work. The shattered fragments of the gate were torn away after each discharge; and an opening, though a small one, being at length made, Lieutenant Ayre, of the 86th Regiment, being of very diminutive size and stature, was raised on the shoulders of some

grenadiers, and passed through. General Meadows, who preserved an inspiring gaiety in the midst of battle, called out, "Well done! Now, whiskers, try if you can follow and support the little gentleman!"

On this animating call the troops, with a hearty cheer, dashed into the town, of which they were speedily masters, though its great extent rendered the occupation difficult. Tippoo likewise threw in a strong corps, which renewed the contest and opened a heavy fire with small arms; but when the English betook themselves to the bayonet, they drove the enemy with irresistible fury through the streets and lanes, and soon compelled them to seek refuge in the fort, with a loss of 2000 in killed and wounded. The loss of the English amounted to 131, and among the killed was Colonel Moorhouse, who fell at the gate.

The capture of the pettah was followed by preparations for obtaining possession of the fort. Batteries were erected, a breach made, and though it was not in a position for being stormed, yet, on considering the active movements made by Tippoo, it was determined to make the attempt on the night of the 20th of March. It was bright moonlight; eleven was the hour named, and a whisper along the ranks of the storming party was the signal appointed for advancing in profound silence. The ladders were planted, and a few men had even reached the rampart before the alarm extended through the garrison; but the resistance offered to the assailants, though late, was powerful. The killadar, Bahander Khan, a distinguished soldier, in whom the pressure of seventy years had not quenched the fire of military ardour, was in a moment at the head of his men, and fought with the utmost bravery. But his courage was unavailing; the assailants, charging with the bayonet, soon established themselves on the top of the walls; then, spreading to the right and left, columns descended into the body of the place, and in an hour they were masters of Bangalore. Tippoo had received the intelligence, and was marching with his whole force to save the place, when crowds of fugitives announced to him the disastrous event, and he remained sunk in silence and stupor for the whole of the night.

The loss on the part of the garrison was severe; more than 1000 of the bodies of their fallen enemies were committed to the grave by the victors. Among the slain was the brave killadar, who, having in vain endeavoured to collect a party to make one more stand, had fallen sword in hand, without a single supporter near him. By the English authorities all the respect that could be shown to the dead was manifested; and the body of the veteran soldier was attended to its final resting-place by the most distinguished members of the Mussulman part of the British army.

After this triumph Lord Cornwallis was still in extreme distress for provisions, and especially forage. Before making his grand movement upon Seringapatam he advanced from Bangalore on the 22nd of March, and proceeded northward, in hopes of obtaining supplies, and of being joined by 10,000 horse which the Nizam of the Deccan had promised. After a long march the expected contingent made its appearance; but a woful disappointment was felt at the very aspect of such grotesque auxiliaries. They were rated

at 15,000, says Colonel Wilks, and really amounted to 10,000 men, well mounted on horses in excellent condition; and, to those who had never before had an opportunity of observing an Indian army, their first appearance was novel and interesting. It is probable that no national or private collection of ancient arms in Europe contains any weapon, or article of personal equipment, which might not be traced in this motley crowd: the Parthian bow and arrow, the iron club of Scythia, sabres of every age and nation, lances of every length and description, and matchlocks of every form; metallic helmets of every pattern, simple defences of the head, a steel bar descending diagonally as a protection to the face, defences of bars, chains, or scale-work, descending behind or on the shoulders, cuirasses, suits of armour, or detached pieces for the arm, complete coats of mail in chain-work, shields, bucklers, and quilted jackets, sabre-proof. The ostentatious display of these antique novelties was equally curious in its way: the free and equal use of two sword-arms, the precise and perfect command of a balanced spear eighteen feet long, of the club which was to shiver an iron helmet, of the arrow discharged in flight; but, above all, the total absence of every symptom of order, or obedience, or command, excepting groups collecting round their respective flags; every individual an independent warrior, self-impelled, affecting to be the champion whose single arm was to achieve victory; scampering among each other in wild confusion; the whole exhibition resembling the fictions of an Eastern tale.

Two thousand of the most select were attached to the reserve, and placed under the immediate management of Brigade Major Dallas, in the hope that his skill might render them efficient. Fifteen days were sufficient to show the total disappointment of the most meagre hopes. The enemy practised upon them on every successive day some enterprise or stratagem, always successful. They soon showed themselves unequal to the protection of their own foragers on ordinary occasions, and after the lapse of a few days they never stirred beyond the English pickets.

Lord Cornwallis, though he had been so completely disappointed in his allies, was yet anxiously desirous to bring the war to a termination, which could be effected only by advancing upon Seringapatam. To make the best use of the limited means of transport possessed by the British army, all superfluous equipage was to be left in Bangalore; cannon-balls were carried even by women and children, and thus, almost without any regular equipment, the Anglo-Indian army was enabled to march upon the enemy's capital.

On the 4th of May the troops were put in motion, and advanced from Bangalore by a circuitous route, interrupted by jungles, rivers, and ravines. Numbers died from exhaustion, and large quantities of stores were destroyed because they could not be carried forward. With the usual policy of Hyder Ali and his son, the country traversed by the invaders had been divested of all power of affording relief to their necessities. Conflagration had done its work, the grain not burnt had been buried, and not an inhabitant remained through the expanded waste to guide the steps of those who now traversed its blighted fields. At length, at a stone fort called Malavelly, some grain was found; but when, on the 13th of May,

the army reached Arikers, about nine miles east of Seringapatam, it was nearly starving.

Tippoo now became alarmed for the safety of his capital. Under the first impulse of fear, he had ordered the removal to Chittledroog of his treasure, his harem, and the families of his officers, whom he retained in pledge for the fidelity of those to whom they belonged; but by the advice of his mother, who exercised a powerful influence over him, he abandoned his intention. But, though Tippoo allowed himself to be dissuaded from one manifestation of fear, he gave way to others, which distinctly showed the state of his mind. His hatred of the English had been gratified by causing the walls of the houses in the principal streets to be decorated with caricatures of the people whom he abhorred, of enormous size, and, in some instances, of disgusting character. These were now by royal command obliterated, and the walls of Seringapatam no longer spoke Tippoo's contempt and aversion for his European enemies.

The capital of Mysore, however, contained other proofs of Tippoo's feelings towards the English; and these also were to disappear. The enfranchisement of prisoners under the treaty of 1784 had even at this time not been perfectly carried out; and among the victims of his perfidy were twenty English youths, who, having received the same kind of education which is given to the dancing girls of the East, were destined to delight the ear and eye of their enslaver by the graces of song and gesture. To relieve himself from the inconvenience to be apprehended from these witnesses to his treachery, the youths were murdered, and the course of crime was followed up by the secret murder of other prisoners, who, like them, had been unlawfully detained.

Such were the results of the alarm produced by the fall of Bangalore, and the anticipation of an attack upon Seringapatam. Hitherto Tippoo had confined himself to a desultory warfare, endeavouring to cut off the British by detachments, in the manner which during the last contest had been so successful. But in his campaign with Lord Cornwallis he had been unable to achieve any exploit of this description; and now the danger of his capital, and, it is said, the reproaches of his wives, urged him to hazard a general action rather than allow it to be formally invested. He accordingly drew up his army with great judgment, so as to cover his capital, its right protected by the river Cauvery, and its left by a chain of hills, with a deep swampy ravine, the passage of which was defended by batteries running along the whole of the front.

Lord Cornwallis resolved to attempt, by a night march, to turn the enemy's left flank, and, by gaining his rear before daylight, cut off the retreat of his main body to the capital. To effect this object, six European regiments, twelve battalions of native infantry, with three field-pieces, one European and three native regiments of cavalry, were ordered to be in readiness to march at eleven o'clock on the night of the 13th of May, leaving their pickets and camp guards behind, and their tents standing. The Nizam's cavalry were to follow in the morning; but the order was not to be communicated till the moment of moving, lest the plan should be frustrated by treachery.

The ground occupied by the Anglo-Indian army was intersected by ruined villages, inclosures, and deep ravines; and from this cause

much time was lost in forming the troops in the prescribed order of march. Before they moved a terrific storm arose, and the march was performed under a deluge of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful character. Exhausted by fatigue, scared by the lightning, and benumbed by the chilling effects of the rain, the cattle could scarcely be made to move; and, the night, except when temporarily irradiated by the vivid flashes, being impenetrably dark, several regiments lost their way, and portions of the British force were moving in almost every variety of direction. Repeated halts thus became necessary; and on one of these occasions Lord Cornwallis found himself with no more than one company and one gun. A staff-officer who made the discovery that the general had thus out-marched the greater part of his force, or had become in some other way separated from them, attempted to find the column by tracing, with the aid of the lightning, the marks of the gun-carriage wheels; but the tracks, though so recently made, had been completely obliterated by the unceasing torrent of rain, and he narrowly escaped riding into the enemy's encampments.

The dawn of day removed one of the difficulties which had retarded the progress of the British force; but it destroyed the hope of executing the original plan, which required the cover of night; still, as the most arduous part of the march had been accomplished, Lord Cornwallis determined to force Tippoo to action on ground believed to be less advantageous to him than that which he had chosen. Tippoo was so far from declining the challenge that, on perceiving the English about to gain possession of a hill which commanded the left of his army, he seized upon it himself, with a considerable body of cavalry and infantry and eight guns; he then very promptly changed his front to the left, covering one flank by a steep hill previously in his rear, and the other by a ravine which had run along his former front.

From the nature of the ground, the weak state of the cattle, and the annoyances of the enemy's horse, the passage of the British infantry to the same side of the ravine with the enemy was slow; it was, however, at length accomplished, and the requisite disposition made for action. Opposite to the enemy's main body nine battalions were posted in a first line, under General Meadows and Colonel Stuart, and four in a second line under Colonel Harris; while five battalions, under Colonel Maxwell, were destined for an attack upon the enemy's corps on the hill; and with this last the action commenced.

On the approach of Colonel Maxwell the enemy's eight guns were drawn off, but the infantry kept their ground, and maintained a heavy though ill-directed fire of musketry. Colonel Maxwell had no guns, but he advanced with a rapidity and impetuosity which speedily broke the line of the enemy's infantry, and even overtook some of the guns on the opposite descent of the hill. The infantry made a struggle to defend them, but in vain; the possession of the guns followed the possession of the hill. The rapid success of Colonel Maxwell on the hill was a signal for the advance of the two lines below against the main body of the enemy, and the battle now became general along the entire front. It was of long continuance, and maintained with great obstinacy. The English, unable to employ

their own artillery with any effect, suffered considerably from that of the enemy, and were also seriously annoyed by numerous flights of rockets furnished from the arsenal. Yet, on coming to close combat, they carried, by successive charges, one point after another, till the whole of Tippoo's army was obliged to seek shelter under the fortifications of the city.

At the expense of five hundred men, killed and wounded, Lord Cornwallis had gained the honour of the day; but the Anglo-Indian army was now suffering from all those evils which, in a campaign, are often more fatal than the sword, while its means of conveyance were so deficient that the men were compelled, in view of the enemy, to drag the baggage, and even the heavy cannon, as if they were beasts of burden. In short, after several marches and countermarches the British commander found himself under the painful necessity, not only of destroying the whole of his battering-train and heavy equipments, of immediately retreating himself, but also of stopping the progress of another expedition that was advancing to his support.

But, though Cornwallis paused, it was only the breathing-time of a vigilant commander. To resume our simile, he was hunting the tiger and had brought him to bay; but, before rushing in for the final assault, he waited while his brigadiers captured the mountain fortresses that frowned upon him at all sides. How they accomplished the daring task we will strive to show in the next chapter of our narrative.

THE OUTLAW'S REFUGE.

GENERAL GILLY (like Marshal Ney) was one of the French officers who sided with Bonaparte when, escaping from Elba, he a second time declared himself emperor. When the victory of Waterloo again placed Louis XVIII. on the throne, he issued a list of persons who were to be arrested and brought to trial, and among these was General Gilly. Born in the department of the Gard, he, though himself a Catholic, was so well acquainted with the philanthropic sentiments of the Protestants of these parts that, when persecuted and a price set upon his head, he felt no hesitation to seek an asylum with one of them. A peasant at Toberargue, in the canton of Anduze, named Perrier, who subsisted entirely by daily labour, received him into his cottage. No one inquired the name of the fugitive, the events of the times having accustomed these people to the sight of persons suffering persecution and needing protection. It was agreed that the general should disguise himself, and assume the character of Perrier's cousin.

In this manner he passed several months at Toberargue, not without anxiety indeed, since the armed patrols appeared frequently and unexpectedly, and strictly searched the houses, especially of the Protestants. In such cases Gilly slipped away, often in the middle of the night, perhaps only half dressed, and hid himself in the fields or woods till the unwelcome visitors had withdrawn.

The general felt most severely the unpleasantness of his situation, of which he occasionally complained bitterly. "You have little reason to

complain," observed Perrier, to comfort his guest, "in comparison with the poor people on whose heads I have heard a price set by the public crier, as on any other marketable commodity: you may think yourself fortunate. Two thousand four hundred francs are offered for Parson Brière's, 2400 for that of the late Mayor of Brasso, 10,000 for General Gilly's." "What?" cried the astonished general. "Yes, 10,000," repeated Perrier.

The feelings of the fugitive may be better conceived than described. He strove to suppress them; and, lest he should betray himself to his honest host, of whom he entertained a slight mistrust, he seemed to consider for some time. He then addressed him in these words: "I am tired of this kind of life, and am determined to put an end to it. Hark you, my friend: you are poor, and can have no objection to earn money. I know General Gilly, and the place where he is concealed. We will denounce him—I demand my liberty for my reward, and you shall have the 10,000 francs."

At these words old Perrier was petrified: he was unable to reply. His son, a young man of twenty-seven, who had served in the 47th Regiment of the line, and who had sat by the fire without taking any part in the conversation, now sprang up, advanced close to the general, and in a menacing tone, "Sir," said he, "we have hitherto taken you for an honourable man; but if you are one of those execrable informers who plunge their fellow-creatures into destruction, there is the door; hasten away by it, or by Heaven I will throw you out of the window!" Gilly hesitated to go, and attempted to explain himself, but to no purpose. The soldier seized him; and, to avoid the impending danger, he exclaimed, "Know, then, that I am General Gilly, for whose head the 10,000 francs are offered!"

The tumult of joy that now pervaded the humble family baffles description. Father, mother, children thronged around him, caressed him, and kissed his clothes: they implored him to remain with them, and promised to sacrifice their lives in his defence. The general actually stayed with them a considerable time longer, and when he quitted them he could not prevail upon them to accept any remuneration for their hospitality—their fidelity it was impossible to repay. It was not till long subsequent to this event that he was allowed to make a substantial expression of his grateful feelings for the disinterested services of this worthy family.

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON.

In approaching the life of Nelson we feel a reverence that should confine us to the fewest words and simplest language in describing his grand career. We feel it by the force of contrast, for, as we look upon municipal compliments, and all that sort of thing, as degrading to the person who receives them, so we think that Nelson, of all men, should be spared the alime and paint often used in biography. We will, therefore, proceed with a modest narrative, and let his actions speak for themselves.

Horatio, fourth son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born on the 29th of September, 1758,

in the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling: her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight out of eleven children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. This promise was fulfilled when, upon the lad's own request, Captain Suckling procured his appointment as midshipman on board the *Raisonnable* (64), of which ship he himself had just taken the command. This occurred in the year 1770. The *Raisonnable* was commissioned on account of a dispute respecting the Falkland Isles; but, the difference between England and the court of Spain being soon after adjusted, she was paid off, and young Nelson, by the advice of his father, sailed in a merchant ship to the West Indies.

He returned a practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying then common among the sailors—"Aft the most honour, forward the better man." Rathbone, his captain, had probably been disappointed in the navy, and, with no unfriendly intentions, warned Nelson against a profession which he himself had found hopeless. On his return his uncle received him on board the *Triumph*, to which he had been transferred, and, discovering his dislike to the navy, took the best means of reconciling him to it by encouragement and confidence.

Nelson had not been many months on board the *Triumph* when his love of enterprise was excited by hearing that two ships, the *Racehorse* and *Corcuse* (bombs), were fitting out for a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole. In consequence of the difficulties which were expected on such a service these vessels were to take out effective men instead of the usual number of boys. This, however, did not deter him from soliciting to be received; and, by his uncle's interest, he was admitted as coxswain under Captain Lutwidge, second in command.

They sailed from the Nore on the 4th of June, and on the 28th made Spitzbergen. Beset with fields and floes of ice, they remained in those inhospitable seas till the 10th of August, without being able to penetrate further north than lat. 81, an impenetrable wall of ice having accumulated to the distance of twenty degrees without an opening. On the 30th of the preceding month (July) the ships were so surrounded that they had not room to turn. The ice, which the day before had been flat and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the mainyard by the pieces squeezing together. A day of thick fog followed; it was succeeded by clear weather; but the passage by which the ships had entered from the westward was closed, and no open water was in sight, either in that or any other quarter. By the pilots' advice the men were set to cut a passage and warp through the small openings to the westward. They sawed through pieces of ice twelve feet thick; and this labour continued the whole day, during which their utmost efforts did not move the ships above 300 yards, while they were driven, together with the ice, far to the north-east and east by the current.

In the nation they remained five

days, during which the boats were hoisted out and hauled over the ice, with a view to reach the open sea, should the ships continue to be frozen up. At length, and when much labour had been fruitlessly expended, a change of wind broke up the ice, and enabled the ships to get clear of it.

The ships were paid off shortly after their return to England; and Nelson was then placed by his uncle with Captain Farmer, in the *Seahorse*, of twenty guns, then going out to the East Indies in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. His good conduct attracted the attention of the master (afterwards Captain Surridge), in whose watch he was, and, upon his recommendation, the captain rated him as midshipman. At this time his countenance was florid, and his appearance rather stout and athletic; but when he had been about eighteen months in India he felt the effects of its climate. The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a skeleton, the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost, and the only hope that remained was from a voyage home. Accordingly, he was brought home by Captain Pigot, in the *Dolphin*; and had it not been for the attentive and careful kindness of that officer on the way, Nelson would never have lived to reach his native shores.

During his absence Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy. Nelson's health had materially improved upon the voyage, and as soon as the *Dolphin* was paid off he was appointed acting lieutenant in the *Worcester* (64), Captain Mark Robinson, then going out with convoy to Gibraltar. Soon after his return, on the 8th of April, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenantcy. The next day Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica. American and French privateers under American colours were at that time harassing our trade in the West Indies.

Even a frigate was not sufficiently active for Nelson, and he repeatedly got appointed to the command of one of the *Lowestoffe's* tenders. During one of their cruises the *Lowestoffe* captured an American letter-of-marque. It was blowing a gale, and a heavy sea running. The first lieutenant, being ordered to board the prize, went below to put on his hanger. It happened to be mislaid, and while he was seeking it Captain Locker came on deck. Perceiving the boat still alongside, and in danger every moment of being swamped, and being extremely anxious that the privateer should be instantly taken in charge, because he feared that it would otherwise founder, he exclaimed, "Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?" Nelson did not offer himself immediately, waiting, with his usual sense of propriety, for the first lieutenant's return; but, hearing the master volunteer, he jumped into the boat, saying, "It is my turn now; and if I come back it is yours." The American, who had carried a heavy press of sail in the hope of escaping, was so completely waterlogged that the *Lowestoffe's* boat went in on deck and out again with the sea.

About this time Nelson lost his uncle. Captain Locker, however, who had perceived the excellent qualities of Nelson, and formed a friendship for him, recommended him warmly to Sir Peter Parker, then commander-in-chief upon that

station. In consequence he was removed into the *Bristol*, flagship. He soon became first lieutenant, and, on the 8th of December, 1778, was appointed commander of the *Badger* brig. In this vessel he was sent to cruise in the bay of Honduras for the protection of our traders. On the 11th of June, 1779, he was made post into the *Hinchinbrook*, of twenty-eight guns.

Nelson's promotion had been almost as rapid as it could be; but no opportunity of distinguishing himself had yet occurred. He was thoroughly master of his profession, however, and his zeal and ability were acknowledged wherever he was known. Count d'Estaing, with a fleet of 125 sail, men-of-war and transports, and a reputed force of 25,000 men, threatened Jamaica from St. Domingo. Nelson offered his services and was appointed to command the batteries of Fort Charles, at Port Royal. Not more than 7000 men could be mustered for the defence of the island—a number wholly inadequate to resist the force which threatened them. D'Estaing, however, was either not aware of his own superiority or not equal to the command with which he was entrusted: he attempted nothing with this formidable armament, and General Dalling was thus left to execute a project which he had formed against the Spanish settlement on the St. Juan, in order to cut off the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions in America.

Early in the year 1780 five hundred men, destined for this service, were conveyed by Nelson from Port Royal to Cape Gracias a Dios, in Honduras. The troops were encamped on a swampy and unwholesome plain, where they were joined by a party of the 79th Regiment, from Black River, who were already in a deplorable state of sickness. Having remained there a month, they proceeded along the Mosquito shore to collect their Indian allies. They reached the river San Juan March 24th; and here, according to his orders, Nelson's services were to terminate. But not a man in the expedition had ever been up the river, or knew the distance of any fortification from its mouth, and he therefore resolved to carry the soldiers up. About 200 were embarked in the Mosquito shore craft and two of the *Hinchinbrook's* boats, and they began their voyage. Indians were sent forward through narrow channels between shoals and sandbanks, and the men were frequently obliged to quit the boats and exert their utmost strength to drag or thrust them along in the violent heat of the sun, rendered more intense by being reflected from the white shoals, while the high woods on both sides of the river frequently prevented the circulation of air. During the night heavy and unwholesome dews fell.

On the 9th of April they reached an island in the river called St. Bartolomeo, fortified with a small semicircular battery, mounting nine or ten swivels, and manned with sixteen or eighteen men. Nelson, at the head of a few of his seamen, leaped upon the beach. The ground was so muddy that he had some difficulty in extricating himself, and lost his shoes: barefooted, however, he advanced, and, in his own phrase, *boarded the battery*.

The castle of St. Juan is situated about sixteen miles higher up; the stores and ammunition, however, were landed a few miles below the

castle, and the men had to march through woods almost impassable. One of the men was bitten and killed by a snake, which darted upon him from the bough of a tree. Nelson himself narrowly escaped a similar fate: he had ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees, being excessively fatigued, and was sleeping, when a monitory lizard passed across his face. The Indians happily observed the reptile, and, knowing what it indicated, awoke him. He started up and found one of the deadliest serpents of the country coiled up at his feet.

The castle of St. Juan is thirty-two miles below the lake of Nicaragua. The English appeared before it on the 11th, two days after they had taken St. Bartolomeo. Nelson's advice was that it should instantly be carried by assault; but Nelson was not the commander, and it was thought proper to observe all the formalities of a siege. Ten days were wasted before this could be commenced: the rains set in, and could the garrison have held out a little longer disease would have rid them of their invaders. The place surrendered on the 24th, but victory procured to the conquerors none of that relief which had been expected. The castle was worse than a prison; the huts which served for hospitals were surrounded with filth and with the putrefying hides of slaughtered cattle; and when, at last, orders were given to erect a convenient hospital the contagion had become so general that there were none who could work at it. At length even the task of burying the dead was more than the living could perform.

Five months the English persisted in what may be called this war against nature; they then retired. The *Hinchinbrook's* complement consisted of 200 men; eighty-seven took to their beds in one night, and of the whole crew not more than ten survived. Nelson himself was saved by a timely removal. He returned to Bath so helpless that he was carried to and from his bed. In three months, however, he recovered, and, hastening to London, applied for employment.

After an interval of about four months he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, of twenty-eight guns; and, as if to try what extremes of temperature he could endure, he was sent in this vessel to the North Sea, and kept there the whole winter. During this voyage, however, he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast and its soundings, greatly to the advantage of his country in after times.

Upon his return from the north Nelson was ordered to Quebec, and accordingly sailed for Canada. The *Albemarle* had a narrow escape upon this cruise. Four French sail of the line and a frigate, which had come out of Boston harbour, gave chase to her; and Nelson, perceiving that they beat him in sailing, boldly ran among the numerous shoals of St. George's bank, confiding in his own skill in pilotage. The frigate alone continued warily to pursue him; but as soon as he perceived that this enemy was unsupported he shortened sail and hove to, upon which the Frenchman thought it advisable to give over the pursuit and sail in quest of his consorts. Nelson was thus deprived of the only fair opportunity he enjoyed during the whole American war of distinguishing himself against the enemy. Peace concluded, he returned to England, was paid off, and immediately set out for France,

as much for the re-establishment of his health as for recreation.

He remained in France till the spring of 1784, a period of nine or ten months, when he returned to England, and was appointed to the *Boreas* frigate (28), ordered to cruise off the Leeward Islands on the peace establishment. On this station he served till the month of June, 1787, when, the customary term of service being expired, he returned home. In March preceding he had married Mrs. Nesbit, a widow of fortune. Prince William Henry, who was then captain of the *Pegasus*, on that station, gave away the bride.

From this period till the outbreak of the war of the French Revolution Nelson lived in retirement at the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe. In 1793 hostilities were declared, and immediately after he was appointed to the *Agamemnon* (64). He sailed to the Mediterranean and joined the fleet of Lord Hood, under whom the future admiral served at Toulon, and afterwards at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, in the island of Corsica, with great distinction. At the latter affair he had the misfortune to lose the sight of his right eye, a particle of sand being driven into it by a grounded cannon-ball. He was present, also, at the actions between the French and English fleets in the months of March and July, 1795; in the former action the *Ca Ira* (84) and the *Censeur* (74) both struck to him, after a long and bloody contest. It would be impossible, however, in a limited work like the present to give even a brief recapitulation of the details of all the exploits in which this great man was engaged. We must be content to pass over his services on the coast of Italy, whither he was despatched with a small squadron—simply mentioning that, among other achievements, he cut out nine ships of war belonging to the French in the bays of Alfasio and Languilla.

When it became necessary to evacuate Corsica Captain Nelson was employed on the service of embarking the troops, which he accomplished with the skill which great men display as well on small occasions as on great. Shortly after he was ordered to hoist his broad pennant on board the *Minerve* frigate, Captain George Cockburn, and, with the *Blanche* under his command, proceeded to Porto Ferrajo, and superintended the evacuation of that place also. On his way he fell in with two Spanish frigates, the *Sabina* and the *Ceres*. The *Minerve* engaged the former, which was commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of the Duke of Berwick. After an action of three hours, during which the Spaniards lost 164 men, the *Sabina* struck. The Spanish captain, who was the only surviving officer, had hardly been conveyed on board the *Minerve* when another enemy's frigate came up, compelled her to cast off the prize, and brought her a second time to action. After half an hour's trial of strength this new antagonist wore and hauled off; but a Spanish squadron of two ships of the line and two frigates came in sight. The *Blanche*, from which the *Ceres* had got off, was far to windward, and the *Minerve* escaped only by the anxiety of the enemy to recover their own ship. As soon as Nelson reached Porto Ferrajo he sent his prisoner, with a flag of truce, to Carthage, having returned him his sword in honour of the gallantry which he had displayed.

Nelson's mind had long been irritated and de-

pressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he could join the fleet. At length he sailed from Porto Ferrajo with a convoy for Gibraltar, and, having reached that place, proceeded to the westward in search of the admiral. Off the mouth of the Straits he fell in with the Spanish fleet, and on the 14th there ensued the famous battle of St. Vincent (see page 115). As soon as the action was discontinued Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis received him on the quarter-deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him. For this victory Nelson, who before the action was known in England had been advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, had the Order of the Bath given him.

Sir Horatio, who had now hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, was sent to bring away the troops from Porto Ferrajo: having performed this, he shifted his flag to the *Theeues*. While in this ship he was employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service the most perilous action occurred in which he was ever engaged. Making a night attack upon the Spanish gunboats, his barge was attacked by an armed launch, under their commander, Don Miguel Tregoyen, carrying twenty-six men. Nelson had with him only ten of his bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and his coxswain, John Sykes, an old and faithful follower, who twice saved the life of his admiral by parrying the blows that were aimed at him, and at last actually interposed his own head to receive the blow of a Spanish sabre, which he could not by any other means avert: thus dearly was Nelson beloved. This was a desperate service—hand to hand with swords; and Nelson always considered that his personal courage was more conspicuous on this occasion than on any other during his whole life. Notwithstanding the great disproportion of numbers, eighteen of the enemy were killed, all the rest wounded, and the launch taken.

Twelve days after this *rencontre* Nelson sailed at the head of an expedition against Tenerife. Four ships of the line, three frigates, and the *Fox* cutter formed the squadron, and he was allowed to choose such ships and officers as he thought proper. No troops were embarked, the seamen and marines of the squadron being thought sufficient. By midnight the three frigates approached within three miles of the place; but, owing to a strong gale of wind in the offing and a strong current against them in shore, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing-place before daybreak; and then they were seen, and their intention discovered. Troubridge and Bowen, with Captain Oldfield, of the marines, went upon this to consult with the admiral what was to be done; and it was resolved that they should attempt to get possession of the heights above the fort. The frigates accordingly landed their men; and Nelson stood in with the line-of-battle ships, meaning to battle the fort, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison. A calm and contrary current hindered him from getting within a league of the shore; and the heights were by this time so secured, and manned with such a force, as to be judged impracticable. Thus foiled in his plans by circumstances of wind and tide, he still considered it a point of honour that some attempt should be made.



This was on the 22nd of July: he re-embarked his men that night, got the ships on the 24th to anchor about two miles north of the town, and made show as if he intended to attack the heights. At six in the evening signal was made for the boats to prepare to proceed on the service as previously ordered.

At eleven o'clock the boats, containing between 600 and 700 men, with 180 on board the *Fox* cutter, and from seventy to eighty in a boat which had been taken the day before, proceeded in six divisions towards the town, conducted by all the captains of the squadron except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with Nelson to regulate and lead the way to the attack. They were to land on the mole, and thence hasten, as fast as possible, into the great square, then form, and proceed as should be found expedient. They were not discovered till about half-past one o'clock, when, being within half gun-shot of the landing-place, Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzzah, and push for the shore. But the Spaniards were well prepared; the alarm-bells answered the huzzah, and a fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other, opened upon the invaders. Nothing, however, could check the intrepidity with which they advanced. The night was exceedingly dark, most of the boats missed the mole, and went on shore through a raging surf, which stove all to the left of it. The admiral, Freemantle, Thompson, Bowen, and four or five other boats, found the mole; they stormed it instantly, and carried it, though it was defended, as they imagined, by four or five hundred men. Its guns, which were 26-pounders, were spiked; but such a heavy fire of musketry and grape was kept up from the citadel and the

houses at the head of the mole that the assailants could not advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

In the act of stepping out of the boat Nelson received a shot through the right elbow, and fell. Nisbet, who was close to him, examined the wound, and, taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them round tight above the lacerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind in his son-in-law, Nelson must have perished. One of his bargemen, by name Lovel, tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling with them for the broken limb. They then collected five other seamen, by whose assistance they succeeded, at length, in getting the boat afloat, for it had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet took one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to go close under the guns of the battery, that they might be safe from its tremendous fire. In a few minutes a general shriek was heard from the crew of the *Fox*, which had received a shot under water, and went down. Ninety-seven men were lost in her; eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion greatly increased the pain and danger of his wound. His boat's crew pushed on for the *Theseus*. When they came alongside he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more from the *Fox*.

Freemantle had been severely wounded in the right arm soon after the admiral. He was fortunate enough to find a boat at the beach, and got to his ship. Thompson was wounded; Bowen killed, to the great regret of Nelson; as was also one of his own officers, Lieutenant Weatherhead. Troubridge meantime, fortunately for his party,

missed the mole in the darkness, but pushed on shore under the batteries, close to the south end of the citadel. Captain Waller, of the *Emerald*, and two or three other boats, landed at the same time. The surf was so high that the boats instantly filled with water, and stove against the rocks. Having collected a few men, they pushed on to the great square, hoping there to find the admiral and the rest of the force. The ladders were all lost, so that they could make no immediate attempt on the citadel; but they sent a sergeant, with two of the town's people, to summon it. This messenger never returned; and Troubridge, having waited about an hour in painful expectation of his friends, marched to join Captains Hood and Miller, who had effected their landing to the south-west. They then endeavoured to procure some intelligence of the admiral and the rest of the officers, but without success. By daybreak they had gathered together about eighty marines, eighty pikemen, and 180 small-arm seamen—all the survivors of those who had made good their landing. They obtained some ammunition from the prisoners whom they had taken, and marched on to try what could be done at the citadel without ladders. They found all the streets commanded by field-pieces, and several thousand Spaniards, with about a hundred French, under arms, approaching by every avenue. Finding himself without provisions, the powder wet, and no possibility of obtaining either stores or reinforcements from the ships, the boats being lost, Troubridge, with great presence of mind, sent Captain Samuel Hood with a flag of truce to the governor, to say he was prepared to burn the town, and would instantly set fire to it if the Spaniards approached one inch nearer. This, however, if he were compelled to do it, he should do with regret, for he had no wish to injure the inhabitants; and he was ready to treat upon these terms—that the British troops should re-embark, with all their arms of every kind, and take their own boats, if they were saved, or be provided with such others as might be wanting; they, on their part, engaging that the squadron should not molest the town, or any of the Canary Islands; all prisoners on both sides to be given up. When these terms were proposed the governor made answer that the English ought to surrender as prisoners of war; but Captain Hood replied he was instructed to say that, if the terms were not accepted in five minutes, Captain Troubridge would set the town on fire and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet. Satisfied with his success, which was, indeed, sufficiently complete, the Spaniard acceded to the proposal, and treated his enemies with marked kindness.

The total loss of the English, in killed, wounded, and drowned, amounted to 250. Nelson made no mention of his own wound in his official despatches; but in a private letter to Lord St. Vincent, the first which he wrote with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this enterprise. Honours enough, however, to heal his wounded spirit awaited him in England. Letters were addressed to him by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and by his steady friend the Duke of Clarence, to congratulate him on his return, covered as he was with glory. He was invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath, and received a pension of £1000 a year. The memorial to the king which, as a matter of

form, he was called upon to present on this occasion, stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of 120 times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

His health recruited, early in the year 1798 Sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and was ordered to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. Immediately on his rejoining the fleet he was despatched to the Mediterranean with a small squadron, in order to watch the great expedition which at that time was fitting out under Bonaparte at Toulon, and for this purpose Nelson sailed from Gibraltar on the 9th of May, with the *Vanguard*, *Orion*, and *Alexander*, seventy-fours; the *Caroline*, *Flora*, *Emerald*, and *Terpsichore* frigates; and the *Bonne Citoyenne*, sloop of war. On the 19th, when they were in the Gulf of Lyons, a gale came on from the north-west. It moderated so much on the 20th as to enable them to get their topgallant-masts and yards aloft. After dark it again began to blow strong; but the ships had been prepared for a gale, and therefore Nelson's mind was easy. Shortly after midnight, however, his main-topmast went over the side, and the mizen-topmast soon afterward. The night was so tempestuous that it was impossible for any signal either to be seen or heard, and Nelson determined, as soon as it should be daybreak, to wear and scud before the gale; but at half-past three the foremast went in three pieces, and the bowsprit was found to be sprung in three places. The storm, however, was fortunate for Nelson; for on that very day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of his little squadron, which was thus preserved by the thick weather that came on.

Nelson refitted in a harbour of Sardinia, and took in water, the delay being useful inasmuch as it enabled him to receive a reinforcement from Earl St. Vincent.

The first news of the enemy's armament was that it had surprised Malta. Nelson formed a plan for attacking it while at anchor at Gozo, but on the 22nd of June intelligence reached him that the French had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward—he thought for Egypt; and for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, and the enemy were not there, neither was there any account of them. Nelson then shaped his course to the northward, for Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail, both night and day, with a contrary wind. It would have been his delight, he said, to try Bonaparte on a wind.

Baffled in his pursuit, he returned to Sicily, and, under secret orders to the Sicilian governors, obtained everything that he wanted at Syracuse—a timely supply, without which he always said he could not have recommenced his pursuit with

any hope of success. On the 25th of July he sailed from Syracuse, and made the Gulf of Corón on the 28th. Troubridge entered the port and returned with intelligence that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the south-east from Candia. Nelson then determined immediately to return to Alexandria, and the British fleet accordingly stood once more for the coast of Egypt. On the 1st of August, about ten in the morning, they came in sight of Alexandria. The port had been vacant and solitary when they saw it last: it was now crowded with ships, and they perceived with exultation that the tricolour flag was flying upon the walls.

On the morrow he fought the battle of the Nile (see page 35).

Nelson was now at the summit of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered upon him by all the states, and princes, and powers to whom his victory gave a respite.

His health, however, had been suffering considerably long before the anxieties and excitements which preceded and attended the battle of the Nile, and the wound he had there received had prostrated him. On his way back to Naples his life was even despaired of for eighteen hours. Kindness and comfort awaited him, however, at the court of Naples, and upon his recovery he remained a long time on the coast, in active operation against the French in Italy. His services here were arduous, continuous, and fatiguing, and though ultimately he delivered the whole kingdom of Naples from the French, the means were unmarked by any achievement sufficiently brilliant for us to dwell upon.

Nelson was welcomed on his return with every mark of popular honour. At Yarmouth, where he landed, every ship in the harbour hoisted her colours. The mayor and corporation waited upon him with the freedom of the town, and accompanied him in procession to church, with all the naval officers on shore and the principal inhabitants. Bonfires and illuminations concluded the day, and on the morrow the volunteer cavalry drew up and saluted him as he departed, and followed the carriage to the borders of the county. At Ipswich the people came out to meet him, drew him a mile into the town, and three miles out.

In London he was feasted by the city, drawn by the populace from Ludgate Hill to Guildhall, and received the thanks of the common council for his great victory, and a golden-hilted sword studded with diamonds.

Nelson was now sent to the Baltic as vice-admiral of the blue and second in command to Sir Hyde Parker. For his share in the battle of Copenhagen he was raised to the rank of viscount, and, on the recall of Sir Hyde Parker, became commander-in-chief of the Baltic fleet. But the death of the Emperor Paul having dissolved the northern confederation, and Nelson's health being still more impaired by his late fatigues and exertions, he received permission to resign his command and returned to England.

He had not been many weeks ashore, however, ere he was sent to destroy the flotilla which Napoleon was gathering at Boulogne for the invasion of England. On the 4th of August he stood over to the French coast, and sunk two floating batteries and a few gunboats. On the

night of the 15th a more formidable attack was made upon the flotilla. It was made by the boats of the squadron in five divisions. The boats put off about half an hour before midnight, but, owing to the darkness, the tide, and half-tide, the divisions separated. One could not arrive at all, another not till near daybreak. The others made their attack gallantly, but the enemy was fully prepared. Every vessel was defended by long poles, headed with iron spikes, projecting from their sides; strong nettings were braced up to their lower yards; they were moored by the bottom to the shore and chained one to another; they were strongly manned with soldiers, and protected by land batteries, and the shore was lined with troops. Many were taken possession of, and, though they could not have been brought out, would have been burnt had not the French, the moment the firing ceased on board one of their own vessels fired upon it from the shore, perfectly regardless of their own men.

The results were very unimportant, and the whole undertaking injudicious. One hundred and seventy-two men were lost in the affair.

The peace of Amiens was signed in October following, and Nelson returned to the enjoyment of quiet on a little estate he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey. The war, however, was renewed in a few months, and the day after his Majesty's message to Parliament Nelson departed to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He took his station immediately off Toulon; and there, with incessant vigilance, waited for the coming out of the enemy; but their fleet did not venture to put to sea. The station off Toulon he called his home, and the patience with which he had watched the port he spoke of truly as a perseverance at sea which had never been surpassed. From May, 1803, to August, 1805, he himself went out of his ship but three times; each of those times was upon the king's service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour. The weather had been so unusually severe that he said the Mediterranean seemed altered. It was his rule never to contend with the gales, but either run to the southward to escape their violence, or furl all the sails and make the ships as easy as possible. The men, though he said flesh and blood could hardly stand it, continued in excellent health, which he ascribed in great measure to a plentiful supply of lemons and onions. For himself, he thought he could only last till the battle was over. One battle more it was his hope that he might fight. "However," said he, "whatever happens, I have run a glorious race." He was afraid of blindness, and this was the only evil which he could not contemplate without unhappiness. More alarming symptoms he regarded with less apprehension, describing his own "shattered carcass" as in the worst plight of any in the fleet.

War between Spain and England was now declared, and on the 18th of January, 1805, the Toulon fleet, having the Spaniards to co-operate with them, put to sea. Nelson was at anchor off the coast of Sardinia, when, on the 19th, the *Active* and *Seahorse* frigates brought this long-hoped-for intelligence. They had been close to the enemy at ten on the preceding night, but lost sight of them in about four hours. The fleet immediately unmoored and went in search of the enemy—a pursuit which was continued almost all

round the world, day after day, month after month, without success, and to the deep mortification of Nelson. At length, frustrated in all his hopes, after a pursuit to which, for its extent, rapidity, and perseverance, no parallel can be produced, he set foot on shore again at Portsmouth.

Here he found news that the combined fleets had taken refuge in Cadiz, off which port he arrived on the 29th of September.

His remaining life may be summed up in a single word—TRAFALGAR! Following closely one of the finest biographies in the English language, we have already chronicled his victory—his death—his funeral honours (page 225). May the story never grow irksome till mankind beat their swords into ploughshares and learn war no more!

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

ROYAL SELF-DENIAL.

CHARLES XII. constantly set an example to his soldiers of willingly enduring privation. In the height of his glory he slept upon a bearskin thrown on two trusses of straw, upon which he lay down in his clothes, in the same way as the meanest soldier. The Count de la Marck, ambassador from France, persuaded him to suffer a bed to be prepared for him, but this consisted only of a single mattress, a pair of sheets, a quilt, and no hangings. Charles lay down at ten o'clock and rose at two in all seasons of the year, and on rising mounted his horse immediately. At five or six he returned, and was closeted with ministers. He on no occasion took off his boots but when he retired to rest. He dined at four, and never made more than one meal a day; a plain soup, a ragout, and some poultry, served in one course, and without any dessert, composed the whole of this royal repast. His only drinking vessel was a goblet of beaten iron; his beverage was water; and he admitted no more than nine covers at his table, though his guests consisted of general officers and other persons of distinguished rank.

FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS.

A FRENCH squadron attacked the small island of Anguilla, in the West Indies, in the year 1745, and landed *six hundred and fifty men*. The governor, Hodge, had only a company of *twenty-two* men to oppose this immense force, but, not at all daunted by their superiority, he mustered his little band, and thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger to all manner of military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you but to load and fire as fast as you can, and stand by one another in the defence of your country; so God bless ye."

This address was not lost on the brave fellows, for they immediately shook hands and solemnly bound themselves to each other either to drive away the French or die in the attempt. They then marched forward, and, meeting the French in a narrow path, attacked them from a small breast-work prepared for the purpose, and killed and

wounded above a hundred of their men. The survivors hastened on board their vessels and immediately sailed. It is remarkable that not one of Governor Hodge's men was either killed or wounded.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

IN the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781 the *Exeter* was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Towards the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the *Exeter*, already a wreck, the master asked the commodore what he should do with the ship; to which he bravely replied, "There is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks."

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

A FELLOW, hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough for a soldier, and therefore enlisted. Returning, and being asked by his friends what exploits he had done, he said that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs, and being told that it would have been more honourable and manly to cut off his head, "Oh!" said he, "*his head was cut off before.*"

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

MARSHAL FABER, a distinguished French officer, during a siege was pointing out a place, and just as he was speaking a musket-ball carried off the finger with which he was pointing. He instantly stretched out another finger and continued the conversation: "Gentlemen, as I was observing—"

ONE TOO MANY.

ONE of the most famous regiments of Bonaparte's army was the Seventieth. It happened that the Seventy-first British Regiment, commanded by General Pack, was opposed to this crack corps and beat it. The gallant officer, on being afterwards asked the particulars of the affair, gave his account in these few words: "The French found us *one too many* for them."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin," &c.

CHAPTER III.—LIFE IN THE FORECASTLE.

FOR three days and nights the *Minerva* had been beating about in the Chops of the Channel. All through this bumping and thumping, rolling and surging of the ship—through the constant noise on deck, the stowing of chain-cable, the rattle of the capstan, the ceaseless stamping of feet, the thud of heavy waves striking the bulwarks, and the jar of the foresail suddenly dragged on its iron bar, bringing the vessel up

with a jerk, nearly shooting him out of his berth—through all this Philip Maberly lay and cogitated.

In spite of the seas the *Minerva* was constantly shipping, and which, as a natural consequence, found their way into the fore-castle; and in spite of the rush of cold air, with the mingled rain and scud that descended with every opening of the slide, Phil lay on and cogitated.

The more he mused and reflected the more convinced he became that he had been regularly sold, and, between the passive toleration of his father and the practical cunning of the skipper, had been most ingeniously trepanned, hoodwinked, and disposed of.

Philip Maberly was neither given to sulks nor malevolence, and was above harbouring a revengeful or unkind feeling against any one. If he felt himself wronged he would have it out at once, and either give the aggressor a good thrashing, or, if the other proved the better man, take his punishment with a good grace, and in either case think no more of the matter.

On the present occasion, having come to the conclusion that the "governor" (as he called his father) and the old skipper had been too many for him, he felt more inclined to laugh than be angry. Still, to all appearances, he lay like a surly sullen dog in his bunk in the fore-castle, seeing all that took place around him, but without appreciating what he saw.

None of the crew disturbed him, no one offered him anything, but apparently ignored his existence or his presence altogether, unless a little sly mischief might have been detected in the manner in which some drenched sailor, in coming down for his spell of sleep, shook his wet hat or coat in the direction of Phil's bunk.

Long accustomed to the luxuries of an abundant table, it was with a feeling little short of loathing that he looked on the lobsouse that formed the morning meal of the men in the fore-castle, and the masses of leathery beef or questionable pork, with biscuits almost black with age and alive with weevils, which constituted their dinner and supper.

When Phil contrasted the food of the men before the mast and quartered in the fore-castle with the elegant courses at his father's table, and with the dietary and fresh provisions of the officers' cabin and saloon, he thought it utterly impossible that his appetite could ever accommodate itself to such foul and repulsive viands.

Nature, however, is no friend to moody cogitation, especially when those cogitations do not tend to replenish exhaustion, and at the end of forty-eight hours Phil was so forcibly reminded of the three or four meals he had lost during his silent musings that, drawing his coat towards him, he put his hand into the pocket, and to his delight brought forth a paper, with a few fragments of pastry and some small sweet biscuits, the *débris* of a recent purchase. Delicious crumbs! how he enjoyed them! But, alas! how all too soon they came to a conclusion! Even the last particles, providently collected in his palm, had been disposed of, and, a more minute examination of the other pockets having failed to bring to light anything but a few letters, a pocket-handkerchief and an empty cigar-case, Phil was fain to lie down and cogitate himself into a refreshing sleep.

When he awoke, somewhat abruptly, on the following morning, it was to find himself sprawling on the wet deck of the fore-castle, having been jerked out of his berth by the ship suddenly going about in a cross sea, and he found, as he crept back to his bunk, that the vacuum in his stomach was still as large and as demonstrative as ever. A second careful survey of his body and top coat having resulted, as he much feared it would, in disappointment, he was driven to another long spell of silent reflection.

He had just fallen into a half-dreamy state, wondering when the lubbers on deck meant to shut that confounded hatch, that sent such a gust of north-easterly wind on his back and shoulders, when his nostrils became conscious of a smell so savoury that he half turned his head to see what was taking place among the wet and steaming watch, who had just tumbled down for their morning meal.

"That lobsouse," he muttered, after satisfying himself that the watch were simply eating their ordinary breakfast, "the cook must have taken special pains with to-day. I wonder whether it is really fit to eat, and if it merits the praise the sailors give it. There's no denying that it has a very grateful odour. Confound it! how my jaws ache! It must be the onions, I suppose, that make my mouth water in this manner. I'll make a note of that fact. Raw onions affect the glands of the eyes, and cooked onions those of the mouth."

As if the effect he had just remarked was rather agreeable than otherwise, Phil elevated his head and took a long nasal inspiration of the savoury stew; then, flopping down in evident disgust, he began to ruminate on his condition in a more practical manner than he had yet done. Indeed, he remained perfectly quiet for so long a time that when he next flung himself round on what a sailor would call his starboard beam or side it was his shrewd opinion that his ruminations had terminated in a long sleep.

By the misty light he could perceive that the fore-castle was empty, though the deep breathing that came from several quarters plainly told him that the day watch were taking their quota of rest and sleep. There being only one bunk in his small closet, which on board ship is called a state-room, Phil was enabled to sit up in his bed, a privilege which he now for the first time availed himself of, while he put in practice one of the resolutions to which his last practical cogitation had given birth.

Hitching a number of articles of dress off some nails in the bulkhead, and placing them on his bed, he began seriatim to examine a pair of cloth and canvas trousers or ducks, a guernsey, a jacket, some thick worsted stockings, a short pilot coat, a mackintosh overall, shoes, a glazed hat, and a sou'-wester, or fantail, to protect the neck from the scud and rain. Having completed the inspection, Phil held up his last Bond Street coat, felt its beautiful nap, and admired its faultless make, and then, glancing at the cut and texture of his new toggery, pitched the whole heap to the foot of the bed, and, as if he had made up his mind, dropped on his side and gazed out with a rueful countenance on the littered fore-castle.

As he thus lay and mused the half-closed hatch of the companion was pushed open, and the boat-

swain, giving a succession of heavy blows with a capstan bar upon the top of the stairs, cried with stentorian lungs—

"Watch ahoy! watch! Bundle out, you lubbers, and tumble up, and be—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the run of the foresail, as the ship was put about, and her head spun round to windward, the roar and hiss of the sea and the noise of the wind making a confusion almost deafening, the boatswain having fogot to close the companion slides.

Phil listlessly watched the several men roll half-dressed from their bunks, drag on their tarpaulins, and hurry half asleep on deck. A ship-boy soon after made his appearance with a lantern, and lighted the lamp that swung from a beam over the middle of the table, kicked a few shoes and glazed hats into corners, wiped the greasy board with the sleeve of his coat, and generally tidied the fok'sell.

Two hours later, when the black cook entered with a number of wooden dishes under his arm, and a large carving knife and fork in his hand, Phil eyed him with a vivacity of expression that showed a powerful interest in his operations.

Having blown off some fragments of biscuit and tobacco ashes which had escaped the boy's hasty process of cleansing, the black ranged about a dozen of the platters round the table; then, placing a basket of biscuits in the centre, he retired to his pantry, and soon returned with two large dishes of the same material as the plates, on one of which was a huge mass of cold boiled beef, on the other a proportionately-sized piece of pork. A jar of mustard, with a wooden spoon, and a vessel of vinegar completed the arrangements. Taking up the carvers, the cook began to set the edge of his knife on the prongs of his fork, stopping for an instant, as he heard the hatch moved, to pick out a few beetles from the bread-basket, and surreptitiously crush them under his foot, as the first step was placed on the companion.

"Golly! if thar ain't another black tief—two! Golly! two." And, grasping the offenders in haste, he sacrificed one under the hilt of his knife, adroitly covering, as he believed, the corpse with one of the platters, and desperately pitched the other across the cabin, causing Phil, who had been leaning out of bed to obtain a better view of the food, to start back in such horror that his head came in unpleasant contact with the bulkhead of his state-room. Numerous as were the sparks that danced before his eyes, and much inclined as he felt to rub the suffering part, Phil's disgust was too real to allow him to do anything but shake his bedclothes with an energy that must have displaced the scaly abomination, should it have lighted on his bedding.

"Any beetles in the grub to-night, Juba?" demanded the boatswain's mate, as, with about a dozen others, he took his seat at the table. "Worms and weevils is bad enough in the bread, but beetles is just a faggot beyond the load. I can't abide 'em."

"Beetles? No, Massa Johnson, habn't sot eye on a beetle de ole blessum day. No, massa, ear, not a ghost of beetle."

"Are you sure of that, cookee?" inquired another.

"Sure, Massa Thomas, sartin sure; dis nigger

nebber lie, sar. Juba allers speak gospel truth." And the black cook drew himself up proudly, and was about to emphasise his words by striking his breast with the haft of his carving-knife, when the last speaker arrested his hand, and pointed to the insect he had just killed, still adhering to the handle.

"What do you say to that, you everlasting nigger?"

"Golly! Wall, I nebber set eyes on him," began the cook in explanation. Then, as a bright idea flashed across his mind, he turned, and, with a look of injured innocence, exclaimed, "Massa Thomas, me bluah for you, sar. You 'tuck him dar yerself to 'cuse nigger."

"What's that you say?"

"Quiet there; let's have our grub. Wipe your knife and go to work," cried Johnson.

"Junk for me, Juba, and cut it fat. I'm as peckiah as a wolf."

Going to work with a will, the cook soon supplied each platter with a large slice of beef or pork, each man using the clasp-knife at his side, and helping himself to bread from the basket in the centre of the table, first taking the precaution to rap the biscuit on the edge of the table, to knock out the grubs and other unpleasant denizens.

The cook then cut himself a slice from each joint, and, making a plate with a biscuit, seated himself on a locker near the table, affording Phil an uninterrupted view of the beef and pork, and of the dozen hungry eaters. The more he looked the more astonished Phil became at his former blindness. The beef, though it was certainly junk, really looked *very nice*; indeed, the more he surveyed the dark red fibrous texture the more he became convinced that it was the right colour for beef, and was, despite his former prejudices, both toothsome and tender. The sailors, too, in their fun, might call that pork rusty and measly, but for his part he believed it a gross slander: the pig was a healthy one, and the pork looked delicious.

By the time the scales of prejudice had fallen from Phil's eyes, and he had arrived at the above conclusion, his mouth was watering and his jaws aching at such a rate that he sprang out of bed, drew on a pair of the thick woollen stockings, covered his flannels with the first coat that came to hand, and boldly stepped into the cabin. Taking an unoccupied seat near the meat, he said, as he helped himself to a biscuit and a ponderous slice of beef after the cook's fashion—

"I say, messmates, I've got a twist as long as next week, and want some tack fearfully. Hang it! the junk's splendid," he ejaculated, in admiration.

Regardless of the good-natured shout that welcomed his appearance, Phil morely grinned and steadily ate his food, demolishing beef and biscuits, and biscuits and pork, with an execution that spoke volumes for the healthy tone of his appetite.

As the men rose from supper to return on deck, and allow the next watch to descend and take their places, Johnson, the boatswain's mate, came up to Phil, and, tapping him kindly on the shoulder, said—

"Now, my hearty, as you've stowed your locker pretty well for this bout, I'd advise you to turn in and have another spell of sleep. After prog in the morning come on deck with me: I've

got orders to look after you, and, if you don't mind letting me teach you what you don't know yet, I'll take care you shall have fair play and no joking. If that's all agreeable tumble in now, for our boatswain is a surly hound, and I'll tell you when it's time to put on the toga."

"Thank you, Johnson, thank you kindly," replied Phil, grasping the proffered hand of the young sailor and pressing it with a true seaman's grasp. "I accept your offer gratefully, and will endeavour to prove myself a useful apprentice, for I need a mesamate who will take the trouble to tell me all I want to learn. As for jokes, thank you equally for your offer of support, but I have been accustomed ever since I was a schoolboy to take my own part, and it won't be good for any one to try spiteful jokes on me. I can enjoy fun, whether against myself or not, but persecution I will never stand by and allow, either on friend or enemy, as long as I have strength to use my fists."

"Spoken like a man. I was sure there was the right stuff in you," responded Johnson. "Now, while Juba's setting clean platters for the star-board watch, take my advice and get into your bunk, and depend upon my hailing you in time for the first duty in the morning. Good night."

Having given each other a cordial farewell greeting, Johnson ascended the companion to the deck, and Phil, with an open manly smile, rose and returned to his bunk. As he reached the door he turned, and, looking at the black cook, who was blowing the dead and live weevils off the table and laying a set of clean platters for the next batch of hungry hands, cried—

"I say, Juba, I want to speak to you."

"Yes, Massa Phil. What you say, sar?"

"Do you give the hands lobscouse every mornin'?"

"Ebery mornin', sar, while provisions lasts; that is, Massa Phil, while fresh provisions lasts in der s'loon."

"And do you always make it as nice as it smelt this mornin'?"

"What yer mean, Massa Phil? You tink dis nigger hab one lobcouse for Saturday and t'other one for Sunday? No, sar, no. Juba's cookery, sar, allers excellent—first-rate."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Phil, anxious to appease the sensitive honour of the cook. "I didn't mean that, but it smelt so nice this morning that to-morrow, Juba, I should like to try it. Here, cookee, here's half a crown; let me have a good-sized basinful, will you, like a good fellow?"

"Oh! golly! golly! All dis for me?" looking with admiration at the coin. "You leab um to me, massa; you ab splendidous full basin. Look you, Massa Phil, you take Massa Johnson's advice, go to your bunk afore dat surly brute Nixon de boatswain come down and dere be row. Dat a good Massa Phil, you go to bed."

"Why should I go to bed because of a surly boatswain?" replied Phil, partly returning into the cabin.

"Oh! for marcy sake, don't you see him to-night, Massa Phil; to-morrow you ab more wittle in you inside, but no say noting dis time," and the anxious negro almost thrust Phil into his cabin, and then stood blocking up the doorway while, with an awful confusion, nearly a score of men came stamping, swearing, and quarreling into the fore-castle.

"Where the blazes is my grub, you lazy son of the devil's watchdog? I'll teach you to help the others before me, you smoke-dried baboon!" and, taking up the wooden dish before him, the boatswain hurled it edgewise at the negro's head. The cook, however, accustomed to such salutes, adroitly ducked, and the missile struck the corner of Phil's open door.

Acting on Johnson's advice to get to bed before the next watch came down, and seeing the wisdom of the negro's counsel, Phil tucked himself in, resolved to take no notice of the boatswain's conduct.

Making a note in his mind to give the surly bully, who tyrannised over the whole crew, a sound thrashing on the first occasion, he drew the clothes over his ears, and, refreshed by his hearty supper, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BAY OF BISCAY.

THOUGH the night was a rough one, and the *Minerva* pitched and rolled terribly, Phil never woke till the friendly hand of Johnson was laid on his shoulder, and his new acquaintance told him he had just a quarter of an hour to wash and rig. Several of the night watch, having already performed their toilets, were seated at the table and beating an impatient tattoo on the board with their spoons and knives.

When our hero took his seat at the table, trimly shaved, and neatly dressed in his new slops, Juba, faithful to his promise, placed before him a double quantity of the highly-prized stew of meat and vegetables known as lobscouse, and which Phil found every way equal to the promise held out by the grateful smell of the previous day. Having disposed of this substantial mess as a foundation, supplemented with beef and biscuit, and washed the whole down with a pan-nikin of hot coffee, with treacle for sugar, Phil declared himself fit for any amount of duty, and by his frank and open manners made himself a favourite with every member of the party.

"Remember, Phil, you are in our watch," observed Johnson, "and will almost always take your instructions from me. I want to keep you from being ordered about by Nixon. You must be civil to the brute if he sets you to any work, though you'll find that a hard duty, I know."

"All hands on deck to take in sail! Ahoy, there, quick!" shouted a voice from the companion.

"The deuce it is! That looks like squalls, and no mistake," exclaimed Johnson, springing to his feet. "Now, lads, all of you look lively," and, tearing up the ladder, the whole party the next minute reached the drenched deck and gathered round the foot of the foremast.

The change in the aspect of everything, and of the scene itself, since Phil was last on deck was so great that for the first few moments he could hardly realise his condition. His lengthy seclusion in the faint enervating atmosphere of the fore-castle also made the first effect of the keen boisterous weather almost overpowering, compelling him to hold on to one of the halyards till the feeling of giddiness had passed off.

When he had quitted the deck four days previously the ship was dropping down the tranquil

river, with a bright warm sunset lighting up the scene; the decks were encumbered with passengers' luggage, packages, ropes, and every conceivable impediment; a jib and mainsail were all the canvas out, while men were scampering about in apparently endless confusion.

Now the decks were clear from stem to stern; the boats were lashed in the davits; the hatches were battened down; the launch and cutter, filled with live stock and housed under tarpaulin, were firmly secured; and every mast, aloft and aloft, was covered with canvas. In face of a staggering breeze, the *Minerva* was dashing through the seas, which, like tremendous walls, rose up as if to bar her progress, anon plunging bows under into fearful chasms, shipping tons of water, and trembling like a living thing.

"Ready! every man at his post!" shouted the captain through his trumpet from the quarter-deck, and the different watches, dividing into many small bodies, stood at the lee and weather braces or at their respective masts on both sides of the deck, waiting the signal that was to scatter them in units among those clouds of canvas and on those rocking yards, that rolled one moment on the rushing billows and the next seemed half buried in the wave through which the labouring ship plunged deep as her forechains.

Taking advantage of the instant when the *Minerva* rose reeling and drenched on a vaster surge, the captain shouted the expected order.

"Sail in, all and at once! Quick! lively there! In all!"

The order had hardly been given before twenty men were lying out on every yard of the three masts, while fold after fold of the white canvas fell from topgallant and royal, from yard-arm and boom, till the busy hands and swinging bodies of the hardy mariners were lost for a time in the clouds of bellying sail that closed around them.

Soaked in the scud and rain, and then dried in the keen easterly wind, the loosened canvas felt as hard as boards, and had to be made pliable by many a sturdy blow before it could be brailed up to the booms and yards and left in a sailor-like fashion. Hard as the task was, however, it was executed under ten minutes of time, and, what was a marvel to the crew generally, without eliciting an oath from the tyrannical boatswain.

Scarcely had the men dropped on the deck when the order came to set the jib, flying jib, the courses, spanker, and gaff, and, the ship's head falling off two points, she flew through the water on the starboard tack at a speed that showed her sailing qualities to perfection.

The cross heavy sea through which the *Minerva* had been battling for the last twenty-four hours seemed a mill-pond compared to the seething cauldron and the long mountainous waves that rose and fell like watery Alps right ahead of her course, and into which, like a furious racer, she was tearing at over ten knots an hour. Never did the Bay of Biscay, into which they were driving, appear more formidable than on that morning, while the ominous aspect of the sun, as for a few minutes his fiery disc was observed struggling through the rack, made the oldest men on board look with distrust on the state of the weather. A low driving scud was flying before the wind, seeming at places to skim the tops of the billows, so dark and low hung the

packed clouds. One or two patches of white canvas, hardly bigger than a man's hand, gleamed in opposite directions cold and white against the leaden sky, looking like the flash of a seamew's wing, but indicating to the practised eye of the sailor the position of some struggling barque.

"Curse those chickens, and Mother Cary too!" exclaimed Johnson, as he and Phil held on by the weather-braces, watching the progress of the rising storm, and a flock of those detested sea-fowl swept screaming by on the crest of a wave. "I never knew them come out except to foretell trouble or misfortune; and there goes the old hag herself, croaking to her young ones," he added, as a large solitary bird rose from the foam, and, spreading her wings, flew a few yards after the flock and then settled down on the following wave.

"Are you superstitious in such matters, Ben?" asked Phil, with a smile.

"Well, I suppose I am; most sailors, you know, are; but as for these Cary chickens I have reason to be. I have never seen them but we have had some disaster."

"But beyond half a gale of wind, which we shall certainly have soon, we have no cause of apprehension. The *Minerva* is almost a new boat, well found, tight in every timber, and sails splendidly; we have plenty of sea-room and a good offing, and are running west-south-west of the land at eleven knots. What's in all this, Ben, but dirty weather and a little extra hard work?"

"True, Phil, true; but—but—curse the chickens! I wish they had stayed at the bottom with Davy Jones, and not come up this trip—but I say, messmate, changing the subject, where did you learn to take in and reef a main-topgallant and a royal, and who taught you to reach the maintop without crawling through the lubber's hole? I'm blest if you didn't stagger me. Why, you did your laying out in first-rate style."

"Oh! I've had a little experience in a yacht," replied Phil modestly.

"I was sure, from the first, you had sniffed salt water afore. The skipper's downright pleased with you."

"The skipper?"

"Yes; he's been a watching you and noting everything you did from first coming on deck."

"All hands to reef foresail and spanker! Look lively there!" shouted the captain.

"It's a comin', I knowed it would," ejaculated Ben Johnson in disgust. "Curse the chickens, and Mother Cary too! Ay, ay, sir. Now, Phil, follow," and, rushing aft, the boatswain's mate, Maberly, and some half-dozen hands were soon seen riding on the great boom of the mainsail, or spanker, performing the always difficult and often dangerous duty of taking in a double reef in the largest sail on board ship.

The next three hours were passed in the occasional setting of a topsail, the reefing or the striking of another, the lowering of royals, the sending down of all unnecessary top-hamper, and making the ship snug, every precaution being taken to enable her to resist the fast-rising gale.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE BRITISH GAIN THE SUMMIT OF OOTRADROOG.]

CAPTURE OF SAVINDROOG, THE INDIAN GIBALTAR.

BEFORE aiming a death-blow at the power of Tippoo Sahib the wary Cornwallis found it necessary to gain possession of Savindroog, and

the other fortresses that would have threatened his rear in case of an advance upon Seringapatam. Savindroog, situated nineteen miles from Bangalore, is a vast mountain of rock, supposed to rise above half a mile in perpendicular height, from a base of eight or ten miles in circum-

ference. Completely encircled by walls of enormous strength, and defended by cross-walls, bastions, and barriers wherever it was deemed accessible, it had the further advantage of being separated by a vast chasm, towards the summit, into two hills, each of which having its own defences, two distinct citadels are formed, capable of being maintained independently of each other and of the lower works. To render this fortress still more impregnable, Nature has surrounded it with an extensive and gloomy forest, whose dense and lofty vegetation is thickened with clumps of planted bamboos, which constitute no easily-surmountable barrier, and interspersed with numerous rocky hills and deep ravines, the retreat of tigers and other beasts of prey. The atmosphere of this jungle is so pestiferous as to threaten with destruction the hardest troops, should they remain for any time exposed to its influence; and hence the significant appellation of Savindroog, or the "Rock of Death." From its acknowledged security, this awful fortress had long been used as a state prison by the tyrants of Mysore; and so confident was Tippoo in its strength that he was highly pleased when he heard that the British troops were engaged on the mad enterprise of besieging it.

But before showing on which side was the madness we will go back a little and watch the preparatory movements of Cornwallis and his brave assistants.

As he was retiring in a most shattered condition upon Bangalore, the strength of the men failing for want of food, and the sick being with the utmost difficulty dragged along, his troops were alarmed by the appearance on their left of a large body of cavalry, apparently the vanguard of a numerous army. From knowing the rapidity with which the cavalry of Tippoo moved in all directions, no doubt was entertained that the approaching horsemen were his, and would immediately fall on the stores and baggage. Colonel Stuart, who commanded in the rear, instantly prepared to resist the attack; and the British had begun to fire when one of the horsemen rode towards a staff officer who was giving some orders, and, shouting that he was a Mahratta, intreated that the firing might cease. Similar communications were made at the head of the column, and the British commander found himself suddenly reinforced by two Mahratta armies, under Pursesam Bhow and Hurry Punt.

These chiefs had taken the field in good time, but an unfortunate delay had been occasioned by the siege of Darwar, a very strong place considerably to the northward, which Tippoo had carefully fortified and garrisoned with his best soldiers. Seconded by a British detachment, Pursesam Bhow had broken ground before Darwar in September, 1791; but our officers had been almost distracted to see the manner in which the siege was carried on. The Mahrattas, in working a battery, had never pointed their cannon so as to make a breach in a particular spot, but had aimed at random all round the wall. After loading a gun they sat down, smoked, and conversed for half an hour, then fired, reloaded, and resumed their conversation. Two hours at midday, by mutual consent, had been set apart for meals and recreation. Our engineers had calculated that seven years would be spent before a breach could be effected; and Colonel Frederick,

an officer of high spirit, had been seized with such chagrin that he fell sick and died. At the end of six months, however, the garrison, for want of provisions, and discouraged by the fall of Bangalore, had capitulated, and the great Mahratta army had then moved leisurely forward to join Cornwallis.

Their accession was most welcome, for they brought a supply of bullocks, with large quantities of stores. Every article indeed abounded in the bazaar of the Mahratta camp, from a web of English broadcloth to a Birmingham penknife; from the shawls of Cashmere to the second-hand garment of a Hindoo; from diamonds of the first water to the silver earring of a poor plundered village maiden; from oxen, sheep, and poultry to dried salt fish.

These welcome allies, moreover, introduced the British commander to a most useful class of men, the Brinjaries, or grain merchants, who, travelling in large armed bodies, with their wives and children, made it their business to supply all the military powers of Hindostan. They distributed their corn with the strictest impartiality to all who could pay for it; and Cornwallis, now amply supplied with funds, easily obtained a preference over Tippoo, whose money was beginning to fail.

After this fortunate junction the march of the confederates was slow, in order to afford opportunity for the arrival of large convoys of provisions and plunder coming up in the Mahratta rear. On the 18th of June the army was within three miles of HOOLEADROOG, a fort built upon a lofty perpendicular rock of great strength. The pettah, which lay at the foot of the rock, being occupied without difficulty, the killadar surrendered the fort on a promise of security to private property, and of special protection against the Mahrattas.

The inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the fort, proceeded in the direction of Madoor, under the care of an English escort, the commander of which had orders to accompany the travellers the entire distance to Madoor if required. All, however, appeared quiet, and not a single Mahratta was visible on the route. Fear was thus dispelled, and when about half the march was accomplished the leader of the retiring party intimated to the English officer that, as there was no reason to apprehend danger, it would be unnecessary to subject the escort to further trouble. It accordingly returned, but was no sooner at a sufficient distance than the Mahrattas fell upon the unfortunate fugitives and plundered them of everything they possessed!

Among a number of captives that were found in chains of various construction at Hooleadroog, several, who had their ankles fastened asunder by a heavy iron bar of about eighteen inches in length, had, from habit, acquired a straddling amble, which, when liberated, they could not for a length of time alter or amend; some, from having been closely pinioned, could move neither arm; others had acquired a stoop, from which they were unable to stand erect; in short, as most of them had been confined in this wretched state for a period of about ten years, there were few indeed who had not lost the power of some limb or other.

After having summoned some of the other forts in this vicinity, Cornwallis reached Bangalore on the 11th of June. Having lent the Mahrattas

£150,000, he sent them, with a detachment of Bombay troops, to commence a series of operations in the north-west. The greater part of the Nizam's cavalry were to operate in the north-east. The army of Cornwallis, interposed between the enemy and Madras, was to establish a chain of tenable posts from that city to Seringapatam.

The first movement of Cornwallis was to Ousoor, which on his approach the garrison evacuated and blew up. A train had been laid for the magazine, intended to explode after the entry of the English troops; but, by a happy accident, it did not take effect. Here three Englishmen had been confined: the fall of Bangalore had led to the murder of these unhappy men, and their graves were now pointed out to their indignant countrymen.

The capture of other forts followed, and in September NUNDIROOG was invested. This fortress, which is situated on a granite rock of tremendous height, lies about thirty miles north from Bangalore, and is the capital of a considerable district. The mountain is so inaccessible that Hyder Ali was once three years besieging it before he could take it from the Mahrattas. Since then no labour had been spared to add to its strength; and Major Gowdie, who had reduced many of the minor forts, found his means of attack altogether inadequate. Reinforcements were therefore obtained; and, the guns having with incredible labour been carried part of the way up the hill, batteries were constructed, and began to fire with visible effect.

The fire of the besiegers was vigorously returned from the fort, but at the end of twenty-one days two breaches were effected—one in the exterior rampart, the other in an outwork. Lord Cornwallis now advanced his army within a few miles of the place, and orders were given for a night assault. It took place after midnight on the 19th of October, and was made simultaneously by two parties upon the two breaches. The enemy was prepared to receive the assailants with a heavy fire of musketry and rockets; but more injury was inflicted by stones of immense size and weight rolled down upon those who were ascending. The defence was vigorous, but the assailants overcame every obstacle, and, forcing the interior gate, effected an entrance. Before the attack was made a portion of the garrison had been clamorous for surrender, and on its taking place some descended the wall by ladders of ropes and escaped through the jungle; others, abandoning their posts, fled for shelter to the principal pagoda, where they were subsequently made prisoners. The loss of the English during the whole siege was 120 killed and wounded, of whom thirty fell in the assault, chiefly by the stones precipitated from the summit.

Thus did Cornwallis give his troops a foretaste of the work in store for them at SAVINDROOG. And now came the turn of that terrible fortress. Having posted the main body in such a position as to support the attack, Cornwallis ordered three detachments to occupy the northern, middle, and southern roads from Bangalore to Seringapatam, and intrusted the siege to Colonel Stuart, who commanded the right wing of the army.

On the 11th of December Colonel Stuart pitched his camp within three miles of the

northern side of the rock, the quarter from which the chief engineer had proposed to carry on the attack. His force consisted of two King's regiments, three battalions of Sepoys, and a detachment of artillery, under Major Montague, with a park of four 18-pounders, four 12-pounders, two howitzers, and the field-pieces attached to the regiments.

The first operation, one of vast labour and difficulty, was to cut a gun-road from the encampment to the foot of the mountain, over rocky precipices, deep nullahs, and through a thick forest of bamboos, and, when made, to drag the guns over it. This work, however, was accomplished by the 17th, and two batteries were opened, one at a thousand and the other at seven hundred yards' distance, by which the defences of the wall were much injured and the fire of the enemy in a great measure silenced. But the difficulty of making a breach was greater than at first expected, the wall being built of immense stones, of which the lower tier were bound to the rock by bolts and clamps of iron.

On the 19th an advanced battery was opened, which it had been found necessary to erect within 250 yards of the wall, and before the following night a practicable breach was effected. The forest through which the troops had cut their way with so much labour now became an advantage, as, under cover of it, and screened by the projections of the rock, a lodgment was made within twenty yards of the breach.

The flank companies of the 71st and 76th King's Regiments having been sent from camp to join the detachment, and everything being in readiness, the morning of the 21st of December was fixed for the assault, Lord Cornwallis, accompanied by General Meadows, having arrived to witness the result. Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbit, of the 52nd, commanded the storming party, which was directed on from different points of attack: Captain Gage, with the grenadiers of the 52nd and the flank companies of the 76th, to gain the eastern hill to the left; the Hon. Captain Monson, with the light company of the 52nd, to scour the works towards the western hill on the right; and the Hon. Captain Lindsay and Captain Robertson, with the flank companies of the 71st Regiment, to separate and attack the works or parties they might discover in the chasm or hollow between the hills; the 52nd and 72nd Regiments were to follow the flank companies. Parties were also detached round the mountain, under Lieutenant-Colonel Baird and Major Petrie, to draw the attention of the enemy from the main object, and to prevent their escape. At eleven o'clock, two guns having been fired as a signal from the batteries, the troops advanced to the assault, the band of the 52nd Regiment playing "Britons, strike home!" while the grenadiers and light infantry mounted the breach.

A large body of the enemy had been observed in the morning to come down from the western hill for the defence of the breach, but on the appearance of the storming party they were seized with a panic and fled. The British troops advanced as rapidly as the ruggedness of the rock and the steepness of the ascent would permit, and the eastern hill, immediately above the breach, was carried by Captain Gage, without meeting or even overtaking the enemy; the other division and main body of the garrison on dea-

voured to gain the western hill, and had this been effected the siege must have recommenced, that part of the mountain being defended by several walls and barriers. The pathway from the breach to the western hill being, however, very steep and narrow, the fugitives impeded each other in their flight, and a few well-directed shots from the batteries at that juncture did execution and increased their confusion.

The attack on the western hill was thought to be a work of greater difficulty, and Captain Monson, to whom it was intrusted, was instructed either to advance or not as circumstances might render expedient. The officer in command of the citadel, having witnessed the abandonment of the eastern hill and the ascent of the English party, made a sally for the purpose of taking them in flank, when he was unexpectedly met among the rocks by the party of Captain Monson, consisting of the light company of the 52nd and a sergeant and twelve grenadiers of the 71st. The enemy retreated with precipitation, followed with great vigour by the English, who pressed on so rapidly that they entered the different barriers with the fugitives, killing, among several others, the second killadar, and gained possession of the top of the mountain, where the head killadar was made prisoner. So close and critical was the pursuit that the sergeant of the 71st, when at some distance, shot the man who was in the act of closing the first gate.

More than a hundred of the enemy were killed on the western hill, and several fell down the precipices in attempting to escape from the assailants. The prisoners were few, and, according to their report, the garrison had consisted of 1600 men, but many had deserted during the siege. Thus, in spite of Tippoo's prediction that one half of the Europeans employed were destined to die of sickness and the other half to be killed in the attack, the stupendous fortress of Savindroog was taken by storm in less than an hour, in open day, without the loss of a single man killed, and only one private soldier wounded by a cannon-ball from one of our own batteries rebounding from the rock as he mounted to the assault.

The fall of Savindroog was the prelude to the capture of several other hill-forts in the neighbourhood; and amongst these was OOTRADROOG, about eleven miles from Savindroog and thirty from Bangalore. On the march of the Anglo-Indian army from Seringapatam in June this fortress had been summoned to surrender, but the killadar replied, "I have eaten Tippoo's salt for twenty years, and will not give up my post till you have taken Seringapatam." It was supposed that the fall of Savindroog might have made him less scrupulous, and a flag of truce was despatched, offering liberal terms. The staff officer who accompanied it was beckoned from the fort to advance: he complied with the invitation, and when within sixty yards of the gate a fire of musketry was opened upon him and the non-commissioned officer who bore the flag, but from which, happily, both escaped unhurt.

On the following day the fort was attacked in a manner for which the governor was not prepared. A number of field-pieces were run up to appointed stations, and under cover of their fire an escalade commenced. The side of the rock assaulted rose at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and was defended by seven ramparts rising above

each other, including that of the pettah, which was first stormed and carried by Captain Scott, of the Bengal army, with four battalion companies of the 52nd and 72nd Regiments, and his own battalion of Sepoys. The lower fort was carried so rapidly that the killadar sent to request a parley. While this took place an appearance of treachery was observed in the upper works, the garrison being busily employed in moving guns and bringing them to bear on the assailants. Exasperated at this sight, and impatient of the delay, the troops again rushed on to the assault, while the artillery officers were ordered as fast as one wall should be carried to point the guns over the heads of the assailants against the next wall in succession, for the purpose of keeping down the fire of the garrison. Lieutenant McInnis, of the 72nd Regiment, led the storm, with part of the Europeans, and the pioneers, commanded by Lieutenants Dowse and McPherson, supported by Captain Scott, who followed in more regular order with the rest of his force. Some of the gates were burst open by the pioneers, but most of the ramparts were carried by escalade, till, having passed five or six different walls, which defended this steep and difficult rock, the troops at length gained the summit.

The astonishment and confusion of the enemy were so great that their fire, though heavy, was for the most part thrown away, and as soon as a single European was seen above any of the walls they fled precipitately. The killadar was made prisoner, and many of the garrison killed: many more, terrified at sight of the European bayonets, threw themselves down from the rock, thus blindly rushing on one mode of death in their anxiety to escape another. The total number of wounded in the English detachment was very small, and Ootradroog was carried without the loss of a single life.

Thus had the brigadiers of Cornwallis attacked and carried fortresses built on frowning rock, where every point of rugged nature had been rendered more terrible by the engineer's art. The way to Seringapatam was now laid open, and the time had arrived when Tippoo, in his last stronghold, must await the desperate onslaught of the Anglo-Indian army.

FOUR MONTHS IN THE DESERT.

THE whole records of disasters at sea do not perhaps furnish such an instance of perilous adventures as those which the crew of the *Grosvenor* East Indiaman encountered during a period of 117 days. This vessel sailed from Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, for Europe, on the 13th of June, 1782. On the 3rd of August Captain Coxon, her commander, considered himself a hundred miles from the nearest land, but on the following day the ship struck on some rocks within 300 yards of the shore. To save her was impossible; destruction and despair were seen in every countenance, and the utmost confusion prevailed. Those most composed were employed in devising means to gain the shore, and set about framing a raft of such masts, yards, and spars as could be got together, hoping by this expedient to convey the women, children, and the sick safe to land. In the meantime a *Lascar* and two Italians attempted to swim ashore with the

deep-sea line: one of the latter perished in the waves, but the others succeeded.

By means of the small line a larger one, and afterwards a hawser, were conveyed to the shore, the natives, who had crowded to the water's edge, assisting the sailors. The raft being finished, it was launched overboard; but a nine-inch hawser, by which it was held, broke, and the raft, driving on shore, was upset, by which three men were drowned. The yawl and jolly-boat were no sooner hoisted out than they were dashed to pieces. Several seamen gained the land by the hawser, and others were left on board, when the vessel rent asunder fore and aft. In this distressing moment they crowded on the starboard quarter, which happily floated into shoal water, and every one on board, even the women and children, got safe on shore, except the cook's mate, who was intoxicated, and could not be prevailed on to leave the ship.

When they had assembled on shore they got some hogs and poultry, which had floated from the wreck, and made a repast. Two tents were made of two sails that had been driven ashore, under which the ladies reposed for the first night. Next morning the natives came down and began to carry off whatever struck their fancy, but plundering seemed to be their only object. A cask of beef, one of flour, and a leaguer of arrack were found and delivered to the captain, who, on the morning of the 7th, called the survivors of the shipwreck together, and, having divided the provisions among them, said that, as on board he had been their commanding officer, he hoped that they would still suffer him to continue his command. An unanimous cry of "By all means" was the reply. He then informed them that, from the best calculations he could make, he trusted to be able to reach some of the Dutch settlements in fifteen or sixteen days, as he intended to make for the Cape of Good Hope.

Thus encouraged, they set off cheerfully, for "hope is such a bait it covers any hook," and they were, therefore, unwilling to damp their courage by melancholy forebodings. Mr. Logie, the chief mate, having for some time been ill, was carried in a hammock, slung on a pole, and in this laborious occupation all the men cheerfully shared. A man of the name of O'Brien, being very lame, remained behind, saying it was impossible to keep up with his shipmates, and he would therefore endeavour to get some pewter from the wreck, and make trinkets to ingratiate himself with the natives.

The whole company now set forward, and soon met about thirty of the natives, among whom was one Trout, a Dutchman, who had committed murder, and had fled from justice. On learning the course they were travelling he recapitulated the difficulties they would meet with, and gave them good advice, but could not be prevailed on to conduct them to the Cape.

The next day they were stopped by about 400 of the savages, who, after pilfering and insulting, at last began to beat them. Concluding that they were marked for destruction, they determined to defend themselves to the last extremity. After placing the women, children, and the sick at some distance, under the protection of about a dozen of their number, the remainder, consisting of eighty or ninety, engaged their opponents for two hours and a half, when, getting possession

of a rising ground, they forced the natives to a sort of compromise. Several of the company cut the buttons from their coats, and gave them with other little trinkets to the natives, who then went away, and returned no more.

In the night they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and to make a fire, in order to keep off the wild beasts, whose howlings continually disturbed them. A fresh party of the natives came and plundered them, seizing the gentlemen's watches, and examining the hair of the ladies, to see if diamonds were concealed in it. They also took away what was then of more value than diamonds or the gold of Ophir, the tinder-box, flint, and steel, which was an irreparable loss, and obliged them to travel in future with firebrands in their hands.

After journeying together for some days the provisions brought along with them were nearly expended, and, the fatigues of travelling with the women and children being very great, the sailors began to murmur, and seemed every one determined to take care of himself. Captain Coxon, with the first mate and his wife, Colonel and Mrs. James, the purser, and several other officers, as well as seamen, with five of the children, agreed to keep together, and travel slowly as before. Captain Talbot, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Trotter, the second and fourth mate, and the remainder of the seamen, including John Hynes, being in all about forty-three, went on before. A young boy, Master Law, a passenger, seven or eight years old, crying after one of the men, it was agreed to take him with them, and to carry him by turns, whenever he should be unable to walk.

Both parties felt great pain at the separation, as they had little hopes of meeting again; but next morning early the advancing party, having waited all night by the side of a river for the ebb tide, were overtaken, and the whole company once more united, to their great satisfaction. Two days afterwards they again separated, thinking that by travelling in separate bodies they would be less likely to excite the jealousy of the natives. The party with the second mate, which may be designated Hynes's party, as from him the narrative is principally derived, travelled several days through untrodden paths, crossing rivers two miles broad, and being frequently obliged to climb trees to explore their way.

Wild sorrel and shell fish, of which the supply was often very scanty, were their only food, until a dead whale, the liver only of which could be eaten, furnished them with a more substantial, though not more agreeable, meal, and a supply for some days. The party now resolved to proceed inland; and after advancing, during three days and nights, through a fine pleasant country, in which they saw many deserted villages, they came to a river which they were unable to cross. Captain Talbot was so much fatigued that he could not proceed with the rest of the company, and his faithful coxswain remained behind with him. Neither of them was ever heard of after.

Another dead whale having been discovered, the party, with the assistance of two spike-nails which they had burnt out of a plank, cut part of it, which they took in bags along with them; a dead seal was another seasonable supply, and was carefully husbanded. This party had been severely treated by the natives, and had lost five of their number, including the carpenter. The

command of the company now devolved on the steward, as well as the care of the child, whom he treated with great tenderness.

On arriving at a village they obtained a young bullock, in exchange for the inside of a watch and a few buttons. They killed it with one of the lances belonging to the natives, and, dividing it in pieces, distributed them by lot. The skin was also cut in pieces, and those obtaining portions of it made them into shoes. This was the only instance of the party being able to get any sustenance from the natives, except that the women sometimes gave the boy a little milk.

A sandy desert next occupied them ten days in passing, during which no natives were seen; but they afterwards came to a small village, where they got a little milk for the boy, and afterwards part of the flesh of some sea-crows and sea-lions, which were hung up to dry in one of the huts. Two rivers were crossed, and they now reposed two days, in hopes of their companions coming up. But ten days afterwards they discovered, by some small pieces of rags scattered here and there on the way, that they were before them. Entering a large sandy desert, where little wood or water was to be seen, they observed written on the sand at the entrance of a deep valley, "*Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water.*" This direction they hastened to obey, and saw, from the remains of fires and other traces, that their companions had rested in a recess.

The sight of thirty or forty elephants terrified them, and they were continually harassed by the natives, who killed one of their party and wounded John Hynes. The cooper died with the fatigue, and soon afterwards the little boy, whose tender frame had borne so much suffering, sunk under it. They now began to suffer much from thirst, as no water could be obtained, and several of them died.

Their number was now reduced to three—Hynes, Evans, and Wormington; the boatswain's mate, who earnestly importuned his companions to determine by lot who should die, that by drinking his blood the other two might be preserved; but this the others refused. They soon after came up with four of the steward's party, who appeared to have suffered as much as themselves. One person soon afterwards died, and the remaining six journeyed onwards, until they at length reached a Dutch settlement, where they were hospitably entertained by one Roostoff, who lived about 300 or 400 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. Roostoff immediately ordered a sheep to be killed, on which they breakfasted and dined; and then another Dutchman, named Quin, who lived about nine miles distant, brought a cart and six horses to convey them to the Cape. It was on the 29th of November that they reached Roostoff's dwelling, having been 117 days occupied in their weary journey.

They were now forwarded in carts from one settlement to another, to Zwelendham; and during the whole way, wherever they passed the night, the farmers assembled to hear their melancholy story, and supplied them with many articles of which they stood in need. As a war then existed between Great Britain and Holland, two of the men were sent to the governor of the Cape, while the rest remained at Zwelendham.

The governor, hearing their story, humanely

sent a party of 100 Europeans and 300 Hottentots, attended by a great number of waggons, each drawn by eight oxen, in order to save such articles as could be secured from the wreck, and to rescue such of the sufferers as might be discovered, or in the hands of the natives. Beads and trinkets were sent to ransom them, if necessary. The party met with no interruption from the natives for some time; but they afterwards obstructed the progress of the waggons, and the Dutch were obliged to travel further on horseback. Only twelve of the wretched sufferers, including seven Lascars and two black women, could be found; and these, with six sailors, who had first reached the Cape, were sent to England in a Danish ship.

The fate of this unfortunate company, and the belief of their being alive, excited great commiseration; and in 1790 another expedition was fitted out to go in quest of them, but without success, although the reports of the natives induced the belief that some of them were still living.

ESCAPE OF MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

In 1806, when the French under General Lauriston entered Venice and established a new government, Mrs. Spencer Smith was residing there for the benefit of her health, with two infant children. She received an order to appear before the French police. On obeying the summons she was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner, and commanded to depart within a week for the city of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the government for her residence. Thus, notwithstanding all high phrases to the contrary, did Napoleon or his lieutenants wage war against a woman; and on her demanding the reason for this treatment they answered, "*Your country and your NAME.*"

The simple facts were that she was a sister-in-law of Sir Sidney Smith, and the gallant Sir Sidney, with a swarm of unruly Turks and a handful of British tars, had, some few years before, entirely foiled Bonaparte's attack on Acre.

In a very few days it appeared that the order to repair to Bassano was a mere feint, and that the real instructions of the French police were to send her prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes. At the moment when she was anxiously waiting to receive a passport to enable her to quit Venice she was arrested by a party of gendarmes, told of her destination to Valenciennes, and placed in a state of close confinement in her chamber, previously to being conducted to France.

The friends of Mrs. Smith were struck with consternation and grief at this change in her fate; but, endured herself with an admirable degree of fortitude, she roused the courage of those who wept around her, nor once appeared shaken, till her lovely infants came running to her arms to ask why she was so sad. She wished, by any sacrifice, to preserve them from the fate to which she was doomed. But how was this to be done? Who was able to help her by saving them? In evident anguish she looked round on each of the small circle of friends who sympathised with her situation, and in mournful

silence her eyes explained her supplication to them all.

Among the number of these friends was a young Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvo. Overcome by the sensations which so tender a scene excited, he rushed from the room; and when he had recovered composure sufficient to return, it was to intimate privately to Mrs. Smith that he had formed and resolved to execute, at all hazards, the generous design of effecting the escape both of herself and of her children.

The children not having been placed under the immediate vigilance of the police, the marquis succeeded, without any great difficulty, in getting them conveyed away to Gratz, where the Countess Strazoldo, a sister of Mrs. Smith, resided; but he did not think it prudent to make the attempt to effect Mrs. Smith's own escape till after she had left Venice and was on her way to the Alps.

It was necessary to the success of the project that the Marquis de Salvo should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road; and, nothing being more reasonable than her request that a friend might be permitted to travel with her, it was readily complied with, and the marquis took his seat beside Mrs. Smith in the gondola which conveyed her a prisoner from Venice.

It was at Brescia that the marquis had determined to accomplish Mrs. Smith's deliverance, it being the nearest place to neutral territory. The party were to stop here two days. The room of the inn in which Mrs. Smith was confined was fifty feet from the ground, and gendarmes were posted in the room adjoining, with the door open. The Marquis de Salvo occupied an apartment in another part of the house. Early on the morning after their arrival the marquis alighted unobserved by the gendarmes, and, while the police of Brescia were yet in ignorance of his arrival with Mrs. Smith, went and got a passport signed for the Tyrol. From the police he hastened to survey the outlets of the city, but, to his sorrow, could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guarded. He was not, however, dismayed, but immediately set about procuring all the means for their escape—a light carriage, which could travel anywhere; horses, to spare them the necessity of waiting at the post-houses; a man's dress for the disguise of Mrs. Smith; and, finally, a bill of health, which would be requisite on entering another country. All this he accomplished before ten o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Mrs. Smith, and availed himself of an hour, while the soldiers were at the street-door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted. It was agreed that he should go next day to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia, and collect all the information possible respecting the places through which it would be necessary to pass; and that on the ensuing night, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Smith was to let down a string from the window to the ground, to which the marquis was to be ready to tie a paper, communicating what further discoveries and arrangements he had made.

Returning downstairs, the marquis told the guards that his affairs prevented him from continuing any longer in the company of this woman; that the slow manner in which she travelled greatly retarded his journey; that he had to go to Paris with all possible despatch; and, be-

sides (flattering them by apparent confidence), he assured them that he did not like to be exposed to the stigma of being the friend of a woman whose arrest was demanded by the Emperor of the French. He added that it was his intention to leave Brescia that very evening, and that, as he did not like to tell the lady that such was his intention, he begged as a favour that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The guards murmured their opinions to one another, and, turning to the marquis, in a friendly tone commended his design, and promised to be the faithful bearers of his apology to the lady.

At four o'clock next morning the marquis passed the gates of Brescia and directed his steps to Salo. On his arrival there no officer appeared at the gate to demand his passport, nor did he perceive any crowd of idle gazers about his chaise, *to look at the stranger*, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy—circumstances which made him at once fix on the place as one which it would be an easy matter to pass through without observation. He then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda, where he engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready next morning at six o'clock for passing the lake with all expedition.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing further remained to be prepared at Salo, and, as he could not well return to Brescia before the evening, he employed the interval in making a ladder of rope and pieces of wood, and succeeded in making one as long as he thought would be required. When this important implement was finished he wrote a letter of instructions to Mrs. Smith, and as the night closed in returned to Brescia, which he entered just as the gates were being shut. He left the horse and chaise at an inn, situated in a solitary square, telling the ostler that he would return by three o'clock in the morning.

It was near three o'clock when, dressed as a Brescian postillion, and with the rope ladder and letter under his cloak, he advanced through the most lonely streets towards the inn called the Two Towers, where Mrs. Smith was. He stopped before he approached the window; he listened for some time to the noise of the soldiers; and, after convincing himself that they were occupied in drinking, he drew near and felt for the string with his hand. Having found it, he tied the ladder and letter to it, and, on pulling it gently, it was instantly drawn up. He then retired, overjoyed at seeing the first danger so well got over.

After waiting three hours he returned under the window, at which shortly after a figure presented itself: it was Mrs. Smith. The marquis drew near; Mrs. Smith asked in a low voice if he was her friend; De Salvo replied, "I am that friend, and wait for you." Mrs. Smith instantly proceeded to fasten the ladder. "Scarcely was this done," says the marquis, "when I saw Mrs. Smith take hold of the window and cling to the wall, pressing with uncertain foot the first step. I perceived she was reluctant in trusting herself upon it: the unhappy lady stood tottering upon the step, and seemed to tremble so much that I was afraid of her falling. But I was agreeably undeceived when I beheld her grasping the knots of the ladder, and boldly determined

to descend. What an interesting spectacle! A forlorn woman, anxious to escape from captivity, committing herself from a height to ropes, which, even while they tore her delicate fingers, she kissed in ecstasy, because they were instrumental to her release. And at the same time armed sentinels in the adjoining apartment, who were ready to dart upon her if their sleep were interrupted by the least noise." Happily the silence of the night and its intense gloom remained undisturbed, and she reached the ground without receiving any essential injury.

Mrs. Smith and her gallant liberator now hurried in breathless haste from street to street, till they reached the summit of the fortress of Brescia. Here the violence of Mrs. Smith's desire to save herself was such that she actually offered to attempt scaling the walls; but on the marquis acquainting her that a chaise was in waiting at the inn near the gates her agitation was somewhat calmed. They found the chaise ready, but the hour for opening the gates had not yet arrived. At their earnest entreaties, however, the guard opened them, and they passed through on the 3rd day of May at four o'clock in the morning.

They reached Salò at half-past six the same morning, hastened on board the boat which the marquis had engaged to convey them across the Lago di Garda, and in eight hours more reached the Tyrolean frontier in safety.

THE MERCHANT-KINGS OF VENICE.

CHANGE the granite roadways of London into canals—its deafening jangle of omnibuses and broad-wheelers into the gentle splash of the gondolier's oar—its doll's-house uniformity of doors and windows into an endless variation of marble palaces—and you have a random sketch of Venice. Enter one of those noble dwellings; thread your way through its bewildering corridors; descend a gloomy staircase; note the creaking of each bolt, hinge, and lock; still descend; sniff the vault-like odour of each recess; and, with half-drawn breath, you will be ready to believe the saying, "In Venice every street has a palace, every palace a dungeon, and every dungeon a victim."

In fact, no visitor to that famed Italian city should forget that, with all her beauty, she has been a sorry jade in the history of mankind. Foremost of her time, she sat a queen in commerce, arts, and arms, while poor England wallowed in the slough of the Middle Ages; but in an evil hour Venice resigned herself to the care of a secret Council of Ten, who took so much care of her that they ultimately destroyed her. Under the rule of those tyrants none were safe. The city swarmed with spies. If at the public theatre one face beamed with more attractions than another, it was the face of a spy. If in the private confessional a reverend ecclesiastic listened to the heart-story of a penitent, it was the ear of a spy. Doubt, fear, suspicion chained every tongue. If a gay sprightly son of the people, or one of its venerable fathers, or one of its proudest daughters, was missed from public observation, none dare inquire the fate of the

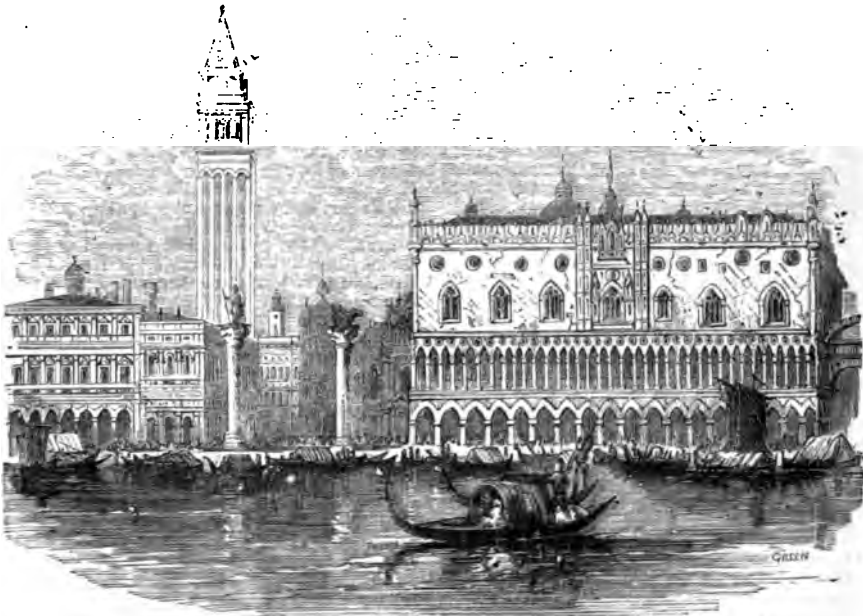
lost one: perhaps the Bridge of Sighs or the Dungeons of St. Mark might tell a tale of the gag, the bowstring, the hangman's rope, or the headsman's axe—but none dare inquire. The Council of Ten, perhaps, might make the revelation, but perhaps only one of them knew the secret, and the other nine dare not inquire. Such, indeed, was the result of the spy system. Those ten Secret Daring Cowards, while making the world tremble, lived in agonies of fear themselves.

Bearing in mind, however, the limits of this, our Book of Battles, we will simply relate one or two tragedies in the history of that famed Italian city.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century Francesco da Carrara, Prince of Padua, maintained an unsuccessful war against the superior strength of Venice, and, after a brilliant defence, was compelled to surrender in his capital to the republican arms. The Venetian provveditori, or commissaries, who, according to the practice of their republic, attended her armies to control the military commanders, declared that they had no power to treat with the Signor of Padua, but they invited him to deliver the city into their hands, and to proceed to negotiate in person with the senate himself. Upon the faith of a safe-conduct, Carrara, with one of his sons, obeyed their counsel, and embarked for Venice. On their arrival in that city they were admitted to an audience of the senate, and threw themselves on their knees before the dogs to entreat the mercy of the republic. The doge, raising the suppliants, seated them on either side of his throne, and addressed a discourse to them, in which he recounted the benefits that the republic had at former periods conferred on their house, and reproached them, but without bitterness, with the ingratitude by which they had repaid her. The Carrara replied only by imploring the clemency of the senate, and they were then conducted to the prisons of St. Mark, where they were suffered to see Giacomo, another of the sons of Francesco, who was already a prisoner. Since his captivity he had remained in ignorance of their fate, and little expected to meet them in that abode of misery. The interview between these unhappy relatives could draw tears even from Venetian jailers.

While the senate seemed to hesitate on their fate, the Council of Ten adopted the atrocious maxim that for enemies so dangerous by their valour and restless talents there was no secure prison but the tomb. They removed the case before their own tribunal, and the Signor of Padua was suddenly desired, by the mouth of a friar, to prepare for death. After he had confessed the priest left him, and two of the Council of Ten entered his prison, attended by a body of their myrmidons. The indignant prince, who acknowledged no submission to the state of Venice, met his end as fearlessly as he had lived. Seizing a wooden stool, the only article of furniture in his dungeon, he rushed upon his murderers, and, in the effort to sell his life dearly, was at last overpowered and strangled with the strings of a cross-bow. The next day his two brave sons shared the same fate.

These foul murders of independent and fallen princes were followed within a few years by an act of national ingratitude yet more flagrant and



[THE CAMPANILE, PILLARS, AND PALACE OF ST. MARK, VENICE.]

odious. To Francesco Carnagnola, one of the most celebrated Italian captains of the Middle Ages, Venice had been indebted for a brilliant course of victory, which extended her sceptre over some of the fairest portions of the Lombard plains. But his successes were no sooner chequered by some partial reverses than the Council of Ten began to entertain suspicions of his fidelity, and secretly resolved on his destruction. He was invited to Venice to confer with the senate on the restoration of peace, and welcomed, both on his route and when he arrived at the capital, with studied and flattering honours. He was introduced into the ducal palace, but his suite was advised to retire, as he would be detained in long conference with the doge and the assembled senate, and it was already late in the day. As soon as the palace was cleared of his attendants the gates were closed; he was then told that the doge was indisposed and could not see him until the next morning, and as he crossed the palace court to withdraw he was suddenly seized. A door which led to his destined prison was opened, and he had only time to exclaim that he was lost when he was hurled down into his dungeon. A few days afterwards he was put to the torture, and during his sufferings, which were aggravated by a wound received in the service of this detestable government, a confession of guilt is said to have been extorted from him. No proof, however, was ever adduced against him, and he was conveyed to public execution with a gag over his mouth. He met his death on a spot between the two columns represented in our engraving.

For thirty years the Doge Francesco Foscari

had signalised his administration by a train of splendid conquests. His personal activity and talents had animated the warlike counsels of the state; he had acquired a dazzling reputation, and he enjoyed a greater credit than almost any of his predecessors. The influence and glory of the doge were alone sufficient to excite the watchful jealousy of the Council of Ten; a knowledge of his ambitious character had increased their distrust and suspicion, and they only waited for an opportunity to punish the chief magistrate of their state for his popularity and fame. If the desire of elevating his family had once inflamed Foscari, his pride had already been quenched in domestic sorrows, and chilled by age. He had lost three sons, the successive hopes of his house: only a fourth, Jacopo, survived, and it was by the infliction of frightful miseries on him that the Council of Ten, with cold and stern malignity, seized the occasion of embittering the last years of his father.

Upon a secret accusation of having, contrary to law, received presents of jewels from the Duke of Milan, Jacopo Foscari was in 1445 dragged before the Council of Ten. In the presence of that tribunal, at which his unhappy parent was compelled to preside (such was the refinement of Venetian cruelty), he was tortured into an avowal of the charge, and then condemned, by a sentence which the doge was obliged to pronounce from his own lips, to an eternal banishment from the city. For five years after this Jacopo Foscari lived tranquilly in his exile at Treviso, until, in 1450, one of the Council of Ten was assassinated. From his causes of hatred to that body for their oppression of his father and

himself, and from the accidental presence of his servant at Venice, Jacopo was suspected of the murder. He was brought to the capital, but the most frightful torments could wring no confessions from him. The doge was still the agonised spectator of his sufferings, and still they were prolonged by his inhuman tyrants to an extent which unsettled the reason of the victim. He was now sent to a distant banishment in the colonies, and the real author of the assassination with which he had been charged was discovered by a dying confession.

The innocence, the fearful wretchedness of Jacopo Foscari made no impression on his enemies; his longing fits for home became a madness; and, finding that all hope of restoration to his family was past, he contrived, in the wildness of his despair, the means of at least embracing them before he died. He wrote from his exile to the Duke of Milan, imploring his interference with the senate, and, knowing that this application to a foreign prince would in itself be construed into a crime, he purposely suffered the letter to fall into the hands of the spies who surrounded him. It was forwarded to the Council of Ten, and Jacopo, as he had expected, was immediately summoned a prisoner to Venice. For the third time was he tortured before the eyes of his father; the touching declaration that he had written the letter merely to gain a last sight of his aged parents and his wife moved not the compassion of his enemies, and his frame was mangled and dislocated anew. In this state his distracted family were permitted to visit him in prison, and his heart thus received its last sad satisfaction. The sentence of banishment was confirmed with increased severity, but his eternal release from earthly oppressors was at hand; and he had scarcely dragged his agonised limbs to the shore of his exile when death terminated his sufferings.

The unhappy doge had twice solicited permission to abdicate a dignity which had proved so fatal to his family and to himself, and by the resignation of which he hoped to satiate the hatred of his enemies, and to stop the persecution of his son. But the Council of Ten had as often forcibly retained him on the throne. He was now eighty-six years of age, and, after the death of Jacopo, oppressed with years and grief, was no longer capable of discharging the vain ceremonial of his office. But his enemies could not suffer him to die in peace. Among them the most implacable was Jacopo Loredano. At the instigation of this bitter foe, who was now chief of the Council of Ten, it was resolved by that tribunal to finish the humiliation of the doge, whose abdication they had before refused to accept. They now required him to resign his dignity; but an oath which they had themselves extorted from him forbade him to do so, and they then passed a sentence of deposition against him. They would have induced him to leave the palace of government privately, but he insisted on quitting it by the great staircase on which, thirty-four years before, he had solemnly been installed in his dignity. Leaning on his staff, the old man descended from the palace amidst the indignant sympathy of the assembled multitude, and retired to his private house; but his heart was broken. The sound of the great bell of St. Mark, which tolled to announce the election of his successor, struck on his

ear as a death-knell. His agitation produced the rupture of a blood-vessel and instantaneous suffocation. The people had dared to regret his fate, and we may learn their feeling and the tyranny of their rulers from a decree of the Council of Ten which forbade them, on pain of death, to speak of the affair of Francesco Foscari.

Such are a few instances of the cat-like steps by which the Venetian Republic accomplished the ruin of its friends and of its foes. When we hear, therefore, of beautiful Venice despoiled by the French and kept in chains by the Austrians, we experience only the slightest possible shudder at her fate. Let us hope that, reunited to Italy, she may become a dutiful subject of King Victor Emmanuel, and prove in her new career that honesty is the best policy whether for a man or for a nation.

LITTLE DOLLY.

THERE was a poor little middy on board, so delicate and fragile that the sea was clearly no fit profession for him; but he or his friends thought otherwise, and, as he had a spirit for which his frame was no match, he soon gave token of decay. This boy was a great favourite with everybody: the sailors smiled whenever he passed as they would have done to a child; the officers petted him, and coddled him up with all sorts of good things; and his messmates, in a style which did not altogether please him, but which he could not well resist, as it was meant: most kindly, nicknamed him "Dolly." Poor fellow! he was long remembered afterwards. I forget what his particular complaint was, but he gradually sunk, and at last went out just as a taper might have done, exposed to such gusts of wind as blew in that tempestuous region. He died in the morning, but it was not until the evening that he was prepared for a seaman's grave.

I remember, in the course of the day, going to the side of the boy's hammock, and on laying my hand upon his breast was astonished to find it still warm—so much so that I almost imagined I could feel the heart beat. This of course was a vain fancy; but I was much attached to my little companion, being then not much taller myself, and I was soothed and gratified, in a childish way, by discovering that my friend, though many hours dead, had not yet acquired the usual revolting chillness.

In after years I have sometimes thought of this incident, when reflecting on the pleasing doctrine of the Spaniards, that as soon as children die they are translated into angels, without any of those cold obstructions which they pretend intercept and retard the souls of other mortals. The peculiar circumstances connected with the funeral which I am about to describe, and the fanciful superstitions of the sailors upon the occasion, have combined to fix the whole scene in my memory.

Something occurred during the day to prevent the funeral taking place at the usual hour, and the ceremony was deferred till long after sunset. The evening was extremely dark, and it was blowing a treble-reefed topsail breeze. We had just sent down the top-gallant yards, and made all snug for a boisterous winter's night. As it became necessary to have lights to see what was

done, several signal lanterns were placed on the break of the quarter-deck, and others along the hammock railings on the lee gangway. The whole ship's company and officers were assembled, some on the booms, others in the boats, while the main-rigging was crowded half-way up to the cat-harpings. Overhead, the mainsail, illuminated as high as the yard by the lamps, was bulging forwards under the gale, which was rising every minute, and straining so violently at the mainsheet that there was some doubt whether it might not be necessary to interrupt the funeral in order to take sail off the ship. The lower-deck ports lay completely under water, and several times the muzzles of the main-deck guns were plunged into the sea; so that the end of the grating on which the remains of poor Dolly were laid once or twice nearly touched the tops of the waves as they foamed and hissed past. The rain fell fast on the bare heads of the crew, dropping also on the officers, during all the ceremony, from the foot of the mainsail, and wetting the leaves of the Prayer-Book. The wind sighed over us amongst the wet shrouds, with a note so mournful that there could not have been a more appropriate dirge.

The ship, pitching violently, strained and creaked from end to end; so that, what with the noise of the sea, the rattling of the ropes, and the whistling of the wind, hardly one word of the service could be distinguished. The men, however, understood, by a motion of the captain's hand, when the time came, and the body of our dear little brother was committed to the deep.

So violent a squall was sweeping past the ship at this moment that no sound was heard of the usual splash, which made the sailors allege that their young favourite never touched the water at all, but was at once carried off in the gale to his final resting-place!

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A FATAL REPEAT.

FATIGUED and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-King of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras, in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior, with some of the monks, came out to meet the general, and assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would prepare for the soldiers, but that he himself would provide a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted, Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery.

The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them. He and two other monks accepted the invitation in

such a manner as to leave no doubt that he felt much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats the prior said grace, carved, ate of every dish first, and, with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation.

Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world, adding, with emphasis—

"This, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth. In an hour we shall all be before the judgment-seat of God!"

Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests, for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physician were in vain: in less than an hour every man had ceased to live.

A THREAT FULFILLED.

WHEN the great Condé commanded the Spanish army in Flanders, and laid siege to one of the towns there, a soldier being ill-treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, for some words he had spoken, answered very coolly that he would soon make him repent it. Fifteen days after the same general ordered the colonel of the trenches to find him out a bold and intrepid fellow in his regiment to execute a particular service, for which he promised a reward of 100 pistoles. The soldier above spoken of, who passed for the bravest in the regiment, offered himself for the business, and, taking with him thirty of his comrades, performed the enterprise, which was a very hazardous one, with incredible courage and success. On his return the general highly commended him and gave him the hundred pistoles he had promised. Those, however, the soldier immediately distributed among his comrades, saying he did not do the service for pay, and demanded only that, if his late action seemed to deserve any recompence, they would make him an officer. "And now, sir," continued he to his general, who did not know him, "I am the soldier whom you so abused fifteen days ago; and I told you I would make you repent it." The general instantly recollected him, and, in admiration, threw his arms round his neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission.

THE WRONG PLACE FOR LUXURY.

A YOUNG foreigner, wealthy and of distinguished birth, was desirous of making a campaign as a volunteer in the Prussian army. He appeared there with a superb equipage, a table profusely furnished, and all the other appendages of opulence and luxury. He was soon greatly surprised to see himself treated with very little attention or respect. His post was always either with the baggage or the hospital. He had even the cruel mortification not to be present at the battle of Rosbach. Finding that the representations which he caused at different times to be made to the King of Prussia did not produce any effect, he determined to go himself and state his complaint to his Majesty. "Your manner of living in my camp," said Frederick to him, "is

disgraceful: it is impossible without economy and self-denial to support the fatigues and the duties of war; and if you are unable to submit to the discipline of the Prussian armies I entreat you to return speedily to your own country."

A PATRIOT'S ANSWER.

A CORSICAN gentleman who had been taken prisoner by the Genoese was thrown into a dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he was in this situation the Genoese sent a message to him, that if he would accept a commission in their service, he might have it. "No," said he: "were I to embrace your offer, it would be with a determined purpose to take the first opportunity of returning to the service of my country. But I will not accept it: for I would not have my countrymen even suspect that I could be one moment unfaithful." And he remained in his dungeon.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin," &c.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

At length, about eight bells, the whole fury of the gathering storm burst. The wind came with a sudden rush that rent every sail into ribbons, and flung the *Minerva*, which was on the top of a billow, flat on her beam ends, hurling one of the three men at the wheel, and the look-out in the forechains, on the raging water. For an instant their faces gleamed white and ghastly, and then, buried in the green surge, they were swept by, far from sight or human aid.

By a desperate effort the helm was put up hard a-port, and the ship lifted on her keel, when more than a dozen men rose half drowned from the lee scuppers.

"Out with the life-lines, and all hands to secure spars and sail!" roared the captain through his trumpet; but so distracting was the howling and shrieking of the wind, and the hissing and roaring of the seething ocean, that the words sounded like a whisper, and it was more from their own knowledge of what was necessary than in obedience to orders that the crew set about the needful duty. While the most timid or least hardy of the hands intersected the deck with strong life-lines for the sailors to cling to while performing their duties, the most courageous sprang into the different ratlines, to reach the respective masts, the boatswain leading the hands to the foremast, as the first and second mates headed those in the main and mizen.

Of all the perilous duties a sailor is called upon to perform the one the men were now upon was perhaps the most dangerous. The ribbons into which the sails had been split, and then dragged out of their bolt-eyes, were, by the fury of the gale, lashing the masts and spars as with rods of iron, while the spars themselves were all adrift and swinging about in the most dangerous manner.

To add to the other risks, the ship, with mere stercage way, and without an atom of canvas to keep her steady, was rocking so violently that it seemed to require every limb and effort of the mariners to secure their hold and avoid being jerked off the hazardous perch on which they clung. At the same time the force of the wind, as it tore with shrieking discord through the shrouds and cordage, and bent the taper masts like fishing-rods, seemed resolved on tearing them from their hold.

Despite these fearful and almost insurmountable difficulties, the hardy sailors went about their task with wonderful courage and coolness, now brailing up a loose yard, or cutting free and giving to the wind the fragments of sail that threatened to flog the main-tops into splinters; and the heavy and responsible duty was at length accomplished.

Phil had worked with an energy and skill that had not even escaped the eye of the boatswain; but that malevolent individual, having taken a mortal hatred to the young dandy, as he spitefully called him, only felt a more intense dislike for the youth, who gave him no excuse for censure or condemnation.

"Here, you lubberly dandy," shouted Nixon in Phil's ear, as he and Johnson were securing what was left of the fore-topsail, "go aloft and brail up the topgallant yard, and see you do it before there's a splinter in the spar, or by Davy Jones I'll take the change out of your bones."

"It's more than one hand can do," cried Johnson, as the ship suddenly careened over on her side and immersed the whole three up to their necks in the wave through which they were dragged. "I'll go with him," he added when able to speak, and the ship with a lurch rose again on her keel.

"Mind your own business, and let the cub alone!" was the savage rejoinder of the boatswain.

"I can manage it, Ben, never fear," replied Phil, with a cheerful smile, and, taking no notice of Nixon, he proceeded along the topsail-boom till he reached the shrouds, up which he ascended as fast as his clothes, heavy with water, would allow him. When within a yard of the spot where the suspended end of the spar was falling like a flail on the delicate mast a sailor crept out on the cross-trees, from behind the ends of the tattered sail, not an arm's length above Phil. The heel of the yard fell at that moment with its full force on the unfortunate man's head, the hands instantly relaxed their hold of the back-stays, and the body, toppling over the narrow platform, fell to the deck on the combings of the fore-hatch.

Though fully conscious of the fate that had just befallen one of his shipmates, and sensible of the mercy shown to himself (for had he been a moment quicker in his movements he would have been the victim), Phil lost not an instant in idle delay, but, springing up the next few rounds of the ratlines, threw his arms round both mast and yard, and then, securing himself in the cross-trees, was enabled to lash both together. He had already risen to his feet, and partly secured the hampered sail, when Johnson stood beside him, but with a look of such revengeful purpose in his face that Phil gazed on his new friend with an expression of extreme surprise.

"It is you, Phil, is it?" the mate asked, almost

doubtingly. "It's lucky for him it is you, lad, or, by the Lord, I'd have—" but, checking himself, he pointed below, and then continued, "All's snug here. I must down and see who it is."

Throwing himself into the shrouds, Ben hurried towards the deck, and Phil, grasping the end of a maintop-brace which had been broken, began to descend to the foretop, where Nixon and his party were yet at work.

The gloom of the day had deepened into a darkness that rendered his progress most hazardous. Suddenly an intensity of light almost blinding enveloped him: a sheet of lightning had struck the foremast about ten feet from the deck, and, amidst a crashing of timber, a rending of spars, and a peal of thunder that rattled like artillery round his head, he was in an instant hurled with the wreck of the mast into the boiling sea.

Distracted with the noise, nearly blinded with the lightning, and utterly confused by the fall and sudden immersion, Phil lay for a moment among the ruins of the foretop, totally unable to move, though floating up to the neck in the *débris* from the wreck, but the speed at which he was dragged through the water, and the sound of rapid strokes, soon restored him to perfect consciousness. Though unseen himself, he plainly perceived that the crew were clearing away the wreck from the ship's side and chopping the shrouds and braces with axes. At the same moment he beheld the form of Nixon the boatswain relax its hold of the maintop and, with a despairing cry, drop into the water.

Tying the rope he had still retained in his hand to his waistbelt, Phil contrived to stand on the cross-trees on which he had fallen, and, as the revolving body approached, leaped boldly into the wave, and succeeded in grasping the breast of the drowning man.

With the instinct of despair Nixon threw his powerful arms round his preserver's neck and completely choked all his efforts at rescue. Feeling himself dragged down by the struggling man, Phil looked round for the friendly wreck, but, to his horror, found that it had been cut adrift, while the ship itself seemed an immeasurable distance ahead. In despair he felt for the rope at his girdle, but, though it was still there, it was paying out unchecked and unseen, and he should perish in his attempt to save his enemy.

Summoning all his strength to his aid, though half strangled by Nixon's embrace and nearly blinded and suffocated by the perpetual immersions, Phil tore open the boatswain's arms, and, striking out violently, beat off, for a moment, the insensible man; then, with the delusive hope of being heard, he sprang out of the water, but his strength failed, his brain reeled, and he dropped back like a plummet into the raging ocean. Once more the death-grip of the boatswain closed upon him, and the two bodies rose and fell on the surging billows, or disappeared in the mountains of green brine.

CHAPTER V.—THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

ALL the hands but the boatswain, Phil, and another had fortunately reached the deck before the lightning struck the foremast. Astounded by the unforeseen calamity, the captain gave instant orders to clear away the wreck, which

was striking the ship's side with tremendous force, threatening each moment to stave in her timbers.

As yet the number of men overboard was unknown, and Johnson, who fully believed that Phil had followed him directly down, had for some time no suspicion but that the youth for whom he had conceived so warm a friendship was on deck; and it was not till the busy axes had nearly severed all the stays and braces that the fear crossed his mind that he might be clinging to the wreck which he with others had been so eagerly cutting adrift. Throwing down his axe, and rushing between the life-lines, peering into every face and calling on Phil's name, he became convinced that his worst fears were realised, and his friend all the time was overboard.

Darting to the larboard bulwarks, just as the last rope was severed and the freed foremast with all its hamper was whirled over the next wave, his quick eye caught the dim outline of his friend, as he plunged off the cross-trees to grasp at some passing object. Cursing his own stupidity at not stopping near the wreck, when he might sooner have discovered Phil, he hurried aft to the captain, with some vague hope that putting the ship about might yet save the general favourite. He had not taken many steps, when he placed his foot on a line that was rapidly running across the waist of the ship and over the bulwarks. In his first idea that it was attached to the wreck he seized his knife to sever it, but, seeing the end of the coil jerked from under the pinnacle, he attempted to stop it with his foot. Failing in this, and a sudden thought flashing through his mind, he rapidly twisted the end round his arm, and cried loudly to his messmates to help him. Not a moment too soon did that help arrive, for so violent was the strain that he was nearly pulled over the bulwarks; but now three willing pairs of hands divided with him the still heavy task of securing and then pulling in the rope.

"Haul in, lads, haul! it's Phil," cried Johnson, greatly excited. "Haul away, or he'll be drowned," for the impossibility of the ship's going about in her present crippled state at once impressed itself upon his mind. "Here he comes, lads; but who's this he's got in his fins?"

"Why, the boatswain!" replied one of the hands. "We could have spared that waif anyhow." Leaping over, despite the peril, into the main-chains, every moment swept through by seas, Johnson hung over the frightful chasm, ready to grasp the fast-approaching bodies, while one of the men rove a noose to encircle both. Grasping the coat of the insensible Phil, Ben, by the exercise of great strength, fairly lifted the two closely-locked bodies some distance out of the water, while another, lashing himself to the rigging, passed the line round their waists, and, with but slight injury from their concussion on the ship's side, landed them safely on the deck.

While the rest of the crew were busily engaged splicing a jury-mast on the stump of the foremast, and getting up a jib and foresail, Ben and Juba removed the two seemingly drowned men to their berths, and applied such remedies as they deemed best for their resuscitation. Aided by a young and unimpaired constitution in Phil, and a cat-like vitality in the boatswain, their efforts were fortunately successful; though it was many

hours before consciousness returned to the younger of the two men.

Phil had been lying awake for some time in his bunk, perfectly conscious, only a little stiff from his late exertions, trying to make out the meaning of the wild discord overhead, the ceaseless clank, the stunning blows of heavy seas on the ship, and the screeching wind that penetrated even that closely-battened cabin.

It was with a feeling of infinite relief that he knew by a different sound that suddenly assailed his ear that some one was descending. But before, in the almost total darkness, he could observe who the visitor was a flash of such vivid lightning lit up the steeage that every crack in the woodwork, and every crumb on the dirty table, stood out with perfect distinctness, while the crashing burst of thunder that followed prevented him for some moments from asking Ben, whom he had recognised as he turned to close the companion slide, what he was so anxious to know.

"Oh! Ben, I am so glad to see you," he exclaimed, taking his hard wet hand. "I must get up, for I hear you have got a regular gale and every hand is wanted; only tell me how I was got out, and whether the boatswain was saved. I tried to help him, but I think I lost my grip. I did my best."

"Ay, messmate, and if you had let him alone nobody would have blamed you," replied the mate; "but you did save him, and if Jack and Bill and I hadn't seen you jump off the cross-trees to grab at him the lying sneaking thief would 'a swore that he saved you; so now he's found out he hates you like pison, and will do you a mischief the first opportunity, mark my words. Keep your weather eye on him, Phil."

"No matter, I'm glad he's saved. How long have I been here, Ben?"

"It's nigh on thirty hours, and, though I was sure you'd come to, I am right glad to hear your voice again."

"What a time I've been shirking duty! I'll have on my slops in five minutes. How is Nixon?" he inquired, jumping out of his bunk, and selecting a suit of dry clothes.

"Oh! he's as many lives as a cat, and was all right after an hour's snooze and a double allowance of grog. Bother him, he's well enough."

"And how are things on deck, Ben, and what's the meaning of that clanking of chains?" inquired Phil, as he proceeded with his dressing.

"Well, things can't be much worse than they are just now. The gale you talk about has turned out a perfect hurricane, with no chance of breaking yet. We have lost all our boats, except the pinnace, gig, and yawl, and all our bulwarks are gone flush with the deck. We have lost both main and mizen top, have sprung a leak, with nearly ten feet of water in the hold, and the clank you hear is the noise of the three chain-pumps, the others being choked, broken, and useless. Now take a pull of this grog and stick these biscuits in your pocket, and then, if you are fit for work, come on deck."

"I'd rather have a cup of hot coffee, Ben," replied Phil, putting the biscuits in his pocket and steadying himself by the door-post. "You take the grog, Ben, and let me have the coffee."

"I've had grog enough, Phil; besides, you want it, and will want it still more; and as for hot

luah, I fear you've had the last that will ever be made aboard the *Minerva*."

"What do you mean, Ben?" he asked, in some anxiety.

"Just at six bells, when Juba was in the cuddy, trying to make some hot coffee, an awful sea came over the bows and carried the caboose, with poor cookie, the launch, quarter and long boats, and every stick up to the hurricane house, slap into the water. Poor Juba, with the great coffee-pot in his hand, was seen at the door for a moment, and then the curl of the wave fell on the cuddy roof, and drove the whole building into the bowels of the sea."

"Poor fellow! But come, this looks like shirking on my part, and I feel fit to take my spell of work. But how's this, Ben?" Phil suddenly observed, removing the liquor untasted from his lips. "You look, as far as I can see by this uncertain light, quite ill and exhausted. Here, drink this grog."

"I've had a long spell at the pumps, and am now off for my ten minutes' rest, for we work in parties ten minutes each, and that makes me look weary; but I can't drink any more grog, and you must, so drink and let us face the weather."

Complying with his friend's wish, Phil drank his liquor and followed Ben to the deck. The aspect of affairs here was lamentable to a degree: the *Minerva*, with a jury-rigged foremast, and her main and mizen reduced to half their proper height, was staggering under bare poles before the tempest, with every vestige of bulwarks gone, and her deck perpetually swept from stem to stern by heavy seas. A few men at each pump were slowly and hopelessly working, while on the battened hatchways, firmly grasping the life-lines, lay those who had last come off that exhausting duty.

A party of five or six men had just chained a tar-barrel to the stump of the foremast as Phil came on deck. Before he could inquire into the motive of this, or to what duty he could apply himself, the voice of the captain was heard through his trumpet, calling to the men at the pumps to hold hard.

In a moment every man threw his weary limbs on the hatchways, and, tightening his hold of the ropes, lay panting and perfectly regardless of the floods of water that every few minutes deluged the deck.

"Sound the well!" rose clear even above the peal of thunder which at that instant followed a vivid streak of lightning.

Hardly a breath was drawn while the carpenter dropped his plummet down the well, and then, after a pause, cautiously drew up his marked line.

"Sing out the figure, that all may hear," shouted the captain from the window of the hurricane house, as the man's dark figure was shown against the scething water.

"Thirteen feet seven," cried the carpenter, withdrawing his gauge.

An exclamation like a smothered groan followed this announcement, while the unsteady motion of the ship and some strange rumbling noises in the hold caused several to rise to their knees.

"Three feet in less than half an hour! It's all over with the *Minerva*," Ben exclaimed to Phil, as they held on by the life-lines. "Hark to the

skipper," he added, as the captain was again seen to elevate his trumpet.

"Knock off from the pumps. Fire the tar-barrel," shouted the commander. "And now, lads, I expect you all to behave like orderly and quiet men. If that beacon does not bring some ship to our aid we must, at last, trust to the boats we have still left. The *Minerva* will float for two hours longer. Now get the boats ready, and, once more, no confusion; and remember this, a boat will often live where a ship founders. Nixon and Johnson, come aft with the mates, and I'll give you your orders."

So many frightful circumstances were crowded into the next two hours that they seemed to Phil's intelligent mind as branded into his memory with hot irons. Some of the crew, on hearing the captain's orders, rushed below and put on their best clothes, others huddled on every garment they possessed, while some stripped naked to the waist, and returned to the howling tempest as if ready for a pugilistic encounter. Some fell on their knees and prayed in decorous silence; others openly blasphemed and said death was as welcome at one hour as at another; and one, grasping the standing rigging, addressed a loud and rambling discourse on predestination to the furious billows. Some wept and wrung their hands, and called on wives, parents, or friends to pray for their rescue. A few only—some six or seven—went steadily on with the duty entrusted to them, that of preparing the boats: this, as well as the constant breaches made by the waves and the labouring roll of the ship would allow, they had in a measure accomplished when the mates, boatswain, and Johnson left the hurricane house and reached the space between the main and fore mast.

"Phil, my lad, I have bad news. I thought I should have had you in my boat, or beside me, wherever we were; but it ain't to be, though I asked for it as a favour."

"It can't be helped, Ben. Though we may be parted, I trust we shall meet again. What is the arrangement?"

"The second mate and I are to take charge of the gig, with six passengers, drop astern at once, and bear up for the Azores; the skipper and first mate, with eight of the passengers, have the yawl; and the third mate and boatswain take the command of the pinnace and the rest of crew, among whom you are to take your chance."

"It seems a very good arrangement, and never fear, Ben, will turn out right. Think no more of me, I can protect myself. Good bye. If we should never meet again, remember that one of my last thoughts will be for a good and worthy fellow. God bless you! Good bye!" And, grasping each other's hand, while a flash of lightning showed the anxious expression on the faces of both, the two parted.

Hurrying forward to his task, Johnson threw into the gig some kegs of water, a bag of biscuits, oars, sails, and whatever else needful he could think of; and then, the names of the six passengers being called, they took their seats. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, the boat and her crew was bodily lifted by the tackle, and by good management dropped on the top of a wave, and, the hooks being cleverly unfastened, the next moment the gig disappeared down the impetuous billow, and sank far beneath the reach of sight.

Holding on to the life-lines with a firm clutch, Phil gazed with a choking heart and moistened eyes after the fragile bark that contained the only friend who had ever shown a disinterested regard for him.

"They are there; I see them; he has escaped the first peril," Phil exclaimed aloud, as he was able to distinguish the atom of a boat as it was swept up the almost perpendicular side of the following wave.

The yawl, having been launched, was as speedily as possible freighted with her crew, but, as she sometimes sank twenty feet below the level of the deck, and the next moment rose far above its reach, the filling was a work of time and difficulty. When all were seated, except the captain, the yawl was allowed to drift with a long hawser to the stern, while the crew launched their own and largest boat. This was at length effected, and so expeditious were the hands in leaping into her at the proper moment that before Phil could reach the starboard quarter, where she was fastened, rising and falling with each motion of the ship, she was not only full, but every seat occupied.

"I'm blest if there's an oar in the boat," exclaimed the third mate from the stern-sheets, where he and the boatswain were seated. "Here, youngster, run to the hurricane house and bring out three or four sets. Quick, for your life!"

Phil darted, as fast as the ominous trembling of the ship and the fearful storm would allow him, to the place indicated, as the captain, having hailed the yawl under the stern posts, was dropping from the saloon window into the craft beneath. Returning with all the oars he could find, he contrived to hand them to the pinnace, and prepared himself to leap on board when she next rose to the level, but, to his horror and astonishment, he discovered that they had slipped the painter by which she was held to the ship's side, and were already some fathoms astern, while on the farther wave he beheld, by the now brilliant glow of the burning mast and flaming tar-barrel, the yawl, with the captain as chief, dashing through the foaming crest.

Gone! deserted! Every soul left him on a sinking and burning ship! For a moment he felt acutely his desolation, and, in the bitterness of his heart, felt as if he could curse all mankind.

"There is fellowship with rats, there is honour among thieves, yet my own messmates have left me here to perish by—" At this point of his rather mentally than verbally expressed thoughts he was startled by a loud report and the tremendous concussion given to the ship by the bursting open of the fore and after hatches, as the pent-up air from the encroaching water hurled the massive planks and iron bars around his head, and the scattered tar spread tongues of fire along the deck and ignited the rigging.

"Death by water rather than by fire!" he exclaimed as he rushed to the poop, and, regardless of all consequences, plunged into the heart of the retiring wave.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LAST TEN MINUTES OF LIFE.

PHIL was a good and a bold swimmer, but against such enormous seas as were then running no mortal arm could avail for a moment. Feeling

the folly of all exertion, and, from his late experience, knowing the force of the waves, he ceased struggling, and, lying on his back, allowed the seas to carry him as near as possible to the boat he desired to overtake. In this manner, like a log of wood, he was flung and drifted from billow to billow, till, turning round, he discovered the prow of the pinnace approaching him on the next wave. To place himself on a line with the boat and avoid being carried past it was now his great difficulty, for well he knew that should he miss to clutch the boat not a hand of her crew would be stretched to help him.

Half rising out of the water, Phil threw himself over the crest of the wave, that he might reach the bottom of the trough in time to meet the descending pinnace from the opposite wave. By a desperate effort he threw himself from under the descending keel, and, half choked, blinded, and exhausted, contrived to clutch the gunwale of the pinnace as her prow reached the bottom of the watery vale. Exhausted and powerless, he felt himself dragged up the next wave, unseen and uncared for by one soul.

Eighteen men were already crowded into the narrow limits of the sharp-pointed pinnace, and these, for the precaution of keeping out the water within a few inches of the rowlocks, and to break the force of the swamping waves, were closely packed side by side, eight on either side, with the third mate and boatswain in the stern-sheets, the latter steering. As the men thus sat, forming a breakwater with their backs, and a small square sail keeping the boat's head before the wind, it was impossible for any one to see the fainting gasping wretch who hung like a parasite to the bows.

Unable to speak, Phil took one of his hands from the gunwale for an instant to touch the back of the man nearest to him. With an exclamation of fear and surprise, the sailor turned round, dragged in the half-drowned youth, and, putting him down by his side, ejaculated—

"Why, I'm blest if here ain't the dandy kid come aboard!"

"The kid? Where's the skipper, then, and how come he here?" inquired another.

In answer to the questions, Phil could only point to the ship, that now, on fire to the main-chains, like a drunken reeling monster, was staggering up a wave some half-mile ahead, and to a speck on a far-off sea, which all knew to be the yawl.

"Ay, ay. The skipper's took care o' himself, that's plain as a pikestaff," observed the first speaker.

"What are you up to there for'ard, Bill?" shouted the boatswain in his most savage tones. "Pitch the young lubber overboard," he cried, with a brutal oath, when Bill had repeated his first exclamation. "What right had you to take any one aboard without first asking leave? Now, since you are so clever at saving, try your hand the other way. Over with him! Do you hear there, for'ard? Over with the canting thief!"

"He ain't doing no harm, and the poor beggar's reg'lar done up," replied Bill in a supplicating tone.

"You'd better take the slack out o' your jaw, or I'll teach you how to palaver to me. Don't you see, you cursed fool, that the craft is over-

loaded already? May I be roasted by Davy Jones if the boat shall be swamped to save a lazy land-lubber like that; so out with him, and make no bones of the matter. If he's done up, why the sooner he'll be out of his trouble."

"He don't take up no room at all, I tell ye," shouted Bill, "for he's crouching down aside me."

"Don't you see, you cursed fool, that his weight has thrown the boat out of trim, and she won't steer true? Are we to lose our lives for a land-lubberly spawn? Are you there, Bob and Dick?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the two men on the opposite seat.

"Then over with him; the boat's all ascant." "That's easy got over," replied Bill. "Here, youngster, get astride the keel and lean over the stem; that'll keep the craft trim. It's all right now, Nixon," he cried, as Phil, kneeling on each side the boat's keel, placed himself as directed.

"If you had the steering of the boat, you everlasting fool, you'd know that every extra pound made her harder to work; and see there, all on you, if she doesn't lay so deep there ain't a hinch clear to the rowlocks," continued the boatswain, with a string of oaths.

This was a fact that all could appreciate the importance of, and, as each man felt that his own safety was in a measure imperilled, and as Phil was as yet hardly regarded as a messmate, they had less reluctance in backing the opinion of the boatswain. An almost unanimous cry therefore arose that the lives of the boat's crew should not be endangered by taking in one who didn't belong to them, and that if he didn't go in the gig or yawl, among the other passengers, it was his look-out and not theirs, and he must take the consequences of his own mistake; and, as he'd have to go overboard sooner or later, they voted that he should go at once.

Against this decision there was only one dissentient voice, that of Bill, who, finding that he was powerless to save the lad, proposed a compromise, and suggested that, in justice and humanity, he ought to be allowed a chance for his life. He therefore proposed that if no vessel appeared in sight before a certain hour to-morrow, and they were then all of the same mind, he should jump overboard himself. This merciful suggestion was at once scouted by the mate, boatswain, and several of the crew as absurd and dangerous: the peril to all was immediate, they said, and should be met at once by an effectual remedy. Eventually, however, the question was put to the vote, and, the majority siding with the more humane proposition, it was at length agreed that, if a vessel did not appear in sight by noon next day, Phil, without any further bother, should jump overboard himself: if he refused the crew bound themselves to throw him over.

As the chance of relief occurring during such a storm was very doubtful, and as the stock of provisions was so small that the crew were placed at once on half a biscuit and a mouthful of water, it was unanimously declared to be neither just nor expedient to give Phil any share in the rations.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SURRENDER OF THE LITTLE PRINCES TO LORD CORNWALLIS.]

THE MARCH ON SERINGAPATAM.

AND now for Seringapatam!

What if the troops of the Nizam, in grotesque armour, swarm to head-quarters, wildly flourish their weapons, and make such a Babel as would demolish half the commanders in the world? What if the Mahrattas, dying for love of plunder, dash off madly right and left, to vaniah, none knows whither? Cool as a mountain-top, Cornwallis gives orders for the march.

The force under his own immediate command amounted to 22,000 men, with a train of forty-two battering-guns and forty-four field-pieces, while that of General Abercrombie, approaching Seringapatam from another direction, consisted of 8400

men. Cornwallis began his march on the 1st of February, and, proceeding in three lines instead of one, with his ordnance and heavy baggage in the centre, his infantry and light troops on the flanks, he arrived before Seringapatam on the 6th.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment and dismay of Tippoo at the rapid conquests of the British troops. He still, however, had a fine army, consisting of 45,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 100 pieces of cannon, and with this formidable body he took up a strong position in front of Seringapatam, determined to make a desperate struggle for empire.

On both sides of the river, looking on to the island of Seringapatam, a large space is inclosed

by a bound hedge, which marks the limits of the capital and affords a place of refuge from the incursions of cavalry. On the north side the inclosure was occupied by Tippoo's army. Within it were several redoubts, one of which, erected on a commanding eminence, was a post of great strength. There were other works calculated to shield his troops from attack, or facilitate retreat in case of necessity, and his front line was defended by 100 pieces of heavy cannon, while there were not fewer than 300 pieces in the fort and island which constituted his second line.

Such was the formidable nature of Tippoo's position, but Cornwallis determined to make an immediate and general attack under cover of the night.

The troops to be employed were divided into three columns, under General Meadows and Colonels Stuart and Maxwell, the commander-in-chief, with the reserve, following close behind, and the whole, under a bright moon, began to move at eight in the evening. Between ten and eleven o'clock the central column on its advance encountered the enemy's grand guard, a body of cavalry, who were approaching with rockets to disturb the English camp, which annoyance they had practised on the preceding night. The horsemen immediately galloped off to their lines, leaving the bearers of the rockets to harass the column and endeavour to impede its march. The leading division, however, on being discovered, pushed briskly forward, reached the hedge, and entered the enemy's lines about a quarter of an hour after their approach became known.

When the rocketing commenced the left column, under Colonel Maxwell, was ascending the Carighant hill, an eminence on the right of the enemy's camp, near the termination of the bound hedge. The hill is steep and of great height; it commands one of the fords and the eastern part of the island, and protected the right wing of Tippoo's camp. This post was defended by a double breastwork in front of a stone redoubt, but the work was not entirely completed; a considerable body of infantry, but without artillery, was stationed in it. These works were scaled by the flank companies of the 72nd, the regiment by which the hill was stormed on the former occasion.

The right column, under General Meadows, from some mistake was led to a more distant point than was intended, but about half-past eleven entered the inclosure, and proceeded to attack a redoubt within the enemy's lines, and which, after a severe conflict, was carried. General Meadows, having left a sufficient force for the defence of the captured post, proceeded to move in a direction which he expected to bring him to the spot marked out for him, but rice-swamps compelled him to make a larger circuit than had been anticipated, and thus the track of the central column was missed. No firing being heard, it was conceived that, whether the other columns had gained a victory or sustained a defeat, it was too late to render them any assistance.

Stuart's front subdivision, having forced the bound hedge under a heavy but ill-directed fire of cannon and musketry, advanced steadily, the enemy receding before them. Pushing for the river, and passing Tippoo's tent, which appeared to have been abandoned with much precipitation,

the advanced companies were soon separated into two bodies. The first that reached the river crossed under the very walls of the fort without opposition, and Captain Lindsay even pushed into the sortie, in the hope of entering the gates with the fugitives, but the gate was shut and the bridge drawn up, otherwise that night might have put an end to the war. This party proceeded along the glacis through an extensive bazaar, destroying numbers of the enemy and dispersing several bodies of horse; they then took post, part at a bridge over a canal running nearly across the island, and part at a redoubt commanding the southern ford.

The second body crossed by the same ford which their companions had passed a few minutes before. On reaching the opposite bank they turned to the left, and advanced about a mile to the western gate of the pettah. It was shut, but was soon forced open, the troops stationed for its defence having, on the first alarm, rushed out to man the lines and batteries on the river. The firing from these lines and batteries informed the British party that the right of the enemy's camp had been penetrated, and it was concluded that the assailants were probably attempting to force their passage into the island. But the enemy were too much confounded even to maintain what was still in their possession, and the lines and batteries, which were all open to the rear, were abandoned in confusion.

Stuart's second subdivision passed to the left as intended, for the purpose of breaking the right wing of the enemy's army. On approaching the Sultan's redoubt its progress was opposed by a large body of horse. These were received by a volley, delivered with great steadiness and precision, and when the smoke cleared away the horse were seen at a distance scattered over the field. The Sultan's redoubt was found abandoned, and, this being occupied by a party detached for the purpose, the remainder moved on to co-operate with the column under Colonel Maxwell.

Stuart's rear division, under the immediate command of Lord Cornwallis, having entered the bound hedge, was attacked by a greatly superior force, against which he with difficulty maintained his ground until he was joined by the division of General Meadows.

But the most critical moment in the operations of this memorable night was when these two divisions, after having found a ford, undertook to force their way across the river, which was so deep that all their ammunition was spoiled, and they were compelled to rely on the bayonet. The morning of the 7th of February thus found within the pettah of Seringapatam the left column and part of the central column of the British force, the right column and the remainder of the centre being on the Carighant hill.

During the early part of this nocturnal engagement Tippoo had occupied a strong redoubt on the river, where he took his evening meal, but on seeing the English divisions advance to the ford he felt alarmed for his communication with the city, and hastened to cross it before them. In his flight he almost touched the head of the column, and had several of his attendants killed before he could reach a detached work in an angle of the fort, where he again took a station, and so critical was his escape that he had entered

the gate but a few minutes before Captain Lindsay's party endeavoured to gain admission.

One of the most singular incidents was the narrow escape of Tippoo's treasurer. On the first alarm of an attack the treasurer began to load his charge upon camels with all possible despatch. Musket-balls soon began to pass around him, and by one of them he was severely wounded. He continued, however, to proceed with his work, and completed it. The camels were loaded and driven across the ford, intermingled with the British troops and the flying servants of Tippoo. They reached the bank in safety, and the undaunted treasurer, conducting his caravan for a considerable distance along the glacis, entered the city by the Mysore gate, and had the satisfaction of depositing his charge in security, without the loss of a single rupee.

Morning soon dawned and discovered the British army fully established on the island, and facing the fortress of Seringapatam without any interposing barrier. Tippoo, on perceiving the extent of his disaster, urged his soldiers to recover, if possible, the positions in which the British were not yet firmly established. Several of their attacks, being supported by the artillery of the fort, were very formidable, but they were all finally baffled.

The most determined efforts were made by the enemy to recover Tippoo's redoubt, the garrison of which consisted of somewhat less than 100 Europeans and about fifty Sepoys, commanded by Captain Sibbald, of the 71st Regiment. In defence of the redoubt the first object was to shut up the gorge, which was open towards the fort, and an attempt to effect this was made by throwing across some broken litters and the carriage of a gun. This being perceived from the fort, three guns immediately opened from thence upon the gorge, and two field-pieces were sent to some adjacent rocks, the fire of which was directed to the same point. By these means the inefficient barrier was soon shattered into splinters, and considerable injury done to the works. The gorge being clear, the enemy, about ten o'clock, advanced to assault. They were beaten back, but with considerable loss, and soon after they had retired a cannon-shot deprived the party in the redoubt of their commander, Captain Sibbald.

Major Skelly, one of Lord Cornwallis's aides-de-camp, who had been despatched to this spot on some special duty, now took the command, and while meditating the best means of husbanding the small stock of ammunition was informed that two bullock had wandered into the ditch, and were laden apparently with some of Tippoo's spare ammunition. The conjecture was right; the animal's were soon relieved of their burdens, and proved more precious to the major and his party at this juncture than if they had been loaded with the richest jewels in Tippoo's treasury. Scarcely had the men filled their cartridge-boxes from this unlooked-for supply when a fresh attempt was made on the redoubt. Tippoo, greatly disappointed by the ill-success of the former attack, had passionately demanded if he had no faithful servants to retrieve his honour. After some hesitation a body of cavalry volunteered their services, and about one o'clock they advanced towards the redoubt in compact order, 2000 strong. At first it appeared as though they intended to charge at once into the gorge, but

they suddenly stopped, just beyond musket-shot, and 400 of them, dismounted, rushed impetuously forward to force the entrance with their sabres. The gorge had been necessarily kept clear during the cannonade, but the garrison now formed across the opening, while the portion of the parapet which bore on the enemy was also fully manned. Their fire was coolly reserved till it could be given with effect, and by the first discharge the leading part of the column was completely brought down. Recovering from the momentary hesitation caused by the fall of their comrades, those behind again began to advance, but the steady and rapid fire of the garrison threw them into confusion, and, flying to their horses, they soon disappeared under a covering fire from the fort and the rocks.

After the repose of an hour the garrison was threatened with another attack, led by Tippoo's European corps, under Monsieur Vigie. The Frenchmen, however, advanced but a little way from the rocks, when, a few of the foremost falling, the rest came to a stand, fell into confusion, and went off.

No further attempt was made on the redoubt, and never was relief more welcome than that afforded to the garrison by the cessation of the enemy's attacks. The day had been oppressively sultry, and within the narrow limits which bounded the efforts of the garrison two officers and nineteen privates lay dead, while three officers and twenty-two privates, miserably wounded, were passionately imploring water, which their companions had not to bestow, being without a single drop even for themselves. Thus surrounded within by death and suffering, exposed without to the attacks of a vast army, supported by the guns of a well-appointed fortress, did this gallant band maintain, not their post only, but their own honour and that of the country which they served.

Preparations for a siege were now commenced without delay by the British troops, who had taken possession of the Laul Baugh, a beautiful garden situated on the eastern point of the island, ornamented with several palaces, and made sacred by the mausoleum of Hyder Ali. The cypress and other magnificent trees which adorned this favourite place of Tippoo's recreation were now destined to fall beneath the axes of the English pioneers, as no other materials could be procured for making fascines and gabions, the palaces and choultries being at the same time converted into hospitals for the sick and wounded.

The proud soul of Tippoo was irritated almost to madness at seeing this charming spot, to ornament which he had bestowed so much pains, laid waste, and the tomb of his father contaminated by the touch of infidels. He vented his rage in a continual discharge of cannon from the fort, directed towards the Laul Baugh, and every other part within sight, if not within range, occupied by his enemies. But his efforts were vain to retard the progress of the besiegers, whose victorious forces were now further increased by the corps under General Abercrombie, by another from the south, which had ascended the pass of Guejthutty, and even by the Mahrattas under Pursesam Bhow, who had at length been shamed or frightened out of his marauding expedition.

Tippoo accordingly determined to seek peace on almost any conditions, and for this purpose sent

Lieutenants Chalmers and Naah, whom he had basely imprisoned for their noble defence of Coimbatore, to Lord Cornwallis, to convey to that commander his earnest wish for peace.

Cornwallis having accepted the overture of Tippoo, an officer of distinction, Gholau Ali, arrived in the camp, and several days were busily spent in negotiation. The following was at length fixed as the ultimatum to be delivered to Tippoo:—"The surrender of half his dominions, taken from districts contiguous to the territory of the confederates; the payment of three crores and thirty lacs of rupees (nearly three and a half millions sterling); and the delivery of two of his sons as hostages."

Meanwhile, on the night of the 18th of February, while the attention of the enemy was attracted to the south side of the fort by the operation of a flying corps under Major Dalrymple and Captain Robertson, the trenches were opened on the north side with such silence and caution that, though the fort was kept blazing with blue lights, for the purpose of observation, morning had arrived before Tippoo discovered that this operation, so fatal to him, had commenced. A nullah, or ravine, had been converted into a wide and extensive parallel, where the assailants were placed so fully under cover as to render ineffectual every attempt to interrupt their operations.

A second parallel was finished on the 23rd, and the ground was fixed for the heavy batteries, about 500 yards from the fort, in so advantageous a position as to leave no doubt of a practicable breach being speedily effected.

Tippoo now felt the necessity of coming to a prompt decision on the proposals submitted by the British commander. He called his principal officers to meet in the great mosque, and, laying the Koran before them, adjured them by that sacred book to give faithful advice in this dread emergency. He stated the terms demanded by the enemy, adding, "You have heard the conditions of peace, and you have now to hear and answer my question, *Shall it be peace or war?*" The chiefs unanimously agreed that, under present circumstances, there remained no alternative but submission.

That very night Tippoo sent off, signed and sealed, the conditions submitted to him by Lord Cornwallis. Early in the morning orders were sent to the English troops to cease from their labour in the trenches and to forbear further hostilities, an injunction that was received by the soldiers with a deep feeling of disappointment. Their enthusiasm had been raised to the highest pitch; they cherished the most sanguine hopes that they should triumphantly scale the proud walls of Seringapatam, and with their own hands rescue their countrymen immured in its dungeons. The commander-in-chief, however, issued very judicious general orders, in which he exhorted them to display moderation in their present success, and to avoid any insult to their humble adversary.

An interesting scene occurred in the delivery of the two royal youths as hostages—a measure which Lord Cornwallis softened by every species of kindness and indulgence; and, in consequence of the deep distress which was understood to prevail in the palace, a day's delay was granted. Tents having been sent from the fort, and erected for their accommodation, the general offered to

wait upon them; but their father wrote that it was his particular wish they should be brought to his lordship's tent and delivered into his own hands. They accordingly set out at one in the afternoon of the 26th, the walls being crowded with spectators, among whom was Tippoo himself. They rode on elephants richly caparisoned, dressed in white muslin robes, having round their necks several rows of large pearls intermingled with valuable jewels.

The marquis received the princes at the door, and, taking their hands in his, led them into his tent. The elder, Abd-ul-Khalik, was about ten, and the other, Mooza-ud-Dien, was only eight years of age. The chief vakeel then said, "These children were this morning the sons of the Sultan, my master; their situation is now changed, and they must look up to your lordship as their father." The Governor-General promised that all possible care should be taken for their protection and happiness. Their treatment, in fact, was truly paternal: they were soon relieved from all apprehension, and so fully was Tippoo contented with the reception of his sons that he ordered a royal salute to be fired in testimony of his satisfaction. The princes, though so very young, having been trained with infinite care, astonished all present by the dignity and ease of their deportment, and by that union of politeness and reserve which characterises Oriental courts. A strong interest for the captive youths was indeed prevalent throughout the British army—a feeling which, with regard to the younger, was increased by the affecting circumstance of his mother having recently died from fright, occasioned by the attack on Tippoo's lines.

After the hostages had been delivered, and a crore of rupees paid, several difficulties occurred in the arrangement of the districts to be ceded, but finally each of the allies picked out what best suited him, and all went smoothly till Tippoo declared he would never give up the territory of Coorg. Lord Cornwallis, however, was equally determined to have it, for he could not abandon to the fury of Tippoo the faithful allies of the English, and a race unjustly oppressed. Upon this refusal all was again in movement, the princes were separated from their native attendants, and arrangements entered into for despatching them to the Carnatic, under an English escort. Preparations were made for renewing the siege, the army was full of new hope and animation, and Purseram Bhow began once more to plunder. In less than two days, however, Tippoo sent notice that the demand was acceded to.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the royal hostages waited on Lord Cornwallis, and the eldest presented to him all the three copies of the treaty. As the vakeels of the two allied chiefs, who did not choose to appear in person, soon after entered, his lordship returned their copies, which the boy delivered to them in a manly though evidently less cordial manner; and, on hearing something muttered by the Mahratta envoy, asked what he grumbled at, hastily adding they might well be silent, as certainly their masters had no reason to be displeased. Indeed, if any of the parties concerned had reason to grumble, it was the Anglo-Indian army, for, instead of the large grants which had accrued to individuals from the conquest of

Bengal, the prize-money in these three campaigns amounted only to £93,584, which, after Lord Cornwallis and General Meadows had generously given up their shares, and the East India Company had added a large gratuity, only allowed to a colonel £1161 12s., and to a private soldier £14 11s. 9d.

By this treaty Tippoo became again possessed of Bangalore; but he was so disgusted with it for having served as the grand depot of the English army that, although the fortifications had cost him and his father many millions of rupees, he, in a fit of spleen and impotent rage, directed them to be levelled with the ground—an order, however, which was never finally carried into execution. The next care of Tippoo was to purify the Laul Baugh, which had been used as a place of burial for the Europeans, whose bodies were now dug up and thrown into the river. The mausoleum of Hyder was also thoroughly repaired and newly painted, and every possible measure was taken to efface the vestiges of its late possessors.

But all this fuming and fretting—this glaring of the eyes and lashing of the tail—were only so many proofs of Tippoo's defeat.

Reader, the second act of this life-drama is played out. *The tiger is cowed.* The third act approaches with noiseless, but rapid steps.

THE RIVAL CLASMEN.

BETWEEN the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, there is a narrow pass which at a little distance has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if by giants in the sport of architecture. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of considerable size, and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of one person passing another; and, indeed, none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles. It sometimes happens, however, that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case one lies down while the other crawls over his body.

Such are the gloomy features of a spot whose name in Gaelic signifies Hell Bridge.

One day a Highlander, walking along the pass, had gained the highest part of the arch, when he observed another coming leisurely up from the opposite end. Being himself one of the patrician order, he called upon the stranger to lie down. His command, however, was disregarded, and as they met upon the summit they recognised in each other Cairn and Bendearg, members of two rival clans.

"I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first: lie down, that I may pass over in peace."

"When the Grant prostrates himself before the M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword through his body."

"Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and re-pass as you came."

"Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant: "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Phersons."

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other. They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their brows, and, fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood prepared for an onset.

They both grappled at the same moment, but, being of equal strength, were unable to shift each other's position, and stood fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss.

The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sank slowly and firmly on his knees, Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, and M'Pherson whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank farther, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing.

There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a deathlike grip by the rugged point of a rock: his enemy was almost within his reach. His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosened his hold, and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and a heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom.

M'Pherson returned home an altered man. Whether his neighbours pointed at him as a murderer, or whether the avenging spirit of his victim flitted across his path at every turn, he never knew peace again. His home and his country were a blank. His mind—would it were a blank! To efface the terrible remembrance of that encounter on the precipice he purchased a commission in the army, and, seeking for heart's ease in the din of the Peninsular War, found a soldier's grave on the battle-field.

THE WOLVERINE AND THE LUGGERS.

IN the list of those officers who have raised the character of the British navy to unprecedented fame the name of Captain Mortlock is deserving of a distinguished place. On the occasion to which we refer he had sailed from the Downs in the *Wolverine* gun-vessel, of fourteen guns and

seventy men, on a cruise to the coast of France. When off Boulogne he discovered two luggers, both of which were observed to be French, and his first care was to bring them to action, as he knew, if they supposed him to be a ship of war, they would make off. He therefore hoisted Danish colours, which had the desired effect, as the luggers immediately bore down upon him and came within hail. When questioned as to whence he came, he returned for answer, "From Plymouth, and bound to Copenhagen." One of the luggers hereupon came close upon the starboard quarter, and he caught her bowsprit between the mizen chains and the side of the *Wolverine*, and kept her in this situation a length of time, till she was ready to wear.

At this moment the action commenced with musketry and great guns (the *Wolverine* hoisting English colours), and was contested with great spirit for above two hours. Captain Mortlock now lashed the bowsprit of the lugger on board of him to his mizen chains, as he determined, if possible, to take both vessels. The other lugger then got on the larboard bow of the *Wolverine*, running on board of her. In this position she was boarded by the enemy three different times from both vessels, but every Frenchman that engaged in these attempts was killed. One of the enemy's crews, however, made so strong an attempt that it required the assistance of every man in the *Wolverine* to repulse them. At the same moment a number of Frenchmen were actually on board the *Wolverine* from the other lugger, all of whom were killed by Captain Mortlock and two or three brave officers with him. The captain of one of the French vessels himself got upon the little round-house of the *Wolverine*, and gave his men three cheers to encourage them to follow him, when Captain Mortlock instantly ran to him and warmly disputed with him the possession of his post. The Frenchman fired in Captain Mortlock's face, but fortunately did him no injury; he again cocked his pistol, but before he could fire Captain Mortlock plunged his half-pike into his body, and he fell overboard.

So far victory was setting in for the British, but the enemy now threw some leather bags into the cabin of the *Wolverine*, which immediately set her on fire with a great explosion, and while Captain Mortlock with part of his crew was occupied in extinguishing the flames the two vessels got clear away. While they were going off one of them fired a parting shot at the *Wolverine*, which unfortunately struck Captain Mortlock, and gave him his death-wound. He had before this been wounded in three different places, but he still resolutely kept on the deck. He was first wounded in the hand; a ball which passed through a hammock hit him on the heart and caused violent pains; he was wounded very severely in the hip by a splinter; and finally his arm was shattered to pieces by a shot, and the flesh torn away from his side. Thus fell, in the prime of life, one of whom little is known, but that little constitutes him a hero.

A BEAR-HUNT IN SWEDEN.

The following incident in bear-hunting is recorded by Mr. Lloyd in his *Field Sports in the North of Europe*. The scene took place in Scan-

dinavia, where the sport is performed by a great number of people assembling and forming a large circle, which they gradually close, and thus force the animals from their retreat. This species of amusement is called a *skall*.

The skull to which this anecdote relates, says Mr. Lloyd, and at which Captain Eurenus himself was present, took place in the parish of Yestram, province of Wernersborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him. One man, however, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skull, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest, in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture, for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled and attempted to discharge his piece, but, owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it was probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but, instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing master, when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

All might have ended well, for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skull contrary to the orders of his officers, and knew that if it was injured he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed quietly stretched out his hand and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him, and, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head as he was lying with his face on the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much further injury, laid himself along his body.

Whilst this was going forward many of the people, and Captain Eurenus among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action. Here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man. Sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people. All, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might, in his last agonies, still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position the soldier and the bear remained a considerable

time, until at last the latter quitted his victim and slowly began to retreat, when a tremendous fire opened upon him, and he instantly fell dead.

On hearing the shots the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face so as completely to blind him, when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, "The bear! the bear!" The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able.

In one sense the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At the time every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, which was extremely troublesome to dress and keep in order during the day; and he, in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge.

THE DEFENCE OF ACRE.

THE defence of Acre by Commodore Sir William Sidney Smith is one of the most brilliant achievements in military annals. During the interval between Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile and the siege of Acre Bonaparte had almost entirely subjugated Egypt, and conceived himself able to lead his army against the remaining Turkish provinces in that quarter. He therefore determined to commence operations against Djézzer Pasha, the Ottoman commander in Syria, and destined for this expedition about 13,000 men. The face of the country being entirely impracticable for artillery, he shipped his train at Alexandria, and Rear-Admiral Perrée was sent with three frigates to convoy the flotilla, having orders afterwards to cruise off Jaffa.

Sir Sidney, being apprised of the enemy's intentions, left the Turkish capital, in the *Tigre*, on 19th February, 1799, and after making several needful arrangements with Hassan Bey, the Ottoman governor of Rhodes, sailed from that island, and arrived off Alexandria on the 3rd of March. He here found in command Captain Troubridge, whom he immediately relieved, and then despatched his friend and second lieutenant, Lieutenant Wright, to St. Jean d'Acre, to decide, with its commander, upon the necessary measures for the obstinate defence of that fortress.

After bombarding Alexandria, in the vain hope of arresting the march of Bonaparte towards Acre, which was not then sufficiently strengthened to stand a siege, Sir Sidney sailed for that devoted place, off which he anchored on the 16th of March. He immediately landed, and proceeded to inspect the fortifications, which he found in a dilapidated and most ruinous state, and almost destitute of artillery. Making the best arrangements under the circumstances, on the 17th he again put to sea in the *Tigre's* boats, and proceeded to the anchorage of Jaffa, in order to intercept that portion of the French expedition which would take its route along the sea-coast, and which he was convinced must necessarily soon make its appearance. His anticipations were correct, for at ten o'clock on the same night he discovered the approach of the enemy's

advanced guard, moving leisurely forward by the sea-side, mounted upon asses and dromedaries, and offering a somewhat grotesque spectacle. Having thus satisfied himself as to their actual approach, the commodore, with all haste, returned on board the *Tigre*, from which ship he immediately despatched Lieutenant Bushby, in a gunboat, to the mouth of a small river that flows into the bay of Acre. He had strict orders to defend the ford across this little stream to the utmost, and by no means to suffer the French to advance by this way on the town.

At the break of day this intelligent officer opened so vigorous and destructive a fire upon the motley advanced guard that they were driven in great confusion both from the shore and the ford, and great was the overthrow of men, as well as of dromedaries and asses. Indeed, the whole force were tumultuously dispersed on the skirts of Mount Carmel.

Taught by this repulse, the main body of the French army avoided carefully this pernicious and gunboat-guarded ford, and, making a large circuit, advanced upon Acre by the road of Nazareth. This they did without much difficulty, for they soon drove in the Turkish outposts, and encamped upon an insulated eminence skirting the sea, upon a parallel direction with the town, and about 1000 toises distant from it. As this elevation extended to the northward as far as Cape Blanc, it commanded a plain to the westward of seven miles in length, and which plain is terminated by the mountains that lie between St. Jean d'Acre and the river Jordan. This position of the republican forces was as commanding and as good as could be well desired. Favoured by the shelter afforded them by the outlying gardens, the unfilled ditches of the old town, and an aqueduct that adjoined to the glacis, they opened their trenches against the crumbling works of the town on the 20th, and at no greater distance than 150 toises.

In the defence Sir Sidney was assisted by a very brave and clever loyalist, M. Philypeaux, who had been in the service of Louis XVI. as an engineer, and by Captain Miller, of the *Thecus*, who furnished guns and ammunition to the utmost of his power.

But all this display of skill and activity would have proved inefficient had not the greater part of the French battering train and ammunition fallen into our hands. We have before mentioned that this artillery had been ordered round by sea by Bonaparte from Alexandria, under the command of Rear-Admiral Perrée. This flotilla was just rounding Cape Carmel when it was discovered by the *Tigre*, pursued, and overtaken.

The capture was not so complete as could have been wished. The protecting force consisted of a corvette and nine gunboats. Two of these, and the corvette, containing Bonaparte's personal property, escaped. Seven gun-vessels, mounting altogether thirty-four guns and containing 238 men, were captured, together with the train of artillery. The cannon, platforms, and ammunition were immediately landed at Acre, and used for its defence, and the gunboats manned and employed in molesting the enemy's posts established on the sea-coast, harassing their communications and intercepting their convoys.

This year the equinoctial gales had been unusually severe, and the commodore, with the

Tigre and the naval force under his command, had been compelled to take shelter under the lee of Mount Carmel. On his return to the roadstead off Acre he found that the French had taken advantage of his unwilling and enforced absence to push their attacks vigorously. Their approaches had reached the counterscarp, and had penetrated even into the ditch of the north-east angle of the town wall. This angle was defended by a tower which they were rapidly undermining, in order to increase a breach they had already made in it, but which breach they had found to be impracticable when they endeavoured to storm it on the 1st of April.

In this mining operation they were greatly impeded by the fire of the guns that had been lately captured from the French, and which had been quickly mounted and judiciously placed by Captain Wilmot, of the *Alliance*, who was unfortunately shot by a French rifeman a few days afterwards, the 8th of April, as he was mounting a howitzer on the breach. These guns played so actively and destructively, under the direction of Colonel Phélypeaux, that the enemy's fire slackened considerably, and the widening of the breach was but slow in progress.

Yet this successful opposition had no effect upon the mine, and the most serious apprehensions were entertained that its firing would be fatal to the defence of the town. To counteract this, a sortie was resolved upon. It was finally arranged that a body of British seamen and marines was to endeavour to possess the mine, whilst the Turkish troops were to attack the French in their trenches on both sides. As this decisive operation was intended to be a surprise, the sally was made before daylight on the 7th of April. Owing to the impetuosity and noise of the Turks, this plan entirely failed, and the dreaded mine remained in all its terrors.

In no military effort upon record did the French display greater perseverance or more desperate bravery. In every one of their attacks they seemed to understand beforehand that destruction was to be the rule, and escape the exception. With this predestination strong upon them, they went up to the breach coolly and regularly, and with as much *nonchalance* as if death were an unimportant part of their military evolutions. Indeed, repeated attempts were made to mount the breach under such circumstances of desperation as to excite the pity of their British foes.

Nine times had the enemy attempted to storm the trench, and on each occasion had been beaten back with profuse slaughter, such was the determined bravery opposed to their desperate assaults, when, on the fifty-first day of the siege, the long-expected and anxiously-looked-for reinforcements, under Hassan Bey, appeared in the distance. Before its junction could be effected, and relief thrown into the town, Bonaparte was resolved to do the utmost that his genius and the bravery of his army could achieve. Under all disadvantages the enemy continued to advance, and at length got possession of the long-disputed north-east tower. This they accomplished, not by the explosion of the mine, but, having battered down the upper part of the structure, they ascended over the ruins, and at daylight on the fifty-second morning of the siege the tricoloured flag was seen floating on the outer angle of the tower.

This display damped considerably the enterprise of the Turkish soldiers, and the fire of the besieged on the French lines was sensibly slackened. The enemy had also during the night been enabled to construct two traverses that completely screened them from the flanking fire of the *Tigre* and the *Thesews*, which till then had taken deadly effect upon every advance towards the breach. These two traverses were thrown up directly across the ditch, and were constructed with dead bodies intermingled with sandbags.

Such as we have above described was the critical position of the Turkish garrison and their brave allies when Hassan Bey's reinforcements arrived. The reader will of course understand that they came along the sea-coast in transports. These troops, before the vessels anchored, were hurried into the boats, but they were still distant from the shore whilst the French were rallying their last and their best energies to carry the town.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold; our flanking fire alike was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements and traverses of sufficient thickness to protect him from it. The guns that could be worked to the greatest advantage were a French brass 18-pounder in the light-house castle, manned from the *Thesews*, and the last-mounted 24-pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*. These guns, being within grape distance of the head of the attacking column, added to the Turkish musketry, did great execution. The *Tigre's* two 68-pound carronades, mounted in two *djermes*, lying in the mole, and worked under the direction of Mr. Bray, carpenter of the *Tigre*, threw shells into the centre of this column with evident effect, and checked it considerably. Still the enemy gained ground, and made a lodgment in the second storey of the north-east tower, the upper part being entirely battered down, and the ruins in the ditch forming the ascent by which they mounted. Daylight showed the French standard on the outer angle of the tower.

At this critical point Sir Sidney landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such reinforcements, at such a time, is not to be described. Many fugitives returned with Sir Sidney to the breach, which he found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however, ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two parties serving as a breast-work to both, the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spear-heads of their standards locked.

Djezzar Pasha, hearing the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man, coming behind Sir Sidney, pulled him down with violence, saying if any harm happened to his English friends all was lost. This amicable contest, as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a



[COMMODORE SIR SIDNEY SMITH.]

rush of Turks to the spot, and thus time was gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan Bey's troops.

Sir Sidney had now to combat the pasha's repugnance to admitting any troops but his Albanians into the garden of his seraglio, which had become a very important post, as occupying the level space of the rampart. There were about 200 of the original 1000 Albanians left alive. This was therefore no time for debate, and Sir Sidney introduced the Chifflick regiment, of 1000 men, armed with bayonets, disciplined after the European method under Sultan Selim's own eye, and placed, by express order, at the commodore's disposal. The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and, there being consequently enough to defend the breach, Sir Sidney persuaded the pasha to open his gates to let them make a sally and take the assailants in flank. The Turks rushed out, but they were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back to the town with loss. Mr. Bray, however, protected the town-gate efficaciously with grape from the 68-pounders. The sortie had this good effect, that it obliged the enemy to expose themselves above their parapets, so that our flanking fires brought down numbers of them, and drew their force from the breach, so that the small number remaining on the lodgment were killed or dispersed by our few remaining hand-grenades thrown by Mr. Savage, midshipman of the *Thesus*.

The enemy began a new breach by an incessant fire directed to the southward of the lodgment, every shot knocking down whole sheets of a wall, much less solid than that of the tower, on which they had expended so much time and ammunition.

The group of generals and aides-de-camp, which the shells from the 68-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now re-assembled on Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount. Bonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semicircle: his gesticulations indicated a renewal of attack, and his despatching an aide-de-camp showed that he waited only for a reinforcement.

Sir Sidney now gave directions for Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in the shoal water to the southward, and made the *Tigre's* signal to weigh and join the *Thesus* to the northward. A little before sunset a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The pasha's idea was not to defend the breach this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the pasha's garden, where in a very few minutes the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses, the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. The rest retreated precipitately, and the commanding officer, General Lannes, who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, was carried off, wounded by a musket-shot. General Rombaud was killed.

The English uniform, which had served as a rallying point for the old garrison wherever it appeared, was now in the dusk mistaken for French, the newly-arrived Turks not distinguishing between one hat and another in the crowd, and thus many a severe blow of a sabre was parried by our officers, among whom Colonel Douglas and two others had nearly lost their lives, as

they were forcing their way through a torrent of fugitives. Thus the contest of twenty-five hours ended, both parties being so fatigued as to be unable to move.

Sir Sidney now wrote a circular letter to the princes and chiefs of Mount Lebanon, and to the sheiks of the Druses, exhorting them to intercept the supplies of the enemy on their way to the French camp. The chiefs complied, and, as a proof of their sincerity, sent eighty French prisoners who had been captured in the defence of their convoys. Thus baffled in front and straitened on all sides, the paramount object of the French was to mount the breach. Accordingly, General Kléber's division was ordered from the fords of the river Jordan to take its turn in an attempt that had already occasioned the loss of the flower of the French troops of the besieging division, with more than two-thirds of its officers. But on the arrival of General Kléber and his army there was other employment found for them. In the sally before mentioned, made by the Turkish Chiffick regiment, it had shown a want of steadiness in the presence of the enemy, and was in consequence censured. The commandant of that corps, Soliman Aga, having received orders from Sir Sidney Smith to obtain possession of the enemy's third parallel, availed himself of this opportunity to retrieve the lost honour of his regiment, and the next night performed his task in gallant style. On the arrival, therefore, of Kléber's division its original destination of mounting the breach was changed into that of recovering these works, which, after a furious contest of three hours and much loss of life, was accomplished. The advantage, however, remained on the side of the besieged. Indeed, the resistance displayed so far damped the zeal of the French troops that they could not be again brought to the breach.

From this moment all the efforts of the French were feeble and disjointed. Discontent prevailed universally through the ranks, and the officers openly expressed their disapprobation at the frantic proceedings of their general. The siege was virtually at an end. Bonaparte's presence was required in Egypt, and, despairing of success, he directed his last effort to purposes of revenge. With this view he ordered that all the batteries, cannon, and mortars should be directed against the palace of Djezzar, and that the remainder of the siege ammunition should be expended in demolishing the fortifications and other public buildings. To check this work of destruction, the besieged made two vigorous sorties from the garrison on the 16th of May, in both of which they were driven back with loss.

During the night of the 17th the French army began the removal of the sick, the wounded, and the park of artillery; and on the 18th and 19th the advanced guard, under General Junot, quitting the camp before Acre, marched towards Egypt, and took a position at Saffarie. On the 20th the garrison, perceiving the force of the French to be much weakened, made a general sortie, which they repeated in the afternoon with increased vigour; but neither of those efforts was attended with complete success, and in the course of that day the French removed their battering cannon, having previously destroyed an aqueduct of several leagues in length which supplied the town of Acre with fresh water, and reduced all

the magazines and crops in its vicinity to ashes. This night, at nine o'clock, the *général* was beat, and the siege, after sixty days' continuance, was raised.

In this expedition the French army lost 3000 men, of whom 700 died of the plague and 500 in battle, 1800 being rendered by their wounds incapable of present service.

Bonaparte was obliged to leave behind him all his heavy artillery, either buried or thrown into the sea, where it was easily raised, and this battering train, amounting to twenty-three pieces, fell into the hands of the English. The French, after blowing up the fortifications of Jaffa and Gaza, and inflicting a terrible vengeance on those who had defended their country against the invaders, passed over the desert into Egypt.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A MAGNANIMOUS RIVAL.

At the siege of Namur by the allies there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Union, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel. There arose between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Union, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of his tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell. The French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, he called out to his enemy, "Ah! Valentine, can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran to him, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all the danger as far as the abbey of Saline, where a cannon-ball took off his head, and his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Union immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, "Ah! Valentine, was it for me, who had so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades, who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed, but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

A LONG series of calumnies, the suggestions of envy, had deprived the Prussian general Zieten of the confidence of his sovereign, and had forced from the presence of Frederick his best

and bravest commander. The monarch at length perceived his true interest, and sought to recall Zieten to his station in the army. For this purpose he sent an officer to him, who made overtures for a reconciliation, and suggested that he should seek a pardon from the king. This, however, Zieten would not listen to: it was justice, not pardon, he looked for at the king's hands.

Thus foiled, Frederick resolved to make another attempt, and accordingly called himself upon Zieten, and alone. He at first tried to make him acknowledge his faults, and was desirous to persuade him that he himself had been the sole cause of the misunderstanding which had so long subsisted between them. He ended his harangue with a promise of forgetting everything that had passed, and held out his hand in token of reconciliation.

The king thought he had now done all that was necessary; and indeed he had done much for a prince like Frederick the Great. But the wrongs of which Zieten had to complain were too deeply rooted in his memory. In the struggle that was necessary to enable him to tear himself from his king and country his feelings had been too deeply wounded to admit of an easy cure. He listened in profound silence to the representations of the monarch; but he heard them without yielding himself up to them; and the moment of the reconciliation began to appear more distant than ever, when the good genius of Prussia prompted Frederick with the following words:—

"No, it cannot be possible that Zieten, my faithful general, on the approach of a perilous war, should abandon his king and country, whose confidence he so fully possesses!"

These few words triumphed over the firmness of the hero, and found the way to his heart. He threw himself at the monarch's feet, and vowed to shed the last drop of his blood in his service.

A KINGLY APOLOGY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, was of a very hasty disposition, which he one day carried so far as to give Colonel Seaton a slap on the face for something which that officer had done to displease him. Seaton demanded his dismissal from the army, obtained it, and set out for the frontier of Denmark. The king, ashamed of the insult he had thus put upon a brave and excellent officer, soon followed him on a swift horse and overtook him. "Seaton," said he, "I see you are justly offended; and I am the cause of it. I am sorry for it, as I have a great regard for you. I have followed you hither to give you satisfaction. I am now, as you well know, out of my own kingdom; so that at present we are equals. Here are two pistols and two swords; avenge yourself, if you please." Seaton immediately threw himself at the king's feet and declared he had already received ample satisfaction. They then returned to Stockholm together, where Gustavus related this adventure to all his court.

A FATHER AND SON IN OPPOSITE CAMPS.

DURING the investment of Copenhagen by the Swedes the fortress of Rendsbourg, in Holstein, was the only place by which the land succours could be conveyed to the besieged. On taking this town Copenhagen must have been compelled to surrender; but the place was strong, the garri-

son numerous, and the commander a man of great reputation. The Duke of Holstein, in the interest of the Swedes, hoped to deprive Copenhagen of this resource. He made an offer to the inhabitants of Rendsbourg to take them under his protection, to provide for their safety by means of the troops he had then with him, and promised to obtain for them the neutrality of his cousin, the King of Sweden. The father of the commandant, being in the duke's service, was the person pitched upon to convey these proposals.

"It would have been difficult to persuade me," said the son to him, "that you were capable of making me a proposition of this nature: allow me to say that were you not my father I should not have listened to it with patience, and a dungeon should have been the punishment of such insolence."

The father, who was influenced only by the motive of duty towards the prince whom he served, replied to his son in these words:—

"Thus far have I spoken to you as a subject of the duke; but, as your father, I declare to you, that if you had had the weakness to discover the least inclination of surrendering the fortress which is confided to your charge, I should have been the first to treat you as a traitor and a rebel, and to declare you unworthy of the name you bear."

NOT COME TO THAT YET.

IN an engagement with the Dutch the *Henry*, commanded by Sir John Harman, was surrounded and assailed from all sides by the enemy's squadron, so that their admiral Evertzen hailed and offered him quarter. "No," replied Sir John, "it is not come to that yet." The next broadside killed the Dutch admiral, and their squadron was thrown into such confusion that they were obliged to quit the *Henry*. They then sent three fireships to burn her, one of which grappled her on the starboard side. This was no sooner done than the boatswain of the *Henry* jumped on board the enemy's vessel, disentangled the grappling irons, and safely regained his own ship. By this time another fireship had boarded the *Henry* on the larboard side, and, her sails and rigging taking fire, her destruction seemed inevitable, and several of her crew threw themselves overboard. Upon this Sir John drew his sword and threatened to kill any one who should quit the ship. His resolution animated the remainder of the crew, and by great exertions they extinguished the flames, and sank another fireship that was bearing down upon them. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, remained on deck giving directions, and eventually got his ship safe into Harwich and repaired the damages she had sustained.

STRANGE COLOURS.

DURING Lord Howe's engagement with the French fleet on "the Glorious First of June" the *Marborough* lost the whole of her colours, and was many times mistaken for a French ship by the English. At length her solitary ensign was also shot away, and by this circumstance the honour of old England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French, an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of one of the sailors, named Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The English colours shall never be doused where I am!"

Casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the body of a marine, who had been shot through the head: he instantly stripped off the dead man's red coat, stuck it on a boarding-pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the English would not desert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone they would hoist blue jackets.

A DETERMINED DEFENCE.

At the siege of St. Lo, in 1574, the commandant of that garrison could not be prevailed upon to surrender it. He mounted the breach, accompanied by his two sons, one a boy of ten, the other of twelve years of age. "My companions," said he to his soldiers, "in conjunction with your lives and my own, I make a sacrifice to God of what I hold most dear in this world—the lives of my two children. I would much rather that their blood, pure and without taint, should now be mixed with my own than that my country should fall into the hands of those tyrants the Leaguers." He was soon after killed by a cannon-ball, his children remaining unhurt.

NOT AFRAID OF ASSASSINS.

THE DUKE OF GUISE was informed that a Huguenot gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to assassinate him. The duke sent for him and asked whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. "Your excellency never gave me any, I assure you," replied the gentleman: "my motive for desiring your life is, because you are the greatest enemy our religion ever knew." "Well, then, my friend," said the duke to him, "if your religion incites you to assassinate me, my religion tells me to forgive you," and he sent him immediately out of the camp. Another person was once brought to the duke who had boasted that he would kill him. The duke, looking at him very attentively and observing his extremely embarrassed countenance, said to his officers, "That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me. Let him go; it is not worth while to confine him."

A BOLD REPLY.

PRINCE EUGENE, having made himself master of the city of Milan, sent a summons to the Marquis De la Floride, commandant of the citadel, threatening to refuse him all quarter if he did not surrender in four-and-twenty hours. "I have defended," answered this intrepid warrior, "twenty-four places for the kings of Spain my masters, and I shall be proud to lose myself in the breach of the twenty-fifth."

VICTORY OR DEATH.

In a council of war, just before the battle of Rocroi, the Prince of Condé, descending on the advantages of possessing the town, was asked by one of his generals, "What will become of us if we lose it?" "I do not consider that," replied the prince; "I shall die before that happens."

A DIMINUTIVE GARRISON.

WHEN the Duke of Anjou invested Rochelle there was a mill near the counterscarp which the besieged had not had time to fortify; they threw in a handful of troops in the day, and at night commonly withdrew this small garrison, leaving behind only one man. The duke made the necessary dispositions for carrying this post, and advanced by moonlight, with a small detachment

and two culverins, for this purpose. A single soldier had the guard this night, and upon him the whole defence depended. This brave man remained firm and undismayed; he kept up, alone, a brisk fire upon the assailants, and, varying continually the tones of his voice, made them suppose that the besieged were in great numbers. From the ramparts of the town they called out to encourage this surprising commandant; they exhorted the garrison to remain firm, and assured them of immediate succours, till at length the soldier, seeing his little post upon the point of being carried, asked quarter for himself and comrades, which was instantly granted; he then laid down his arms, and discovered the whole garrison in his own person.

EQUALITY IN WAR.

COUNT WILLIAM OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, a field-marshal in the Portuguese service, lived exactly as the men of his army wherever he commanded, and during a siege passed with them every night in the trenches. At the siege of Cassel, which was carried on during the severest April weather, he never even pulled off the clothes in which he had lain on the ground, nor would he in any thing enjoy the least preference above the private men.

AN UNKNOWN WORD.

AN officer maintained in the presence of Sir Sidney Smith that he could not assault a particular post, because it was *unattackable*. "Sir," said the gallant chief, "that word is not English."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER VI. (continued.)

PHIL heard in silence the decree that doomed him to a suicidal death in less than twelve hours, for it was then past midnight. Of the deprivation of food he thought nothing, but, sensible of the kindly sympathy of the sailor by his side, he was thinking what he could do to express his gratitude when he felt his arm touched, and, on turning round, saw that Bill was silently offering him a portion of his half-biscuit.

Gratefully declining the proffered food, Phil remembered the biscuits that Ben had given him, and, unbuttoning his jacket, drew them from the handkerchief in which they had been enveloped. Though somewhat softened by the salt water, they were by no means unfit for use. Quietly expressing his inability to eat, Phil presented his little hoard to Bill, and then, pressing the honest sailor's hand, turned his face to the waves, and, resting his elbows on each side of the prow, made a support for his head between his hands.

The *Minerva*, which still kept ahead of the pinace, and was now one sheet of lurid flame from stem to stern, suddenly yawed in her course and seemed to be coming broadside on the boat; she

then rolled over till her keel nearly lay on the water, with a jerk righted, and, heeling up till her bows were nearly perpendicular to the sky, sank stern foremost through the wave. One instant, an immense mass of fire and flame that lit up sky and water; and the next, the pitchy night and the raging tempest.

Phil took no part in the exclamation that burst from the crew at the disappearance of the ill-fated ship, but, with his eyes bent on the gloomy night, preserved for hours an unmoved attitude. Day broke at last, but with the advent of another sun there came no cessation of the storm, no fall in those ever-heaving waves. At nine o'clock the baling, which had been going on all night, was suspended for a time, while the men silently ate their fragment of biscuit.

"Tell the younger for'ard there that he's just got two hours and a quarter," shouted the boatswain.

"Do you hear, my covey?" cried a man near the bows of the boat. "Two and a quarter, and, as it's my next spell at baling, I wouldn't mind how much shorter you like to cut it, seeing that you've no chance, and it's your weight that makes us ship all this water. Couldn't you just make it twelve at once, to oblige me?"

"Stand up, lad, and take a look round. I'll hold you," observed Bill. "You are too low to sight a sail down there."

Phil did as the kindly sailor suggested, and as the pinnace rose on each wave gazed anxiously for the wished-for aid, but all in vain. Quarters and half-hours flew by, but no delivering sail appeared in view, and it was with a deadly pallor of the cheek, and a restless feverish glare of the eyes, that, when the last quarter was called, Phil rose for the last time to gaze upon the cheerless horizon.

Long and intently he looked around; then fixed his eyes on one spot. Twice his chest heaved, and Bill, whose brawny hands supported him, saw a bright flush twice rise to his face, but which again became as pale as death. Suddenly he raised his hand as if to point, and half turned his head as though to speak, but the parted lips closed again, and the raised arm dropped nervelessly by his side.

"Time's up! twelve o'clock!" shouted the boatswain.

"It is, thank God!" cried Phil, in a tone of heartfelt joy. "A sail! a sail!"

"Lying gammon! but it won't do, my covey. Over with him!" bawled Nixon.

"Take a look first," interposed Bill.

"Well, look out yourself. Do ye hear?"

Bill and the man opposite, supported by their messmates, rose together and looked in the direction of Phil's gaze.

"Where away, lad?" inquired Bill kindly, as the other, with an oath, declared it was a lie.

"She is in the trough, and you cannot see her. She was there, bearing down on our port quarter," was the desponding reply.

"Bob says it's a lie. What do you make of it?" cried Nixon, with an oath. "I'll have no more gammon. Speak out, Bill, what do you see?"

"Nothing," replied the sailor reluctantly, after another glance.

"Over with the shirking thief, or by the Lord I will."

Instantly several of the forward hands made a motion as if about to rise, when Phil exclaimed—

"Back, you inhuman wretches! I'll go myself. Again! great Heaven!" and, waving his handkerchief wildly over his head, he shouted, "Ship ahoy!" and plunged into the sea.

"I'm blest if the spooney hasn't gone cranky with the fright!" laughed the boatswain.

"My eye, he's over that sea already!" exclaimed one of the men, watching the human drift as it was flung over the billow. The next moment the men settled themselves as before, and, with shoulders bent, and resting their folded arms on their knees, stared idly at the bilge-water that flowed about their feet. Bill alone kept his eye on the sea, in some vague expectation of again seeing Phil's body. About ten minutes had elapsed, when Bill, starting suddenly erect with a look of ghastly terror, shouted—

"Port your helm—hard up! she's upon us! Ship ahoy! Port—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a rush like a whirlwind; a huge black object overhung the boat, and then the fore-foot of the *Defiance* barque fell on the pinnace, burying her and her crew fathoms beneath her keel; the boatswain, suddenly roused from a sleep, going down with the unmoved tiller in his hands and with the half-articulated oath on his lips.

Of the eighteen closely-packed inmates of that boat only seven ever came to the surface, and but three secured a hold of the belts and life-buoys so promptly thrown them, and were drawn alive on deck. Of these the first who found his hand grasped on waking was Bill.

"How's this?" ejaculated the humane sailor, as he leant against a bulkhead in the steerage of the new ship, and set down the empty grog tin. "Ben and the youngster both here and safe. How's it all come about?"

"All natural enough, messmate," replied Ben. "The gig, being off first, managed to signal the *Defiance*, and were taken on board, the captain keeping off and on all night to pick up the other boats, till the *Minerva* went down. At three bells, however, we made out the yawl, and got all on board, and have been beating about looking for the pinnace ever since, and if you hadn't been all asleep should have saved you too."

"But how about him? How did the youngster get aboard? I always thought he saw a sail, though I couldn't make her out myself. Poor young feller!" observed Bill pityingly.

"Why, I was on the look-out, and see him, that's all, and here he is alive and hearty, and precious glad I am that brute Nixon and the others have found the death they meant for him. After all, Phil," continued Ben, turning to his friend, "the skipper meant you to go in the yawl, and took on awful savage when he found you was left, as he thought, in the ship. As soon as he wakes (for he's precious bad) you'd best go and see him and make his mind easy."

Two hours later the storm broke, and in three days the *Defiance* entered Fayal roads. Leaving all but six of the *Minerva's* passengers here, and shipping the sailors as part of his own crew, the captain of the *Defiance* set sail the following day for Trincomalee, and in ten weeks sighted the southern point of the island of Ceylon, the very spot where Phil had determined that his search after adventures should begin. Sweeping rove

into the Bay of Bengal a week later, the good ship *Defiance* dropped her anchor in the splendid harbour of Trincomalee.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BOATSWAIN'S PLOT.

"HERE we are at last, Ben; Trincomalee, a regular stunning place," cried Phil as he leaped out of the boat that had borne him and his companion from the *Defiance* to the shore. "I've had several long yarns with the old skipper, who has told me all the schemes he and the governor had plotted for my reformation. But, oh! Ben, wasn't he awfully taken aback when he found I was not in the yawl, where he had told that rascally boatswain to see me stowed!"

"That's how I misunderstood the skipper's orders," interposed Ben, "for when I asked for you to go in my boat he said I was to mind my own business, you had been taken care of."

"Never mind, Ben; it's been all satisfactorily explained. The skipper's going on to Calcutta, to get a ship home; and, as he was lucky enough to save his desk, he has given me all my father's letters of credit, so that as regards money I am perfectly safe. He, poor man, now that he knows his seeming unkindness and that rascally Nixon's treachery did not take effect, is as happy as a child. But now, Ben, take the stopper off your alack, and let's hear the clack of your tongue." Phil continued, as the two friends bent their steps towards the distant town.

"Well, I ain't got much to say beyond what I've said a'ready, that, pay or no pay, rough or smooth, danger or no danger, I'll stick to you as long as life lasts; and there, Phil, is my hand on the matter, and a dozen lawyers couldn't make my promise more stronger. You are master and I am man. There now, that's all right and square."

"So be it, Ben, if you prefer that position. I shall, however, regard you always as my best friend and companion."

"And what are the bearings of your first cruise, skipper, as I mean to call you?" replied Ben. "Is the sailing chart all made out, and the ports into which we are to put laid down in their regular order, latitude and longitude, without no hitch, eh?"

"Our first voyage will be a sort of roving commission, Ben. I mean to have a regular overhauling of this island first, and see what the men and women, animals, and vegetables of Ceylon are like; for writers of books say, Ben, that this island is about the nearest picture to Paradise to be found on the whole habitable globe."

"No, do they now, skipper?" inquired Ben, with a look of innocent credulity. "Then the natives I s'pose will go about with leaf-aprons, for all the world like Adam and Eve."

"I don't suppose we shall find the costume anything so primitive as that, Ben. But that Adam did live here, and went from Ceylon straight up to heaven, is a tradition so firmly believed in by the natives that, at the top of the highest mountain in the island, they show the mark of his footprint, plainly traced on the ground, as he stood, duck-like, on one leg, before he sprang into the sky."

"Is that gospel truth now, Phil?" demanded Ben, a little shaken in his belief.

"As true as the deep-cut print of a giant's foot in the rock—toes, heel, and all—can make it. But

we'll have a look for ourselves some day, messmate. But I say, Ben," Phil added abruptly. "I don't think I ever knew exactly how many hands were saved by the *Defiance* when she ran down the *Minerva's* pinnace, and I want you to tell me."

"Well, I only know'd of three. Bill said there was eighteen, all told, went down in her, and I counted seven heads as come up just abaft the main-chains on the starboard side, and out of those I only knew of three that came on deck—Bob, Dick, and Bill."

"But some might have come up on the port side, and been brought on board without your seeing them."

"Well, I won't gainsay it might have been. for I wasn't looking at anything but the three we were hauling in, just beside where I had stowed you away. But look here, Phil, if any more had been picked up shouldn't we have seen them among the crew, or heard something about it arterwards?" observed Ben, with a look of satisfaction.

"It might and it might not be as you say, messmate; but a man might have been taken in through a port scupper, and stowed away in the aft or for'ard hold, where he might, if he had wished it, have been hid from the skipper or anybody for the few days we were running from the horse latitudes to Fayal, where it was easy to have got ashore; or he may be still hid on board, some pal of his among the crew keeping a constant watch over him. Don't you think so, Ben?"

"I'll tell you what, governor," replied his companion, suddenly stopping in his walk and looking anxiously in Phil's face, "I don't like to hear you going on that tack; it reg'lar floors me. You haven't been bit by one of those centipedes, as makes a man groggy in his understanding? Who should be a skulking about, do you think?"

"Bitten, old fellow? No, no, I was never better in my life." Phil replied, laughing loudly and taking a seat under a tamarind and date tree that overshadowed a small well, or road-side tank, and making a place by his side for Ben. "And no poisonous spider, centipede, or scarabous has bit me, I assure you. So clear your gloomy brow, and listen while I tell you the reason of my asking these questions about the men from the pinnace."

"That's just what I want to know," rejoined Ben eagerly.

"Three times within the last fortnight, at the dead hour of the night, I have seen a figure standing about the distance off me that may be," and he pointed to a spot a couple of feet from where he sat. "At first I thought it was a dream, and soon forgot all about it."

"Did you see the face of the man?"

"No, his back was towards me, but I fancied I recognised the figure—in fact, I was sure of it; but that only made me believe more firmly it was a dream."

"I see how it was, Phil," cried Ben gaily. "You heard some noise or stir, and, lying on your back, opened your eyes on the sudden like, and saw one of the watch who had just gone below to get his son'-wester or a comforter, and, being so awful sleepy, you just fell off again before you could had your messmate and ask what he wanted."

"No, Ben, that wasn't it, though I was woke on each occasion by a low scraping noise, which

always ceased the moment I opened my eyes, or, more properly, the moment my eyes were jerked open, for I can hardly be said to have opened them myself. The second time I saw the figure was about four nights after; again I heard the scratching noise, and my eyes, as if by magic, flew open as before. This time I seemed quite awake; I held my breath, that I might make out the meaning of the noise, but it had ceased; then, taking one hasty glance at the man before me, I closed my eyes, and remained quiet to watch."

"Then you saw him this time, Phil?"

"Oh! distinctly."

"And it was—" cried Ben, in his liveliest tones, anxious to hear the end of the mystery; "it was—"

"Nixon the boatswain," was the calm and immediate reply.

"Nixon?" exclaimed Ben, springing to his feet. "Why, he was drowned in the pinnace, I saw him go down with the tiller in his hand. It couldn't ha' been."

"Nixon, and nobody else. I knew his figure the first time, and I saw his face this time almost as plain as I see yours."

"And what was he doing?" inquired Ben, with some slight degree of awe in his tone.

"He had got my coat in his hand, and was carefully inspecting my pockets."

"The deuce he was! It wasn't a ghost, then?"

"Not by any means, but real flesh and blood."

"What could he want with your clothes?"

"No good, I can tell you. He was, however, so intent on examining the contents of my pockets that he did not see my open eyes or detect the side glance I kept on him."

"What did he do next?"

"Not finding what he wanted, he put down the coat, and tried to draw my pocket-book from under my pillow, where I had placed it for safety, and his sharp eyes had just detected one corner sticking out."

"Did he get it?" demanded Ben.

"No, for I pretended to turn round in my sleep, and rolled my head right over the place and dropped it nearly out of bed. I saw, however, he had an open knife in his hand, and looked more villainous than ever. How many times he has visited me before or since I cannot tell, but I never saw him again till last night, when I found him on his knees, overhauling my sea-chest; but I had been too cunning for him, and had hid my revolver and pistols, and he found nothing."

"Where do you think he is skulking, and what could he want with your weapons and money?" Ben asked, with much interest.

"He's hiding in the after-hold, and the noise I heard was his sawing an opening between the hold and fok'sel. My impression is that he means to take the ship, and is in league with some of the crew for that purpose. Hullo! who is this youngster, making here for the well?"

"I'm blessed if I know, but he looks precious hot and dry."

"Here he comes, and he looks like a sharp lad too."

"Does the sahib belong to the big ship down in the bay?" inquired the young native, making the usual salaam, and addressing Phil.

"He does," replied Phil.

"And came out of her this morning?"

"Yes we did, both of us. Whv?"

"Then you are the two sahibs the man with much hair here said I should meet at the tank."

"He means the boatswain, Ben," remarked Phil, sotto voce, to his friend.

"Sahib is right; the man with the hair said I was to say this was from the boatswain," and, taking off his turban, he drew from its inner folds a dirty-looking letter, which he gave to Phil.

"I was right, Ben, when I felt sure that Nixon was alive and on board the barque, and right in my conjecture of there being mischief afloat," observed Phil, as, after hastily perusing the folded paper, he walked aside with Ben, while the Chingalee youth knelt down to refresh himself with a deep draught from the welcome tank.

"How do you mean?"

"Listen to the contents of this precious letter, and you will understand all. It is addressed to Dick, one of the hands who wanted to throw me overboard from the pinnace. It says—

"*'The dandy younker' (that's me) 'and his crony Ben' (you) 'are gone ashore, and before you get this will be safe for two days in the town. The twelve hands aboard are all safe on our side, as you know, except the boatswain and the first mate. Now, I've made up my mind to do the trick to-night. At four bells we'll batter the boatswain in the fok'sel, then go aft in a body, knock down and throw over the two skippers and the mate, get hold of the arms, and in five minutes the ship will be ours. Now, you must make those cowardly hum-bugs with you, as well as the second mate, so drunk that Cameron won't be able to put off according to orders in the morning. You'll know that all's right here by seeing Blue Peter at the fore; then get a Lascar to put you and Dumpty on board, when we'll trip the anchor, have a stiff glass round, up with the black flag and down with the blue, and ho for the Straits and the China seas!*

"*'N.B.—Look spy, and be aboard by six bells; and if you see the swell and his chum I shan't quarrel with you if you accidentally stick a knife into him, or both.—Yours,*

"A TRUE BRICK."

"What a precious villain! What's to be done, Phil? I'm blown if I'm going to stand by and see my old skipper butchered by that murdering thief," indignantly protested Ben.

"Nor shall you if I can help it," retorted Phil.

"What I mean to do is this, find Cameron and his boat's crew, keep the men sober if possible, and, with all but Dick and his pal, return to the ship at dark, say at two bells, or nine o'clock, get in at one of the open ports, tell the skippers the villainous plot, and be ready for the rascals when they come aft."

"Ay, ay; that's famous and ship-shape. What a contriving head you've got, Phil! I wonder who Dick's pal is; I never heard one of the crew called 'Dumpty.'"

"We must trust to chance to find out that, Ben. Here, lad," cried Phil, calling to the boy, as the three moved slowly towards the town; "where did you see the boatswain?"

"I went with my father to the ship to sell fruit to the sahib captain, and one of the sailors took me below, where I saw the man with much beard, and then he told me I should meet you here, but I thought I should have to wait a long time."

"Where are you going now?"

"To Trincomalee, home."

"And when are you to go back to the ship and see the boatswain?"

"Not at all, sahib," replied the youth, with much surprise. "He pay first; see, silver money," and he held out a shilling with evident delight.

"Don't you go near the ship on any account, or say a word about meeting us, or the paper; and here's a rupee for you. Now make haste home."

The youth opened his eyes to their utmost expansion as he took the coin, and, with the assurance of obeying the injunctions given, made a profound salaam and hurried across the plain in the direction of the city.

Taking advantage of a tope of mangoes, in which they were completely shielded from observation, Phil and Ben watched for some time the retreating figure.

"Hullo! governor, here come a brace o' queer-built covies. Where do they hail from?" exclaimed Ben, pointing to two men who were vainly trying to attract the attention of the lad, who, however, hurried by, regardless of their calls.

"They are sailors, you may be sure, by their rolling gait and the lurches they make as they forge ahead," replied Phil. "Upon my life, I think the one inshore is Dick himself; but who his comrade is I can't make out."

"Sailors, governor?"

"Yes; don't you see they are both disguised?"

"Of course I do now; yes, that short one's Dick plain enough; and t'other is—is—stripes and nine-tails! it's Josh Nailer, the 'cute Yankee, the ship's carpenter!"

"I think you are right, Ben, upon my life," replied his companion, after narrowly inspecting the two persons approaching. "If we hide in this gully we may chance to overhear something worth listening to, for they must pass close by here."

"Right you are, so here goes for one," and, leaping into a deep hollow at the back of the trees that skirted the road, and covering their persons with the dense foliage of the convolvulus and wild vine, the two immediately ensconced themselves in safe hiding.

"I wish that young imp had stopped and told us whereabouts this infernal tank is we are looking for," remarked Josh Nailer, the taller of the strangers, as they halted under the tree within a few feet of the attentive listeners. "But how came Nixon to know the bearings of this here tank at all?"

"Why, this ain't his first visit to the island, you know," replied Dick. "I wonder who he'll get to bring the message, or if the youngster means to save us the trouble of knocking him on the head."

"What time's Cameron like to get back to the grog shop to look after the hands, Dick?"

"Not afore dark, and then they'll be every one as blind drunk as new rum and fiery arrack can make them. I've left word to keep the grog moving."

"I'm blowed if there ain't the blessed tank we want, straight ahead on our starboard bow, and right too in all its bearings—two trees in front and one behind, and the toes of a biscuit off a mango-grove, and here it is," exclaimed Josh sud-

denly, pointing ahead to the wall that Phil and Ben had so lately quitted, and then glancing overhead at the foliage of the tope.

"So it is, and all as natural as life. Well, we ain't worked our dead reckoning bad, to make port so easy," rejoined Dick.

"How long shall you wait for the message?"

"Don't know jist yet. We've got grub and grog, and can sit there snug enough for an hour or two."

"But if he don't send, what then?"

"In that ere case he'll let out a fold of the foretop-gallant royal for a signal in the morning, to say come on board quiet and mealy-mouthed, and wait till he can explain."

"Well, come along, I want some grog, and that seems a shadier place than this; I'm off," and the tall Yankee, or "Dumpy," as he had been jocosely called, led the way to the dense shade of the date-trees by the tank, followed directly by Dick, when Phil and his friend, emerging from their hiding-place, and favoured by the lower ground and the high undergrowth, contrived to leave the tope and gain the highway to the city without observation.

By the time they arrived at the outskirts of the quaint and busy city of Trincomalee the day was far advanced, and Phil felt he had but short time to look up the men, find the second mate, get down to the shores of the estuary, and make all the necessary arrangements, if the life of Captain Somers and the skipper of the *Defiance* were to be saved that night from the mutineers on board.

The quaint narrow streets, the strange costume of the people, the open bazars, and the novelty of every object that encountered their eyes were a constant source of surprise and curiosity to both, but more especially to Ben. But that which delayed them longest and was the source of the greatest astonishment were the numbers of elephants which every moment crossed their path in all directions. The huge animals were either slowly walking along or going at a swinging heavy jog-trot on errands for their distant masters, many of them having one or two large palmetto baskets tied loosely round their short necks, for the food, vegetables, or other articles for which they had been despatched by their *mahouts* or drivers.

"I'm blessed, Phil, if that there elephant hasn't gone and give the money and took the change for them groceries in his basket! If I hadn't seen it—help, Phil! Where am I? Stop, you thief! Who are you?"

The latter part of this speech was addressed to the sky, as Ben suddenly found himself kicking and sprawling in the air some fifteen feet above the earth.

"Help! What are you up to?" he shouted more vigorously than ever, as, with a giddy brain, he found himself placed on his feet a considerable distance in advance of his friend, on the other side of the way, and a monster elephant, with a sort of malicious twinkle in his small black eye, gave a grunt of approval, made a salaam with his trunk, and hurried by on his swinging trot.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE LAST STRUGGLE OF TIPPOO SAHIB.]

STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM.

THE loser of half his dominions, of sixty-seven forts, of 800 pieces of cannon, of 50,000 men, Tippoo had fulfilled to the letter his galling treaty with the British; and his two little sons whom he had delivered as hostages were again within their father's palace. In this luxurious abode sights and sounds that might have eased a thousand aching hearts fell flatly upon one whose existence was bound up with a darling scheme of vengeance. Tippoo felt that India was too small for himself and his deadly rivals. Either they or he must perish!

Meanwhile the gallant and humane Cornwallis had been recalled to England, and a new

governor-general, the Earl of Mornington, presided at Calcutta. The earl soon discovered that Tippoo was plotting right and left to destroy or to expel the British, and, as the Sultan refused all explanation, General Harris, the Governor of Madras, commenced his march on Seringapatam.

His forces consisted of 4381 European and 10,695 native infantry, 884 European and 1751 native cavalry, with 608 gunners: in all 18,319 fighting men, with 104 pieces of cannon, and 2483 Lascars and pioneers.

To these were added 10,157 infantry and 6000 horse belonging to the Nizam, which, with some of the Company's battalions and the 33rd King's regiment, were placed under the immediate com-

mand of Colonel Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

General Stuart, a veteran in Indian warfare, was also advancing with 6420 men from Malabar to join and co-operate with the main army.

Hostilities began with an attempt on the part of Tippee to surprise General Stuart.

To observe any signal that might be made by the main army, Stuart had stationed a brigade of three native battalions, under Lieutenant-Colonel Montresor, eight miles in advance on the hill of Ledassecr. On the morning of the 5th, however, an encampment was unexpectedly observed to be in progress of formation on the ground in front near Periapatam. Before the evening it assumed a formidable appearance: 700 tents were counted, and one of them, being green, seemed to mark the presence of Tippee. As the country was difficult and wooded, and to troops who were acquainted with its localities extremely favourable for taking an enemy by surprise, General Stuart resolved to strengthen the brigade of Colonel Montresor by an additional battalion of Sepoys, and wait for further intelligence to determine his future course.

At break of day on the 6th General Hartley, the second in command, advanced from the main body to reconnoitre. He could discern that the whole of the enemy's army was in motion, but the thick jungle which covered the country, and the haziness of the atmosphere, rendered it impossible to ascertain the object of the movement. It was, in fact, Tippee making his dispositions to attack the advanced body of General Stuart's army. A deep jungle lay between him and his enemy, and at nine o'clock he passed through the brushwood undiscovered, and threw himself furiously on the front and flanks of Montresor's brigade, his advance being conducted with such secrecy and expedition that the junction of the battalion destined to reinforce Montresor could not be effected. But, though surprised and assailed under very discouraging circumstances by a force immensely superior in point of numbers, the Sepoys behaved with veteran steadiness, and fought most gallantly. Every effort made by Tippee to shake their formation failed, and for five hours these native regiments sustained furious and repeated assaults unsupported.

On receiving intelligence of this attack General Stuart marched with a strong body of Europeans, and, encountering the division of the enemy which was acting on the rear of the English brigade, put them to flight after a smart engagement of half an hour's duration. The attack in the front still continued, and on reaching it General Stuart found the men nearly exhausted with fatigue, and almost destitute of ammunition; but the fortune of the day was decided, and the enemy retreated in all directions. The discovery thus made of the unexpected proximity of Tippee induced General Stuart to change the disposition of his force, and to abandon the post occupied at Ledassecr: this circumstance led Tippee to claim a victory, but his loss was estimated at 2000, while that of the English fell short of 150.

Meanwhile General Harris, having been joined by Wellesley, had crossed the Mysore frontier with an army about 37,000 strong, and was now advancing into the heart of Tippee's dominions. All writers agree in stating that no army could be in a higher state of equipment, yet the march

was slow, owing to its immense convoy of 60,000 oxen, carrying several months' provisions for the whole force, and a battering-train to reduce a fortress the fall of which was expected to bring with it that of the whole kingdom.

On the 27th of March, 1799, the Anglo-Indian army had reached Malavilly, about thirty miles from the capital, and General Floyd, with the advance, having approached within a mile of that village, discovered the whole force of Tippee posted on the elevated ground behind it. An attack being immediately determined on, Colonel Wellesley, with the Nizam's troops, his own (the 33rd) regiment, and General Floyd's cavalry, advanced against the left, while General Harris attacked the right. For a time Tippee, by a rocket discharge and brisk cannonade, strove to arrest these forward movements; but the British advanced steadily, and no effort which the enemy could make was capable of checking them. A fine body of Tippee's chosen troops, amounting to 2000, then advanced against the 33rd in perfect order and with great gallantry; but the English infantry, reserving their fire, received that of their antagonists at the distance of sixty yards, and answered by a bayonet rush. Tippee's infantry broke. The British cavalry charged home, no quarter was given, and an immense number of the bravest of Tippee's troops were bayoneted or cut down.

Tippee after this defeat made another attempt to carry into effect his plan of desultory warfare. He had removed or destroyed all the forage and almost every blade of grass on the main road between his enemy's position and the capital, and he hovered round, ready to fall upon their rear as they marched along this desolated route. But he was completely disappointed by General Harris, who, after leaving Malavilly, turned to the left, crossed the Cauvery at the fords of Soorilly, and proceeded to Seringapatam along the southern bank of that river.

This *détour* was effected so secretly that the army, with its park and ordnance, had crossed the river and encamped near the fort of Soorilly before Tippee was aware of the movement. On seeing their last scheme thus baffled Tippee and his principal officers were struck with deep dismay and despondence. Having assembled them in council, he said, "We have arrived at our last stage; what is your determination?" "To die along with you!" was the unanimous reply.

A resolution was accordingly formed to try again the fortune of the field, with the alternative only of victory or death. All present were deeply affected: one of the chiefs, before taking leave, threw himself prostrate and clasped the feet of his master, the usual sign in India of the most solemn farewell. The latter could not refrain from tears: his example quickly spread through the whole assembly, and they parted as men who had met for the last time in this world.

But the final crisis had not yet arrived. Tippee had expected that the English commander would proceed to the *eastern* extremity of the island of Seringapatam, cross the branch of the Cauvery that inclosed it, and establish himself on the ground formerly held by Lord Cornwallis; but General Harris chose to make a circuit which would bring his army opposite to the *western* point of the island and fortress, thus avoiding the wasted tract prepared for him, and at the

same time opening a more ready communication with the Bombay army under General Stuart, and the fertile districts in the south. This expedient also enabled him to avoid the ground on which Tippoo had purposed to give battle, and that chief, thwarted in all his measures, threw himself into the town, with the resolution of defending it to the last extremity.

Seringapatam stands on an island of bare and somewhat sterile appearance, formed by the river Cauvery, which is here divided into separate streams, the waters creeping sluggishly along for nearly three miles, when they again become united. This island is in no place above a mile across, and on its upper extremity the city is built, both channels of the river flowing immediately beneath its walls.

The fortifications are in the Eastern style, the works irregular, and the defences rather numerous than well-constructed. Several walls, one within the other, connect bastions of different forms, some being the ancient Hindoo tower, while others are of regular proportions, and formed after the designs of European engineers. At the commencement of the siege the garrison numbered 20,000 men of all arms, and more than 250 pieces of cannon were mounted on the works.

On the 6th of April the Anglo-Indian army took their station opposite the western front of the fortress, at the distance of about two miles. The position was strong, their right resting on elevated ground, and their left upon the river Cauvery, while several *topes*, or groves of trees, which they successively captured, afforded ample materials for the construction of the works. The enemy still occupied a defensive line behind an aqueduct, on which Colonels Wellesley and Shave made a night attack and were repulsed; but, being reinforced, they carried it in open day.

Meanwhile General Floyd was detached, with a considerable body of infantry and cavalry and twenty field-pieces, to meet and escort General Stuart and the Bombay army. Tippoo made a large detachment to intercept them, but all attempts failed, and the united bodies joined General Harris in safety on the 14th.

Deliberations were now held as to the point whence the town might be most advantageously attacked, and General Stuart, crossing the stream, succeeded in gaining a position on the northern bank in which he could effectually co-operate with the main attack.

The siege was now vigorously pressed. On the 20th and 26th two strongly-intrenched posts that guarded the approaches to the wall were carried by attacks under the direction, the one of Colonel Sherbrooke, and the other of Colonel Wellesley. On the 22nd the garrison had made a sortie, and fallen in considerable force on the Bombay army, but had been repulsed and driven into the town with a loss of 600 men. Between this and the 28th some communications passed between Tippoo and General Harris with a view to an accommodation, but Harris's demands were so unfavourable, and so pertinaciously adhered to, as to put a final stop to all communication between them. The British ultimatum called upon Tippoo for the cession of half his dominions, and payment of two crores of rupees, one immediately, and another in six months, with the delivery of four of his sons and four of his principal chiefs as hostages. On perusing this answer

the energies of the Sultan seemed entirely to fail. Yielding to despair and grief, rather than rage, he alternately burst forth into fits of mad excitement and sank into a state of stupor.

At sunset on the 28th a place was marked out for the breaching batteries, and, as they were only 400 yards from the wall, no doubt was entertained of their speedily effecting their object. Two batteries of five and six guns respectively were erected, seventy yards distant from each other, but, as only one could be completed by the morning of the 30th, its fire was directed, not against the spot intended to be breached, which it was not desirable the enemy should yet know, but against the adjoining bastion, whose fire might have taken the assailants in flank. Enflaming batteries were also constructed, which were expected to render it impossible for the enemy to remain on the walls during the assault.

On the 2nd of May the two principal batteries were completed, and opened a heavy fire on the curtain to the right, several guns of large calibre being gradually got to work. The old masonry, unable to support this well-served and well-sustained cannonade, began to yield; masses of the wall came down into the ditch, a breach was reported practicable, and on the 3rd of May the face of the curtain was in such a state of ruin that fascines, scaling-ladders, and other implements of storm were brought into the trenches, and preparations made for an immediate assault. On that night Lieutenants Farquhar and Lalor crossed the river, which they found easily fordable, with a smooth rocky bottom, and set up sticks to indicate the most convenient passage. The retaining wall of the fortress, being only seven feet high, presented no obstacle whatever to the troops, and there was a practicable breach of 100 feet wide.

Before daybreak on the 4th of May the troops destined for the assault were stationed in the trenches. They consisted of nearly 2400 European and about 1800 native infantry. General Baird commanded the storming party, and the command of the reserve in the advanced works was confined to Colonel Wellesley. The assault was to take place at one o'clock, during the extreme heat of the day, when, according to their usual custom, the enemy's troops were expected to be sunk in indolence and repose.

Meanwhile Tippoo, instead of employing the usual means of deliverance from this extreme peril, occupied himself only in superstitious and delusive modes of prying into futurity. He had recourse, in his despair, even to the hated and persecuted Brahmins, whom he desired to practise, though at immense cost, their wild and mystic incantations. Under the directions of the astrologers, he went through a solemn ablution, offered a pompous sacrifice, and steadily contemplated his face reflected in a jar of oil. Somewhat reassured by these sage precautions, and persuading himself that no attempt would be made during that day, he sat down about noon to his usual repast, under a *pandal* or shed on the northern face of the works, with an appearance, at least, of the most undoubting confidence.

But destiny pursued its onward course. One o'clock came: the city at that hour was perfectly quiet, and the trenches, to all appearance, contained nothing but their ordinary guards. Suddenly this profound tranquillity was broken:

Baird mounted the parapet of the trench, and stood in full view of both armies, in an heroic attitude, heightened by his noble and commanding figure. Waving his sword, he exclaimed, "Come, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!"

Instantly at the word the forlorn hope sprang forward, closely followed by the columns of Sherbrooke and Dunlop, both plunging into the river under a tremendous fire of rockets and musketry. In less than seven minutes the foremost assailants had crossed the river, and both the attacking parties mounted the *fausse-braye** and the breaches together. On the slope of the breach the forlorn hope was encountered by a body of the enemy, and the greater portion of those engaged fell in the struggle. But the assailants pressed on, led by a sergeant named Graham, who gallantly mounted to the summit, and with three cheers cried out, "Success to Lieutenant Graham!" but the instant he had planted the British flag on the rampart he was shot through the head.

Filing off to the right and left, the storming parties pressed eagerly forward. The north-west bastion was carried by the party to the right, under Colonel Sherbrooke, and all went prosperously, though the discovery of an inner ditch, filled with water, was at first alarming. But the scaffolding used by Tippoo's workmen, and most fortunately left there undisturbed, enabled the British to surmount every obstacle, and enter the body of the place. Captain Molle, commanding the grenadiers of the Scotch brigade, rushing forward to a cavalier,† planted a flag upon it, and displayed his hat on the point of his sword. His men soon collected around him, and, being joined by the rest of the troops engaged in this attack, they advanced rapidly, the enemy retreating before their bayonets. The remaining cavaliers were carried in succession, and in less than an hour after ascending the breach this party, after occupying the whole of the southern ramparts, arrived in triumph at the eastern gateway, where it was halted to give the men breathing-time, after such violent exertion under a burning sun.

The progress of the left column was not quite so rapid. Colonel Dunlop, by whom it was commanded, had been wounded in the conflict at the summit of the breach, and just as the party began to advance from that point the resistance in front was powerfully aided by the flanking musketry of the inner ramparts. All the leading officers being either killed or disabled, Lieutenant Farquhar placed himself at the head of the party, but instantly fell dead. Captain Lambton, brigade-major to General Baird, now assumed the command, and the column, though not without sometimes being brought to a stand, pushed forward, killing many of the enemy, and driving the rest before them, till they reached a point where the approach of the right column was perceptible. Here the enemy were thrown into the utmost confusion, and the slaughter became dreadful. The operations of this column were ably supported by a detachment under Captain Goodall, which, having effected a passage over the ditch between the exterior and interior ramparts, took

the enemy in flank and rear. The result of these combined attacks was, that when both divisions of the British force met on the eastern rampart the whole of the works were in their possession. The only remaining objects of anxiety were the palace and person of Tippoo, to whose conduct during the assault we must now revert.

For some time before the attack Tippoo had inhabited an apartment in one of the gateways, called Cullaly-Diddy, on the northern rampart, in order to be near the scene of action; and on the morning of the 4th of May, having carefully inspected the breach, he could not avoid perceiving that his situation was now become very critical. He did not, however, betray any symptoms of fear, but issued his orders to Meer Ghofar, who commanded the troops in the vicinity of the breach, with his usual coolness and precision.

Tippoo, as we before said, was taking his repast at noon, when information was brought to him that Lynd Ghofar, to whom he had just given his last orders, was killed at the breach by a cannon-ball. He was much agitated at this intelligence, and exclaimed, "Lynd Ghofar was a brave man, and feared not death: he has obtained the crown of martyrdom." He had scarcely uttered these words when a roar of cannon and musketry gave notice that the attack had commenced; he washed his hands with great coolness, ordered his fuses to be loaded, and, followed by a number of his officers and servants, hastened along the northern rampart towards the scene of action.

On his way to the breach Tippoo met a number of his troops flying before the storming party, which had now mounted the walls. He rallied the fugitives, and made head against the assailants, several of whom were shot by his own hand. At length, however, finding himself almost deserted, he was obliged to retire to the traverses of the north ramparts, which he defended, one after another, with the bravest of his men and officers, till, a party of the 12th King's Regiment having taken him in flank, he was unwillingly compelled to retreat.

Fatigued, suffering from the intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retired slowly along the northern rampart. The British were each moment gaining ground, the garrison flying in every direction, while a spattering fusillade, and occasionally a wild huzzah, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting the city, as he might have done, Tippoo crossed the bridge over the inner ditch, and entered the covered gateway, which was now crowded with fugitives, vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck Tippoo in the right side, and another soon after on the left; he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of runaways, who literally choked the gloomy archway. Presently a cross-fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed, but his followers managed to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin.

But escape was now impossible: the British were already in the gateway—the bayonet was unsparingly at work—for quarter at such a moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier

* A small rampart intended to protect the moat or ditch of a Citadel.

† A kind of earth-work fortification.

dashed forward and seized the Sultan's sword-belt. With failing strength Tipoo cut boldly at his assailant and wounded him slightly in the knee. The soldier, irritated by the pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot Tipoo dead! His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, and the corpse, despoiled of everything valuable, left to chance among the fallen Mussulmans.

During these transactions General Baird was informed by some officers that they had discovered the palace, and seen in a species of durbar or court a number of persons assembled, several of whom appeared to be of high consideration. He directed Major Allan to summon them to an immediate surrender, and the major, having entered the building by a broken part of the wall, found a numerous assemblage of armed men, who appeared irresolute and undecided, but positively declared that Tipoo was not in the building, though his family and two of his sons were. After considerable hesitation he was at length admitted to see the princes, whom he found seated on a carpet, surrounded by numerous attendants. After expressing much alarm and many objections the princes allowed themselves to be conducted into the presence of the British commander. General Baird was greatly irritated, from having just heard that thirteen grenadiers of the 33rd, made prisoners during the siege, had been murdered by Tipoo, and his feelings were probably heightened by the recollection of his own sufferings when a prisoner in the same place; but when he saw these unfortunate youths led out as captives every harsher sentiment yielded to that of pity, and he gave them the most solemn assurances that they had nothing to fear. They were escorted to the camp with all the honours due to their rank.

General Baird's object being now to obtain possession of the person of Tipoo, he proceeded with a body of troops to make the most diligent search in every corner of the palace. He forbore, indeed, to enter the zenana, or women's apartment, but strictly guarded every passage by which any one could leave it. No trace of the individual he sought could anywhere be found, till, at length, by severe threats, a confession was extorted from the killadar that his royal master was lying wounded, as he supposed, in a gateway, to which he offered to conduct the conqueror.

The latter immediately accompanied him to the spot, where he beheld a mournful spectacle: it was here that the fiercest combat had raged; the wounded and dead were lying piled in heaps over each other, while the darkness which had just fallen rendered the scene still more dismal. It was indispensable, however, immediately to ascertain the fact; torches were brought, and the bodies successively removed till they discovered the Sultan's horse, then his palanquin, and beneath it a wounded man, who was soon recognised as a confidential servant, and who pointed out the spot where his sovereign had fallen. The body was found, and forthwith identified by the killadar and the other attendants. The features were in no degree distorted, but presented an aspect of stern composure; the eyes were open, and the appearance of life was so strong that many of the spectators could not for some time believe him actually dead. Though he had been despoiled

of sword and belt, sash and turban, his right arm was still encircled with the well-known talisman—that mystic something of silvery hue, surrounded by scrolls in Arabic and Persian characters, and sewed carefully in several pieces of richly-flowered silk.

Sleep after a battle is most welcome, but Baird and his staff were speedily disturbed, and it was communicated to the general that the city was on fire, and outrages were being committed, which he took immediate means to remedy. Having again composed himself to rest, a new alarm disturbed him: "The treasury of Tipoo had been forced, and the soldiers were actually loading themselves with gold!" This was true. The door generally used was securely guarded, but another had been discovered, and by that the plunderers had obtained access to the treasure. Colonel Wallace found the place crowded with soldiers and one officer, all busily employed in pocketing gold and jewels. The individual who disgraced his rank died soon after, and Baird (as it is supposed, out of respect to his family) kept his name a secret.

The body of the late Sultan was removed to the palace, and there respectfully deposited until the necessary preparations were completed for an honourable interment, which took place on the afternoon of the 6th of May. The arrangements were under the superintendence of the principal Mahometan authorities, and the chiefs of the Nizam's army joined with the followers of the Sultan in the solemn procession which followed his remains. As it moved slowly through the city a *keerasut* of 5000 rupees was distributed to the fakirs, and verses from the Koran were repeated by the attending moolahs. Minute-guns were fired from the batteries, and a guard of honour, composed of European flank companies, followed the remains of the late ruler of Mysore to the sepulchre of his once haughty father in the Laul Bangleh.

On the evening when Tipoo was committed to his kindred dust the sky became overcast, and a storm broke forth by which several persons were killed and many more severely hurt. The rain poured in torrents, while heaven seemed in a blaze, and peal after peal of thunder appeared to shake the city to its very foundations. Seringapatam is subject to such visitations, and there was nothing remarkable in this storm except its extraordinary violence, yet the imagination cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that the consignment of Tipoo's body to its resting-place was followed by a desolating convulsion not incongruous with his mischievous life.

The conquest of Seringapatam was not achieved without a considerable sacrifice, but the loss of the British army was less severe than might have been expected. The total amount of killed, wounded, and missing in the whole of the operations throughout the siege fell short of 1500. The loss of the enemy cannot be ascertained with precision, but it has been estimated that in the assault alone 8000 fell. It is gratifying, however, to know that scarcely any of the unarmed inhabitants were injured. A few unavoidably suffered from random shots, but the assault, being made by daylight, insured the power of discrimination, and it was exercised to the utmost practicable extent.

This splendid capture placed in possession of

the victors guns, stores, and treasure to a large amount: 929 pieces of ordnance of various descriptions were found within the fort, 287 of them being mounted on the fortifications; 99,000 muskets and carbines were also found, 83 powder magazines, and an immense number of shot, shells, &c. The value of the treasure and jewels was estimated at £1,143,216 sterling; the Sultan's throne alone was valued 60,000 pagodas (£25,000 sterling). It was a magnificent seat upon a tiger, covered with sheet gold, with a superb canopy, decorated with a costly fringe of fine pearls.

The permanent command of Seringapatam was intrusted to Colonel Wellesley, who exerted himself vigorously to restrain excess and restore order, tranquillity, and confidence. The inhabitants who had quitted the city soon began to return, the exercise of the industrial arts revived, and the daily commerce incidental to a populous town recovered its wonted activity. The sons of Tippon and all the chiefs who continued to hold military command personally tendered their submission to General Harria, and the example of the chiefs was promptly followed by the whole of the troops. The powerful fortresses throughout Mysore surrendered to the conquerors, and the cultivators of the soil pursued their occupation as if no change had taken place.

Mysore, being thus completely conquered, was placed by Lord Mornington under a prince of its ancient Hindoo dynasty, and so remained until fresh disorders necessitated its entire subjection to the British crown.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GALLEYS.

In the reign of Queen Anne the English government put into commission a vessel of seventy guns, under the command of Captain Smith, who was sent to cruise wherever he thought proper. Acting upon the liberty given him, this man sailed to Gottenburg, where he sold his ship to a Swedish merchant, and then retired into France to offer his services to Louis XIV. against his native country, towards which he bore an implacable hatred.

In every expedition against the English Smith took part, and often advised a descent upon our coast. This being considered too dangerous, he sent to the French court proposals for burning Harwich. The king approved his design, gave him the command of six galleys, and ordered Commodore Langeron to follow his instructions.

Everything being ready, the expedition put to sea on the 6th of September, 1708, and reached the mouth of the Thames at five in the evening. Here they lay to for half an hour, when a man at the mast-head called out, "A fleet to the north, steering west; thirty-six sail of merchantmen, escorted by a frigate of about thirty cannon." The frigate turned out to be the *Nightingale*, Captain Robinson.

A council of war was immediately called, and it was determined, if possible, to capture this fleet instead of burning Harwich. Commodore Langeron accordingly ordered four of the galleys to endeavour to surround the merchantmen, while his own, with that of the Chevalier Mauribus, was to attack the frigate. Of the two latter that of

the commodore alone was ready to begin the engagement, but this did not give him any uneasiness, as he considered himself single-handed more than a match for his antagonist.

Captain Robinson, the English commander, had the character of being the most resolute, though prudent man, in the navy of Great Britain; and his conduct in this instance did not give fame the lie. He ordered the merchantmen to crowd all the sail possible to get into the Thames, not doubting but with his little frigate he should cut out work enough for the six galleys. He therefore bore down upon the French commodore as if he intended to be the first aggressor. As the two vessels approached each other the galley incessantly poured in her broadside and small arms, while the frigate preserved the utmost tranquillity, reserving her terrors for a closer engagement.

At last the English seemed struck with a panic, and began to fly. Nothing was now heard but boasting among the French officers, who declared that they could at one blast sink a man of war, and with ease too, and that if Mr. Englishman did not strike in two minutes down he should go to the bottom. All this time the frigate was preparing for the tragedy that was to ensue: her flight was but pretended, and done to entice the Frenchman to board her in her stern. The commodore in this favourable conjuncture, as he imagined, ordered the galley to board, and bade the men at the helm bury her beak, if possible, in the frigate. All the sailors and soldiers stood ready, with their battle-axes and sabres, to execute his commands.

The frigate, perceiving the intention, dexterously altered her helm at the right moment, so that, instead of sinking in the encounter, as was expected, the French had the mortification to see her alongside, a sight which struck them with terror. Now it was that Captain Robinson's courage was conspicuous: he had foreseen what would happen, and, being ready with his grappling irons, fixed the galley completely close by his side. His artillery now began to open, charged with grape-shot, every gun doing horrible execution. The English masts were filled with sailors, who threw hand-grenades among the enemy like hail, scattering wounds and death wherever they fell. The French crew were not able to make the least defence, for those who were neither killed nor wounded lay flat and counterfeited death to find safety. Captain Robinson then threw in forty men, who, sword in hand, hewed down all opposers, till at length, the greater part of his crew being either killed or wounded, Commodore Langeron hoisted a flag of distress, which brought the other galleys to his aid. The four which had surrounded the merchantmen had nearly taken possession of them when they were called off, and thus the whole fleet were saved in the Thames.

The six galleys in half an hour entirely encompassed the frigate, which now presented a favourable opportunity for being boarded, and twenty-five men from each galley were ordered on this service. They met no opposition in coming on, but scarcely were they upon the deck when they were received in true English style. The officers of the frigate were in the fore-castle, and fired upon them incessantly, and at last entirely cleared the ship of the enemy. Another detachment was

then ordered to board, but with the same success. It was at last determined to lay open the deck of the frigate with hatchets, &c., and make the crew prisoners of war. This was with great difficulty executed, and the crew constrained to surrender; but the officers were still possessed of the forecabin, firing away as before. They also were to be forced in the like manner, which was at length effected with great loss.

All the ship's company were now prisoners, except Captain Robinson, who had taken refuge in the cabin, and kept firing with the utmost obstinacy, swearing he would spill the last drop of his blood before he would see the inside of a French prison. The officers who had been conducted on board the galleys described their captain as determined to blow the frigate into the air rather than strike his colours, and painted his resolution in such glowing terms that even the conquerors trembled.

Every one now expected to see the frigate blown up, and, as the French themselves must share the danger of so terrible a neighbourhood, it was resolved to summon the captain in gentle terms, and promise him kind treatment upon his surrendering. He answered all this by firing as fast as he could. At length a sergeant and twelve grenadiers were ordered to break open his door, and kill him if he refused to surrender, but the captain shot the sergeant through the head, and the grenadiers, fearing the same fate, fled, nor could the officers prevail upon them to renew the engagement, they alleging that, as only one at a time could enter the cabin, the captain would kill them all, one after the other. Again recourse was had to entreaty, which at last succeeded.

All this seeming resolution was artfully assumed to prolong the engagement until the merchant ships were in safety, and not until Captain Robinson perceived from his cabin window that this was the case would he begin to listen to reason. He, however, even then pretended another obstacle to surrendering: he said he would only deliver up his sword to the commodore, and desired he would come to receive it, saying that brave men should only be the prisoners of each other.

His request being made known to that officer, he returned for answer that a commodore should never quit his ship. At last the captain gave up his sword without further ceremony, and was brought before the commodore, who was surprised to see the figure which had caused such a mighty uproar. He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as undaunted in spirit. The Frenchman complimented him on his bravery, adding that his captivity was but the fortune of war, and he would not regret being a prisoner, as by the kind treatment he would receive his bondage would be merely nominal.

"I feel no regret," replied the little captain. "It was my duty to defend my charge, though at the loss of my vessel."

The noble boldness with which he expressed himself so charmed the commodore that he returned him his sword, saying politely, "Take, sir, a weapon no man better deserves to wear; forget that you are my prisoner, but remember that I expect you for my friend."

On being introduced into the cabin of the galley Captain Robinson beheld there Smith

the traitor, and, instantly recognising him, was all on fire to take vengeance for his country on its betrayer. "Perfidious rascal," said he, drawing his sword, "since the hand of justice cannot give you the death you merit, take it from mine," and he rushed forward to plunge his sword into the traitor's heart. The commodore, however, coming in at the moment, averted the thrust, much to the regret of the captain, who vowed that he would have been better pleased with such an action than if he had taken the six galleys.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE battle of the Nile and the repulse before Acre seem to have spoiled Bonaparte's relish for Eastern warfare, and, departing secretly to Europe, he left his wasted troops, under inferior generals, to complete or to continue the subjugation of Egypt. For nearly two years they remained in possession of the country, when an expedition, comprising the flower of the British army, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was directed to its relief. The campaign that followed bears no little resemblance to the remarkable defence of Acre, for, as at Acre the dashing Sir Sidney Smith proceeded in the roughest and readiest manner with the most indifferent materials, so in Egypt the veteran Abercrombie landed with the vaguest of instructions, which might be summed up in five words—"Feel and fight your way."

Among the difficulties encountered by Sir Ralph might be reckoned the want of a single map which could be confided in, and even the best which came into his hands, and was distributed among the officers, proved ridiculously defective. Sir Sidney Smith was the only officer acquainted with the coast, and therefore assisted as far as he knew; Captain Boyle, of the *Minerva*, had also some idea of the situation of the French army; but it is stated as a fact that Sir Ralph Abercrombie underrated its numbers by several thousand men.

The British army consisted of 15,330 men only, including 999 sick and 500 Maltese, but its effective force in the field did not exceed 12,000. The fleet had not been long on its course when a Greek vessel laden with mules foundered, and only one man was saved. These Greek vessels, not being able to beat up with the men of war and the English transports, were mostly dispersed. This was a serious misfortune, as the cavalry and artillery horses were chiefly embarked in them.

On the 26th of February, 1801, a convoy from England with provisions, escorted by Captain Young, of the *Pigne*, joined the fleet. On the 1st of March the leading frigate made a signal for land, which was the coast near the Arab's Tower, and the whole fleet anchored next morning in the Bay of Aboukir. The men of war rode exactly where the battle of the Nile was fought, for the *Foudroyant* chafed her cables against the wreck of the *Orient*, and afterwards fished up her anchor.

Major Malkarraz and Major Fletcher, of the engineers, being sent before in the *Penelope* to reconnoitre the coast, when they were off Alexandria got into the *Petrel* sloop, and in her

boat, on the night of the 27th of February, pushed into Aboukir Bay to seek for the proper point of landing. Returning about daybreak, they were seen by a French gunboat, when, all hope of escaping from her having vanished, Major Fletcher cried out they would surrender; but the French fired a volley of musketry, by which Major Malkarras, his companion, was killed. Major Fletcher and the crew were carried prisoners to Alexandria, and thence to General Menou, at Cairo.

On the 7th of March, the weather having become calm, Abercrombie went in a boat to reconnoitre the shore, while Sir Sidney proceeded with three armed launches to the mouth of the Lake of Maadie; though, while he was absent at another point in his own boat, a signal was made to land the men, so that Lieutenant Brown, of the *Fow-droyant*, instantly jumped on shore with his party and drove back fifty French who defended the block-house at the entrance of the lake. Lord Keith then, in the *Fury* bomb, seeing a body of the enemy coming down, threw out a signal for the return of the English, which they effected, and brought with them a native boatman and some fowls. A French gunboat at the mouth of the lake was attempted to be burned, but the fire did not take; she was, notwithstanding, captured on the following day. The native boatman was too ignorant to give any information.

On the morning of the 8th, at two o'clock, the first division of the troops, amounting to nearly 5500 men, under the command of General Coote, assembled in the boats. The remainder of the first and second brigades were put into ships close to the shore, so as to afford the most speedy succour after the first landing was effected; and about three o'clock the signal was given that all the vessels were to anchor about gunshot from the shore, but their proper arrangement could not possibly be completed till near one o'clock p.m.

The *Cruelle* cutter, the *Dangereuse* and *Janissary* gunboats, protected the right flank; and the *Entrepreneur* cutter, *Malta* schooner, and *Negress* gun-vessel that of the left. On each flank there were also two armed launches, to supply the place of the Turkish gunboats, which had separated on the passage. The field artillery was assigned to the care of Sir Sidney Smith in the launches, and the tartanes and *Fury* bomb-vessel were placed in such a manner as to cover the landing with their fire; while the *Petrel*, *Chameleon*, and *Minorca* were moored with their broadsides to the shore. About nine o'clock the signal was made for the boats to advance, when the spectacle became all animation. The enemy were now seen, to the number of 3000, posted on the summit of the sand-hills, with a front extending about a mile, forming the concave arch of a circle. Towards their centre the ground rose to a height of about sixty yards, nearly perpendicular in front, and from this eminence, it is said, the enemy looked down with astonishment, scarcely believing that the attempt to land would be persevered in. Seeing, however, the boats moving rapidly to the shore and the armed vessels opening their guns, they began firing with all their artillery from the height, viz., twelve pieces, assisted by all that the castle of Aboukir could discharge. The quantity of shot and shell commanding the surface of the water

seemed to render it impossible for anything to live, and for a moment compelled some of the boats to close upon the left. A little of this disorder is also to be attributed to some of the boats being struck with the shot and sinking, while the others stopped to save the men. Still, the suspense was but momentary; the troops of the reserve leaped on shore and formed as they advanced.

The 23rd and 40th ascended the height with uncommon celerity, never firing a shot, but only charging with the bayonet the two battalions that crowned it, breaking and pursuing till they carried the two hills in the rear, which commanded the plain to the left. They also took three pieces of cannon. The 42nd Regiment had landed and formed with as much unconcern as on parade, and then mounted the position in face of two pieces of cannon and the fire of a battalion of infantry; and they had scarcely gained the height when 200 French dragoons attempted to charge them, but were quickly repulsed.

Sir Robert Wilson, in describing the alacrity with which the Guards made their landing, says their boats "hardly felt the beach." As soon as the men began to jump out the same body of cavalry, having rallied behind the sand-hills, charged them also and occasioned a momentary disorder; but the 50th Regiment having formed on their right, it gave time to the Guards to present a front, when the French cavalry were driven back with considerable loss. The 54th and the Royals did not land so soon as the others, but fortunately reached the shore just at the moment that a column of 600 infantry was advancing with fixed bayonets through a hollow against the left flank of the Guards. On seeing the Royals the enemy seemed to hesitate, and after firing one volley immediately retreated.

We now find the British in possession of the heights; and the French seeing General Coote advancing with the Guards and his own brigade, they ran from all the points of their position. However, on the sand-hills they supported a scattered fire for about an hour and a half, when they were finally obliged to retreat, with the loss of 300 men, eight pieces of cannon, and a number of horses.

The boats now put off to land the remainder of the army, which was completely disembarked by the evening, and Sir Ralph took up a position about three miles inland. The loss of the British on this day's service amounted to nearly 500 men, including many gallant officers, among whom was Captain Murray, of the Guards.

The next business of the army was to employ itself in digging to find water, and the event proved what Sir Sidney Smith had previously asserted—that wherever date-trees grew water would be found. Thus Sir Ralph was relieved from an apprehension which, if realised, might have compelled him to abandon the expedition.

As the French commander of the castle of Aboukir refused to surrender, it was blockaded by the Queen's and the 26th dismounted Dragoons, while on the 9th the army pushed a little farther up the country, and posted itself in three lines. On the day following there was some skirmishing between the advanced posts. Twenty Corsican rangers and the surgeon of the corps were made prisoners, and through the sudden advance of a body of cavalry Mr. Smith, Colonel



[SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.]

Spencer, and Captain Money, who had been reconnoitring, narrowly escaped being taken by the enemy.

A necessary store being next formed in the dépôt on shore, and an hospital established on the beach, the army moved on the 12th to Mandora tower, about four miles off, where it encamped in three lines. Some French cavalry skirmished with the advanced guard all the way, but nothing material happened.

On the 13th a march was made to attack the enemy, who, to the number of 6000, had taken post on a bold commanding ground, the approach to which formed a fine glacis for the whole range of fire from their numerous artillery. The British had scarcely advanced from the wood of dates, opposite to the tower of Mandora, when the enemy voluntarily left the heights and moved down by their right, commencing a heavy fire of musketry, supported by all their cannon, on the 92nd Regiment, forming the advanced guard of the left wing. General Bron's cavalry at the same time, charging down a height upon the 90th Regiment, received such a volley as forced them to skirt along the line and lastly to retreat hastily. The few of their dragoons that reached the British ranks were bayoneted in their attempt to pierce them. Among the officers, the celebrated Latour Maubourg, "first grenadier of the republic," was desperately wounded, and the loss altogether was very great. The discipline and firmness of the 90th Regiment, it is thought, would have rivalled that of the Welsh Fusiliers at the battle of Minden. Major-General Craddock instantly formed his brigade, who executed the manoeuvre with the utmost order and regularity, notwithstanding the heavy fire to which they were exposed.

The conduct of the 92nd was equally to be praised, as they never receded an inch from the heavy fire to which they were singly opposed until the marines and the rest of the line came to their relief.

The army now formed into two lines, and pushed on with vigour, constantly maintaining the highest degree of regularity; nor was the foreign brigade inferior to the British. After this the French no longer opposed in line, though they kept up an unremitting fire of cannon and small arms. Had there been a few more cavalry with the British all the enemy's artillery must have been captured, and most probably their retreat cut off, or at least so many obstacles might have been opposed to it that the British would have entered the works before the town as soon as their opponents. The army still continuing to move forward, the French were compelled to quit their position, and immediately retreated over the plains into their lines before Alexandria. Before they could reach this object Dillon's regiment, which had moved to the left, charged them with the bayonet, seized upon two guns placed upon the canal, and immediately turned them upon the enemy.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie next day, wishing to follow up his successes by a *coup de main*, and to carry the important post the French had now retired to, advanced across the plain, ordering General Hutchinson to move forward with the second line to the left, and secure a rising ground that projected. Hutchinson therefore advanced and occupied the whole of Green Hill, and detached the 44th in front to take a bridge on the canal of Alexandria, in the bottom between that hill and the French, who defended it with two

guns and a post of infantry and cavalry. The enemy now began to fire from all their heavy artillery and field-pieces; still, General Hutchinson's column found some cover in the inequalities of the ground, and the reserve was also sheltered by the broken surface of the soil on the right, though the French sent forward two field-pieces to the hill in front of the left.

The centre, in the meanwhile, remained totally uncovered, and while Sir Ralph Abercrombie reconnoitred the whole army continued under the most terrible and destructive fire to which troops were ever exposed. Never was slaughter carried on with more despatch, or a wider field opened for destruction. The French, now under their work, had only to load and fire, and it was impossible for their bullets not to do execution. But this exterminating fire the English patiently endured for several hours, without betraying the least irresolution; there was but one wish expressed, and that was to be led on to the assault. At length the general deemed it prudent not to attempt forcing the heights, judging that they might be defended by Fort Chetif, and feeling that for want of artillery he was not prepared to maintain them. The army was consequently withdrawn at sunset, still marching as if on parade, and under orders to occupy that position which was soon to become a new theatre of glory and revenge. By this fatal movement, which compelled them to remain so long within cannon-shot of the second position, the English lost about 1100 killed and wounded. Sir Ralph Abercrombie had a horse shot under him during the action. The French lost less of course, though it is certain 500 of them were killed. They also lost four field-pieces, and a large quantity of ammunition.

Still, the position occupied by the British was naturally strong. The right was also advanced a quarter of a mile on very high ground, extending to the magnificent remains of a palace, within fifty yards of the sea, built by the Romans. Though the breadth of this promontory, as it was called, did not exceed 300 yards, it had a gradual slope downwards, and a valley of an equal distance which lay between it and the receding sand-hills was level, as was the whole of the position, except that near the canal of Alexandria. On the right, and within 150 yards of the shore, four cutters were stationed, and the fleet cruised constantly off Alexandria.

The French position was parallel, but still more formidable, a high ridge of sand-hills, nearly perpendicular, extending from the sea almost to the canal of Alexandria, where, gradually sloping to its level, they formed the main position to this front. In the advance of their right they occupied a tongue of land projecting a mile parallel to the canal, which obliged the English advanced posts to be thrown far back.

It was now that the want of horses and camels to assist in bringing up the heavy guns was severely felt: even the provisions were obliged to be brought on men's shoulders from the magazine, a mile and a half distant. Heavy casks of spirits also required great labour to roll through the sand: the date-tree, for fuel, was also brought from a considerable distance; after all it burnt badly, and its smoke was very hurtful to the eyes. But in all these labours, and the dragging of the cannon through the hoavy sands, the

activity of the sailors should not be forgotten. Water was here in plenty, and the soldiers of the 13th Regiment dug into a fine ancient aqueduct, well arched, and of which the Arabs themselves could give no account, but seemed quite astonished at the discovery. A market was also established after some time, but, as it depended on the Arabs for the supply of sheep, &c., this was rather precarious, General Menou having forbidden it upon pain of death. Still the love of money prevailed, and overcame the sense of fear in the most timid and abject wretches in the world, for such the Egyptian peasants certainly were. On the 19th General Menou having advanced, the supply to the British market totally failed. His patrols, it seemed, had fallen in with and killed several Arabs bringing sheep.

On the next day a column of French infantry and cavalry was seen passing the grounds next to Lake Marcotis into Alexandria. Sir Sidney Smith also received a letter from an Arab chief, apprising him of Menou's approach with a large force, and also of his intention to attack the British camp next morning. Much confidence, notwithstanding, was not placed in this intelligence: head-quarters, though, in his own mind Sir Sidney was convinced of its probability, and spoke of it to his friends as being worthy of credit. On the night of the 20th the position of the army was strengthened by a battery, not closed in the rear, a little to the left in front, and to the ruins of Pompey's Palace. The Guards also had a redoubt in front of their right, and there was a battery on their left, upon which the signal-staff being hoisted, it was called the citadel. On the left of the whole line there was also a redoubt, and in its extent it contained two twenty-four pounders, and thirty-four field-pieces.

Such were the circumstances which led to the battle of Alexandria.

The English army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, occupied a line of about a mile in extent, nearly four miles from Alexandria, having a sandy plain in their front, the sea on their right, and the Lake of Aboulkir and Canal of Alexandria, at that time dry, on their left. Their flank was covered with gun-boats and redoubts filled with artillery. Menou resolved to attack them here on the ensuing morning, and proclaimed a *louis-d'or* for each man who would volunteer to commence the action by turning the right of his enemy. This was undertaken by the *Invincibles*, amounting to 900 men, but, through the vigilance of the emissaries of Sir Sidney Smith, General Abercrombie was apprised of the design on the evening of the 20th.

The action commenced with a sham attack on the left of the English, about two hours before daylight on the 21st of March, and was immediately succeeded by one, real and vigorous, on the right. The French, mounted on dromedaries, were twice repulsed with great slaughter, but after a dreadful struggle, in which Lanusse and many of the *Invincibles* were slain, those half-drunken desperadoes succeeded in turning the right of the English.

Corresponding with Lanusse's attack, Rampon boldly charged our reserve, consisting of the 42nd, together with a corps of Germans and others, under General Stewart, and the 28th, under General Moore, which had moved to the support of the right. The left wing of the 42nd Regi-

ment, under the command of Major Stirling, was ordered to advance to the support of the left of the 28th. This having been effected, Captain Bisset, of the light company, was directed to keep a good look-out on the left. In the rear were heard some persons speaking French in a low tone. These were at first mistaken for some of General Stewart's foreign brigade, supposed to be coming up to the aid of the 42nd Regiment; but on approaching closer they were discovered to be a French battalion marching up in open column to the rear of the corps, with one field-piece and six horses. To avoid being placed between two fires, the left wing charged instantly, threw the French battalion into confusion, and made great slaughter, capturing their guns and horses. The enemy were pressed so hard that the remains of this battalion sought shelter in an old ruin, having been prevented from getting farther to the rear by the right wing of the 42nd then coming up to the assistance of the left. To Major Stirling, who at this time entered the ruin close upon the heels of the flying enemy, two French officers presented themselves and begged their lives. This having been granted, the remainder were ordered to lay down their arms, and, Major Stirling having immediately advanced to the officer who carried the standard and seized it from him, they instantly complied.

The right wing having been now formed, both that and the left regained the ground they had previously occupied. There they were met by two strong columns of the enemy advancing, on whom they commenced a very sharp fire, and, Colonel Stewart ordering an immediate charge, the enemy were driven back 200 yards. This was an important period of the action, for a body of French cavalry were then observed ready to attack the 42nd in the rear, and that regiment, fatigued and short of ammunition, beheld itself nearly surrounded, and fresh detachments of the enemy arriving.

At this critical moment General Stuart, with the foreign brigade from the second line, advanced in the most perfect order, and poured in such a heavy and well-directed fire that nothing could withstand it, and the enemy fled or perished. It was in this charge of the French cavalry that the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, always anxious to be the most forward in danger, received a mortal wound. On the first alarm he had mounted his horse, and, finding the right was seriously engaged, he proceeded thither. When he came near the ruins, where, at the commencement of the action, the 58th Regiment was posted, he despatched his aides-de-camp with orders to different brigades, and while he was alone some dragoons of the French cavalry penetrated to the spot, and he was thrown from his horse. One of them, supposed to be an officer, then rode at him, and attempted to cut him down; but just as the edge of the sword was falling, the natural heroism of the general, and the energy called forth by his perilous situation, so invigorated his veteran arm that, seizing the sword, he wrested it from the hand of his adversary, and at that moment the French officer was bayoneted by a soldier of the 42nd Regiment. Sir Ralph Abercrombie was scarcely aware of the wound he had received in his thigh, but he complained severely of a contusion in his breast, received as he supposed by the hilt of the sword in the personal rencontre.

Sir Sidney Smith was the first officer who came to the commander-in-chief, and to him Sir Ralph presented the sword he had so gloriously acquired, as a substitute for the sword of Sir Sidney Smith, which had been accidentally broken. Sir Ralph, as the enemy's cavalry was by this time repulsed, walked to the redoubt on the side of the Guards, from which he could command a view of the whole battle, nor did he quit the field until after the defeat of the French, and at the conclusion of a combat which had continued nearly seven hours. At length, fainting with the loss of blood, he was carried on board the *Foudroyant*.

By this time 650 of the Invincibles, thirty-seven of whom had perished by their colours, lay extended on the ground, when the remainder entreated and obtained quarter; but the main body of the French prepared for the final effort of the day. In a heavy column they pressed through the English line towards the rear of the camp, accompanied by the cavalry under General Roize, who directed a furious charge on the rear of the reserve. The violence of the attack, however, was broken by the inequalities of the sandy surface, and the French were completely routed. So many of their generals, indeed, had now fallen that the soldiers were long engaged without orders, till Menou, after two hours' deliberation, ordered a retreat, which they executed under cover of the opposite hills, lined with cannon. Perceiving the advantages of the French position, the English were contented to harass their retreat, and at eleven o'clock they re-occupied the heights of Nicopolis.

By constantly removing their killed during the action the French concealed the amount of their loss, which was supposed to amount to three or four thousand. The English loss in killed, wounded, and thirty-two missing, amounted to 1225. The number of British troops brought into the field did not much exceed 11,000, which was nearly the same as that of the French.

So ended the battle of Alexandria. Its glory to the British was dimmed by the loss of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who expired on shipboard seven days after. Various minor hostilities ensued, but the back-bone of French supremacy in that region was broken, and ultimately, worn out by Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, and British, the valiant Republicans capitulated and were sent back to France. They took with them the corpse of General Klobber, who had been assassinated by one of the Turkish fanatics: a mournful reminder that the French were not wanted in Egypt, and had no business there.

Of the brave Abercrombie it remains to be said that a monument was voted by the British senate in honour of his services, while his widow and son were rewarded with a peerage, and a pension of £2000 a year.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

AN UNCONQUERABLE GARRISON.

In the last war between Austria and the Porte, Agria, a town only surrounded by an old flanked wall, with a few towers without bastions, was

attacked by 60,000 Turks. This force could not terrify 2000 Hungarians, who had shut themselves up in the place, with their wives, children, and effects. They had all sworn to suffer to the last extremity, and even if their provisions should fail to live upon the dead bodies among themselves rather than surrender. The provisions were brought to the public stores, in order that, the whole being appropriated for general use, it might inspire a general ardour. The men were to resist the efforts of the besiegers, and the women to repair the breaches. During forty days the Turks kept up a continual fire from the batteries. Although a part of the wall and almost all the towers were beaten down by the enemy's cannon, the besieged continued to defend themselves with the same firmness. They were summoned to surrender, but they showed a coffin upon one of the battlements, intimating that they preferred death to any terms. The Turks stormed the place three times in one day, and were repulsed, with the loss of 8000 men. The besieged, in proportion to the reiterated attacks, opposed a more vigorous defence. Such traits of heroism chilling the courage of the besiegers, they abandoned the undertaking. Their rear was briskly charged in the retreat, and the principal part of their baggage taken.

HOW TO MAKE A FRIEND.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, chose a singular method to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and distinguished for his many victories. Gustavus's father, Charles X., whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed the father of Banier. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase and ride into the wood. When they came into a thick part of it the king alighted from his horse and said to Banier, "My father was the destroyer of yours. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately. If not, be my friend for ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings and astonished at such magnanimity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet and vowed to him an eternal friendship.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

A CAPTAIN of Swedish cavalry, named Elsburg, supported with his single company a long and doubtful contest, on the banks of the Vistula, against twenty-eight companies of Poles, supported by 200 German dragoons. Having taken post in a churchyard, he there defended himself with so much bravery that the assailants were obliged to throw a body of men into the adjoining houses in order to fire upon him. Elsburg made a vigorous sortie, rushed into the midst of the Poles, burnt the houses from which they had fired upon his company, then returned to the churchyard, which he obliged the enemy to abandon, and thus maintained the conflict without intermission for nine hours.

VERY LIKE A MAN.

CHARLES XII. once went early in the morning to consult his prime minister. He was in bed, and Charles, having to wait till he rose, passed the time in talking with a soldier whom he found in the ante-chamber. At last the minister appeared, and made many apologies. The soldier, extremely confused at having ac-

costed his sovereign with so much freedom, threw himself at his feet and said, "Sire, forgive me, for I really took you for a man." "You have done no harm, friend," said the king; "your mistake was natural, for nothing is, I assure you, so much like a man as a king."

A SAILOR'S WANTS.

IN order to ascertain a sailor's idea of happiness, one was told that everything he could wish for in three times should be given him. "Why, then," cried Jack, "let me have all the rum in the world." He was then asked what he next wished for. "Why, let me have all the tobacco in the world." "And what else?" "Hang me if I know. Why, you may give me a little more rum."

A NOBLE ROAST.

WHEN Admiral Haddock was dying he called his son and said to him, "Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my dear lad, it was honestly got and will wear well. There are no seamen's wages or provisions—*no*—one single penny of dirty money in it."

LORD ANSON'S SIMPLICITY.

ALTHOUGH brave as a lion, Lord Anson was of a most unsuspecting nature. There is no doubt that he was frequently duped at play, and it was once wittily observed of him that he had been round the world, but never is it.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

LOOKING down the street after his companion, Ben's feelings of surprise and indignation were not mollified by observing the fit of immoderate laughter into which Phil had been provoked by his ludicrous mishap.

An elephant, going along post-haste on some commission entrusted to his care, seeing no means without a collision of passing Ben, who, sailor-like, was taking up more of the narrow roadway than strictly belonged to him, had seized him from behind by the waistband of his trousers. Holding him perpendicularly for a few seconds on the top of his trunk, without abating a jot of his speed, he began, as soon as it was safe from the crowded state of the street, to lower and finally deposit the astonished sailor on his feet on the other side of the road.

"I don't see nothing to laugh at, governor. I wouldn't ha' seen a fellow pitch you up sprawling in the air that way, and not let him feel the weight of my flats," growled Ben, a little hurt by his friend's unrestrained laughter.

"You are unreasonable, Ben. You would not have had me challenge yonder monster of an elephant, which, in his anxiety not to hurt you, lifted you carefully up, and put you down in a place of safety? As for laughing, you would

have laughed quite as heartily as I did had you seen me taking such a sudden and unexpected sweep through the air."

"An elephant, was it? Well, I'm blowed! What, that big chap on the trot, that gave me a grunt and a wave of his trunk as he cut by? Well, it was droll."

"The very same. I was as much surprised as you were, and for a moment couldn't think where on earth you had vanished till I heard your voice in the air and saw your legs kicking. But look there, Ben; here's luck. Why, there's Bill looking in at that basket-maker's."

"So he is, and no mistake. I say, governor, hadn't we better take Bill in tow, and get under hatches somewhere, for fear Dick and Josh should come back and see us altogether?"

"You are quite right, Ben. Bill's sure to know where we can find a place of entertainment."

Having made their way up to the humane and honest sailor who had so firmly stood by Phil in the pinnace, Bill expressed his astonishment at seeing the two friends ashore, and then led the way to the Packet tavern, where the rest of the men were boozing.

"The hands didn't like the Jolly Sailors," said Bill, "it was such a rascally cut-throat looking place, and still less did they cotton to the beastly grog the coxswain was so precious free in ordering for them, so we all heaved anchor and bore up for the Packet, a tidy respectable house."

"But who do you call coxswain, Bill?" inquired Phil. "I thought Mr. Cameron had sole charge of the boat and hands."

"And so he had; but, after seeing to the ordering of all things for the captain, he went into the country to dine and pass the night with an old friend, and be back in time to take the boat through the surf in the morning; so he made surly Dick his coxswain, to look arter us while he were away."

"And where's Dick now?"

"I'm blessed if I know. Him and Dumpty, as they calls the long Yankee feller, are away on some cruise of their own."

"Are you very fond of surly Dick, Bill?" asked Phil, with a marked emphasis on the words.

"Fond on him? Why, I hates him like pison. He's just for all the world another black-jawed savage like Nixon, only he'll never be drowned like him, or die an honest sailor's death."

"Why not, Bill?"

"Because he'll be hanged," was the prompt reply. "That's why. Oh! he's a spinning the rope fast enough, both for him and his canting Yankee chum."

"You know something of his plans, then, Bill?"

"Me? Not more than I can guess. But how come you to know about them, squire? I'm sartin sure you're about the last he would have told them to; he hates you too much."

"You are right; he never told me, but yet I know them, and as well as he does himself, or the man in the dark, who is to be the leader in all the plans."

"Ah! do you? True, he did say there was another, a longer head than his, as the bottom of all their plots. Who may he be, now?"

"First inform me of all you know, and then I'll tell you that," replied Phil.

"I haven't much to tell, for he was too cunning to let the cat out of the bag till he was sure he might trust me; but what I suspects I means to tell the skipper as soon as I gets aboard in the morning."

"If you don't go aboard before the morning, Bill, you will never see the captain in this world I fear."

"The Lord save us! what do you mean, squire?" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "That ere rascal don't mean mutiny, does he?"

"Ay, and piracy too, Bill; and it's on that very subject Ben and I came to look for you and the boat's crew."

"But he couldn't do nothing to-night, half the men and him ashore too; and I am sure that not one of the lads with us would have any hand in any work of Dick's. He's tried it on more nor once already."

"You forget, Bill, that if you and the other seven men, not counting Dick and Josh, are all for the captain, the rest of the crew on board are all the other way, ready for any cut-throat work."

"I never gave that a thought; so they are, and I've seen them for some weeks always a whispering together; and only yesterday I heard Dick tell the Yankee that he knew where the arm-chest was. But here's the public, at least the back door of it," as he halted at the gate of a compound or yard, and led the way to a room through the lattice of which the voices of several men were heard, and clouds of tobacco smoke found a free passage to the hot evening air. "But I say, squire, you haven't told me who's the fellow on board who's to be the leader of them ruffians," he suddenly asked, stopping in the compound to put the question to Phil, whom he occasionally designated as the squire, out of respect to his birth and position.

"What should you say to Nixon?" he whispered.

"Never! I see him go down under the fore-foot of the barque; he was dead drowned," ejaculated Bill, with a backward stagger of amazement. "And if he hadn't 'a been," he continued, looking at all the possibilities of the case, "and had been picked up by another ship, how could he have come on board, seeing we haven't put in nowhere since we left Fayal? No, it ain't possible."

"It's a fact, nevertheless, and he's been hid away on board ever since you were saved at the going down of the pinnace. Now, I think you like our old captain, Bill, and wouldn't see him knocked on the head and pitched into the sea by a set of murdering pirates without trying to save him and your messmates. I tell you that to-night the skippers and mate are to be killed, the ship taken, and the black flag and cross-bones hoisted."

"Stand by and see it? I should think not. Only show me how I can help, and I'll follow you wherever you like to lead. But what can we do when they are on board, and we are ashore till the morning? They may be killed before we could get alongside. Besides, Dick and Josh Nailer may have got back to the barque, leaving all who would help the captain drunk here on shore."

"Dick and Joah will keep on shore to look after you and make you as drunk as possible, and then at sunrise get on board as quick as they can, leaving the mate and hands without ship, pay, or toggery. Ben will tell you what it is necessary to know, while I see what I can make of these men, who, by their voice and noise, are I fear more than half-seas over, and useless for the striking of a blow."

While Ben, in a retired corner of the verandah, was explaining to Bill the villany of Nixon, Dick, and the Yankee, the intercepted letter, and all the plans of the mutineers, Phil entered the house, and found his way to the tap-room, attracted by the boisterous singing of the party within.

A glance at the faces of the men showed that he had not arrived a moment too soon, if he hoped to obtain the assistance of any of them for duty that evening. Of the seven men two were stretched on the floor helplessly drunk, and would evidently for many hours be totally unfit to stand, much less to think or act; three were in a highly excited and noisy condition, and evidently more likely to mar than assist any project on which they were employed; the remaining two were perfectly sober, and to these, amidst a shout of drunken welcome from all, Phil at once addressed himself, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of knowing that they were willing to back him in any project to defeat the infamous scheme of the mutineers.

"If our three messmates here were sober," Phil asked of the others, "would they stand by us?"

"Sartin to do so," replied one of the men, "for they were the first of our watch to whom Dick proposed stealing the bullion-chest out of the skipper's state-room, and they swore at him so awful, for taking them for prigs, that I thought they would have peached all about it, or else have knocked him overboard. Oh! they'd be safe enough at a go in."

"Then I think I can doctor them to be sober enough for our purpose," replied Phil. "Then Master Dick only proposed stealing the bank-money, and didn't say anything about taking the ship and murdering the skippers and mate!"

"No; but we all knew there was more at the bottom, which was only to come out after we had consented to so much."

Phil then threw away the grog the three men were drinking so recklessly, saying it was only given by the coxswain to make them do his dirty work. He next ordered Ben and Bill and the two sober hands to take their messmates into the compound under the tank shed, to strip them to the waist, and drench them with three or four buckets of water, and, having rubbed all three well down and dressed them, to bring them back to him. Phil in the meantime procured some hartshorn, and when the men were brought back mixed a proper proportion with some iced lemonade, gave each a hearty draught, and, there being an hour to spare, allowed them to lie down and sleep, while he explained his plan of operations to his companions.

CHAPTER VIII.—TIMELY HELP.

ABOUT two bells, or nine o'clock, the men were roused, and found themselves by Phil's treatment, to their great astonishment, not only re-

freshed, but sober. The whole party at once quitted the house by the rear, and were soon traversing the road that led to the mouth of the estuary, and towards the fisherman's hut beside which their boats had been moored in the morning, on landing from the barque *Defiance*.

By the time they had floated their boat, and Phil, with the tiller-ropes, was seated in the stern-sheets, the night had grown so dark that the barque, scarcely two miles in the offing, was only just visible.

Suddenly a flash of light streamed out of the stern windows, and cast its lurid reflection along the rippling bay, and at the same moment the deep boom of the palace clock slowly and solemnly proclaimed the hour of ten.

"Is the canvas all ready for muffling the oars, lads?" asked Phil. "We have just an hour to cross the bar, reach the ship, and confound these murdering villains. All ready there? Then give way, my hearties, and with a will," he added, after the customary "Ay, ay."

Hardly had the last words escaped him when, as if endowed with life, the light cutter darted forward, and was soon in the centre of the broad estuary, and rapidly approaching a line of breakers that, like a white wall, crossed the entire width of the mouth of the river, and which at all times made the leaving or entering the river an operation of much trouble and danger. At one state of the tide the vast swell of the Indian Ocean rolled in, breaking on the sand-bar in one immense wave; at another the rush was downwards, and the curve of the wave outwards; but its height and width and the danger in crossing were equally the same. As it was now nearly ebb-tide, it would require the greatest prudence on the part of all in the boat to guide it so as to mount the curling wave at the proper instant, and avoid the breaking of one or more of the oars.

"Belay there, my lads. Half-strokes! steady!" exclaimed Phil, as they approached within a few fathoms of the roaring seething wall of foam, which seemed an insuperable barrier to their further progress, and to threaten their fragile bark with instant destruction.

Allowing the cutter to run at reduced speed for a few seconds, and fixing his eye on one spot of the towering sheet of water, Phil suddenly exclaimed—

"Give way with a will, all together and at once, swift and manfully."

Like so many flashes of lightning, the cars simultaneously struck the water, and the cutter literally flew along the briny way, suddenly rose bows upwards, and was engulfed like a cork in a sea of boiling foam. The next moment she was flung from the crest of the breaker far into the dark bay, and, by the skilful steering of the coxswain, was guided towards the southern shore.

Having brought his little vessel within the shadow of the overhanging foliage, Phil gave the order to cease rowing, to muffle the rowlocks, and take every precaution to deaden the sound of their approach. Though Nixon and his accomplices had no suspicion of any coming help, Phil knew well that many of them would be on deck, and would, in so calm a night, be able to hear the slightest noise a long distance from the ship.

The light from the cabin window, though in a

measure so necessary to guide them directly to their destination, was extremely inconvenient, as, under the best management, it would for the last half-mile frequently expose their stealthy approach to the observation of those on deck who might chance to look in the wake of the *Defiance*. The risk, however, must be encountered at any cost, and discovery met by instant action.

Having pondered on all the probabilities for and against success, and decided on his course in either case, while the men were muffling their oars, Phil gave the last order to "Pull away," and, with the tiller-lines in his hands, took his place in the bows of the cutter, where he could give his orders and act both as lookout and steersman.

"That bar, lads, has cost us five minutes more than I bargained for. We have but short time for our work, so give way with a will; a good spurt now will place us on a line with the light from the cabin," which he now saw was much wider and more difficult to pass than he had expected to find it.

By swift but cautiously-delivered strokes the cutter had been brought within twenty fathoms of the barque, when suddenly she was shot with such rapidity across the sheet of light that had a watch been kept on the poop with instructions to observe the ship's wake he would have been unable to explain the nature of the sudden shadow that darted across that lurid path.

A few vigorous strokes placed the boat close under the stern-ports of the *Defiance*, when the oars were silently shipped, two of the men grasped the rudder to keep her steady, and Phil cautiously made fast the cutter's painter to a ring in the stern-plate, and pulled her so far under as to be imperceptible even to the watch looking over the taffrail. So perfectly silent was everything on board that they could hear the low muttering in the cabin above them, where Captain Somers and the skipper, Mr. Burton, were conversing, and the sharp tread of the first mate as he took his customary strides up and down the poop.

"Here, Ben and Bill," whispered Phil, when he had secured the boat's head and taken precautions to prevent her being bumped against the vessel, "all's quiet yet; step the mast, and I'll get up to the window; quiet, now, no noise."

At the moment the two men were about raising the mast to place it in its fittings a slight commotion was heard in the forward part of the ship, and the mate's voice exclaimed, in no gentle tones—

"What are you two fellows doing there in the fore-chains at this time of night?"

Every man in the boat held his breath to hear the reply; it came at last, in the surly tones of one of the mutineers—

"Croucher said he thought he saw a boat with a lug-sail making for the barque, and I was going up the shrouds to have a look."

"Did you forget I was on deck, then?" replied the mate. "My eyes are as good as yours; there is no boat, and has been none on the bay since sundown; so down out o' those chains. And what are all you fellows doing for'ard there on deck?"

"We thought it were time to change the watch."

"You're in a precious hurry to come on duty

to-night. It wants a quarter of an hour good to six bells, and I'll give you the call, never fear; so down again, do you hear, every soul of you but the two men on watch. Down!" and the mate stamped his foot to give emphasis to his command.

"We have no time to lose," whispered Phil, as he climbed up the boat's mast till his face was on a level with the cabin window.

Glancing into the snug-looking saloon, Phil saw that the two captains were engaged in a game of cribbage at the end of the table almost under the window. Reminded by his painful position and the importance of the occasion to use despatch, Phil at once knocked on the glass, and, putting his face close to the pane, that he might be the more quickly recognised by Captain Somers, knocked a second time more loudly.

The amazement of the two skippers was so intense, as they gazed in half-terrified surprise on the extraordinary face that, without any seeming body, met their view, that for some seconds they were unable to decide how to act. At length Captain Somers, who had no doubt of Phil's identity, rose and opened the small window, when, without further parley, Phil worked his way through the narrow limits and stood before the astonished commanders.

"Why, Philip, my lad, what on earth is the meaning of your returning on board at this time of night, and in so extraordinary a manner?" inquired Captain Somers.

"There's mutiny among the hands now on board, but before I explain a word more let me call up those you can depend upon; then get out the arms, for we have only a few minutes to prepare for them."

"A mutiny?" ejaculated Somers.

"Like enough," added Captain Burton, as he hastily unlocked one of the settees under the stern windows, "for now I remember the men have shown a very sullen disposition lately, and the steward told me only yesterday that they were always whispering among themselves. These, however, will bring them to reason," he continued, as he took out a number of pistols, cutlasses, and carbines, with shot belts and pouches, and laid them on the cabin table.

While this was taking place Phil had opened the other window, and, passing the signal, the men, following their leader's example, quickly ascended the mast and entered the cabin.

Cautiously closing the windows, Phil in as few words as possible narrated all that the reader is acquainted with, and the reason why the second mate and other three hands were absent. But that which created the greatest astonishment was the information that Nixon was alive, the head of the mutiny, and was actually on board the barque.

"If we are to save Mr. Jordan's life, sir," said Phil, addressing the captain, "he must be called down on some pretence, for it only wants five minutes to six bells, when those murdering rascals will make a rush on him."

He then related the conversation they had heard on deck, showing how impatient the mutineers were for the moment of attack.

"What plan do you suggest, Philip?" asked Captain Burton as he gave each man a brace of pistols and a cutlass.

"First, where is the steward, captain?" inquired Phil.

"Here I am, master, and ready for a go in at the skunks," cried the steward, stepping out of his little sanctuary or closet under the companion.

"That makes ten without the mate. I propose that you call Mr. Jordan down to have a glass of grog; but don't let him go forward to call the watch. I, Ben, and four of the hands will pass through to the after-hold, and so reach the deck, and fall upon the scoundrels in the rear, while you and the rest remain below in hiding, dealing with them as you think fit, either with the cutlass or the pistol. Bill, you stay with the captain. Come, lads, we haven't a minute to lose."

Passing through a door the steward unlocked for them, the five men, with Phil at their head, passed the upper deck of the after-hold, from which, the half-hatch having been removed in the morning, there was an easy access to the quarter-deck.

Placing his men at the foot of the companion, Phil cautiously crept up the ladder, slightly lifted the tarpaulin that had been thrown over the hatchway, took a hasty glance of the deck, and instantly descended.

"It's just as I thought, Ben; there's six of the rascals crouched down under the launch, armed with capstan-bars and knives," whispered Phil. "That was done not to excite suspicion, by all showing when the watch was called, and to be ready to spring upon the mate. My hands itch to have a slap at them."

"And so do ours," replied Ben, in the same cautious tone.

While this was taking place in the after-hold Captain Burton came to the half-hatch of the cabin companion, and, hailing the mate as he descended the poop steps, cried—

"Anything stirring, Mr. Jordan?"

"Not a mouse, sir; the sea's as calm as a millpond, not a cat's-paw of wind, and everything as quiet as if the world had come to an end."

"I've just brewed you a glass of grog; come down and drink it before you turn in."

"Thank you, sir, I will in a moment. I must first call the watch, time's close up," replied the mate; but as he passed the companion to go forward and do so the captain caught his arm, and, pulling him to the open door, said—

"No, no, grog first. Why, man, you won't be a minute, and I must finish mine before I relieve you, so down you come. The steward's snoring, and Somers is just turning in," and, descending the stairs, he compelled the mate to follow him.

As the captain's head reached the level of the deck his eye suddenly caught sight of an object that induced him to grasp the mate's legs and precipitately drag him down the rest of the flight. At the same moment a terrific blow with a capstan-bar fell on the top of the companion, where but the instant before Jordan's head had been.

"Good Heaven! what's the matter?" ejaculated the mate, as the captain pulled him into the cabin.

"It means mutiny, Jordan," he whispered, thrusting a brace of pistols and a cutlass into his hand. "Stand close!"

The next instant, with a shout, as if the occa-

sion for all concealment was now at an end, the men who had been hiding under the launch darted forward and threw themselves down the companion stairs. The rest of the mutineers, headed by Nixon, who brandished a sharp-ground cutlass, came tearing along the deck and ranged themselves in front of the cabin entrance. While this was taking place Phil cautiously ascended from the after-hatch and secreted himself and men for a moment by the side of the launch.

"What are you so quiet about, down there?" cried Nixon, as he came up to the cabin door. "Have you cut their throats? If so, pitch them through the window."

"Why, where are they gone to? There's nobody here," shouted one of the men from below.

"Why, you cursed fools, look in their berths," exclaimed Nixon; "or must I come down and help you?"

The last word had hardly passed his lips, when there was a sudden report of fire-arms, mixed with oaths, blasphemy, groans, and the sound of heavy blows.

"Curse them! they have had time to arm themselves. Keep it up, lads; there's only three of them, and we'll soon overpower them," shouted Nixon, as he placed his foot on the step.

At that moment Phil, Ben, and the rest rushed on the mutineers round the cabin, and, with a loud cheer, were in an instant engaged hand to hand with their savage foes.

"Down with the onwardly pirates! down with the mutineers!" cried Phil, as he parried a blow with a handspike and stretched his assailant bleeding on the deck.

"May the curse of Cain light on you, you meddling fool!" cried Nixon, with a savage oath, springing back to the deck, and making a rush at Phil with his glittering blade. "I'll teach you, you officious fool, to return and spoil my plans. Cur, dog, die!" he yelled, raining a succession of rapid and heavy blows at the youth's head.

Phil, however, had been early taught the use of the weapon in his hand, and, confident in his skill, cared little for his enemy's sharp-pointed cutlass. He was able to foil his antagonist at every thrust, and, untouched himself, had already twice made the bearded giant stagger under the force of his blows.

While this combat was taking place Nixon kept shouting to his party to fight it out, that they were two to one, and must conquer in the end.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, as a sudden rush was heard on the companion, "here they come, lads! Now a dash on them, and the ship's our own."

As he spoke three mutineers, covered with blood, rushed madly on the quarter-deck, followed by the two captains, the mate, Bill, and the steward, when the combat, that had for a moment become less malignant, was renewed with increased fury. The rage of Nixon, so long foiled by the skill of his opponent, growing tenfold more fierce, he now resolved to end the combat by the exertion of his whole strength.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S HORSE SHOT.]

THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

THE Anglo-Indian army had not long rested from the contest with Tippoo Sahib when it found itself at war with its old but false friends the Mahrattas. We will not confuse our readers by attempting to explain the causes of this new outbreak: simply and shortly, the British proposed a treaty that should regulate their dealings with the Mahrattas, and the chiefs of that turbulent people put off signing the treaty till it became evident that they were only biding their time to strike a sudden blow at the British. The governor-general therefore sent his brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley, with authority to parley or to fight, and the blunt soldier discovered that no argu-

ments but "lead and steel" would carry weight with Indian princes. The army accordingly was once more set in motion, and after capturing one or two fortresses Sir Arthur resolved to bring the enemy to close combat.

The forces under Wellesley's immediate command were 384 European and 1347 regular native cavalry, 1368 European and 5631 native infantry, a few artillerymen, 600 or 700 pioneers, 2400 horse belonging to the Rajah of Mysore, and 3000 Mahratta horse.

A separate corps of 8000 men under Colonel Stevenson had marched from Hyderabad, and lay camped at no great distance in readiness to join him.

Those two English corps now marched sepa-

ately, though at a short distance, along the two roads by which the enemy was expected to pass. Wellesley had arranged that Colonel Stevenson and himself should unite on the 24th of September, and in concert attack the enemy; but, as it was reported that their cavalry had begun to move, he pushed forward to reconnoitre, or to prevent their retreat. His information, which in that hostile country was extremely imperfect, led him to suppose that they were posted at Bokerdun, twelve or fourteen miles distant; but after marching six miles he discovered their whole force, consisting of 38,000 cavalry, above 18,000 infantry, and about 100 pieces of artillery, drawn up on the plain of Assaye!

In brilliant sunshine nothing could be more picturesque than the Mahratta chief Scindia's encampment, as seen from an eminence on which the advance of the British rested. The tents, of various colours, were disposed each around its own chieftain's banner, without order or regularity; streets crossed and wound about in every direction, displaying a variety of merchandise, as in a great fair; while jewellers, smiths, and mechanics attended as minutely to their occupations, and were as busily employed, as if they were at peace in Poonah, the capital.

In this enormous camp upwards of 50,000 men were collected, the river Kaitna running in their front, the Suah in their rear. These rivers united their waters at some distance beyond the left of the camp, forming a flat peninsula of considerable extent. The native infantry and all the guns were in position on the left, retired upon the Suah, and appuyed on the village of Assaye; the cavalry were entirely on the right. The position was naturally strong, for the banks of the Kaitna are steep and broken, and the front very difficult to attack.

As the British cavalry, consisting of the 19th Light Dragoons and three native regiments, under the command of Colonel Maxwell, formed line on the heights, it presented a strange but glorious contrast to the countless multitude of Mahratta horsemen who were seen in endless array below. The English brigade, scarcely numbering three thousand sabres, took its position with all the boldness of a body having an equal force to oppose. In number Scindia's cavalry were fully ten to one, it being ascertained that, with his allies, the horsemen actually on the field exceeded 30,000. Having made a careful reconnoissance, General Wellesley determined, notwithstanding the vast disparity in the number of his troops, to lead them directly to the attack.

While examining the position immense masses of Scindia's cavalry moved forward, and threw out skirmishers, who were directly driven in. General Wellesley having discovered a neglected ford, decided on crossing the Kaitna, and, by attacking the infantry and guns, embarrass the immense cavalry force of Scindia, by obliging it to manœuvre to disadvantage, and to act on the confined space the ill-selected ground afforded.

The British infantry had now come up, and in column they were directed upon the river, when, far from being struck with any apprehension at the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, they exultingly exclaimed, "They cannot escape us!" As they advanced, however, the enemy's artillery, the best organised part of their army, opened a most destructive fire, which greatly thinned

their ranks, but could not check the forward movement of the columns. The whole were now across the river, the infantry formed into two brigades, and the cavalry in reserve behind them, ready to rush on any part of the battle-ground where advantage could be gained or support should be required.

This flank attack obliged Scindia to change his front, which he did with less confusion than was expected, by his new disposition resting his right upon the Kaitna and his left upon the Suah and Assaye. His whole front bristled with cannon, and the ground immediately around the village seemed, from the number of guns, like one great battery. The fire from this powerful artillery was of course destructive: the British guns were completely overpowered by it, and in a very few minutes entirely silenced. This was the crisis, and on the resolution of a moment hung the fortune of a very doubtful day. Wellesley without hesitation abandoned his guns and advanced with the bayonet. The charge was gallantly made, the resistless bayonets of the British troops drove the enemy before them, and when their last-formed body of infantry gave way the whole of the enemy's right went off, leaving the English masters of the field, and of nearly 100 pieces of cannon abandoned by the fugitives.

While this movement was being executed the 74th and light infantry pickets in front of Assaye were severely cut up by the fire from that place. Perceiving the murderous effect of the fusillade, a strong body of the Mahratta horse moved swiftly round the village, and made a furious onset on the 74th; but Colonel Maxwell had watched the progress of the battle, and now was his moment of action. The word was given — the British cavalry charged home. Down went the Mahrattas in hundreds beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th and their gallant supporters the Sepoys, while, unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindia's left. The 74th and the light infantry re-formed, and, pushing boldly on, completed the disorder of the enemy, preventing any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of the general.

Some of Scindia's troops fought bravely, and the desperate obstinacy with which his gunners stood to the cannon was almost incredible. They remained to the last, and were bayoneted around the guns, which they refused, even in certain defeat, to abandon.

The British charge was indeed resistless; but in the enthusiasm of success there is at times a lack of prudence. The Sepoys rushed wildly on — their ardour was uncontrollable — while a mass of the Mahratta horse, arrayed upon the hill, were ready to rush upon ranks disordered by their own success. But Wellesley foresaw and guarded against the evil consequence that a too excited courage might produce. The 78th were kept in hand, and, cool, steady, and with a perfect formation, they offered an imposing front, which the Mahratta cavalry perceived was unassailable.

A strong column of the enemy, however, which had been only partially engaged, now rallied, and renewed the battle, joined by a number of Scindia's gunners and infantry, who had flung themselves as dead upon the ground,

and thus escaped the sabres of the British cavalry. But Maxwell's brigade, having re-formed their ranks and breathed their horses, dashed into the still disordered ranks of these half-rallied troops. A desperate slaughter ensued, and the Mahrattas were totally routed; but the British lost their chivalrous leader, and, in the moment of victory, Maxwell, "fighting foremost," died in front of the battle.

The last effort of the day was made by a part of the artillery who were in position near the village of Assaye, and in person Wellesley led on the 78th Highlanders and the 7th Native Cavalry. In the attack the general's horse was killed under him; but the enemy declined the charge, broke, fled, and left a field cumbered with their dead, and crowded with cannon, bullocks, caissons, and all the *matériel* of an Eastern army, to the conquerors.

The evening had fallen before the last struggle at Assaye was over, but the British victory was complete. Twelve hundred of Scindia's dead were upon the field, while of his wounded scarcely an estimate could be hazarded, for all the villages and adjacent country were crowded with his disabled soldiery. The British loss was of necessity severe, and it might be estimated that one-third of the entire army was rendered *hors de combat*.

To call Assaye a brilliant victory, says Maxwell, whose narrative we have adopted, is only using a term simply descriptive of what it was. It was a magnificent display of skill, moral courage, and perfect discipline against native bravery and an immense numerical superiority. But it was not a mass of men, rudely collected, ignorant of military tactics, and unused to combinations that Wellesley overthrew. Scindia's army was respectable in every arm, his cavalry excellent of their kind, and his artillery well served. His infantry had been for a long time under the training of French officers, and the ease and precision with which he changed his front when the British crossed the Kaitna to assail his flank showed that the lessons of the French disciplinarians had not been given in vain.

After this defeat Scindia proceeded to make separate overtures, but, as they were presented by agents whom he might afterwards disown, no proceeding could be founded upon them. The commander-in-chief directed Colonel Stevenson to reduce the great city of Burhampoor, and the adjoining fort of Asseerghur, which bore the reputation of being almost impregnable. The town yielded without opposition, and the fort after a very short resistance. The Mahratta chief then sued for peace in earnest, and the terms of an armistice were arranged for all his territories south of the river Nerbudda.

A FIGHT WITH GREEK PIRATES.

HAVING occasion to pass in a Venetian brig from Alexandria to Smyrna, I was desirous to take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the *Ægean*, and the captain, at my request, visited a few of the more interesting islands. One day in May we were lying off the north-east coast of the island of Naxos, enjoying the

freshening softness of the evening air after a day of excessive sultriness. At sunset the wind gradually died away, and gave place to one of those dead motionless calms so common in these uncertain seas. We had watched with melancholy interest the last gleams of the departing sun as he disappeared behind the wooded hills of Antiparos, and were now enjoying the soft dim lustre of the moon as she rose upon the lovely scene before us. Syra, Delos, and other isles, dimly discernible in the distance, formed the chief features of the landscape, while the rich moonlight softly glimmered on the almost motionless bosom of the waters.

Occasionally a slight ripple against the sides of the vessel awoke the slumbering phosphorescence of the ocean, and elicited a light which had something of enchantment both in its delicacy and its evanescence. There was a stillness—a calmness—a surpassing beauty—a sacred purity in the scene which inspired one with the thoughts and the language of another world; and as I gave way to the reveries and remembrances it awakened I almost lost the recollection of our meaner nature, and forgot that I was still on earth.

In this mood of mind I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when the captain came and tapped me gently on the shoulder, and, with a look of peculiar significance, pointed to an abrupt promontory about two miles ahead of us. I followed his eye, and could distinguish with difficulty two long narrow boats, with three small masts in each, and impelled apparently by nearly twenty oars, making straight for our vessel. As they came more distinctly into view, and we could discern their form, it was such as to leave us no doubt of their nature or intentions. We had heard them described too often and too minutely not to recognise them at a glance: they were a band of those terrible pirates who were then infesting the *Ægean*, and whose daring and cruelty had struck terror into all the sailors who frequented these seas. I looked at the captain. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him tried, yet now his lip quivered, and a shuddering came over his whole frame, as he saw, in all its horrors, the fate which was probably in store for us. We knew that our chance of a successful resistance was but small; but, weak as it was, we had learned enough of the brutality of these wretches in other cases to be aware it was our only hope. Outrage, ignominy, and massacre had been inflicted, according to the varying caprice of the hour; and, in particular, their treatment of the crews of two vessels which had lately fallen into their hands determined us to fight to the last plank, and then take what fate it might please Providence to send us.

Escape was impossible. There was not a breath of air sufficient even to stir a handkerchief, and these pirates always profit by a calm, which enables them to attack an unwieldy vessel to great advantage. We got all our arms on deck, and each man stood ready at his post. I had laid my sword and pistols on the gunwale before me, and was leaning on my carbine watching the advance of the enemy. There was a dead silence through the ship, till we could distinctly hear the splashing of their oars as they gradually neared us. It was horrible to be thus deserted by the elements at our greatest need.

There was not breeze or motion sufficient to enable us even to turn the vessel; and there was not one of us who would not thankfully have exchanged our helpless motionless condition for the wildest hurricane that ever blew over a tropical sea. We were delivered up to our enemies, as it were, bound hand and foot. This feeling of paralysis grew upon us momentarily, like the horrors of nightmare. Every man seemed afraid to breathe, and we might have heard a pin drop at the furthest extremity of the ship. We were looking Death in the face, and I felt that he was indeed the king of terrors.

The boats at length came within hail. I counted thirty men in the one boat, and twenty in the other: we did not muster twenty-five in all. They rowed close alongside, one at one side, and the other at the other, and summoned us to surrender. The captain returned no answer, but took a deliberate aim with his musket at the summoner, and shot him through the heart. We all followed his example, and our fire was eminently successful. They returned it in haste, and then, without waiting to reload, began to climb the sides of our vessel. We offered them no resistance, but retired to the quarter-deck, where our two small cannon had been placed, and ranged ourselves before them. As soon as the pirates had clambered upon deck, without waiting to form, they drew their heavy scimitars and yataghans and rushed tumultuously upon us. In a moment we drew a little to either side, and at the same instant our two guns poured their grape-shot through our ranks upon the confused mass of our assailants. The effect was tremendous; for a moment we thought the victory was ours, and we rushed upon them to complete our work. But they rallied too quickly, and then began the real contest: it was man to man—hand to hand—sabre to sabre. The pirates were desperate by character—we were rendered so by situation; and the combat was one of such deep and concentrated fury as I trust never to witness again. Two of the combatants, who were firmly grappled, and were slashing each other with their daggers, missed their footing on the quarter-deck, and fell overboard together. But even in the water I could observe that they did not quit their hold; each grasped his antagonist with the frenzy of a dying man, and they sank in each other's arms. How long the battle lasted I knew not: it might be five minutes—it might be ten, but I was brought to the ground I scarce knew how, and when I recovered my senses it was all over.

Myself and six of my companions were the sole survivors: they were all wounded, and tied with ropes to the side of our vessel. The captain was among them. His arms were pinioned behind him, and he was lashed to the mainmast. He was evidently faint and weak from loss of blood, and his pale countenance expressed a sort of hopeless resignation, interrupted at times by a transient shudder of unconquerable horror, as the thought of the fate in store for us rushed across his mind. The pirates, whose numbers had been greatly thinned during the action, were lying on the quarter-deck, some sleeping, and others watching. The first faint streak of morning light was just appearing along the horizon, and our conquerors took advantage of a breeze which sprung up to direct our vessel towards their port.

Just then a ship of considerable size came in sight round the corner of the island, and passed us within a few hundred yards. Our captain, regardless of the consequences, hailed the strange sail, and claimed the assistance of her crew, and at the same moment received a shot which silenced him for ever. The pirates sprang to their feet, and prepared to receive those we had called upon to save us. They had seen our situation, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties: they spoke not, turned not, stayed not. The ship of safety speeded on its way, and as it gradually lessened in the distance our excited hopes sunk into despair and our hearts died away within us.

I am an observer both by habit and disposition, even in times of the deepest anxiety and danger; and as a faint gleam of hope, in the shape of an accepted ransom, had already flashed across my mind, I began to look out, with a sort of throbbing curiosity mingled with alarm and doubt, for the pirates' den, whither our course was evidently directed. It was not long before we arrived. Six of the pirates immediately proceeded southward with our captured ship, for the purpose, as we afterwards found, of selling her at Rhodes, with the inhabitants of which island they kept up a regular traffic of this nature. The remainder of our victors got into their two boats, whither we were compelled to follow them, and pulled towards shore. I despair of being able to delineate, otherwise than with the pencil, the extraordinary scene we now approached. It was a bold, craggy, almost perpendicular coast; and we soon discovered a vast chasm or fissure which extended the whole height of the rock, and to a considerable depth inland. Into this chasm we entered, and after rowing about fifty yards another considerable fissure opened at right angles to the first. Though at least sixty yards broad at the level of the water, this second chasm gradually diminished in breadth, till at the surface of the island its existence was only discernible by a narrow crack over which an active man might leap with ease. At the end of this extraordinary natural vault, and about twenty feet above the sea, was a cave, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it penetrated deeper into the rock, and by no means dissimilar to the subterranean gallery underneath the citadel of Argos.

As the pirates moored their boats at the extremity of this vast cavern (for such, notwithstanding the narrow opening above, it might be called) two of their associates appeared at the mouth of the cave to welcome them and inquire of their success. A few words were interchanged between them, and my companions and I were then ordered to mount into the cave by means of a ladder of ropes, which was let down to the boat's edge. To one of these unfortunate wretches the moment seemed to offer a last chance for safety. When his turn came to ascend he pretended to lose his hold, slipped into the water, dived under the nearest boat, and swam vigorously away. But the effort proved a desperate one; the pirates were too vigilant to be thus deceived: three firelocks were discharged at the unhappy man too deliberately to miss the mark. He gave a horrid shriek, which is still ringing in my ears, stretched forth his hands wildly and imploringly to Heaven, then slowly sunk beneath

the surface, and the bubbles which ascended one by one from his last suffocating gasps alone indicated the spot where he had disappeared.

We were all struck with horror. It seemed to us a foreboding of our own fate, and we shuddered as we entered this dark cavern of iniquity. There seemed to be many recesses in different directions; but the part of the cave where the pirates were assembled was nearly circular, and a rude lamp, which was suspended from the damp vault, served to show the dreariness and discomfort of the chamber, and the mats and weapons which formed its only furniture.

I will not here detail the horrors of our situation, nor the ignominious treatment to which we were subjected, during our abode in the pirates' den. It was living with the devil and his angels. My four remaining companions were taken out of the cave at midnight, about a week after our arrival, and put on board one of the pirates' boats, and I had afterwards reason to believe that they were sold as slaves in some of the ports of Syria. I only escaped their fate from having been able to persuade the pirates, by producing my papers, that if my friends at Smyrna were informed of my situation they would willingly advance whatever ransom might be demanded; and I pledged myself at the same time that I would never attempt to make known their residence. I wrote to Smyrna, and an answer soon arrived. The pirates, impatient for their promised ransom, immediately conveyed me to Scala Nuova, the port of the ancient Ephesus, where my friends met me, and I was delivered up to them on payment of the stipulated sum. It was 2000 dollars.

THE GENERAL'S LAST FRIEND.

THE following incident at the siege of Acre has been seldom surpassed for courage and pathos:—Daniel Bryan was an old seaman, and captain of the foretop, who had been turned over from the *Blanche* into Sir Sidney Smith's ship, *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre this hardy veteran made repeated application to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks in triumph struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and, after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it a prey to the dogs. Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to the ship inquiries were instantly made respecting the state of the deceased general. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him; but the only reply that he received was, "Go and do it yourself." Dan swore he would, observing that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial. In the morning, having obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat.

Nothing divided the hostile intrenchments but the ditch where the dead general lay, and so closely placed were the foes that a moderate whisper could be easily heard from one embankment to the other. Nothing appeared above these

embankments but a serried line of bayonets, for if a hat or a head or anything tangible appeared on either side it was saluted with a volley of perforating balls. It was about noon, and the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously watching for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman, who, without informing any one of his intention, had provided himself with a spade and pickaxe, suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out, in a stentorian voice, "Mounseers, ahoy! 'vast heaving there a bit, will ye, and belay over all with your poppers for a 'pell." And then he showed his broad unmeaning face over the lines. Two hundred muskets were immediately pointed at him, but, seeing him with only the implements of digging, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forbore to fire. Dan very leisurely then scrambled over the intrenchment into the ditch, the muzzles of the enemy's muskets still following his every motion. All this did not in the least disturb his *sang froid*; but, going up to the French general, he took his measure in quite a business-like manner, and dug a very decent grave close alongside the defunct in glory. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French general very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his impromptu grave, then shovelled the earth upon and made all smooth above him.

But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write, "Here you lie, old crop!" He was then, with his pickaxe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

Now, our friend seemed to think that he had done nothing extraordinary, and only remarked that he should sleep well. A few days after another gaudily decorated French general came on board the *Tigre*, on some matters of negotiation, which when completed, he anxiously expressed a desire to see the interrer of his late comrade. The meeting took place, and Dan was highly praised for his heroism in a long speech, not one word of which, though interpreted to him, could he comprehend. Money was then offered him, which at first he did not like to take; but he at length satisfied his scruples by telling the French officer he should be happy to do the same thing for him as he had done for his brother general—for nothing. The French general begged to be excused, and Bryan ended the interview.

Dan Bryan died, a worthy pensioner, in Greenwich Hospital.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

ABOUT the latter end of Queen Anne's reign Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant ship, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors who had been employed in that dirty work ventured into the sea to wash themselves. They had not been long there before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, upon which they swam back, and reached the boat—all but one.

Him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and, gripping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of the body. The remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. The friendship between this man and the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied a union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend his horror and emotion were too great for words to paint.

During this affecting scene the insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface of the water in search of the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board, the comrade of the dead man alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Declaring that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a large pointed knife.

The shark no sooner saw him than he made furiously towards him, both equally eager, the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws his adversary, dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form (now stained with his own streaming blood) above the foaming waves.

The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the streams of blood issued, till at length the shark, weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore. With him came his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and united and buried the severed body of his friend in one grave.

ADVENTURES OF GARIBALDI.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, the son of a sea captain, was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807. In his thirteenth year he was entered on board the Sardinian navy, and remained several years in its service, until he had attained the rank of lieutenant, when, having been drawn into the schemes of Mazzini for the liberation of Italy, he incurred the displeasure of the government and was forced to seek refuge in Marseilles. Thence he shortly afterwards entered the service of the Bey of Tunis; but a few months' experience tired him of inaction here, and he accordingly soon set sail for a more stirring scene of adventure in the South American republic of Uruguay, with whose leaders he had formed an engagement.

After putting the Uruguayan fleet in order Garibaldi had immediately to equip his celebrated Italian Legion, and with this eventually his name became so identified that the recollection of its deeds, as well as of the terror it inspired, still

vividly exists throughout the whole of the Southern Continent.

It would occupy a volume alone to detail a tithe of the achievements and adventures of Garibaldi in South America; and these would be the more uninteresting as they sink into unimportance when compared with subsequent services in Europe. A few of his exploits, however, must be detailed. He had scarcely arrived when it was intimated to him that he must provide the republic with a navy; and, as a few fishing-boats were all that were placed at his command, it soon became evident that this must be supplied by the enemy. Garibaldi, however, hesitated not. Setting sail at night, he with muffled oars approached a creek where a sloop of the enemy lay, and captured her while the crew were engaged below. With this he was soon in a condition to take the sea. A second vessel fell into his hands after a sharp engagement, and before a few months had elapsed the whole of the hostile squadron was in his power.

While he was gaining these advantages by sea the forces of Buenos Ayres advanced against Uruguay in overpowering strength, and in a few days became masters of the greater part of its territory. The remainder was on the point of yielding when Garibaldi, disembarking at the head of his crew, at first kept the assailants in check and eventually drove them back.

It was this encounter which incidentally led to Garibaldi's marriage. Having been wounded in the course of the action, he was tended with such care by the daughter of a creole family in the neighbourhood that he in gratitude made her his wife. The lady was in every respect worthy of her husband, and almost invariably took the field along with him, accompanying him in all his exploits. Frequently she was exposed to danger in the course of these adventures. At other times, when unattended, she encountered them alone, but on all occasions displayed the same courageous spirit.

A moment only Garibaldi encountered any decisive check. It was when the forces of England and France, uniting, drove those of Uruguay from La Plata. He was constrained at this juncture to seek shelter in the thicket, but eventually emerged, and during several years maintained a guerilla warfare of surprises, ambuscades, and *coups de main* which have never been surpassed.

In the course of these engagements he had numerous escapes. On one occasion he rolled down a precipice, and found himself in the embraces of a jaguar at the bottom; on another he with difficulty avoided the embraces of a huge serpent, thirty feet long. His wife was placed frequently in danger by the boldness with which she accompanied him. Repeatedly she had to confront a body of mutineers, when he was absent at head-quarters in search of their pay, and on one occasion she narrowly escaped being thrown down, along with her child, into a frightful mountain abyss: the ropes of the fragile bridge of hides which traversed it became entangled in the middle, and left her suspended half-way without the possibility of either advance or retreat.

When hard pressed on shore it was Garibaldi's custom to have recourse to sea. One day, in a small barque, with only a dozen men, he set out, attempting to take advantage of a fog for

the purpose of setting fire to the enemy's fleet. The mist, however, suddenly dispersing, disclosed him before he could approach, and it was with difficulty he succeeded in escaping to the beach in a small skiff, in which his combustibles were placed. The enemy considered themselves secure, and were carousing over their capture. But in the evening he returned, and arranged his train so well that ere midnight he destroyed both the prize and the vessels in attendance, swimming to the land with his men after he had fired it. They had scarcely reached half-way when a terrific convulsion shook the air. The flames had prematurely reached the magazine of the leading ship, and in an instant the whole were blown into the surrounding space.

On another occasion, in one of these nocturnal onsets, Garibaldi had the ingenuity to make two of the enemy's vessels destroy each other. Boldly steering down between them, he suddenly, by means of a pair of long sweeps, arrested and backed his course after firing a broadside at each, and left them assailing each other, both being irreparably injured before the stratagem was discovered.

But it was on land his chief engagements were fought. He had now gradually collected around him a band of adherents, chiefly Italians, the fiercest men in the world. With these he never hesitated to assail any force of the natives, though three or four and sometimes tenfold in number. In almost every encounter, too, success attended his banner: so that in the course of a short time his legion was the terror of all the central part of South America.

It was with Moldonado, a general of Rosas, in the neighbourhood of Montevideo, that his most celebrated action was fought. With only five hundred men he there fell upon the enemy, in command of fully as many thousand. For hours an unflinching struggle was maintained, and when nightfall at last put an end to the combat he returned to the city with a reputation so enhanced that his opponent dared not renew the action.

Rosas, however, next advanced against him in person, and with a force so overwhelming that Garibaldi had no alternative but to withdraw. In the course of his retreat he was cut off from the greater part of his band, and forced to take shelter in the adjoining republic of Gualaguay. Here, by the arts of his adversary, he soon found himself in a position of greater danger than ever, narrowly escaping an ignominious death on a gibbet, on the pretext that he was going to make his escape for the purpose of involving the country in war. At the end of several months, however, he succeeded in regaining his liberty and returning to Montevideo, where his wife and the greater portion of his followers had almost given him up as dead.

He was quickly again in a condition to take the field, and he lost no time in rallying forth upon Rosas in turn. Suddenly attacking the enemy's camp at midnight, he cut his way through, leaving nothing but a track of blood in his course. The assault was so rapid, and he so entirely disappeared after making it, that the superstitious natives believed it was an onset by the Infernal; and, bestowing this epithet upon him, they declared they had seen fire flashing from his eyeballs and a cloud of flame surrounding his red

mantle. Next evening, after making a long *détour*, he again fell upon one of their flanks, and, having routed this, he on the following day dispersed the other.

The approach of the English now once more drove Garibaldi to sea. Several of their countrymen having called on them to put an end to the fierce strife which prevailed, and was so fatal to commerce, a small squadron of the British, with a few vessels of the French fleet, arrived for the purpose of blockading the coast. Garibaldi adopted the desperate expedient of endeavouring to cut his way through. With three vessels, which the enemy expected to surprise, he made the attempt; but, as may be anticipated, he failed. When driven back, however, he succeeded in setting fire to them, so as to prevent them falling into his opponents' hands.

Rosas deemed this a fitting opportunity for renewing the attack. He had collected 3000 men, and Garibaldi could with difficulty assemble 300, 200 of his band having been despatched to the neighbourhood of Montevideo for the protection of his wife, who had been threatened by the enemy. The battle lasted long and loud in the vicinity of Monte-Cerro. At last, however, he succeeded in cutting the enemy in two, and his wife coming up at this moment, attracted by the fire, with her troops fell suddenly on their left. It was dispersed, and Garibaldi next day surprised their right at Las-Tres-Cruces. The camp of Bayada was next carried in a nocturnal assault, and on the following day he returned with his beloved Annita triumphant to Montevideo.

From this time forward Garibaldi's attachment to the noble Brazilian, his wife, always deep, assumed an aspect still more profound. He considered her as at once the light and guardian of his life; and hence his lasting grief, as well as implacable indignation against the Austrians, whose disregard of her tender health some years afterwards so prematurely destroyed her.

On the birth of his second son Garibaldi enjoyed a brief repose, which he passed on a beautiful farm on the banks of the Uruguay. Rosas, however, eager to obtain possession of a foe so redoubted, made a sudden inroad into Uruguay, in the hopes of surprising him; and the cry of "Garibaldi is taken!" soon arose. "Not yet," he promptly replied, as he hurried down and threw himself into a skiff at the bottom of his garden, whence he immediately pushed off into the stream. A large boat in the neighbourhood quickly pursued him, but he eluded their chase, and shortly afterwards arrived at Montevideo, where Madame Garibaldi and her children had fortunately preceded him on the previous day.

He was not long in returning to gratify his vengeance, and, as usual, it was first done by sea. Hastily equipping a couple of small vessels, which the republic had again by great exertions acquired as the nucleus of a navy, he resolutely stood out to encounter three of superior force, which Rosas had sent forth to attack the others in port, and after a sharp action gained a decisive victory. This was the last of Garibaldi's marine encounters; it therefore merits being detailed somewhat at length.

Hastily beating to quarters, Garibaldi ordered his men to reserve their fire until within musket-shot, when a well-directed broadside from both vessels stretched half the crew of his opponents

on the deck. The survivors were struck aghast by a discharge so deadly; but another broadside from Garibaldi, aimed chiefly at their rigging, brought down their masts and sails by the board. Garibaldi at this moment, summoning his men, grappled with the enemy and boarded in person. Scarcely twenty minutes elapsed ere the vessels were in his power, and in a few hours he returned with them triumphant to port. One of them subsequently escaped, but was recovered by a singular stroke of audacity. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he went out to reconnoitre her in a small fishing-boat, and she, immediately discerning her advantage, raised anchor and started in pursuit. Thus unexpectedly endangered in turn, Garibaldi sought shelter in a neighbouring creek, but he unexpectedly grounded when passing through an outlet. The enemy, in this position, had every hope of surprising him on the rise of the tide. But his movements were still more prompt. Leaping into the water at night-fall, he ordered his crew to drag the skiff ashore, and, passing her along a considerable extent of the coast in this fashion, he gained the sea-board side of the enemy. Shortly after midnight he again launched his barque, and, attacking his adversaries while they slept, utterly unprepared for such an assault, he quickly cleared the deck with his cutlass. In a few minutes those below surrendered, and he next morning conveyed the vessel into harbour alongside of those already captured.

This brief detail affords a very good explanation of the tactics of Garibaldi. The cutlass, the broadsword, and the bayonet formed his principal reliance, aided by the calculation and stratagem characteristic of guerilla warfare.

One more decisive action was fought with Rosas by land. The Buenos Ayres chief had again collected at Salta a few thousand men, and Garibaldi had his wonted number of as many hundreds. He was in fact surrounded, and in danger of being exterminated. The bayonet, however, formed his reliance, and his confidence in its efficacy was not misplaced. Charging in the midst of a deadly fire, he cut the enemy in two. One-half of them were destroyed or put to flight before nightfall, and the others were dispersed next morning.

Several minor actions with Rosas were fought, but they do not possess sufficient importance for detail here. At last peace was secured to the republic of Uruguay, and Garibaldi was reposing in tranquillity on his farm when news of the revolutionary outbreak of 1848 in Europe again summoned him to active life. He had long anticipated such an event, and kept the greater part of his band around him, prepared for the emergency. So soon as intelligence of the successful rising in France and Italy reached him he accordingly embarked with 200 of his followers, and in a few weeks arrived with his family in Europe.

Immediately on disembarking at Genoa, in July, 1848, he offered his services to King Charles Albert, of Sardinia; but unfortunately his supposed sympathies with Mazzini caused them to be rejected. The successes of the Austrian General Radetzky rapidly followed. The battle of Novara extinguished at once Charles Albert's power and the hopes of freedom in Central Italy, and Garibaldi, after maintaining for some months a gallant

but unavailing struggle in the Tyrol, was compelled to seek refuge in Switzerland, where he remained in repose till the spring of the following year.

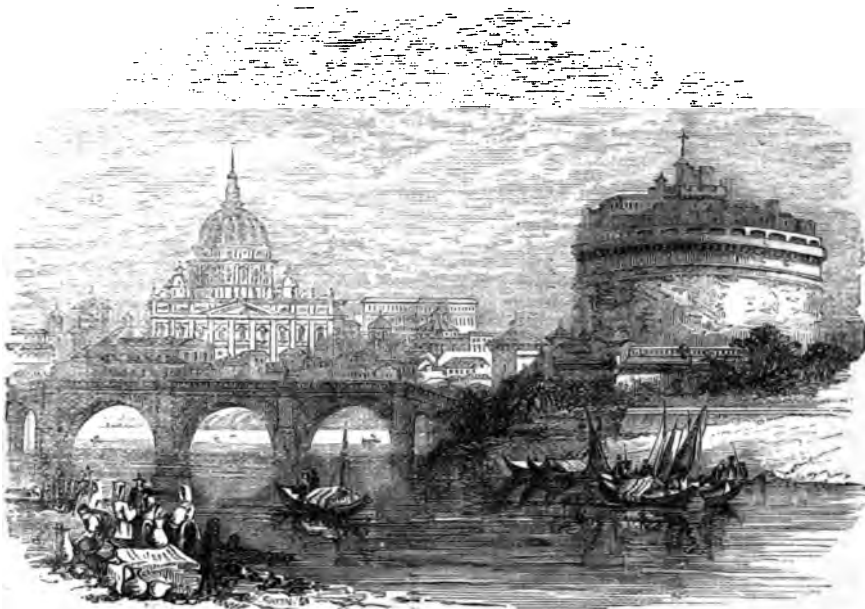
Rome was now in a state of revolution, and the Pope, under the influence of fear, had promised reforms enough to satisfy the most consummate radicals. On the 27th of April, 1849, however, the French landed at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, in numbers so overwhelming that they were allowed to disembark without the intervention of force. Immediately on arriving there General Oudinot demanded admission, and the authorities, being in no position to resist, at once opened their gates. He consequently took possession, and on the following day issued a proclamation abounding with honeyed words. Deceived by these professions, the authorities of Civita Vecchia not only permitted the French to assume quarters in the town and neighbourhood, but consented to the division of the various parts of the city between them and the Roman troops.

The French were soon in full march to Rome, and on Garibaldi mainly devolved the duty of opposing them when there. Oudinot, assuming a formidable position before Rome, despatched three of his officers to the revolutionary authorities to demand the admission of his troops, and on being refused prepared to enforce his demands by arms.

A fierce struggle speedily ensued under the walls of Rome. In anticipation of an attack on the city, the besieged had constructed barricades, but so unscientifically that half even of the narrow streets were left unblocked, and the French might readily have forced an entrance had they been aware of this want of precaution. Oudinot, however, confined the struggle to a distance, and Garibaldi had here little difficulty in checking him. The Italian leader was severely wounded in the course of the action, but he maintained the struggle uninterrupted. All the efforts of the French failed to force his lines. Their bombs freely fell around St. Peter's, and even into the Library of the Vatican, but Garibaldi determined to maintain the combat, and at the end of a sanguinary day's fighting, during a violent thunderstorm, the enemy was repelled on every side. The Romans remained masters of the situation, after destroying several hundreds of the enemy, and capturing as many prisoners. After thus repelling the attacks of 12,000 French, Garibaldi next day learnt that he had to meet 16,000 Neapolitans in the field. They were yet, however, at Frassinone, three marches distant, and Garibaldi determined to continue his pursuit of Oudinot, whom he followed half-way to Civita Vecchia, whither the French were now in full retreat. Returning to the capital, he established barricades of a more effective order, the carriages of the cardinals being unhesitatingly employed by him for the purpose, and trenches dug in front of them fully six feet deep.

But the Republic was again in danger. Oudinot, having received a reinforcement of 6000 men and twelve pieces of heavy artillery, again approached the city, and it soon became evident that the French were determined on renewing the attack with vigour.

But the interval also enabled the besieged to obtain reinforcements. Besides an immense number of irregular troops, 18,000 soldiers of the line,



[THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.]

with 120 pieces of artillery, now defended Rome. All of these, however, placed in position in expectation that the attack would be renewed on the old point, were now rendered unavailing by a new movement of the enemy, indicating that it was their design to cross the Tiber and assail the city at a point where its walls were weak, and the Romans had no longer advantages from the ground. Twenty-five thousand French were now assembled under the walls, provided with heavy artillery of all kinds, and though Rome was strong in its old irregular defences, and now possessed some admirable though suddenly extemporised works, it was doubtful whether it could sustain an assault.

On the 3rd of June the attempt was made. Heedless of the sanctity of the Sabbath, the French general then opened his batteries upon Rome; but when he advanced to the assault, on supposing a breach practicable, his troops were driven back with great slaughter by the forces of Garibaldi and the other republican leaders. Sixteen hours of hard fighting secured him no advantage, and at the end of this period he was constrained to withdraw, reeling and baffled, within his lines.

Three thousand men had already fallen on both sides, the greater number on the part of the French. But this only aroused the blood of the survivors, and on the evening of the 6th a sharp encounter took place in the neighbourhood of the city between Oudinot's sharpshooters and Garibaldi's men. The latter fought with the more ferocity, as 200 of the Romans had, on the previous day, been drawn into an ambush and made prisoners by the French.

On the 11th, however, the impetuosity of Garibaldi almost endangered the existence of the city. Encouraged by his former success, he on the morning of that day made another attack on the lines of the enemy, and a body so strong was eventually brought up against him that a portion of the French were able to obtain possession of one of the gateways on his forced retreat. Returning to the charge, however, he at last succeeded in driving them out.

On the 14th, Oudinot being still refused admission, three bombs were thrown up as a signal, and ere the sun went down several hundreds had been discharged on the devoted city. Other barbarities were likewise resorted to for the purpose of subduing the resistance of the inhabitants, conspicuous amongst which was the destruction, by mine, of the noted Acqua Paolo aqueduct, one of the most interesting remains of old Rome.

At break of day on the morning of the 16th three companies of French engineers emerged from their trenches to ascertain whether a breach was practicable; but they were soon driven back by the vigilance of Garibaldi, who, with three pieces of artillery and a small body of infantry, opened on them a warm discharge of grape-shot and musketry from the expected gap. Returning with increased force, they sought again an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity; but, "Go, soldiers of the Pope!" with a fierce charge of the bayonet, sent them staggering back.

Famine and pestilence were now rife in their ranks, the latter increased by their own barbarism in destroying the superb aqueduct of Paul V., an act which led to the formation of deadly swamps within the very centre of their

lines. For a day or two accordingly their fire relaxed. Meanwhile the efforts of the besieged redoubled, as it was now evident that from no quarter of Europe would a voice be raised to cheer them, and no hand upheld to save them.

On the night of the 24th, however, after several days of inaction, the French advanced to the breach, and were permitted to take up a position within the walls without interruption.

On the night of the 30th, during a violent storm of thunder and rain, a still larger body of the French were permitted to escalate and take possession of the walls. A fierce cannonade ensued next morning, threatening to lay St. Peter's and the chief monuments of the place in ruins. Garibaldi and the more impetuous spirits within the city proposed that these should be left to their fate, but the authorities capitulated, and on the morning of the 3rd of July, while the insulting French troops, with haughty and triumphant martial music, entered Rome in one direction, the indignant Garibaldi, with his division of 5000 men, marched out, towards Terracina, in another.

Garibaldi's band soon increased to 8000 men. With these he made a fierce stand against a division of the French at Terni, and drove them back with considerable loss. On the 19th his troops occupied Montepulciano, and, instead of laying contributions on the inhabitants, he declined even an offer of rations by the municipality, but ordered them to be paid for. Next day he voluntarily remitted a contribution of 1200 scudi at Foiano, and continued his march in the direction of Arezzo, his wife, though in delicate health, boldly riding a spirited horse by his side, and braving all the efforts of the Austrians, as well as French, to cut him off. The two forces were now co-operating to destroy him, but he presented an equally unflinching front to both.

At last, with the remnant of his forces, he was constrained to seek shelter in the little republic of San Marino, where a savage body of Austrians surrounded them and demanded his blood. Finding resistance vain, he accordingly, after disbanding his followers and stipulating for their protection, suddenly with his wife and about 100 adherents, twenty-five only of whom were armed, proceeded in the direction of the little port of Cesinatico. Here, however, he found no retreat. At midnight, while attempting to embark in a few small skiffs, he was fired on by an Austrian squadron, and with his wife forced to seek shelter in the marshy and thickly-wooded coast. The vengeance of his enemies left him no escape. Keen as was their pursuit, however, he eluded it by plunging into the dense vegetation between Volacca and Magnavacca. A priest and a doctor, who had hitherto followed him, now likewise too drew off, frightened by the terrible penalties threatened against all who should aid or succour him.

Meanwhile a crowd of 800 of his followers, with their wives and children, were tried by courts-martial, and Bassi, his priest, with another of his officers who had been captured, was summarily shot.

Within a day or two afterwards, making her way along the banks of a small stream in the neighbourhood of Chioggia, his wife was taken ill, and though some peasants, who were drawn to the spot, readily volunteered to proceed to

Ravenna in search of a physician, he arrived too late to save her. Mother and new-born babe had both perished unaided in that sad hour; and, after hastily interring them, Garibaldi again set out, an utterly grief-stricken man.

During thirty-five days he wandered in various disguises amid the woods and mountains of the Apennines, sleeping by day and travelling by night, sometimes a guest at the table of a Croat, and at other times in the midst of the men despatched to arrest him. Utterly exhausted, he at last succeeded in making his escape, and arrived at the small Sardinian harbour of Porto Venere with only a single attendant.

He was quickly transmitted to Nice, where he was detained a prisoner, though on the whole treated with great distinction. On the 14th of September he was there permitted to have an interview with his children, two sons and a daughter, and a few still surviving friends. The populace received him with acclamation, but this only accelerated the desire of the government to get rid of him, and next day he was conducted to Genoa, whence, on the following, he was sent in a Sardinian frigate to Tunis. A moment's agitation disturbed him, as his little daughter, with infantine ignorance, took leave of him, and reminded him of all he had lost; but he soon regained his serenity.

But Tunis afforded him no resting-place, and, though the insurrection was suppressed, he was too near its recent scene not to inspire his enemies with awe. He was, therefore, transported to New York, where, amid the cowardly jeers of the rabble, he for some time pursued the humble calling of a candle-maker. After a few more tossings on the restless sea of life he settled down as a farmer in the small island of Caprera, off the Italian coast.

From that sea-girt home he has often issued to electrify the world. Thence, with no mighty train of ships or soldiers, he has, in our time, sallied forth to conquer the kingdom of Naples, to defy his own sovereign, to exasperate the French Emperor, and to horrify the Pope. There, the idol of his countrymen, he looks with small delight at honours and rewards, and awaits impatiently the hour when Rome shall become in very deed the capital of Italy.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

ADMIRAL BENBOW AND THE SPANISH REVENUE OFFICERS.

In the year 1686 Captain Benbow, in his own vessel, the *Benbow* frigate, was attacked on his passage to Cadiz by a Saltee rover, against which he defended himself, though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery. At length the Moors boarded him, but were very quickly beaten out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz he went on shore, and ordered a negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads in a sack.

He had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue inquired what he had got in his sack. The captain answered, "Salt provisions for my own use." "That may be," answered the officers, "but we must insist on seeing them." Captain Benbow alleged that he was no stranger there, and pretended to take it ill that he was suspected. The officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and if they were satisfied with his word his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased, but that otherwise it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation. They accordingly marched to the custom-house, Mr. Benbow in front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates treated the captain with great civility, told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle, but that, since he had refused to show the contents of his sack to the officers, they were obliged to demand a sight of them, and that, as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the showing of them could be of no great consequence one way or the other. "I told you," said the captain sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service." The Spaniards were forcibly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who with so small a force had successfully defeated such a number of barbarians.

THE MATCH-MAKER FOILED.

THE passion of Frederick the Great for having very tall men in his army was carried to such an extreme that he spared no expense to obtain them from all parts of Europe. One day, when travelling without attendants, and very plainly clad, he perceived, digging in a field, a young woman of gigantic stature, being nearly seven feet high. The thought immediately struck him that she would make a famous wife for one of his tallest grenadiers. He therefore dismounted, and, entering into conversation with the peasant, was overjoyed to learn that she was only nineteen years of age and still unmarried. Hereupon he sat down and wrote the following to the colonel of his guards:—

"You are to marry the bearer of this note with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order."

The king gave this letter to the young woman, without informing her of its contents, ordered her to deliver it punctually according to directions, and, making her a handsome present, continued his journey.

When Frederick returned to Berlin, and called for his interesting couple, what were his rage and chagrin to find his favourite grenadier united for life to a shrivelled and wizened old woman more suited to be his grandmother! The colonel in vain attempted to justify himself by alleging that what had been done was in accordance with his Majesty's orders: the king was implacable.

It eventually transpired that the young woman, not knowing who had spoken to her, and deeming it of little consequence who delivered the letter, had sent it by the hand of the old beldame, and the colonel, surprised at the order, but not daring

to disobey, had had the disagreeable marriage performed, not more to the grenadier's regret than to the old woman's satisfaction.

TIMELY SUCCOUR.

THE Turks, having made themselves masters of Sbarra, laid siege to Trembault. The nobility resident in the environs, who had taken refuge in the fortress, on seeing the imminence of the danger, and not being informed of the succours which were approaching, communicated their fears to the garrison, and determined to deliver up the place.

The wife of the governor, having privately heard the resolution they had just taken, went to the breach to inform her husband of what had passed. Chrosomowski instantly flew to the council. "It is yet uncertain," said he, "whether the enemy will master us: but this is certain, that if you persist in your dastardly resolution I will burn every one of you alive in this hall. The soldiers are at this moment at the doors, and the torches lighted, ready to execute my orders." This firmness had the desired effect, and they continued to defend themselves with the utmost fortitude.

The Turks, on their side, redoubled their efforts. Repulsed in four assaults, they were now meditating a fifth. Chrosomowski himself appeared alarmed, when his wife, mistaking his disquietude for weakness, presented to him two poignards. "If thou surrenderest," said she fiercely, "one of these shall be against thy life, and the other against my own."

At that instant the Polish army arrived, and compelled the raising of the siege.

THREE OLD TARS AND LORD NELSON.

DURING Lord Nelson's visit to Salisbury in September, 1800, among the crowd assembled before the council-house he caught sight of a sailor who had served under him at the battle of the Nile. Calling the man forward, he expressed the satisfaction he should ever feel on meeting any who had borne a part on that proud day, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

Another sailor then stepped forward who, at Helder Point, had met with a fate similar to his lordship's at Teneriffe, in the loss of an arm. Nelson's sympathy was at once excited, and his fellow-sufferer soon went away with a substantial token of the hero's feelings.

It is a singular fact that Nelson should next discover among the crowd a person who had attended him at the time he lost his arm, and had assisted at the amputation. The noble admiral beckoned him up the stairs of the council-house, and, meeting him as he approached, took him by the hand with a present in his own. As the man withdrew he took from his bosom a piece of lace which he had torn from the amputated arm, declaring he would preserve it to his last breath. Lord Nelson bade him farewell with an emotion which no effort could stifle.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

WHEN Peter the Great was on his passage from Holland, on board a British ship of war, commanded by Admiral Sir David Mitchell, his Majesty asked a great variety of questions concerning the modes of punishing seamen in the British navy. When the admiral mentioned keel-hauling, among many others, the czar de-

stated it might be explained to him, not by words, but by experiment. This the admiral declined, as he had not at that time an offender who deserved correction. The czar replied, "Take one of my men." But Sir David informed him that all on board his ship were under the protection of the laws of England, and he was accountable for every man there according to those laws, upon which the monarch persisted no further in his request.

DEGREES OF THEFT.

A PEASANT threw himself at the feet of Charles XII. complaining that one of his grenadiers had robbed him and his family of their dinner. "Is it true," said Charles sternly, "that you have robbed this man?" The soldier replied, "Sir, I have not done so much harm to this man as your Majesty has done to his master; for you have taken from Augustus a kingdom, but I have only taken from this peasant a dinner." Charles made the peasant amends, and pardoned the grenadier for his bold remonstrance, saying, "My friend, you will do well to recollect that if I took Poland from Augustus I did not take it for myself."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. ELLYARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER VIII. (continued.)

GRASPING his cutlass with both hands, Nixon dealt so tremendous a blow at the head of his adversary that Phil, who had only time to raise his guard, was driven back by the force of the cut, and, his foot slipping in the blood that already covered the deck, he lost his balance and fell heavily, jerking one of the pistols out of his belt.

"I have you now, curse and confound you!" shouted Nixon, as he made a downward drive with the point of his sword.

"No, I'll be hanged if you have!" exclaimed Ben, and with a sudden sweep of his cutlass he dashed the weapon from the boatswain's hand, and sent it careering into the sea. Two pistol-shots were fired at the same moment, and the man fighting by his side fell on Nixon's shoulder, and both men came to the deck, the one dead, the other scatheless.

"We give in! we give in! Mercy!" rose in a cry of supplication, as some four or five men flung away their handspikes and knives and huddled together before the binnacle.

"Cursed cowards!" muttered Nixon between his teeth as he suddenly possessed himself of the fallen pistol. Bounding to his feet, he put the muzzle in Philip's face, as at the same instant he also rose from the deck. "Now, you lubberly fool, it's my turn."

Before, however, he could press the trigger Phil dashed up the hand with his sword, and the piece discharged itself in the air. With a howl of rage and pain, Nixon seized the barrel with his

left hand, as the other, cut and bleeding, dropped by his side, and, with a savage oath, hurled the useless weapon at the head of his enemy.

Adroitly avoiding the missile, Phil instantly turned to pursue the arch leader of the mutiny, who had fled with rapid bounds to the bows and thrown overboard a large faggot which that morning had been bought by the steward for lighting fires.

"Fool!" cried Nixon, brandishing a knife in his left hand, "I hated you before to-night, I now swear that I will have your blood; I'll follow you till I have your life. Think of it, and let the fear of my vengeance haunt you, for I'll have your life. Idiot! fool! back!" and, springing from the ship's side, he dropped like a plummet into the sea.

Mounting the foremost ratlines, Philip gazed down on the tranquil water, now faintly illumined by the phosphorescence of the sea animalcule, and by the faint rays of a crescent moon just partially revealing itself. The form of the boatswain soon made itself apparent, hardly a fathom from the ship's side, bestriding the faggot and propelling it towards the shore with his feet. Instinctively Phil drew the other pistol from his belt and levelled it at the escaping mutineer. He was still within range, and Phil was sure of his aim, but, hating the man as he did, he could not in cool blood shoot even his bitterest enemy, and after an idle parade of taking sight he returned the pistol to his belt. That he had reason afterwards to regret this forbearance we shall have occasion in the sequel to show.

"There he is, the ringleader, and escaping, by Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Burton, levelling a rifle. "Ay, I have him now!" he continued, as he prepared to fire the shot.

"No, no, Captain Burton; neither I nor the men with me have used a pistol to-night. Besides, I have allowed him to escape," cried Phil, pushing aside the rifle. "It is impossible for him to reach the shore on such a catamaran as that; he is sure to be drowned in the breakers over the bar. Leave him to his fate."

"I am not in the habit of being dictated to in my own ship, young man," replied the captain haughtily. "You have behaved very well hitherto, but don't carry your good conduct too far. Hands off my piece if you please. I will kill the mutinous dog—as I live I will!"

"And the next time a mutiny breaks out, while I am on board this ship, they shall cut your throat, for I'll not lift a hand to quell it, if that's the way you reward those who have saved you," replied Ben, who had followed Phil to the bows.

"Ditto here," muttered Bill. "I don't mind a scratch in a fair stand-up fight, but if Master Phil's to be snubbed that way for saving your life, and the ship too, why the next mutiny you may suppress yourself, that's all."

"I'll speak to you presently, you discontented dogs," replied the captain, as he drew his rifle from the hand of Phil, took aim at the fast-receding figure of Nixon, and fired.

The rude horse on which Nixon was seated suddenly swept round, and the boatswain was flung forward on his chest with his arms immersed in the water. The shot had struck the faggot and missed the man.

Impressed with the idea that it was Phil who had fired, Nixon rose suddenly on his precarious

seat, and, shaking his dripping arm in the direction of the ship, exclaimed, with an oath—

"You cowardly sneaking dandy, I'll not forget that dastardly shot when my time comes to pay off the debt I owe you. Go, hide your head, you coward; I spit at you!" and, using redoubled force, Nixon sent his catamaran through the water with extraordinary speed.

Seeing the inutility of any further attempt on the escaping mutineer, the annoyed and irritated captain threw his rifle over his shoulder, and sullenly proceeded aft, where Captain Somers and the other hands had already secured in irons the mutineers who had surrendered, and were examining by the light of several lanterns the state of the wounded.

"The infernal rascal has escaped after all, Somers, and that too through the cursed folly of your pet Phil, as you call him," exclaimed Burton, as he approached the group on the quarter-deck, and nearly fell over a row of dead bodies which had been drawn up near the after-hatch. "What's the result of the scrimmage?"

"A bad job altogether; too much blood, Burton," replied Captain Somers, rising from the side of a wounded man. "We have used the pistol too freely."

"I'll be cursed if we have. I'd have shot every mutinous rascal if I had had my way, and sent them all to Davy Jones without mercy. How many croakers have you?"

"Too many, I am sorry to say," replied the more humane Somers. "One of our own men and four of the mutineers killed outright, one of ours with a broken arm, and three of theirs badly hurt with cutlass wounds."

"And four in irons, ready for the gibbet," responded the captain, counting the men.

"That must depend upon the consul at Trincomalee," replied Somers. "But there's one man missing whose absence I can't account for; it's plain he isn't among the dead or the wounded."

"Who's that?"

"The boatswain."

"What! Saunders? Well, I thought I might have depended upon him; but I suppose he's as bad as the rest, and has escaped with that rascal of yours, Nixon."

"The boatswain wouldn't join us," said one of the men in irons, "or tell where the arms were kept, or else you wouldn't have had it all your own way to-night. If you want Saunders, you'll find him nailed in his bunk, and battened down in the fore'sel; that is, if he ain't choked for air by this time," and, crossing his arms, the sailor leant back against the bulwarks and pretended to go to sleep.

"Do you hear that, Phil?" exclaimed Captain Somers, looking up, as Phil, Ben, and Bill gathered at his side.

"Yes, sir, I do; but henceforth I shall do nothing without orders," he replied quietly.

"Then go, in Heaven's name, and rescue the poor boatswain. There's no knowing how long he may, in this stifling weather, have been shut up in that coffin of a bunk."

"I think he's as guilty as any of the others, for all his being shut up in his berth, or why didn't he come and tell me of the intended mutiny before I sent half the crew on shore?" replied Burton.

"Perhaps he had no opportunity, and most

likely they would not allow him to quit the fore'sel after he had refused to join the others."

"Ah! Somers, old boy, you are a deuced sight too tender-hearted for this trade, and always ready to find excuses for such skulking hounds. Nevertheless, go and see if he's alive or dead."

Phil, attended by his two faithful companions and followed by others of the crew, instantly hurried forward to execute the commission, when the voice of the commander was heard calling—

"Come back here, you skulking lazy scoundrels! There's quite enough for that duty. Back here, and swab up the deck, and get this beastly blood washed off. By the Lord, Somers," he added, *sotto voce*, to his friend, "if I find that Saunders could have told me about this mutiny I'll put him in chains and have him hanged."

"Why should you be so vindictive?" was the quiet reply.

"Why, why, do you ask me? Because he was the only one besides the first mate and myself who knew the real value of our cargo, and that we had *half a million* of specie in gold coin on board, and the exact spot too where it was stowed."

"I think his refusal to tell where the arms were is a strong proof that he would have been silent about the bullion," was the reply of Somers as he rose from the side of a wounded man and walked up and down the quarter-deck with his friend.

"How should they have known at all of the gold on board if he hadn't peached? It's no use your saying a word, Somers," the other interposed, as he observed his friend about to reply.

"I think Saunders has let the fact out, and that has been taken hold of by that rascal Nixon to corrupt the men; and he shall swing for it."

"Ay, but you must prove that fact first, Burton."

"It ain't hard to prove any fact after a mutiny, and if I can find a link to hang a suspicion on he shall swing for it, as sure as I stand here."

"You'll think differently to-morrow, Burton."

"Shall I? Stop and see. I'll hang him, by—What's the matter now?" he suddenly exclaimed as a singular noise was heard from the forward part of the ship, the purport of which we shall now proceed to describe.

The first duty of Phil and his two associates, when they advanced to the rescue of the immured boatswain, was to arm themselves with hammers and tools to wrench open any obstruction that might have been placed before his berth.

Taking with them a couple of lanterns, Phil and his active assistants were not long in opening the slides of the companion and uncovering the skylight, admitting a rush of the fresh night air into the almost oven-like temperature of the fore-castle. On entering this close and foul refectory and dormitory of the sailors a large sail, folded and nailed over the mouth of one of the remote berths, immediately attracted the attention of the three explorers.

Taking out his knife, Phil instantly plunged the blade into the canvas, and, ripping round the woodwork, tore out the obstruction, when a cry of indignant astonishment involuntarily burst from each as their eyes fell on the gagged and bound body of the apparently lifeless boatswain.

That exclamation brought the captains and most of the hands to the skylight, with a question from Burton of—

"What's the matter now? Is he dead?"
 "I don't know yet, sir, but I'm afraid he is," replied Phil as he tore out the filthy old shoe the mutineers had thrust into his mouth as a gag, and cut the cords with which they had so needlessly bound his feet and hands. Lifting the body from the berth to the table, the three men began chafing the limbs and dashing water in the face, and, procuring some rum, poured a few spoonfuls of grog down the passive throat.

Finding that the stifling heat of the fore-castle afforded them no chance of restoring animation to the apparently dead man, Ben and Bill, under Phil's direction, carried the senseless body to the deck, placed it beside an open scupper, dashed some more water over the face, and then, leaving it to the resuscitating power of nature, looked up for further orders.

The cool land breezes that usually rise from the centre of the island at the break of the day, and blow in all directions out to seaward, came gratefully towards the ship, and seemed to impart new life and energy to all.

As the fresh aromatic air, loaded with all the balsamic odours of the dense forests of Ceylon, crept through the open scuppers of the *Defiance* the effect on the apparently dead body of Saunders was most extraordinary. The eyes slowly opened, the pupils expanded to so great an extent as to seem perfectly black, the chest rose with a slow but steady expansion, and then, with a faint sigh of relief, gradually subsided, to be again slowly inflated. The livid look of the lips and the yellow corpse-like appearance of the face gave way to a natural healthy hue; the whites of the eyes, so lately bloodshot from congestion, assumed their wonted clearness, the pupils themselves now showing their proper character of an open fearless blue; while, at the same instant, his lips opened and he ejaculated—

"Hands off, you murdering thieves! Only let me have fair play, one at a time, and I'll send any six of you to Davy Jones."

"Hullo! messmate, all right again?" cried Phil cheerily. "Here, take a pull at this grog, and it will put you on your pins again in no time."

"What, Phil, my lad, is that you? What's become of those Nixon rascals?" replied Saunders as he seated himself with his back to the bulwarks and took the proffered liquor.

"Some gone to Davy Jones, some escaped, and the rest are in the bilboes."

"All right; ain't I glad!" he ejaculated, as he twisted his neck and felt his throat, as if he feared to find a displacement of some of the bones. "The cowardly thieves have given me such a twist of my throttle that I thought it was all dicky with me. But I shall be able to haul that black-faced rascal Nixon yet, and let him feel the weight of my fist afore I've done with him or cried quits for this trick."

"Here, give us your fin, old boy, and get on your legs again," rejoined Phil, as he helped the boatswain to rise. "We never thought to hear your voice again; you seemed out-and-out dead when we took you out of the bunk."

"I thought it was all over too when they tied my hands and filled up my mouth and nailed a foresail over the berth. I made a desperate struggle to get the thing out of my throat and break the cords on my wrists, but no good, I only contrived to give myself a thundering rap on the

head, that seemed to knock the life right out of me, for I don't know of nothing arterwards till now."

"Well, your escape was a miracle, and we were only just in time to save you. But you must go aft now to the skipper, Saunders; he wants to see you."

"Ay, ay, lad, I knows, and am just getting under weigh."

With the first light of day the prisoners were removed to the after-hold, the wounded men carried to a sick bay extemporised in the forward hold, and the dead placed under a tarpaulin and the shade of the launch till the authorities on shore could be communicated with, for which purpose Phil and his two faithful companions were then preparing themselves.

Later in the day, the authorities having investigated the mutiny, and Captain Burton having made up his crew to the proper number, a sergeant and file of marines were sent on board to guard the treasure and look after the prisoners till their arrival at Calcutta. The dead were then hastily stitched in their hammocks and after a scant ceremony rolled into the sea, the decks were again flushed and swabbed, the handspikes fitted to the capstan, and, to a jovial chorus, the ponderous anchor was lifted from its oozy bed, and the white sails, dropping like curtains from their lofty spars, were sheeted home. Before the light puffs of the evening gale the *Defiance* stood up the magnificent Bay of Bengal, watched from the mouth of the river by Phil and his two companions, as the boat, with all their traps for a long spell on shore, was slowly rowed up the stream to the city.

CHAPTER IX.—AN ADVENTURE WITH A CROCODILE.

SUDDENLY, with a graceful inclination, the *Defiance* fell over on the starboard tack, and, catching the full force of the freshening breeze, stretched across the sea of molten gold, casting far out on the burnished tide the warm shadow of her spars and tracery.

"She has caught all the wind she will have to-night, Ben," observed Phil, after attentively watching for a few minutes the action of the barquo under her altered course. "It's no use watching her any longer, so I move that we march."

"We shall hardly make our quarters at the Packet afore it's dark anyhow, and, as the bits of jungle and paddy ground 'twixt here and Trincomalee ain't a bit too safe, I vote we start at once," replied Bill, who had been on the island before.

"Specially as them two Lascar thieves, with all our traps, are trying to get out of sight in the reaches of the river. Boat ahoy! hold hard, you beggars!" ejaculated Bill, who had for some time kept a vigilant supervision on the boat, which, loaded with Phil's and their own sea-chests, the Lascars were evidently attempting to get by degrees beyond the reach and observation of their owners as they sauntered on shore. "Belay there! Do you hear? Lay on your ears till we overhaul you," observing that the men, who both heard and understood what was said to them, still kept too far ahead to be at all satisfactory, especially in the fast-closing darkness.

"May I never taste soft tack again if I don't teach them empty-bellied niggers a lesson they won't forget!" cried Bill, as he prepared to hurry along the bank to get abreast of the boat.

"Stop, Bill, I've a better plan," observed Phil, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder. "Besides, it will address itself more to their fears than your scheme," and, picking up two long pieces of bamboo from the ground, he proceeded rapidly to bind them together. "Another thing, Bill," he continued, fastening a revolver half-way down the canes, "if you try to keep to the margin of the river you will be certain to fall into some gully-hole or morass, when you'll have a leg or an arm snapped off just as you'd bite off the half of a radish."

"Why, what do you mean, governor?" demanded Bill, with a look of evident alarm and wonder.

"Why, that these muddy banks and stagnant pools, on both sides of the river, are alive with crocodiles so savage that they often bite a boat in two."

"A crocodile, governor? Ain't them like the Loosianna caymans?"

"The same, only much larger and far more vicious. All the Indian rivers are alive with them. Now, I'll show you how I'll bring those Lascar rascals to reason. They'll take, at such a distance, this nondescript piece of mine for a gingall," and he held out the spliced bamboo, to which his revolver was lashed, and laughed at its grotesque appearance.

"Look, Phil!" exclaimed Ben. "They are pulling across for that wooded bend of the river. Shall I hail them before they are out of sight?"

"No; let me try the effect of this first," and, raising the canes to his shoulder, Phil fired one of the chambers of his revolver. Though the pistol-shot dropped into the water considerably to the rear of the boat, the Lascars' quick ears instantly told them the piece was loaded, and only good fortune had saved them from a close acquaintance with the sped bullet. But, though they instantly ceased rowing and gazed at the three sailors, no attempt was made to return.

Firing a second shot, as he saw them, having recovered from their momentary alarm, again bend their bodies to the oars to pursue their original course, Phil lowered his canes, slipped his revolver to their end, and, throwing a piece of twine round the trigger, raised the formidable-looking barrel to his shoulder. Those in the boat directly saw the action, and, fully believing they were under the fire of a gingall, threw up their oars as a sign of submission, as Phil, pulling the twine, brought down the hammer of his revolver, and the third chamber was emptied with such true effect that the ball struck one of the upraised skulls, shivering the blade into two portions, and nearly knocking over the thieving rascal who held it.

Perfectly satisfied of the folly of an attempted escape, they began to paddle the boat along, and as near to the bank where the owners of the coveted property stood as was possible. But, as, with only one oar and a stump, this was a work of difficulty, and threatened to delay them till past midnight before they could reach the city, Bill proposed going on board, and sculling the boat up to Trincomalee.

To effect this object, the boat was worked into a

narrow creek, whose sides were overgrown with tall jungle grass and dwarf canes. Bill having got on board, and taken his stand with the oar at the stern to scull the boat up the river as soon as he got into clear water, the Lascars, with two long bamboos, began pushing the small craft backwards out of the creek.

Just as they had pushed the stern clear from the overhanging grass, and the boat was gliding into the deep water, there was a sudden noise of crushing canes, a violent parting of the tall reeds, and a bending of the waving grass, and, with a hideous grating sound, an immense crocodile started from its lair in the jungle, rushed to the edge of the bank at the entrance to the inlet, and sprang with a tremendous impetus at the unconscious Bill, as he stood ready for action at the stern.

Fortunately, the last push of the Lascars, as they used their bamboo poles, shot the boat out of the overgrown channel so rapidly that the huge reptile fell short of his mark, and dropped like the stem of some giant tree into the river, dashing up the water in a sheet of foam. As the hideous monster fell, however, the upper jaw of its open mouth struck the gunwale of the boat, not two feet from the astonished sailor, causing the frail vessel to heel over in a dangerous manner, and throwing Bill down on the opposite side.

Springing to his feet in an instant, Bill plied his oar in the stern rowlock with such vigour, and shot the skiff ahead in so straight a line, that when the crocodile, a few seconds subsequently, thrust his long head out of the water, it was to discover the tempting prize almost beyond his reach.

Determined, however, not to give up the contest, the reptile, with a savage clash of his jaws, turned his head up stream, and followed the boat with a speed and determination that would in a few minutes place him in dangerous proximity to his alarmed victims.

Phil saw in a moment all the danger of the situation, and, dreading the effect on Bill, whose sculling was already becoming nervous and unsteady, prepared at once to create a diversion in his favour. Shouting to the Lascars, who sat crouched in the bows of the boat grasping their bamboos, he directed them to break one of their poles, and throw a piece into the river between the crocodile and the shore.

It took some time for the Indians to understand what Phil required, and it was still longer before they could conceive for what earthy purpose the white sahib wished them to deprive themselves of a weapon of defence. At length, however, one of the men gave a start of surprise and joy, as if he had just acquired a sudden and misty idea of what was intended to be done. While Phil was busy encouraging Bill to persevere in his rowing the Lascar took off his turban, tied it round the end of his bamboo with a strip of a gaudy handkerchief, and then, hastily rolling some jute matting round the rest of the cane, with a shrill exclamation of alarm he flung the nondescript figure into the water, hurrying to the stern of the boat as he did so, and flinging up his arms as if in the wildest terror.

The moment the crocodile heard the splash and the exclamation he turned his unwieldy body slowly round, and, seeing what looked in the misty light like a human head and arm, made a sudden

dash at the supposed victim, bringing his head directly on a line with Phil, who, with his extemporised gingall, stood firm as a rock, taking deliberate aim at that red fiery eye.

Cautiously watching his opportunity, at the moment the crocodile depressed his head and opened his jaws to close them on the seeming head Phil fired his last barrel, and with so true an aim that it entered the monster's eye, causing it such acute pain that with tail and head it lashed the river into a perfect cauldron of foam.

"Scull away, Bill!" cried Phil from the bank. "Scull for your life, man! The brute has just dived, and will try to upset or break the boat when he comes up."

The effect produced on the river by the frantic efforts of the crocodile to escape from his suffering or vent his rage on the object he conceived had led to his agony was most extraordinary. After he had plunged to the very bottom of the river a sudden whirlpool was seen on the surface, which each instant became more agitated and yeasty, when he suddenly rose to the top, his jaws and scales covered with long grass, alime, and river herbage. Unable to see, but believing the boat to be where he had left it, the infuriated monster made several short rushes up stream, then rolled over, and, using his jointed tail like a flail, lashed the water into a sea of boiling foam, while, over the discord of his grating cries and the splash of water, the clashing of his jaws sounded with painful distinctness.

Fortunate it was for Bill and the Lascars that they had been able to get out of the crocodile's reach, for had they remained only a few seconds longer nothing could have saved them from its terrible violence.

While Bill was steadily propelling the boat up stream Phil and Ben stood watching the dying efforts of the reptile, for that he was dying became more evident every moment. Instead of lashing the water or whirling violently round, he lay now with open jaws for a few seconds on the top, then sank gradually under the surface, gave a sudden convulsive bound, and, flinging himself completely out of the river, fell on his back on the opposite side. After performing the same evolutions three or four times it lay for some moments perfectly motionless, then, once more clashing its ponderous jaws, whirled rapidly round and snapped at the air and water with a force that sounded like the clash of iron. This was the last effort of expiring nature: again the body became passive, and lay for a second on its side, while a torrent of blood poured from the wounded eye. Gradually the scaly body slowly arched, and the head and tail neared each other till they formed a perfect circle; after remaining in this state for a few seconds the muscles relaxed, the reptile regained its original length, rolled over on its back, and slowly began to sink.

As Phil and Ben turned from the spot to follow the boat the black-bearded face and scowling eyes of Nixon the boatswain were cautiously protruded through the rank grass that skirted the river's bank.

"Curse my ill-luck!" exclaimed Nixon fiercely. "To think that I should have been so near that dandy rascal and not a pistol or a knife even to put me quits with him! But I'll be even with him yet," and he shook his fist threateningly after the receding figure of Phil.

"What's the matter now, Nixon? Grumbling again as usual," exclaimed Dick, as he put aside the rustling grass and thrust his head and shoulders from the jungle.

"There's no use skulking there any longer; out with you both," replied Nixon. "Matter enough. To be close alongside of a chap you hate, who has just gone and spoiled the best scheme to make a man's fortune that was ever invented—to have him close to you and you not able to murder him by way of recompense! I could bite my flesh for rage and vexation!"

"What ain't done to-day can be done to-morrow," interposed the American. "You have him here with you, and revenge will be all the sweeter for being delayed a little while."

"After all, Nixon, how do you know it was the dandy cove that put the spoke in your wheel this time?" asked Dick as the three slowly followed the others towards the city.

"How do I know it was him?" demanded Nixon fiercely, turning his vindictive face on his companions. How do I know," he repeated contemptuously between his set teeth, "that the barque, with her rich cargo and half a million of money, is now safely on her way to Calcutta, instead of being in our hands? Why, through your infernal bungling in not being at the tank in time for my letter. It's all through your cursed stupidity that it fell into their hands. But, by all the devils ahow and aloft, I'll have my vengeance yet! But come, it's no use standing croaking here; we must get up to the city before it's too dark to see our way."

"But what do you mean to do first, for our rhino won't hold out long?" asked Josh, as the three moved forward at a more rapid rate.

"Never you fear about the money giving out," rejoined the other. "My belt is pretty well filled with doubloons and dollars, pieces of eight, and gold eagles. You never fear, it hasn't been tapped yet," and he laid his hand on the large leather belt that encircled his body. "But I say, Josh, and you too, Dick, have you noticed a Yankee-built clipper, schooner rigged, that came over the bar this morning and took the main channel up to Trincomalee?"

"What, all jappanned yellow like a Dutchman, with taper spars and raking masts?" demanded the tall American.

"That's the craft: a reg'lar beauty; not so useful as the barque, but a first-rate boat on a wind, and capital for showing a light pair of heels," replied Nixon enthusiastically.

"What about her?" demanded Dick. "She's just in with spices from Batavia, and is bound, after taking on board some bales of cinnamon and dye stuffs, for Boston. I spoke to the mate when he came ashore."

"How many hands does she carry? Did you hear?"

"Yes; fourteen men and the mate and skipper," was the reply. "But why?"

"I mean to cut her out, lads, and when we bring our legs to an anchor at the Jolly Sailors I'll tell you how I mean to do it. Heave ahead, there, or we shan't come to a mooring before six bells."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE FINAL ASSAULT ON BARABUTTER.]

LORD LAKE'S VICTORIES.

THE Mahratta chief Scindia, having defied the British power, soon felt the pinch of war at both extremities of his dominions. While Sir Arthur Wellesley was dealing fatal blows in the central provinces, Lord Lake, 600 miles off, was

winning victory after victory in the northern. The hot sharp work—the adventure—the danger of the combat may gratify most readers, but the cooler sort will follow with great interest the moves of the players in the tremendous game of war. These latter will not fail to trace the slow but sure steps by which Lake and Welles-

ley closed upon Scindia like a forceps from which there was no escaping. We have already described Wellesley's triumph at Assaye: we have now to record Lake's achievements at Aleeghur, Delhi, and Laswarree.

The first object of Lord Lake's enterprise was the destruction of a French corps in the service of Scindia, under the command of an officer named Perron. This Perron, who had arrived in India as a common sailor, on succeeding to the chief command felt his ambition expand, and, not satisfied with possessing the lands assigned by Scindia for the maintenance of his troops, sought to render himself altogether independent of that chief, and thus to found a French kingdom on the least-protected frontier of the East India Company's territories. The Marquis Wellesley therefore saw the necessity of crushing without delay this new and formidable enemy.

Accordingly, on the 7th of August, 1803, Lord Lake marched from Cawnpore with the infantry on that station, under the command of Major-General St. John. The cavalry, under Colonel St. Leger, followed on the 8th. On the 13th the whole army encamped near Kanouge, where it was subsequently joined by Major-General Ware, with a detachment from Futtyghur. On the 28th it encamped on the frontier, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 29th entered the Mahratta territory. No time was lost in moving to the attack of Perron's force, which occupied a strong position near Coel, a short distance from the fortress of Aleeghur. Lord Lake immediately led his troops to the attack, when the army of Perron, deemed so efficient and well equipped, retreated, after a short random fusillade, with such rapidity that the English could not overtake them.

The English took possession of the town of Coel, and made preparations for attacking ALEEGHUR, the main depot of the enemy. This was a very strong place, surrounded with a good glacis, and a broad deep ditch always filled with water, but the invaders determined on an immediate assault. The force destined for it was composed of four companies of the 76th Regiment and detachments from two regiments of native infantry: it was led by Colonel Monson, an officer of distinguished bravery.

During the preceding night two batteries, of four 18-pounders each, were erected, to cover the approach of the storming party, which left the camp at three o'clock in the morning of September 4th, 1803, and advanced in a curved direction towards the gateway. On arriving within 400 yards of it they halted till break of day. While thus waiting an officer who had been reconnoitring reported that sixty or seventy of the enemy were seated round a fire, smoking, in front of the gateway. A British party was immediately detached, in the hope of taking them by surprise, and to endeavour, amidst the confusion which it was expected would ensue, to enter the fort with them and secure the gate till the main body should arrive. The surprise, however, was so complete, and the ardour of the British party so great, that all opportunity of retreat for the enemy was out off. Not one of them escaped to relate the particulars of the surprise; and, though the sentinels on the ramparts gave fire on hearing the disturbance, no extraordinary alarm was excited, the affair being taken to be the re-

sult only of a near approach of the videttes of the British force.

The morning gun was the signal for the movement of the storming party, which, covered by a heavy fire from the two batteries, advanced till they came within 100 yards of the gate. Here a traverse had been recently thrown up, and mounted with three 6-pounders, but the enemy were dislodged before they had time to discharge them. Colonel Monson pushed forward, with the two flank companies of the 76th Regiment, to enter the fort with the retreating guard, but the gate was shut and the approach exposed to a destructive fire of grape. Two ladders were then brought to the walls, and Major McLeod, with the Grenadiers, attempted to mount; but they were opposed by a formidable row of pikemen, and desisted. It was then proposed to blow open the gate, and a 6-pounder was placed for the purpose, but failed. Next a 12-pounder was brought up, but a difficulty arose in placing it; and in these attempts full twenty minutes were consumed, during which the assailants were exposed to a destructive fire. The enemy also behaved with great bravery, and even descended the scaling ladders which had been left against the walls, to contend with the party seeking to force an entrance.

The first gate at length yielded, and the attacking party advanced along a narrow way defended by a tower pierced with loopholes, from which a constant and deadly fire was kept up by matchlockmen, while showers of grape poured from the batteries. The British party, however, kept on its way to the second gate, which was forced without much difficulty. At the third the assailants passed in with the retreating enemy; but a fourth still remained to be carried. Here the progress of the assailants was again stopped. The attempt to blow open this gate failed, but Major McLeod succeeded in forcing his way through the wicket and ascending the ramparts. Resistance now became feeble, and the fortress of Aleeghur passed into the hands of the British, the reward of about an hour's vigorous efforts. The loss of the English was severe, and among the wounded were Colonel Monson and Major McLeod. The loss of the enemy was, however, much greater; and, as the French had made the fort their principal depot for the province, a vast quantity of military stores was transferred with it to the British, besides 281 pieces of cannon.

The terror inspired by the fall of Aleeghur caused the immediate evacuation of some minor forts, the governors being unwilling to await the arrival of the victors. The event was also followed by another scarcely less important and desirable. This was the surrender of Perron, who applied for permission to enter the British territories, which was promptly complied with, and one great object of the war was thus achieved almost without an effort. He afterwards stated that his desertion of Scindia was occasioned by the appointment of another officer to supersede him in the command.

The retreat of Perron was the virtual dissolution of the French state which he had formed on the Jumna; but the force which he had commanded still remained embodied under other leaders, and determined to make a stand against the main body of the English under Lord Lake.

The hostile armies met on the 11th of December, about six miles from the imperial city of DELHI, and, although the British had performed a march of eighteen miles and were only 4,500 men against 19,000, Lord Lake resolved to give battle without delay. On reconnoitring he found the enemy drawn up on rising ground in complete order of battle. Their position was well defended, each flank being covered by a swamp, beyond which cavalry were stationed, while artillery guarded the front, which derived further protection from a line of intrenchments. The whole of his cavalry had accompanied Lord Lake on his reconnoissance, and, that being completed, he sent orders for the infantry and artillery to join. This could not be effected in less than an hour, during which the British cavalry, which were two miles in advance, were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, which occasioned many casualties. During this interval the horse of General Lake was shot under him.

But though the British commander had determined on hazarding an action, he felt that to attack the enemy in the position which had been taken up would yield but a feeble chance of success. He therefore ordered his cavalry to fall back, partly to cover the advance of the infantry, but principally with a view to allure the enemy from their advantageous post by the appearance of a retreat. This feint had the desired effect. No sooner were the British cavalry in motion than the enemy rushed forward with wild manifestations of triumph and delight, the vivacity of the French leaders having communicated itself to those whom they commanded. But their exultation was soon checked. The cavalry continued their retrograde movement till the infantry came up; the former then opened from their centre and allowed the latter to pass to the front. Preparations having been made for guarding the flanks of the British force, one of which was threatened by some native cavalry, the whole line moved forward.

A tremendous fire from nearly 100 pieces of cannon, some of them of large calibre, fell around them, but the British troops, unmoved by it, advanced steadily, with arms shouldered, till within 100 paces of the enemy. The whole line then fired a volley, the word "Charge!" was given, and, headed by the commander-in-chief, the troops rushed forward with the bayonet, and the fate of the day was decided: when the word "Halt" was given the enemy were flying in all directions. The victorious infantry immediately broke into columns of companies, by which movement the whole of the cavalry, both European and native, were enabled to charge through the intervals with their galloper-guns, pursuing the enemy to the Jumna, where great numbers perished. All the artillery and stores of the enemy fell into the hands of the English; and three days after the battle Louis Bourquin, the commandant, with four other French officers, surrendered themselves.

The British general now entered Delhi without resistance. He immediately requested and obtained an audience of the sovereign, with whom a secret communication had previously been opened. He beheld the unfortunate descendant of a long line of illustrious princes seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state, his person emaciated by indigence and

infirmities, and his countenance disfigured by the loss of his eyes, and marked with extreme old age and a settled melancholy.

He is described as deeply sensible to the kindness of Lord Lake, on whom he bestowed several titles, such as "the Sword of the State," "the Hero of the Land," "the Lord of the Age," and "the Victorious in War." The English did not restore any shadow of his former power; but they maintained him in comfort, and with some semblance of the pomp by which the Mogul throne had been anciently surrounded. In return, they obtained for all their measures the sanction of a name still venerated throughout the empire; in fact, they were thus virtually seated on the throne of India.

Lord Lake resumed his march upon Agra, the rival capital, which still possessed the advantage of being defended by a strong fort, occupied by a large body of troops. Anarchy, however, prevailed in the garrison; and the officers, being chiefly of English extraction, had become objects of suspicion, and were thrown into confinement. At the same time seven battalions of Scindia's army, having been refused admittance lest they should claim a share of the riches it contained, still kept their post in the town and principal mosque. It was considered necessary to begin by dislodging them, which was effected, though not without an obstinate resistance; and the soldiers, to the number of 2500, immediately transferred their services to the victors. The Mahratta leaders meanwhile resolved to propose a treaty of surrender; but as the time for its ratification approached they suddenly recommenced firing. The trenches were forthwith opened, and a breach being effected on the 17th of October, 1803, the enemy capitulated the same evening, stipulating only for the safety of their persons and private property. The treasure found here, amounting to no less than £280,000, was divided among the troops as prize-money. The fort also contained 176 guns, which, with twenty-six captured beyond the walls, made a total of 202.

It is here proper to notice the occupation of Cuttack, which was completed during the month of October. Colonel Harcourt proceeded to reduce the fort of Barabuttie, situate about a mile from the town of Cuttack. The fort was built of stone, and was surrounded by a ditch twenty feet deep, and varying in breadth, according to the situation of the bastions, from 35 to 135 feet. A battery was completed on the night of the 13th of October, and on the morning of the 14th opened its fire. By eleven o'clock most of the defences in that part of the fort against which the fire was directed were taken off, the enemy's guns were silenced, and Colonel Harcourt judged that the time for attempting to gain possession had arrived.

Over the ditch was a narrow bridge leading to the gate, and by this communication the assailants were to endeavour to effect an entrance. The storming party, which consisted of both Europeans and Sepoys, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Clayton, and advanced under a fire of musketry from the fort, ill-directed but heavy, to which they were exposed for forty minutes. The gate was to be blown open, but no impression could be made except on the wicket, the remainder being fortified by large masses of stone. The

wicket having yielded, the assailants entered, but could only pass singly. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, and a very determined resistance offered at the outer and two succeeding gates, the British gained possession of all, and the victory was the more gratifying from its having been attained with comparatively little loss. The capture of Barabutte was followed by the entire submission of the province of Cuttack, and the greater part of the troops by whom the conquest had been effected were at liberty to co-operate with the army under General Wellesley.

Lord Lake marched from Agra on the 27th of October, in pursuit of a Mahratta force composed of some brigades despatched from the Deccan in the early part of the campaign, and of a few battalions which had effected their escape from Delhi. This body, consisting of 9000 foot, 5000 horse, and a numerous train of artillery, were rapidly retreating when his lordship, after a march of twenty-five miles, overtook them, soon after daybreak on the 1st of November, with his cavalry alone, near the village of LASWARREE, and determined, by an immediate attack, to prevent their escape. The enemy, however, having their motions concealed by a cloud of dust, speedily threw themselves into an advantageous position, which they strengthened by cutting the embankment of a reservoir in their front.

The dragoons were led on, and had gained some advantages, but the enemy's artillery mowed down men and horses in masses, and the sacrifice was vain. The valour displayed by the British cavalry in this fruitless struggle commands the most unbounded admiration, mixed with a deep feeling of regret that it should have been so utterly wasted; for they suffered so severely that it was judged necessary to withdraw them, and wait till the infantry should come up. That force, which had marched at three o'clock, arrived at eleven, having occupied in their march only two hours more than the cavalry. At this time a message was received from the enemy, offering to surrender their guns upon terms, an offer which was accepted by Lord Lake, who allowed the Mahrattas an hour to come to a final decision.

The English general employed the interval of suspense in making preparations for renewing the attack under more advantageous circumstances. The infantry were formed into two columns on the left: the first was destined to turn the right flank of the enemy, and to attack the village of Laswarree; the second column was to support the first. There were three brigades of cavalry: one of these, the third, was instructed to support the infantry; the second was detached to the right to watch the motions of the enemy, take advantage of any confusion that might occur, and fall upon them in the event of a retreat; the remaining brigade, the first, which was formed between the third and second, composed the reserve. As many field-pieces as could be brought up, with the gallopers attached to the cavalry, formed four distinct batteries to support the operations of the infantry.

Nothing further being heard from the enemy, the infantry were ordered to advance. Their march lay along the bank of a rivulet, and for a time they pursued it, under cover of high grass and amidst broken ground, concealed from the

enemy. As soon, however, as they were discovered, and their object ascertained, the enemy threw back their right wing under cover of heavy discharges of artillery. Showers of grape, poured forth from large mortars, as well as from guns of heavy calibre, did fearful execution on the British infantry, whose batteries returned the fire, with promptitude and vigour indeed, but, from their inferiority in numbers and weight of metal, with much less effect.

His Majesty's 76th Regiment was at the head of the advancing column, and so dreadful were the ravages made in its ranks by the storm of fire to which it was exposed that, on its arriving at the point from which the charge was to be made, Lord Lake resolved rather to proceed to the attack with that regiment and some native infantry who had closed to the front than to wait for the remainder of the column, whose advance, from some cause or other, had been delayed. The conduct of the men nobly justified the confidence reposed in them by their commander. They advanced, with as much regularity as was practicable, under a tremendous shower of canister-shot, which further thinned their already weakened ranks. This was immediately succeeded by a charge from the enemy's cavalry; but they were received in a manner that sent them back in confusion. They rallied, however, at a short distance, when the 29th Dragoons were ordered to attack them. These formed on the outer flank of the 76th, by whom they were received with cheers, which were echoed back by the cavalry with equal vigour.

A general charge of horse and foot was now made by the British, in which the desperate valour of the assailants set at nought every obstacle and defied every danger. At the moment when the commander-in-chief was about to place himself at the head of the infantry his horse was shot under him, and while in the act of mounting that of his son, Major Lake, that officer was wounded by his side. But this was no time for the indulgence of even the dearest sympathies of nature; the cavalry trumpets sounded the charge, and the troops rushed forward on the foe. The enemy fought with a determination far exceeding all that had been expected of them, and it was not till they had been dispossessed of all their guns that they relinquished the contest. Even then some of the best qualities in the character of a soldier were displayed, in an attempt made by their left wing to effect an orderly retreat. In this, however, as in every other point, they were defeated, a regiment of British Dragoons, and another of native cavalry, breaking in upon them, cutting many to pieces, and making prisoners of the rest, with the whole of their baggage.

The loss of the English in killed and wounded amounted to more than 800; but this, though heavy, was not to be compared with that of the enemy. About 2000 of the latter were taken prisoners; and with the exception of these, and of a few whom the possession of good horses and local knowledge might enable to escape to a distance, the whole of the seventeen battalions were destroyed. The number of slain could hardly be less than 7000. The battalions which fell at Laswarree constituted the flower of Scindia's army, and had been distinguished by the imposing name of the "Deccan Invincibles."

Whatever opinion may be formed of the battle of Laswarree, the dauntless heroism of those who fought and conquered there will aid to nerve the arms and brace the sinews of the soldier so long as their deeds are remembered.

Thus vanquished at every point in upper and central India, Scindia signed a treaty on the 30th of December, by which he ceded a number of his provinces to the British and their allies.

ADVENTURES OF JEAN BART.

FORMAL memoirs of celebrated French admirals would be mostly repetitions of those events in which our own admirals won their fame. If asked, however, to name an officer of the Blake and Nelson school among our opponents, we should select Jean Bart, and we cannot better illustrate the character of this heroic Frenchman than by giving the following anecdotes of his career.

When only twelve years of age he frequently went on board French ships of war cruising off the coasts, often falling in with the enemy, when he would run from one part of the deck to the other, carrying powder or shot, as unconcerned as if he incurred not the slightest danger.

On one occasion he had been ordered aloft during an engagement, and when about to descend some grape-shot cut asunder the cords that supported him, and he fell nearly thirty feet. Fortunately for him, the dead bodies of two men were directly beneath him: he was stunned, and for a few minutes remained insensible, but on recovering he laughed and said to the captain, "You see, sir, what it is to be in favour with fortune, for then the dead can render you a service."

On another occasion, in the heat of a battle, a shell fell on the deck, and all was in a state of confusion; the wick, however, had not communicated with the interior, and Bart sprang forward, at the risk of his life snatched it out of the shell, and thus prevented the explosion. This action first brought him into repute, and obtained him, through the recommendation of the captain, the rank of midshipman.

During the blockade of Dunkirk great rewards were offered to any one who would undertake to give information of the circumstances to the French admiral lying off Brest. Jean Bart offered himself, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the British, succeeded in his project. He sailed out of port on a misty night in a large fishing-smack, and, from his knowledge of the coast, proceeded safely between our vessels and the land, not, however, without being hailed; but, well versed in the English seafaring terms, he passed himself for a man charged with the admiral's orders. His success saved the French fleet. The French admiral, unacquainted with the number of our ships, was hastening with all his sails to engage us, and he was alone prevented by the timely arrival of Bart, who gave him a correct account of our strength and situation, so that, instead of attacking, he retired within the harbour of Brest. Great praise was bestowed on Jean Bart for his daring behaviour, and shortly afterwards the minister of the ma-

rine, by order of the King of France, sent him a captain's commission, and appointed him to the command of a small frigate.

In this command Bart signalised himself, first by pursuing and taking all merchant vessels he could obtain any intelligence respecting; and it is even said that in three months he captured not less than thirty. Shortly after he laid wait for three Dutch Indiamen, returning home richly laden with silks, spices, and other valuable articles, and escorted by a frigate of equal strength to his own. On discovering them he attacked with such skill and intrepidity that in one hour and six minutes he made the frigate bring to, and succeeded in capturing one of the merchantmen, the others having made off during the engagement. On his return he fell in with a small Dutch brig, which he also took and safely brought into Brest.

Jean Bart invariably acknowledged the cool and brave conduct of the English, and frequently observed, "If I could have the choice of an enemy, give me an Englishman. There are laurels to be obtained in fighting against them, for, although the most dangerous of the enemies of France, still they are the most generous. What, in the name of fate, is the use of engaging a Dutchman? He will never accept a challenge unless he is twice our strength. When equal, Mynheer always thinks proper to decline a salute. Give me a son of the Thames. They never did refuse a polite message—no, not even if inferior to us in strength."

Bart was always for boarding his enemy, observing that at close quarters he was sure of victory: however, he was once mistaken in this calculation. A British captain, who had heard several very exaggerated accounts of him, resolved to see if he was as invincible as he was represented, and offered an opportunity of engaging him alone. Jean Bart was resolved that nothing like a challenge should be offered him and declined; he therefore engaged with his usual impetuosity, and made use of the grappling irons directly after the first broadside. The British officer, however, instead of allowing the French to board, was the first at the head of his gallant crew to board them. A most obstinate and bloody engagement ensued, and terminated in favour of the English. Jean Bart, for the first time in his life, was conquered, and he surrendered his sword to the English captain, who received him very courteously, and in his despatches acknowledged his bravery.

Bart was now a prisoner in England, and, as he refused his *parole d'honneur* not to escape, he was confined to a room in a strong house on the coast, where a sentry was always on guard. We cannot but admire his frank conduct on this occasion, for, like our brave Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, he acknowledged his intention to escape if an opportunity offered. In consequence of this avowal every precaution for his security was adopted, but after a confinement of three months he succeeded in effecting his deliverance. He contrived, by great exertion, to loosen a bar of iron, placed at his window to keep him from attempting anything in that quarter, and at night removed it from its place, and, converting his sheets into ropes, let himself down on the sands unperceived by the sentry. He had now to be out of the reach of pursuit ere the visit of his

jailor should discover his escape in the morning. With this intent he moved onwards to a fishing-boat he had perceived from his window, and in which he expected to make his escape to Calais or Boulogne, but on approaching her he discovered that two fishermen were already in possession. He nevertheless boldly advanced up to his thighs in the water, hailed the men in English, and requested they would allow him to enter the boat, as he had something to communicate that would prove highly advantageous. The men admitted him, and he informed them that he was an Englishman, the son of a merchant; that his father wished him to marry a girl he disliked, and give up one he sincerely loved; that on his refusal his father had resolved to send him to an uncle in the Indies, who had always behaved with great cruelty to him; and that he was to sail in three days. He then entreated them to land him in France, where he had a relation, and promised that he would give them all he possessed, at the same time offering a purse containing twenty or thirty guineas. The fishermen did not appear to relish the job, but at length consented. The wind was favourable, and in four hours they fell in with a French fishing-smack, which they hailed, and told Bart that they would not go any further for fear of being made prisoners. Bart made no objection, but jumped into the French smack and made himself known. Then, turning to the fishermen, who were still lying alongside, he exclaimed, "My good fellows, you have been the means of saving Jean Bart, and here is another purse as a recompense for your kindness." The Englishmen were struck dumb by this intelligence, and made the best of their way back, to avoid being suspected.

The news of Bart's escape soon became known, and great rejoicings took place, particularly at Dunkirk, where he was born.

Shortly afterwards he was promoted to *chef d'escadre*, and had five small vessels placed under his command, with which he performed many daring actions, to the annoyance of the Dutch, who could not send any merchant vessels out of their ports without some of them falling into his hands. He made several descents on the English coast, and plundered small villages. The King of France selected him to escort the prince who was to have reigned in Poland, but who was obliged to return. On this voyage Bart was attacked by a very superior Dutch force, but they were obliged to fly from the action; they attempted four times to board him, and were on each occasion repulsed with considerable loss. The prince strongly urged Bart to surrender, but he replied that whilst he remained to defend his ship no Dutchman in the world should put his foot in it. At length one of the Dutch ships was blown up, and the remainder were compelled to make off, with the loss of one man of war and great damage to the others.

The expedition to Poland was altogether unfortunate. The prince, after being invited thither, was very contemptuously received: the Poles had chosen a king from amongst themselves, and the prince was obliged once more to commit himself to the protection of Jean Bart, who, for the insult offered to the French nation in the person of the prince, fired a couple of broadsides into the port where his little division was lying, in oppo-

sition to the representations of the prince and all the officers.

In returning home he fell in with a sail of fourteen Dutch merchantmen, escorted by two frigates and a small sloop of war. He immediately gave chase, and, his vessel being a fast sailer, soon came up with them, when he engaged both the frigates, and on the arrival of the rest of his squadron he boarded one frigate, and the other shortly after struck her colours. The whole of the sail, except three merchantmen and the sloop of war, fell into the hands of the French, and were all lodged safely in the port of L'Orient.

Bart, however, was not so fortunate with the English as with the Dutch, for soon after this expedition he fell in with an English fleet of six sail, and attacked it with the greatest bravery. He now fought with those whose naval discipline and courage could challenge the world, and after a bloody engagement, which lasted nearly four hours, Bart was obliged in his turn to retreat and seek shelter in the port of Toulouse, after witnessing the capture of one of his vessels, and another unable to escape, being completely dismantled. The English, after pursuing him almost within musket-shot of Toulouse, came off triumphantly, and towed away their prizes.

The King of France expressed a wish to see this extraordinary man, and Bart was sent for to Versailles. On his arrival the courtiers and *dames de la cour* were very curious to see what sort of an animal he was. Bart was introduced at the first levée, and his rough and awkward bow caused the courtiers to watch their master's countenance, that they might judge whether they could indulge their mirth. The king, however, received him with the greatest affability and respect, and treated him as the man who had rendered his country great services; he asked him many questions, and presented him with a valuable miniature of himself set in diamonds. His Majesty inquired how upon one occasion he had been fortunate enough to escape from the midst of a Dutch fleet. Bart said he would show his Majesty. He immediately placed several of the noblemen who he had perceived were laughing at him in different parts of the saloon, and told his Majesty to consider them as representing the Dutch fleet. Then, imitating a ship in full sail, he went reeling from one to the other in quick succession, and, pushing violently against each, knocked them all down *sans cérémonie*, observing that was the way he succeeded with the enemy. The king laughed heartily at the vengeance Bart had taken, although the courtiers did not relish the jest. This, however, did not disquiet our hero, who appeared as unconcerned as if he had done nothing improper.

The king gave orders that Bart should be admitted to his presence whenever he made his appearance at the palace. On one occasion the queen was looking over a balcony into the garden when our hero passed on his return from an audience with his Majesty, and, sailor like, he made bold to salute her with no very genteel slap of his hand. The queen, in a rage, turned round to learn who was guilty of such an unpardonable offence. Bart immediately recognised her Majesty, and, falling on his knees, not only saved himself from punishment, but highly amused the queen by his whimsical apology.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early part of the French revolution the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to wait the execution of their sentence. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, devised a plan of escape. His sisters, having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. "It is not now a time to weep," said he; "it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turn-screw, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a poignard, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them."

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived, a general supper was proposed, the last they thought they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labours: one of them was placed as a sentinel next the door of the cave, armed with a poignard, ready to despatch the turnkey if at his visit at two o'clock in the morning he should appear to suspect anything; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double-barred. By degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open: it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured, and, being lighted and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They now found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, and found it was hollow. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found, to their inexpressible transport, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and

one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart. Some other means must be sought.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardour, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors beside that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one, but they had scarcely applied the file when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led into the apartments of the jailor. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned towards the Cave of Death to see whether all was safe, and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had need of some moments of rest, and they took advantage of them to fortify themselves for the rest of their work by taking some wine.

When the scout returned he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as a sentinel had engaged him to drink with him, and, the scout joining the party, they plied him so well that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was, in all probability, laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door, but, listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was, indeed, a terrible stroke. Had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labours prove then at length fruitless? This was not to be borne. They took courage, and proceeded.

One only resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but

All desperate hazards courage do create,
As he plays freely who has least estate;
Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success.

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark

and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase when Porral cried out, "What are you about? If we attempt to go out at present all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court the alarm will instantly be given, and all will be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and, mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave, and when the time of departure arrives each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and, going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates, returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them—the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen, who on quitting the cave was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkey; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and, closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street, but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court he addressed him, "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place I would not remain out of doors in such villainous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and, following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were

gone he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed everywhere. He went into a house and, making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess, but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gendarmes arrived; they searched the house: they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key, the women went downstairs for it. While they were gone one of the gendarmes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "Would be droll if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask." "More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gendarmes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening Porral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotière, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety.

The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son!" said he. "If thou hast the opportunity, fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty, but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough: my troubles will soon be finished, and death will be deprived of its sting if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded, and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase, but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THOSE who call fame a writing on the sand—a writing by large-grown children, whose handiwork is effaced by the next wave—will point to Marlborough in proof of their assertion. Who now talks of Marlborough? In whose bosoms are deep emotions roused by the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet? Yet these under our last reigning queen were household words; and in France so great was the terror of his name that even the nursemaids, to



[THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.]

quiet the children, would exclaim, "*Marlb'ook is coming!*"

John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough and prince of the Holy Roman Empire, was the eldest son of Sir Winslow Churchill, of Wootton-Basset, in Wiltshire, and was born on the 29th of September, 1650, at Ashe, Devonshire, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Sir John Drake. He was taken to court when he was only twelve years old, and placed under the peculiar patronage of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who was passionately attached to his sister.

As early as 1666 he obtained an ensigncy in one of the regiments of guards, and accompanied a body of troops to Tangier, at that time in the possession of the English, and about to be besieged by the Moors. He remained here a short time only, which, however, he employed in comparing the theory and practice of tactics, an opportunity to which he probably owed the foundation of his future greatness. In 1672 the Duke of Monmouth commanded a body of 6000 English auxiliaries in the service of France, and received the care of the young soldier, who was soon after made captain of grenadiers in his own regiment, and signalised himself in the affairs of Nimeguen and Maestricht. The favour with which his personal qualities appear to have inspired every one soon extended to the French court. Marshal Turenne distinguished him as the "handsome Englishman." The French king thanked him at the head of the line for his services in the campaign, and the Duke of Monmouth on his return re-echoed his praises so much that preferment was showered on him from every quarter.

Colonel Churchill must be regarded as unfortunate in the circumstances that compelled him on two occasions to act against his benefactors. When the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth rose in arms against James II. Churchill led the chase in hunting him down; and when James was on the verge of losing his throne Churchill turned his back upon him, and saluted the rising sun. That, however, is an old tale: we all know that the filial piety of James's children did not prevent them from deserting their father, and the colonel was one of their chief advisers. We may indeed sum up his conduct at this period by saying that he made his fortune by the revolution of 1688. But now for a more pleasing topic—that series of brilliant campaigns by which he established his claim to stand in the first rank of English commanders.

In the autumn of 1701 an alliance was formed between England, Holland, and Austria, to oppose the coronation of the French monarch's grandson as King of Spain. The English would not have taken so active a part in the war if Louis XIV. himself had not foolishly and impudently provoked their exasperation. England had just succeeded in driving from the throne the family of the Stuarts, on account of their zeal for the Catholic religion, and had transferred it to William of Orange. Louis received the exiled family and gave them his protection, and in 1701, on the death of James II. (who died at Saint Germain), he recognised his son James III. as King of Great Britain, and it was even reported that this prince was about to effect a landing in England at the head of a French army. The English were so incensed that a stranger should thus presume to dispose of their throne that King

William, instead of 10,000 men, now obtained from Parliament a vote for 40,000.

In March, 1702, General Churchill landed in the Netherlands and placed himself at the head of the Anglo-Dutch army. King William died the same month, in consequence of a violent fall from his horse whilst hunting, but his successor, Queen Anne, implicitly adhered to all his plans, and the war was continued under Churchill, now Duke of Marlborough.

Beyond the capture of several fortified places on the borders of the Netherlands there were no important operations till 1704, when it was determined that Marlborough, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Margrave Lewis of Baden should fight in conjunction in Southern Germany. The three generals met at Heilbronn, on the Neckar, and Marlborough, with the Margrave of Baden, directed his course to the Danube, and Eugene marched along the Rhine. The Bavarians had stationed a part of their army in an advantageous position on the Schellen mountain, near Donauwerth, to dispute the passage of the imperialists over the Danube, but they were attacked there themselves, and after a brave defence compelled to fly, their entire camp falling into the hands of the enemy.

The united powers now made overtures of peace to Maximilian, the Elector of Bavaria, and promised him considerable advantages if he would withdraw from the alliance of France. He began to waver, and was on the point of signing the articles of peace, when a messenger informed him that Marshal Tallard was advancing with a fresh army to his assistance. On receiving this news the elector threw the pen out of his hand and refused to sign the treaty. The marshal indeed came, but with him came likewise Prince Eugene, who had followed at his heels and now joined Marlborough. They sent the old unyielding Prince of Baden away to the siege of Ingolstadt, and on the 12th of August took up their position immediately in front of the French and Bavarians, near the small town of Höchstädt, and on the 13th they began the battle. The enemy was far superior in numbers, and commanded a highly advantageous situation, whilst they were well defended by morasses. Marlborough led the right wing, composed of the English, Dutch, and Hessians, against the French; Eugene, with the left, advanced against the Bavarians. The battle was most fierce, and the assailants were several times driven back by a most terrible fire from the enemy's artillery. The contest was most severe on the left wing, where Maximilian fought with the utmost bravery, skillfully availing himself of his covered position in the morass. Eugene perceived that something extraordinary must be hazarded: careless of his own life, he rushed forward, animating his men, when a Bavarian dragon close by levelled his piece at him, but one of the prince's orderlies cut him down. At that moment Prince Leopold of Dessau, with a number of Prussian infantry, pressed forward to his aid, and to him Eugene himself ascribes the determination of the contest in favour of this wing. Meanwhile Marlborough likewise had with his wing routed the French, and when the elector saw them flying from the field he also retreated with his division. Twenty-eight battalions and twelve squadrons of French still sought to defend

themselves in the village of Blenheim, but they were surrounded and forced to yield themselves prisoners. Thus a great and decisive victory was gained by the allies: 20,000 French and Bavarians lay on the field of battle, and 15,200 were taken prisoners, amongst whom was Marshal Tallard himself, with his son and 818 officers. As to booty, the victors had won a rich military chest, 117 cannon, 24 mortars, and 300 stand of colours, and, besides this, 5000 waggons, 3600 tents, and two pontoon bridges. From this day the name of Marlborough became the theme of heroic song throughout Germany, and the emperor created him a prince of the empire.

The Elector of Bavaria saw himself compelled to cross the Rhine with the French, and take up his position in Brussels; his territory was occupied by the imperialists, and his consort retained for her support only the town and revenue of Munich. Thus, unhappily for him, terminated the campaign of 1704.

There was nothing of importance accomplished anywhere during the campaign of 1705. Eugene was sent to Italy, in order to reorganise the army there, and Marlborough returned to the Netherlands, where he was obliged to collect fresh forces.

France determined to turn her chief force in the succeeding campaign against the Netherlands, in order that she might, if possible, obtain in wealthy Holland the means of continuing the war. Accordingly she sent into the field the finest army that had as yet appeared in this war; but its general, Marshal Villeroi, was no match for the daring Marlborough. Actuated by vain confidence, he left his strong position at Louvain on the 22nd of May, in order to attack the enemy on the plains of Ramillies. This was exactly what Marlborough desired: his position was excellently defended by a morass and some ditches filled with water, so that when the enemy advanced to the attack it was impossible for them to approach the weaker and more exposed points in his order of battle, protected as they were by a natural defence: whilst he, on the other hand, could turn his whole force upon their separate points and break through them. Before the battle a French officer declared their army to be so superior that if they did not conquer that day they ought never again to show their faces before the enemy. Nevertheless they were defeated, for no bravery will atone for the faults of a general. More than 20,000 men were lost, and eighty standards, together with the drums and colours of the royal guard itself, and two months elapsed before the French army was able to repair its losses.

On the other hand, the conqueror marched through Brabant and Flanders, took possession of all the towns, made them swear allegiance to the Archduke Charles of Austria as their rightful sovereign, and a council of state was established at Brussels in the name of the new king.

Meantime Louis XIV. had already suffered such severe losses in this war, and his country was so exhausted, that he most anxiously longed for peace, and, by controlling his innate feeling of pride, he made attempts to purchase it even at great sacrifices. His adversaries, however, determined to punish him severely this time for all his former arrogance; Eugene and Marlborough, especially, used all their influence to continue the war. Both these generals, after Eugene had regulated affairs in Italy, formed a

junction once more in the Netherlands, and, thus united, they gave battle to and completely defeated the Dukes of Bourgogne and Vendôme (between whom there was great disunion) on the 11th of June, 1708, at Oudenarde. After this victory Eugene boldly attacked the citadel of Ryssel, which was regarded as impregnable, and of which he made himself master.

Part of the summer of 1709 had already passed away in further negotiations, when Eugene and Marlborough hastened to avail themselves of the remaining portion of the season. They took possession of Tournay, and marched against Mons. This place Marshal Villars wished to protect, and had accordingly taken up a strong position at Malplaquet, in front of the city. The two victorious generals, however, attacked him in his intrenchments without delay on the 11th of September, and after a battle, the most obstinate and sanguinary during the whole war, victory declared in favour of the allies. Eugene himself at the very outset of the action received a grazing shot in his head, but he very calmly folded his pocket-handkerchief round his head and led on his troops into the very hottest fire. Mons was now closely besieged, and shortly afterwards taken.

Another campaign was now lost, and Louis XIV. was again forced to renew his offers of peace, but, Austria and England persisting in their demands, the humbled monarch was forced to recommence war, at whatever sacrifice, and Eugene and Marlborough succeeded without much difficulty in capturing one town after the other on the frontiers of France.

Louis XIV., already old and feeble, was now reduced to the last extremity, and was left without one resource. Marlborough and Eugene were preparing to batter down the ruins of his greatness, when (as if Providence said, "It is enough") a series of unexpected advantages came to his aid. A new English parliament so restricted Marlborough that he threw up his command. The Emperor of Germany died, and the Archduke Charles, succeeding, could no longer be supported by England as a candidate for the Spanish crown. Eugene, single handed, was no match for Villars, the French marshal; and the two old warriors signed a treaty of peace.

Meanwhile Marlborough, after a sort of voluntary exile at Aix-la-Chapelle, returned to England, where, on the death of Queen Anne, he rose to his former importance. Nevertheless, after the thunder of war, the cackle of politics grow wearisome in his declining days, and, beyond advising measures to defeat an insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, he took no part in public life. His few remaining years ebbed away at one or other of his princely retreats, and, dying on the 16th of June, 1722, at Windsor Lodge, he was buried with the greatest solemnity in Westminster Abbey.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN CIUDAD RODRIGO.

On the night of the storming of Rodrigo I was one, among others, who pressed forward on the French, up to the market-place, when they abandoned the defence of the walls. They had ceased to make resistance, and the town was

completely in our possession, when I was induced, along with three more of the regiment, to turn down one of the streets for the purpose of searching the houses for articles of value. Having entered two or three which were already filled by our soldiers, we ran farther on from the noise and riot, and stopped at a house which seemed to be superior to those around it. The first place we entered was the kitchen, where a few embers were glowing on the hearth, and emitting a faint light on the surrounding walls; an awful silence reigned through the house, which was only interrupted by the distant huzzas and riot of our troops. On throwing some wood on the fire we were enabled by its light to find a lamp, with which we proceeded to search the other apartments of the house. Everything was in order—no sign of confusion more than if the family had gone to bed in perfect security. This and the stillness that reigned around altered the complexion of our minds, and tinged them with a feeling of solemnity which we could not account for. Had there been noise or disorder, or the appearance of any one having been there on the same errand as ourselves, we would have begun plundering without a thought. As it was, we had gone through several apartments filled with articles of value without touching anything. On reaching the upper flat of the house we were startled by hearing some one sobbing, and, proceeding towards the apartment from whence it issued, we discovered the door ajar and a light in the room. We hesitated a moment, doubting whether it might not be some of the French soldiers who had fled from the ramparts, and, preparing ourselves for defence, should such be the case, we pushed open the door and entered together. But the scene which presented itself arrested our steps at the entrance. Stretched on a couch lay a young female, apparently dying; her mother sat supporting her head upon her breast, while the father, kneeling by her side, held a crucifix before her; a female domestic kneeling at her feet, bathed in tears, completed the group, and all were busily employed in prayer. No notice was taken of our entrance, except a slight start when we first appeared; their feelings were too intensely bent on the one object to attend to anything else. Life seemed to be ebbing imperceptibly; her eye was fixed and glazed; but ere her soul fled its earthly tenement for ever a strong convulsion seized her. This appearance of acute suffering wrought up the minds of her parents to the highest pitch of agony. We were so powerfully affected by the scene that we forgot everything else—forgot the exultation and excitement of victory—forgot the errand which we had come on: nature claimed an undivided away, and, wrapped in solemn and softened feeling, we stood rooted to the spot, gazing, with the tear of pity glistening in our eyes, on the lovely being who was expiring before us. The struggle was short, and the fearfully suspended groan which burst from the agonised father proclaimed that all was over; the mother sat gazing on the dead, lovely even in death, with a vacant stupor in her eye, that told the unutterable nature of her grief.

We were making a motion to depart, when the father, for the first time, seemed to observe our presence, and, going over to a box, he took from

it a purse filled with money and offered it to us; but we refused—for worlds we would not have touched anything in the house. We shook hands in silence with the inmates, retraced our steps slowly down the stairs, and were soon involved in riot and confusion; but we were not now in the mood for mixing in such scenes, and we regained our column on the rampart, with our minds filled with the solemn and affecting scene we had witnessed.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE DUKE AND THE PRESS-GANG.

SOME abuses in the system of impressment having reached the ears of the Duke of Cumberland, he determined to ascertain for himself what was really the truth. Accordingly, one morning, dressed as a private sailor, and accompanied by a naval officer of rank similarly dressed, he went to a public-house in Wapping and asked for a private room, saying they would pay liberally for it, as they had heard since they came ashore that the press was very hot.

The treacherous hostess took the money with a low curtsy, and related many instances in which she had saved men from such merciless wretches. She had no sooner retired, however, than she sent for a gang and told them the whole story, observing, "One of them is so fat he is scarcely worth the shipping."

Upon this the press-gang burst into the room, and after a well-feigned resistance the duke and his friend were dragged on board the tender. Here they were roughly interrogated, severely reprimanded for daring to resist his Majesty's officers, and ordered down below. This they refused to comply with, which so exasperated the captain that he ordered them to be stripped and flogged, and actually struck his royal highness with a cane.

The men then began to strip the duke by force, but they had no sooner pulled off his blue jacket than they perceived his star! The tables were now turned, and the whole party were soon on their knees imploring forgiveness. Having ordered the captain to be secured, the duke went below, where a painful scene presented itself: some of the poor creatures were bleeding from the lashes they had received, and many were gasping for life for want of air.

The result of the duke's experiences was so far beneficial that after this only officers of approved good character and humanity were appointed to the service of impressment.

AN UNGENEROUS COMMAND.

SOBIESKI, having penetrated into Moravia, appeared before the fortress of Nemez. The place had been abandoned; but at this juncture a small band of Moravian chasseurs, consisting of no more than eighteen, had been by accident attracted thither. These brave men drew up the bridges, shut the gates, and peremptorily refused to surrender. The Poles, who were ignorant both of the number and state of the garrison, can-

nonaded the place during four days. The chasseurs defended themselves with vigour, killed a vast number of the besiegers, and, among others, the principal officer of artillery. The fifth day, finding nine of their comrades dead and three disabled, they capitulated, and obtained permission for the garrison to withdraw to whatever place they chose. The gate was then opened, and discovered six men marching out, with three others borne upon their shoulders. Sobieski turned pale at this sight, and his first sentiment was unworthy of him; he determined to hang these brave men, and gave orders for that purpose: but, fortunately for his honour, being reminded of his engagement, he sent them away with applause.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

WHEN General Mackenzie was commander-in-chief of the Chatham division of marines he would suffer no officer to be saluted on guard if out of uniform. One day the general observed a lieutenant of marines in a plain dress, and, though he knew the young officer well, he called to the sentinel to turn him out, declaring he knew him not. A short time after this the general went some distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and, returning in the evening in a blue coat, claimed entrance at the yard gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not knowing, he desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom he had treated so cavalierly. "Who are you?" inquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What, without a uniform?" rejoined the lieutenant. "Oh! get back, get back, impostor. The general would break your bones if he knew you assumed his name." The general on this made his retreat, and the next day invited the young officer to breakfast and told him he had done his duty with very commendable exactness.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was wont to say, "No war was ever carried on without spies," and he certainly evinced his faith in this doctrine by the measures he pursued. His favourite, General Zieten, was bold enough to observe to the king one day, when the troops were in want of necessities, that his Majesty spent more money in spies than he did in bread and clothing for his army. "You are a fool," answered the king—"a downright fool! One piece of information, of the worth of 500 rix-dollars, has saved me a million of money and 10,000 men. Don't talk to me of bread and clothing: talk to me of advancing without bloodshed, and of saving my men. Their wants will be easily supplied when I know where the enemy's magazines are. My death's heads will soon fill their empty stomachs and purses too. You great fool! how did I take possession of Saxony? Not with my army, but with a gold cabinet-key."

THE WRONG PLACE FOR A MURDERER.

DURING a cruise of the *Bourdelois* on the coast of Porto Rico a Spaniard came on board, begging protection, as he had that morning murdered his officer. The commander, Captain Manly, heard his story with the greatest indignation, and immediately had him tied hand and foot. He then proceeded to the Bay of Aquadilla,

and sent his first lieutenant on shore to the governor with the assassin, accompanied with the following laconic epistle:—

"SIR,—*The British colours disdain to protect a murderer. I send you one, and hope he will meet the fate he merits.—I am, &c.,*

"THOMAS MANLY."

The governor was so much pleased with this instance of British generosity that he returned an answer full of admiration of Captain Manly's conduct, and sent him a large supply of fruit and vegetables.

NELSON'S YOUTHFUL BEAR-HUNT.

WHEN Nelson was in the Arctic regions, in the expedition under Captain Lutwidge, being then only fifteen years of age, he was one night missed from his vessel. Search was made for him, but in vain, and it was at length given up as hopeless. What, however, was the astonishment of his messmates on beholding him in the morning at a considerable distance, armed only with a single musket, in pursuit of an immense bear! The lock being injured, the piece would not go off, and Nelson had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring it and being able to effect his purpose with the butt-end. On his return Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for being absent without leave, and in a severe tone demanded what motive could possibly induce him to undertake so rash an action. The young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father."

A KING'S CONTEMPT OF DANGER.

WHEN the horse of Charles XII. was killed under him at the battle of Narva he leaped nimbly upon a fresh one, saying jocosely, "These people keep me in exercise." While dictating a letter to his secretary a bomb fell through the roof into the next room, causing the terrified writer to drop the pen from his hand. "What is the matter?" said Charles calmly. "Ah! sir, the bomb!" replied the secretary. "But what has the bomb to do," said Charles, "with what I am dictating to you?" Go on."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER X.—FOUR-FOOTED ASSASSINS.

ON the third morning subsequent to the events narrated in the last chapter, Philip Maberly having made good use of some of his father's bank orders, given to him by Captain Somers before parting, and clothed himself and companions in suitable apparel, the three friends prepared to sally forth into the streets of Trincomalee, in high glee at the prospect of the new scenes and adventures set down in the rough in Phil's hastily-sketched programme.

"Well, governor, what's the chart to-day?"

cried Bill, as they stood under the broad verandah of the substantial brick hostelry the Packet.

"Bless my eyes and limbs! wouldn't my sweetheart Poll open her pretty peepers if she could only see me a going out like a reg'lar gentleman, with a black nigger at my heels, holding a humberella above my sky-scraper as long as a steeple! for them's to be our flunkys, hean't they, governor?" pointing to the three bearers waiting.

"Yes, Bill, unless you'd like to mount an elephant, and then the umbrella, as you call it, is fastened to the howdah," replied Phil, with a good-humoured smile.

"That's the sedan chair, ain't it, what's rigged on the critter's back? That would be fine, and something to tell Poll when I comes to my moorings in the dock of matrimony. What's your opinion, Ben, of sailing in such a craft?"

"Oh! I'm agreeable enough, though I can't say as how I likes the rig of the boat; and the chap at the wheel, with the head of a harpoon for a rudder, reg'lar queers me. But the governor says they are the most wonderfulest craft as floats, can go on any tack, run messages like a Christian, knows more than the schoolmaster, and can do everything in nater but talk English. I'm blest, you should 'a seen how one on 'em t'other day took hold o' my breeches with the tip of his snout, lifted me from one side of the street to the other, turned me up like a pepper-box, shook my quid out o' my jaws, and, after spinning me round like a windmill, sot me down on my feet as gently as a babbly. I votes a sail aboard a helephant, for I wants to see how she behaves on a wind, and, as I've got a log in my pocket, I means to con her reckoning, and see how many knots she makes in fair weather."

"Well, lads, with all my heart," Phil cried, laughing. "I had meant to take you to-day to the bazaars, but we'll have a sail, as you say, out on one of the roads, and visit the shops to-morrow."

Having sent one of the bearers for an elephant and mahout, he continued—

"I intend to pay a visit to the ancient capital of the island, Candi—a fine old place, built beside a lake, and just about the centre of Ceylon. One of the most curious things to be seen there is the brickmaking, all the workmen, except the overseer or chief mate, being elephants."

"I say, governor, easy over the stones; that choker'll do for the marines, but is a leetle too stiff for old salts like Ben and me," replied Bill.

"I dunno," rejoined Ben, perplexed. "After what I see 'em do in buying vegetables and picking up the change, I think they can do most anything."

"But I thought you said, or Ben did, there was a place where Adam jumped out o' paradise right into heaven. Ain't you a going there?" inquired Bill.

"Adam's Peak, you mean," replied Phil; "one of the loftiest mountains in the island, nearly 7000 feet above the sea-level, Bill. Yes, we'll see that, and look out for some precious stones, for it is from Ceylon the best rubies, sapphires, and other stones are obtained, and then we'll bear away for the north—Batticaloa, as the swamps round there are called."

"And what's to be seen there, governor?"

"Why, that's the great centre of the pearl

fishery, and I've a great notion of going down myself and having a look into Davy Jones's particular locker. But avast paying out your slack, Master Bill, for here comes the elephant, and if we are to have an excursion to-day we must start at once," cried Phil, as a gaily-caparisoned elephant, with curtained howdah, and its diminutive mahout, half hid by the animal's huge ears, approached the verandah.

"Well, I'm blest, there arn't a halyard or ratlin to go aloft by! How in creation is a feller to get up to that poop-deck?" cried Bill, pointing aloft to the empty howdah, and deliberately walking round the animal. "Here she is, here's the hawser and cutwater just under the bows of the craft," and, calling lustily to his comrade, "Ship ahoy, Ben!" before either Phil or Ben could reach the head of the elephant, Bill, in his delight at finding, as he said, something ship-shape about the craft, had seized hold of the animal's proboscis, which he was pleased to call the ship's hawser, and began to scale his way to the bows or fok'sell. This proceeding was so antagonistic to the feelings and prejudices of the elephant that he began most vigorously to shake his trunk and curve in and out its lower extremity, and by flappings of the ears and deep guttural sounds express his decided objection to having his sacred organ so grossly desecrated as to be converted into a ladder.

Bill, however, taking the swaying of the hawser to be a thing of course, only fixed his nails and pumps more firmly in the sensitive part, and, deeming the anchor was a-trip, strained every muscle to reach the deck before the craft was fairly under weigh, a proceeding which the patient animal having in vain protested against now resolved at once to put an end to. Placing the point of his trunk on the climber's breech, he gave him so sudden and energetic a momentum from below that, making a clean somersault over the head of the astonished mahout, Bill was pitched sprawling and bawling on his back into the centre of the padded howdah.

Both Phil and the boatswain's mate were so convulsed with laughter at seeing their companion's desperate efforts to scale the animal's trunk, and the last indignant action, that when one of the bearers brought the customary ladder to ascend to the howdah they were for some seconds unable to avail themselves of it.

"Up, Ben, and put him on his pins, or bring him to an anchor in a safe corner of the castle, or he may roll off and hurt himself," cried Phil, subduing his merriment in a moment. "I have only a word to say to the landlord, and will be with you in a minute."

While Ben ran up the ladder, raised his sprawling and bewildered mesanate, and stowed him safely by his side in one of the corners of the little pavilion so tastefully constructed out of the howdah, Phil entered the verandah in quest of the landlord, who at that moment made his appearance from the house, and, immediately accosting Phil, said—

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Maberly, before you went out, and was almost afraid you had started."

"What is the matter, Mr. Cummings? I am quite at your service."

"Have you any enemies in Trincomalee—any one who would think it worth his while to have you disposed off?"

"Enemies? Upon my word I don't know, but I should think not. I have been too short a time in the city for any one to take a mortal dislike to me. But why do you ask?"

"Because there have been three ugly-looking sailor rascals (one particularly ill-looking, his face covered with black hair) who have been asking about you and dogging your steps these last three days all over the town."

"Three, do you say?" inquired Phil, with considerable interest. "Then that mutinous rascal leader Nixon has reached the shore, after all, though I fully expected he would have been drowned in trying to pass the bar."

"That's just what I thought, that they were some of those mutineer rascals; and we are all so pleased with your share in frustrating that attempt to seize the barque that I should be sorry to see you come to any harm from the schemes of these murdering scoundrels."

"Never fear, Mr. Cummings: I and my two faithful companions in the howdah there are a match any day for Nixon and his two cutthroats," replied Phil, with confidence.

"Yes, yes, I know that well enough, if it came to blows or close quarters. But that isn't it; they'll never have the courage to meet you face to face," continued the innkeeper.

"How, then, can they do me any harm, seeing that I shall be always on my guard?"

"There are ways of compassing their ends, Mr. Maberly, that all your vigilance could never guard against, and it is the knowledge of that which made me so anxious to warn you before going out."

"How do you mean? Pray explain yourself; though with this weapon in my hand I would not fear to face Nixon (if it is he) and his comrades all at once," and he drew one of his revolvers from his coat pocket to convince his host how well he was prepared to meet any attempt at treachery.

"The danger I apprehend, Mr. Maberly, might come from a source where a whole battery of revolvers would be powerless to assist or save you," replied the landlord.

"Can you not give me any idea in which direction to expect this threatened danger?"

"From the inquiries this Nixon, as you call him, has been making among the bearers and servants about the house, as to where you go and what time you leave and return to the bungalow, I think I can understand the object he has in view."

"And that is—"

"You, of course, have remarked the extreme sagacity of the elephants of this island," the host continued, without replying to Phil's direct question. "You can see that they can do almost anything required of them, and are employed without guide or restraint to perform the most difficult tasks?"

"Of course; but what has this to do with my safety or Nixon's plot?"

"In Italy," continued the landlord, without making a direct reply, "if one man entertained an enmity against another, and wanted him removed, it was customary to go to a bravo, give him a sum of money, mention the name of the enemy, and the next morning the hated antagonist would be found dead in the street with a stiletto wound under the fifth rib."

"But, Mr. Cummings, what has this Italian system of crime got to do with Ceylon, Trincomalee, and domesticated elephants?" asked Phil, a little irritated and wearied with the roundabout conversation of the host. "For my part, I cannot see the context, and in the meantime Ben and Bill are frying up there in the sun," added Phil, turning round as if to cut short the conversation.

"What the bravo is in Venice the elephant *can be made* in Trincomalee. This is the danger I fear for you, and from the accidental and natural-looking manner in which such murders are usually committed they are almost impossible of detection."

"Do you mean to tell me that the elephant can be trained to commit murder?" demanded Phil, not a little astonished.

"Can be trained? Yes, certainly he can. With his driver on his back nothing is more simple or easy. At a whisper from his mahout he either *accidentally* brains a man with his trunk in a fit of sneezing, or, knocking him down, walks over the body, crying out in penitence tones at the calamity he has so *innocently* caused."

"But when running loose without a guide—"

"Then they are ten times more artful and dangerous, and it would take hours to tell you only a few of their devices to kill the man once pointed out to them, and at the same time make it appear his and not their fault."

"And are they all trained to this abominable practice?"

"No, no. This one, for instance, on which you are going out, is one of my own, and for more than twenty years has been kept to honest work. There is no fear of him. But my impression is, Nixon has plotted with some native to have you got rid of by means of an elephant; so pray be careful in walking the streets, and keep as far from contact with them as possible."

"Thank you for your advice and information. Depend upon it I shall keep my eyes open and well about me to-day, and will let you know the result on my return." So saying, Phil turned and climbed rapidly to his seat in the howdah, and the elephant at once began to move its huge bulk sluggishly along the narrow thoroughfares.

"What a long yarn that Cummings has been spinning to you!" observed Ben as Phil took his seat.

"Yes, and a highly interesting one it was, and would have made honest Bill there open his eyes to hear of the sagacity of the elephant he has such a contempt for. By the bye, how did you manage with the hawser, Bill?"

"Oh! be jiggered! who'd 'a thought of such a thing? Just as I was a going to catch hold of the flukes of the anchor this little shrivelled pea-pod had catted home on his knees the elephant grows rusty, turns up his nose, and give me such a shove that I was shot legs foremost into this sedan chair as helpless as a baby. I'm blest if I was ever so floored in all my life before."

For the half-hour it took them to worm their way through the crowded streets of the city Phil preserved a profound silence, but using his eyes to note the peculiarities of the different elephants: in all this he had abundant occupation, both for sight and reflection.

On the other hand, his two companions were in

ecstasies with the ship-like motion of their living craft, and found abundant food for amusement and wonder in examining the cargo, as they termed it, of the multitude of elephants going and coming in all directions. Here a basket-maker was bawling his wares, and seated on his elephant's neck vigorously plying his trade, while every inch of the animal's body was covered with samples of his handiwork; there was a water-seller, surrounded by huge dippers, or immense leathern bottles, filled with the cool liquid from some noted tank or spring; another was loaded to a dangerous height with the entire furniture of a house, taking up half the street, and far overtopping the highest buildings; some carried pagodas on their backs, with one or more Bhuddist priests chanting their prayers or blessing the Hindoo passers-by; in turn followed by richly-caparisoned elephants carrying a latticed *zenana*, filled with the veiled wives and daughters of some rich Parsee or Mahometan chief. These, with the marketing and idle animals, formed the chief features of the perpetually-changing scene of novelty and interest that at every step encountered them.

But, while Ben and his companion chatted freely on all they saw, Phil kept a rigid silence, pondering much on what the keeper of the hotel had told him, seeking by a close inspection of the animals to discover, if possible, some outward sign of the hidden intentions of those extraordinary creatures.

After some two hours spent in the romantic lanes and open patches of jungle ground that formed the environs of Trincomalee, Phil thought it time to commence their return, and his companions, having seen with what skill the elephant performed his agricultural duties, irrigated the fields, ploughed the land, and prepared the paddy ground, were quite willing their elephant's head should be turned homewards.

When about five cos, or four miles, from Trincomalee, Bill, whose eyes had investigated every object they encountered, exclaimed, with almost child-like glee—

"See to that, Ben! I say, governor, look there! If I ever see anything like that ere! Why, it's almost human nater! I wouldn't ha' beleft it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," and the astonished Bill pointed forward to the side of the road, where two large and vicious-looking elephants were standing under the shade of a grove of lofty palms and date-trees, near a pool of morass water that had collected into a sort of natural tank or dark irregular pond. A rude stone bench under the denser foliage of the date-trees plainly indicated the spot as a place of rest and refreshment for the weary passenger.

Standing well under the shadow of the trees, the two elephants, despite their forbidding looks, were engaged like two schoolboys in pelting each other and playing with the water.

"Why, what is it after all, Bill?" replied Phil, laughing at the pranks of the two immense animals. "They are only enjoying their afternoon bath, though I confess it is well worth looking at," and, telling the driver to halt for a moment, they watched the gambols of the two leviathan bathers.

Filling their trunks from the pool, each animal would direct the whole current of the stream, like the jet from the hose of a fire-engine, first on one, then on the other flank of his own body; he would

then split the stream, so as to deluge his thighs, belly, and back. After this had been carried on for some time they would seemingly draw up a still larger quantity of liquid in their probosces, then, lifting their trunks into the air, shoot the water up in a lofty column, like the blowing of a whale, and, adroitly elevating their heads, receive the whole of the falling cataract, like an enormous shower-bath, over their eyes and ears.

Though there was much to admire in this washing of two such unwieldy monsters, there was nothing to provoke the mirth, and less the laughter, with which Phil's companions greeted this public bathing of the two elephants.

Having, however, sufficiently saturated their own bodies for all cleanly purposes, they ranged themselves abreast, or, as Bill called it, broadside to broadside, and, filling their trunks as full as they would hold, and as fast as possible, began playing on each other in a manner indescribably grotesque and amusing, causing the water, as it played on their huge sides, to break into clouds of foamy spray.

Having seen as much as he required, Phil gave the mahout the order to advance, but as his elephant came abreast of the two sportive animals first one and then the other directed a small stream of water into the eye and over the proboscis of the loaded animal. It was not, however, so much the indignity of squirting water over the face of a respectable elderly elephant that was the source of that indignation which they could feel was so highly distressing to the feelings of the quadruped beneath them, but the mocking and derisive tone with which the others accompanied their assault. This caused even the stolid mahout, who seldom confesses even to a soul or the possession of a tongue, to exclaim most energetically, while by every means in his power he attempted to soothe his excited beast, and by gentle words and the probe of his anchos exerted himself to induce the elephant to go on and disregard the unworthy creatures which were only trying his temper and endurance. All his threats and blandishments, however, were equally disregarded, for the assailants not only continued their taunting cry, but had proceeded so far as to throw water over his splendid trappings, and had actually soaked his crimson howdah, or saddle-cloth, the pride and apple of his eye. At this last indignity he bellowed out his war-note of defiance, wheeling as he did so suddenly round on his antagonists.

"What's the matter with the elephant? Why won't he go on?" asked Phil of the driver, as the others, scattering the water from their trunks over them and every part of their animal, also turned round as if bent on an encounter.

"Urge him on at once."

"I cannot, sahib: they are calling my elephant nasty names, have spoilt his best clothes, and he's so savage that unless I can get a blow at one of them there'll be a fight. Then Allah be good to us, for it will be death."

Before the mahout had well finished, at a louder cry from the bathers, Phil's elephant rushed forward with upraised trunk, bellowing defiance, and met midway the advancing elephants, which, changing their note to discordant screams, began striking fiercely with their trunks, that fell with the sound of iron nails on the head and shoulders of the maddened animal.

The situation of the three friends was one of extreme peril, and Phil in a moment saw all the risk that surrounded them. Using vigorously the rattan-cane he carried, he was for a time enabled to keep their trunks at bay, but he soon became conscious that, while one engaged their elephant in front, the other seemed determined to wage war on them alone. A few sharp and well-delivered cuts with his cane across the proboscis kept the huge animal at a short distance, with only an occasional return blow on the howdah, so violent, however, as to compel them to grasp it with desperation, to avoid being flung to the ground.

Suddenly their assailant ran back to the tank, filled his capacious receptacle with water, and, returning at a rush, discharged the whole flood on the occupants of the howdah, who for the moment were completely blinded by the deluge. Before they could recover from the amazement into which they had been thrown, one violent blow, delivered obliquely on the howdah, burst the straps and hurled it, its occupants, and the driver violently on the earth, under the feet of the enraged animal.

Impressed with some sudden and indefinite alarm, Phil instantly rolled the driver's body from his shoulders, and, grasping the collar of Ben, jerked himself by a violent effort under his own elephant; but at the very instant he did so the huge round foot of the other animal, which he had seen raised, descended on the head and chest of the unfortunate mahout, spattering Phil and Ben with the warm blood of the luckless victim.

"Saved! Good Heavens! that death was meant for me!" ejaculated Phil, with devout sincerity.

Before, however, Ben or Bill could ask the meaning of his words a new incident occurred. The two strange elephants, as if having finished their task or play, or whatever it was, threw their trunks straight up in the air, immediately hurried off, and were quickly lost to sight, while the other, freed from his assailants, trumpeted out a note of triumph. It then turned round, and, seeing its driver on the dusty road and covered with blood, gave expression to a few low mournful cries, and, having in vain tried to make the dead body stand or sit up, looked with so wistful and significant an expression that Phil, at once anticipating the thought in the sagacious brain of the elephant, hastened round with his two assistants, and, examining the state of the pavilion, soon discovered that it wanted only a trifle to readjust it to the back of its wearer.

Placing the body in the howdah, Phil quickly made the intelligent beast, which watched with intense interest every step in the proceedings, understand that it was to lift him to his back. This was no sooner effected than the howdah, with its dead occupant, was raised in the same manner, and while Phil adjusted the apparatus to the broad back Ben and Bill secured the straps below. When all had been arranged the animal brought Phil down as he had put him up, and the three, placing themselves on either side of the elephant's head, set forward to perform their melancholy journey of four miles back to the city.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[LIEUTENANT MORRIS WOUNDED WHILE SWIMMING THE DITCH.]

THE SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

ON the submission of Scindia another Mah-ratta chief, Holkar, was bold enough to try the fortune of war against the British; and it must be confessed that he was by no means a contemptible adversary. His cavalry, swelled by the wreck of the other defeated armies and by numerous adventurers, amounted to 60,000, to which were added 15,000 well-disciplined infantry and 192 pieces of artillery. The British, on the other hand, were compelled to divide their forces, for, in consequence of a famine, General Wellesley was unable to advance from the Deccan, and, a detachment under Colonel Monson being defeated and dispersed, Lord Lake had to observe

the utmost caution in advancing against the enemy.

Leaving Cawnpore, he assembled his forces at Secundra, and marched against the Mahratta army, which at once relinquished its position. The Indian chief, however, contrived, by alternately advancing and retreating with his cavalry, to occupy the attention of the British commander, while his infantry, by a rapid movement, succeeded in reaching Delhi on the 8th October, which they immediately invested. The city, ten miles in circumference, with a ruinous wall, was guarded only by a small body of Sepoys. Colonels Ochterlony and Burn, however, led on these troops with such spirit and judgment, that all the enemy's attacks were repulsed.

and, after seven days of persevering efforts, they were obliged to raise the siege.

Lake, on receiving intelligence of the danger of Delhi, hastened to that capital, which he reached on the 17th October. Learning there that Holkar, with his cavalry, had begun a course of devastation along the Doab, he set out in hot pursuit of him, at the rate of twenty-three miles a day; and at length, by marching fifty-three miles in twenty-four hours, he came up with him on the 17th November, encamped under the walls of Furruckabad. The Indian horse, which never could stand a charge in the field, were routed, 3000 cut to pieces, and the rest saved only by the rapidity of their flight. Holkar then proceeded towards Deeg to join the remains of his infantry; and the British general, arriving at that fortress on the 1st December, determined immediately to undertake the siege. Ten days, however, elapsed before the battering train could be brought from Agra, and thirteen days more before a breach could be effected in a detached work which commanded the approach. It was then carried by storm on the night of the 23rd, and the enemy were so struck by the daring intrepidity of the assailants that in the course of the two following days they evacuated both the town and fort, and retreated towards Bhurtpore.

Holkar was now about to sustain a complete reverse of fortune. While the strength of his army was broken by recent defeats, his dominions, whence he might have drawn recruits and resources, had fallen into the enemy's possession. Colonel Wallace, from the Deccan, had reduced Chandore and the other strongholds in that quarter, while Colonel Murray, from Guzerat, having overrun nearly the whole of Malwa, and entered Indore, the capital, was already preparing to intercept his retreat. The only point of resistance was Bhurtpore, the rajah of which still adhered to his alliance; and the reduction of that city was therefore considered necessary to complete the triumph over this turbulent chieftain.

On the 1st of January, 1805, the Anglo-Indian army, under the personal command of Lord Lake, moved towards Bhurtpore, which at first sight did not present a very formidable aspect to an army before which many of the mightiest bulwarks of India had fallen. It was encircled by none of those rugged steepes which guarded the approach to Gwalior and Gawilghur. The only works were a lofty mud-wall and a broad ditch, not easily fordable; and the very extent of its walls, which embraced a circumference of six or eight miles, increased the difficulty of protecting them. But the rajah applied himself to its defence with the utmost skill and resolution: the kingdom of the Mahrattas, he observed, was in their saddle; he was within his ramparts. Hitherto, in general, the reduction even of the strongest forts had proceeded in a sure and regular course; the trenches were opened, a storming party was selected, who forced their way with greater or smaller loss, and were masters of the place. But the defenders of Bhurtpore not only fought with the most daring valour, but called into action means of defence and annoyance which our people had never elsewhere encountered, and for which they were wholly unprepared.

On the 2nd of January the army took up its position before the place; and on the 3rd prepa-

rations for the siege were commenced. A grove, or garden, considerably in advance of the camp was occupied. On the 5th a breaching battery for six 18-pounders was commenced, and on the 7th it opened its fire. Another battery of four 8-inch and four 5½-inch mortars, being completed by noon on that day, commenced throwing shells into the town. Cannonading on both sides continued with little interruption till the afternoon of the 9th, when, the breach in the wall being reported practicable, it was resolved on that evening to attempt to storm.

About seven o'clock the party destined for this duty moved in three columns. One, under Colonel Ryan, was ordered to attempt a gateway to the left of the principal battery; another, under Major Hawkes, was to carry the advanced guns of the enemy on the right of the battery. Both columns were to endeavour to make their way into the town with the fugitives, but if that were impracticable they were to turn and support the centre column, under Colonel Maitland, in endeavouring to get in at the breach.

Colonel Maitland's orders were to take the enemy by surprise, but in this he altogether failed. The ground being broken by swamps and pools, the orderly advance of the party was greatly checked; many lost their way, and men belonging to one column followed another. It is represented that, to avoid the fire from the ramparts, Colonel Maitland led his men so much to the left as to encroach upon Colonel Ryan's line of march, and that some altercation took place between these two officers as to the relative situation of the breach and trenches; that Colonel Maitland, then marching to the right, found himself at the entrance of the trenches, when he resolved to direct the head of his column once more to the left, and in that manner to proceed across the plain towards the breach. Long before this period all was confusion. The enemy received the storming party with a heavy fire of musketry and of grape from three guns in the flank of a circular bastion next to the breach: nevertheless, some of the men, headed by their officers, succeeded in getting across the ditch, the water in which was breast high, and a few ascended the breach to within a short distance of the top; but their number was too small to admit of their attempting to storm the enemy's guns.

In the meantime Major Hawkes, with the right column, had succeeded in driving the enemy from their advanced guns, and, after spiking them, was on his return to support the centre, while Colonel Ryan, with the left, had compelled the enemy to quit their post in that direction, but was prevented by the intervention of a deep drain from pursuing his success. Colonel Maitland, whatever might have been his errors or misfortunes, nobly supported the character of the British soldier, and never relaxed in his exertions to bring his men forward till he fell mortally wounded. The greater part of the troops either stopped or went back to the battery as soon as they got to the water. The few devoted men who had ascended the breach, being unsupported, were compelled to retire; and this ill-judged and unfortunate attempt against Bhurtpore ended in exposing the British arms to the contempt of the enemy. The loss of the English was heavy, and among the killed and wounded was an unusual proportion of officers.

On the day succeeding this disastrous failure the enemy began to repair the breach through which the English had hoped to pass to conquest. The next effort against the place it was resolved should be directed towards a part of the wall a little to the right of the former point of attack. Batteries were accordingly erected, and two 24-pounders, ten 18-pounders, seven 12-pounders, and eight mortars opened a destructive fire on the 16th of January. Part of the rampart of the curtain was beaten down, but the next morning the breach was found stockaded; the firing being continued, the piles gave way, and a hole was made completely through the work; but on the 18th the breach was again stockaded. On that day the Anglo-Indian army was reinforced by the arrival of Major-General Smith with three battalions of Sepoys and some convalescent Europeans, with a few field-pieces.

The batteries continued their fire till the 21st, when a breach, reported practicable, had been made; and the enemy, fearful that their guns should be dismounted, withdrew them behind the parapets, thus keeping them in reserve, to be employed against the next storming party. On the preceding night the English had been compelled to remove from the batteries the two 24-pounders, the whole of the shot being expended, and to supply the deficiency by two 44-inch howitzers. To add to the difficulties of the besiegers, Ameer Khan had been invited by the Rajah of Bhurtpore to march to his assistance; and the invitation, being accompanied by several lacs of rupees, had been accepted.

Before making a second attempt to cross the ditch it was deemed advisable to gain some knowledge of its breadth and depth at the place where a passage was to be sought. The duty of making the requisite observation was committed to a havildar and two privates of the native cavalry, who reported that the ditch was not very broad, nor did it appear very deep, and that the breach was easy of ascent. Upon this vague statement, the result of an inspection made under circumstances which almost precluded the possibility of any approach to accuracy, it was resolved once more to risk an attempt to storm. Noon on the 21st of January was the time fixed on for the assault. The troops by whom it was to be made were brought into the trenches before daylight, and the interval was to be employed in destroying the impediments with which the enemy, in the course of the night, might have incumbered the breach.

At break of day the breach was perceived to be again stockaded, and it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that it was cleared. The troops then moved out of the trenches, and advanced towards the ditch. Here it was for the first time discovered that, by damming up the water at certain points, a sheet of great depth and breadth had been accumulated in front of the breach. A portable bridge had been constructed for the purpose of crossing the ditch, but it was too short to be of any use; a scaling ladder was brought to lengthen it, but this got entangled with the bridge, and, instead of connecting it with the escarp, fell over on one side, carrying with it the bridge, from which it could not be disengaged. No systematic attempt was therefore made to pass the storming party over the ditch; but Lieutenant Morris, of the Company's European regiment, and several

men, gallantly swam across and ascended the breach. Lieutenant Morris got on the rampart, and there received a severe wound in the leg; and in swimming back, when the attempt to storm had been abandoned, he was again wounded in the neck.

The retreat commenced in great confusion; but another column of the British force making its appearance from a jungle, round which it had been moving, with a view to an attack upon a different point, the retiring party thereupon rallied. The meditated attack of the advancing column, however, being found impracticable, the whole fell back, leaving to the enemy the bridge and scaling ladders, and, which was far worse, a large number of wounded. Throughout the advance of the British force, during the delay at the bridge (which occupied at least half an hour), and on the retreat the enemy kept up a destructive fire of grape, round shot, and musketry. The effect was attested by a melancholy return of eighteen officers and 500 men killed and wounded. During the attack the British cavalry were engaged in keeping off Holkar and Ameer Khan, a task readily effected by the galloper-guns. About fifty of the enemy were killed.

Some successful operations were now carried on against Ameer Khan, whose predatory bands were pursued for several hundred miles by a British detachment under General Smith, which, after compelling him to repossess the Ganges, returned to the camp before Bhurtpore. During their absence the position of the camp had been shifted—a measure absolutely necessary to the health of its occupants, and which, moreover, was called for by a change of purpose as to the future point of attack. The army had also been strengthened by the arrival of the division under General Jones, originally commanded by Colonel Murray, and further attempts had been made for the reduction of Bhurtpore. Batteries had been erected and brought into operation on a new point, and the state of the breach was deemed to warrant a third attempt to storm.

The 20th of February was appointed for this purpose, and the storming party was ordered to the trenches at an early hour, to be in readiness for attack as soon as the batteries should have beaten down the defences and stockades which might have been raised in the night. At break of day the enemy made a sortie on the British trenches, and for a time appear to have retained a decided advantage. They were at length driven back; but the conflict seems to have lasted for several hours, and the English troops, fatigued by their exertions, and dispirited by the long resistance opposed to them, were not in the best condition for the duty of assaulting a strong fortress from which they had been twice repulsed.

A column under Colonel Don was to advance to storm; a second column, under Captain Grant, was to carry the enemy's trenches and guns outside the town; and a third, under Colonel Taylor, was to attack the Beem Nurram gate, which was reported to be easily accessible. Captain Grant, with the second column, carried the intrenchments and batteries against which his efforts were directed, and, pursuing the fugitives to the walls of the town, nearly succeeded in obtaining entrance, the enemy not being able to close the gate till the head of the column was close upon

it. Eleven guns were taken, all of which were safely brought into camp. The third column was less fortunate. Having lost its scaling ladders, and one of its guns being dismounted by a shot from the town, the attempt on the gate was deemed impracticable, and the column retired.

The movement of Captain Grant's column was to be the signal for the advance of that of Colonel Don to storm. The Europeans forming the head of the column were accordingly ordered to advance, and the native infantry to follow. Fifty men, carrying fascines, were to precede the former, who, after throwing the fascines into the ditch, were to wheel outwards, and keep up a fire of musketry on the breach, while the rest of the party advanced to the assault. But a hesitation occurred: the assailants were exposed to an enfilading fire, an apprehension prevailed that the enemy, during their occupation of the extremity of the trench, had established a mine. The effect of these discouraging circumstances was aided by the sight of the wounded in the conflict of the morning lying around, and the groans drawn forth by their sufferings; and Colonel Don strove in vain to counteract the impressions thus created. The Europeans in front would not move; but a better spirit was manifested by the remains of the flankers of his Majesty's 22nd Regiment and by the 12th Native Infantry. These followed their gallant commander, and two 6-pounders were run out upon the plain to keep up a fire upon the walls and batteries while the troops attempted an assault.

But the ditch was impassable at the breach, from the depth of the water. The storming party therefore proceeded to another part where the water was shallow, and where a ragged bastion seemed to offer the means of climbing. Having passed the ditch, several succeeded in scrambling up, and the colours of the 12th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry were planted on the top of the bastion. But the ascent was so difficult that sufficient numbers could not be got up to support each other and render effectual the advantage that had been gained. Those who reached the summit, small as was their number, were ready to persist in the endeavour to maintain it at any hazard; but Colonel Don, aware of the hopelessness of their exertions, recalled the whole party. Soon after the assault the enemy sprang several mines in the breach and counter-scarp; but, there being no assailants near these points, the explosions were harmless. The loss of the British army on this disastrous day amounted to 894 killed and wounded.

On the morrow the commander-in-chief appeared on parade, and addressed, in appropriate terms, the troops whose unhappy defection on the preceding day had brought dishonour on the service to which they belonged. The effect was, that on those who chose to volunteer for another assault being required to step out the whole answered to the call!

The assault, it was determined, should take place on that day, and about four o'clock the troops moved to the attack. The party, which was commanded by Colonel Monson, advanced with perfect regularity to the bastion on which the colours of the 12th Native Infantry had been planted on the previous day. A vast gap had been made in the lower part of it, which afforded

shelter to those who could avail themselves of its protection; but, as before, there were no means of getting the men from this point to the summit in sufficient numbers. All that could be done, however, was resorted to, and enough was achieved to redeem the honour of those who on the previous day had shrunk from the dangers which are but the ordinary incidents of a soldier's life. Several of the soldiers drove their bayonets into the wall, so as to form a series of steps by which they hoped to reach the top; but in the attempt to ascend they were knocked down by logs of wood, shot, and various missiles from above. Others attempted to effect their object by means of the shot-holes caused by the English fire; but they generally failed, and the fall of one man brought down those beneath him.

All this time the enemy, from the next bastion, kept up a sweeping and destructive fire; but, amongst all these dangers and difficulties, Lieutenant Templeton, a gallant young officer, who had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, succeeded in again planting the British colours near the summit of the bastion. As soon as he had performed this act he fell dead. Major Menzies, a volunteer, and aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, whose animating language and heroic bearing are represented to have inspired with renewed energy all who were enabled to hear the one and observe the other, met the same fate, after having actually gained the summit. At every point where an opening seemed to present itself an attempt to render it available was made. On the part of the enemy an incessant fire of grape was kept up, and from the walls were poured showers of destructive missiles—ponderous pieces of timber, flaming packs of cotton steeped in oil, followed by pots filled with gunpowder, and other combustibles, which exploded with fearful effect. Thus raged the conflict for the space of two hours, when Colonel Monson, finding it hopeless, ordered a return to the trenches. Such was the result of the fourth attempt to carry Bhurtpore by assault. It was attended with a loss of nearly 1000 in killed and wounded.

Thus ended the memorable first siege of Bhurtpore, in which the British were repulsed in four successive attempts, sustaining in killed and wounded a loss of 3203 men and officers. The rajah, however, apprehensive of the final issue, and seeing that certain ruin must accompany the fall of his capital, made very advantageous overtures, including the payment of twenty lacs of rupees, as the price of peace. And such was the situation of affairs in the English camp that Lord Lake was induced to accept the conditions, and to conclude a treaty on the 10th of April.

Holkar being thus deserted by his last ally, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, was driven to seek refuge amongst the Sikhs, but, to his great astonishment, he was granted peace on terms so advantageous as allowed him to regain almost all that he had lost during the war. The Company, by this milk-and-water policy, fancied they would conciliate the native princes into something like universal peace; but animosities continued to ferment, which were destined before long to break out in the sanguinary contest known as the Great Mahratta War. Of that we shall give an interesting and faithful account in our subsequent pages.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE NIGER.

We made no stop whatever on the river, not even at meal times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing-place, where we might rest awhile, but we could find none, for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious toils, we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon in endeavouring to find a landing at some village; and, though we saw them distinctly enough from the water, we could not find a passage through the morasses behind which they lay. Therefore we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger.

We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river seemed to vary considerably; sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east.

The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere—we cared not where—and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually; and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about, we knew not how.

But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half-hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, and the sounds of the people's voices ceased of a sudden; and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut: all

was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; everything was as visionary as "sceptres grasped in sleep."

We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land firm enough to bear our weight could anywhere be discovered. Therefore we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and, all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came splashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them; but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew, who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first, when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe we should have paid dearly for it.

We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying that if the Gewo Rous, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning; and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off, like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe was only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we had no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up 30,000 cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely; we should have had no occasion to land, except to

obtain our provisions; and, having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night.

Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in my life. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven p.m. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at his height. The wind was so strong, the sea washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little barque became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and, wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep.

There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber; at least, so thought my brother, for, though the thunder continued to roar and the wind to blow, though the rain beat in our faces and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe, drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast that two people were obliged to be constantly bailing out the water to keep her afloat. The water elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but, fortunately, did not touch our canoe. The storm continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE BY SCOTT.

THE story is an old, but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan, and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor, in a certain tragic affair which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarce

able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red deer species, coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun no rencontre could have been more agreeable, but, as he had not this advantage over the demizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path; and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some time.

A length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and, as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact

which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcase of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grace, offering as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

"WOULD to God that night or Blücher were come!" Such were the heart-wrung words of Wellington at Waterloo. Blücher came, as all the world knows, and of his share in the grand victory that followed we have already given a rather full account (*page 279*). We propose on this occasion to trace in outline the previous career of this illustrious veteran.

Lebrecht von Blücher was born in 1742, at Rostock, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, North Germany. In his fourteenth year he entered the service of Sweden, and in the war between that power and Prussia was taken prisoner. He afterwards entered the Prussian service, in which he was distinguished by his activity, but, conceiving himself neglected by the great Frederick, he became a farmer in Silesia, and so well did he manage the spade and the plough that he acquired in fifteen years an honourable independence. On the accession of Frederick William II. he was recalled to the military service, and replaced as major in his old regiment, the Black Hussars, where he distinguished himself in six general actions against the French, rising to the rank of colonel and major-general in 1793-4. He was in a subordinate command in the disastrous battle of Jena in 1802, but made a masterly retreat with his column to Lubeck, and, though he surrendered for want of provisions and ammunition, he extorted the praises of even his French adversaries. He was soon exchanged for General Victor, and when Prussia shook off the French yoke in 1813 he first obtained a separate command.

On the 2nd of May in that year the Russians and Prussians attacked the French at Lützen. The brave and dauntless Blücher with his Prussians commenced by carrying the village of Gross-Görschen by assault, and immediately afterwards a most obstinate and sanguinary contest took place around the other villages, terminating in favour of the allies, who remained masters of the ground, and forced the French to fall back in the rear. It was just at this moment

that Napoleon arrived on the field of battle with his Guards and the rest of the troops he brought with him, and he lost not a moment in pushing them forward to reinforce Ney's corps, whilst he himself rode through their ranks and cheered them on, regardless of his own danger. The action was accordingly renewed on both sides with still greater fury around the villages, which were taken and retaken several times. For the fourth time the allies united all their strength and made a final attack, and were successful: they retook the whole of the villages and completely defeated the French, who retreated in great confusion. When informed of this Napoleon turned round, and, with a look of fury at his officers, exclaimed, "What! do you believe, then, that my star is on the descent?" He, however, soon recovered his presence of mind, and gave immediate orders to his general of artillery, Drouot, to bring together the whole of his cannon (eighty pieces), and, planting them on one spot, thence scatter destruction amidst the ranks of his enemies. At the same time he posted sixteen battalions of the Guard upon the heights in the rear of the village of Kaja. The artillery, with volcano-like fury, swept everything before it; whole ranks of the allied forces were mowed down, the villages were reduced to cinders, and consequently they were abandoned entirely.

At the same moment the Russians were hard pressed on their right flank by the Viceroy Eugene, who had now arrived from Mark-Ranstadt with 30,000 fresh troops. Napoleon continued to advance, protected by the unceasing fire of his sixty to eighty pieces of artillery, planted in his centre. Nevertheless, the Russians and Prussians, although almost overcome with heat and fatigue, only retired slowly, and step by step, and bravely maintained every inch of ground capable of defence, until the fall of night.

Profound darkness now enveloped the sanguinary field of battle. Nothing else was visible except the alternate flashes of the cannon which were still discharged at long and irregular intervals, and the flames of the villages, which were gradually becoming more and more faint. Napoleon had retired to his quarters, within the strong bulwark of the regiments of his Guard, when suddenly the silence of the night was broken in upon by the clashing of swords, and a desperate attack, as if by magic, was made upon the French, even to the very guards of the emperor himself. This bold assault was made by a corps of Prussian hussars, led on by the heroic Blücher, who, with his usual intrepidity, resolved to make a last attempt, in order to serve as a warning to the French that the allies were not yet beaten. He succeeded in his object, for the enemy did not venture a pursuit, but passed the entire night under arms.

This first battle may be truly characterised as a battle of *honour*, and as such it was a *won battle*; for, in spite of the great numerical superiority of the French, the allies had not lost a single colour or cannon, nor had they, notwithstanding the heavy fire kept up by the French artillery, turned their back upon the enemy; whilst the force of the latter was 120,000 men, and that of the allied army was only 70,000. The amount altogether on both sides in killed and wounded was about 30,000 men. The Prussians especially fought with such a desperate defiance of death that

several of their heroic leaders fell a sacrifice on the field, and Generals Blücher and Scharnhorst were both severely wounded.

On the following morning Napoleon expected to be again attacked, but the allies, having taken into consideration the loss already sustained and their great inferiority compared with the French army, determined to retreat, and accordingly withdrew across the Elbe and took up a strong position at Bautzen.

On the 11th of May the French army, having hastily rebuilt the bridge over the Elbe, crossed that river, and Napoleon determined to attack the allies a second time in the strong position they occupied near Bautzen and Hochkirch. Their force now consisted of 100,000 men, whilst that of their enemy amounted to 150,000.

On the 20th, after a sanguinary combat on the heights of Burg and near Bautzen, Napoleon forced a passage to the Spree, which he crossed with his whole army, whilst the allies retired in the greatest order to their head-quarters as far as the mountains. The Russians formed the two wings, and the Prussians under Blücher occupied the centre. Early in the morning of the 21st, and before sunrise, the emperor mounted his charger, and with the attack on the left wing of the Russians the battle commenced. The charge was bravely met and sustained by the Russians, who, being masters of the heights, had great advantage over the enemy, so that, after an obstinate and severe action, the French were obliged to give way. The battle did not become general until about midday, as Napoleon waited patiently until Ney, forcing General Barclay de Tolly to retreat, captured the heights of the Gleimer windmill, as well as the village of Preititz. This was a most critical moment for the allies, as this village lay completely behind them; Blücher, however, hastened to despatch General Kleist to its aid, and it was retaken. Napoleon now saw that it was necessary to bring up his fresh troops, which he had held in reserve. He placed at their head his best general, Marshal Soult, and at the very moment that the Prussians had weakened their centre by the corps they sent to support the right wing Soult was ordered to make an attack upon it. This was done with so much fury, seconded by the heavy cannonade kept up by the French artillery, that the Prussian infantry were forced to give way before the overpowering enemy, who remained masters of the heights of Krekwitz. The allies determined upon a retreat, and this they commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, effecting it in such good order that the French found it useless to attempt a pursuit, whence they suffered little or no loss. Napoleon, who was at that moment on a high hill, had mounted one of the drums belonging to his Guard, and thence observed the allies as they retreated; he then sent some of his troops to harass their rear, but the light cavalry of both the Russians and Prussians, which covered the retreat, kept them at bay, and he was forced to content himself with remaining master of the field of battle—an advantage gained very dearly, for his loss in this action was more than 20,000 men, whilst that of the allies, altogether, was not more than 12,000.

The allied forces retired into Silesia, and Napoleon marched in rapid pursuit of them. Each time, however, that the French advanced too closely upon the heels of the rear-guard the

latter turned upon their pursuers, and after hard fighting drove them back. Napoleon, vexed at finding that his generals took so few prisoners from a retreating army, took upon himself the command of the advanced guard, and attacked the rear of the allies on the 22nd of May, at Reichenbach. But his cavalry was completely beaten back, and a cannon-ball killed close by his side his generals Kirgenier, Labryère, and Marshal Duroc, his especial friend and old school-fellow.

On the 26th Blücher gave orders to Ziethen to wait in ambush with his cavalry until the French arrived close to Haynau; and when, according to agreement, the windmill of Baudmannsdorf was set on fire as a signal the 3000 troopers rushed from behind the heights, and, falling on the enemy's squares with loud hurrahs, put them to flight, after making 300 prisoners. Colonel Dolfs, however, the leader of this brave squadron, fell gloriously whilst fighting in the midst of the enemy.

Napoleon now plainly saw that the allies were not to be overcome, and accordingly he proposed a suspension of arms, to which the allies having consented, a truce for six weeks was signed on the 8th of June. The French abandoned Breslau, of which they had shortly before made themselves masters, and retained only a portion of Silesia.

Napoleon was soon enabled to bring into the field a force of no less than 350,000 men. The allies, however, now joined by the Austrians, were far superior in numbers to the French. The Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, was appointed commander of the whole of the Northern army, a force of 125,000 men; Marshal Blücher commanded the Silesian army, of 95,000 men; while the main division of the allied army in Bohemia, consisting principally of Austrians, amounted to 230,000 men.

This division of the allied forces into three armies was well planned, for, whichever of these forces Napoleon might attack, he was sure to have the other two in his rear or on the flank. When, with his grand army, he pressed forward towards Silesia, Blücher retired, in order to draw him towards the Oder; but during this interval the main army of the allies advanced from Bohemia, and, taking possession of Dresden in his rear, caught him completely in their net. He determined, however, to turn all his strength against the Silesian army, and fall upon that division separately; but the old and expert Blücher was too much on his guard, for, when he perceived after several encounters that the main army of the French was gaining upon him near Löwenburg, he refused to give battle, and retreated to Jauer. Napoleon, who in the meantime had received hasty news of the advance of the Schwartzberg forces upon Dresden, could not venture to pursue him, but commenced his retreat back to Dresden.

He left behind him Marshal MacDonald, with a body of 80,000 men, in order to hold at bay the Prussians and Russians. But no sooner did Blücher perceive who was now his opponent than he forthwith advanced against him, and soon learnt that MacDonald, with his whole army, was in full march across the mountains on the left bank of the river Katzbach, to attack the allies. The wary Blücher allowed his enemy to proceed without interruption until he knew him to be secured amidst the ravines and narrow passes, when, the



[FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE BLÜCHER.]

favourable moment having now arrived, he exclaimed to his soldiers, "Now, lads, there are enough Frenchmen passed over. Come on! Forwards!" And on the Prussians rushed after their leader with re-echoed shouts, and soon the battle became general. This attack took place on the 26th of August, amidst torrents of rain, and Blücher, as commander-in-chief, with all the fire of his youthful days, led on the cavalry himself, and, at their head, dashed amongst the paralysed foe. Such an unexpected overwhelming attack the French could not withstand, and consequently they were everywhere put to flight. One entire division, which attempted to attack the Prussians in the rear, was, at Löwenberg, either cut to pieces or taken prisoners. Terror and dismay seized upon the whole of the French army, and they were pursued in every direction by the embittered Prussians. At length Blücher sounded the recall, and in an address congratulated his troops upon the laurels they had gained, and so truly merited, by their courage displayed in this grand battle. The Prussians captured 103 pieces of cannon, 250 ammunition waggons, two French eagles, together with numerous other trophies, and made 18,000 prisoners, including many superior officers.

Henceforth the great Prussian general was called by his army *Marshal Forwards*, and the King of Prussia shortly afterwards made him a field-marshal and Prince of Wahlstadt.

Blücher now resolved to form a junction with the Army of the North. Suddenly, by a rapid counter-march, equally bold and unexpected, he arrived at Jessen on the Elbe, at the moment he was thought to be at Bautzen; and whilst, in order to deceive the enemy, he ordered music and dancing to be

continually performed in his camp, he caused two bridges to be constructed during the night on the river, and on the following morning the Silesian army was already marching along its left bank. This was a bold and dangerous undertaking, for the army was exposed to the fire of two fortifications in front and rear. General Bertrand had likewise just marched into that country with 20,000 men, and had taken up a very strong position near Wartenburg. Scarcely had he established himself there before he beheld advancing upon him the veteran marshal and his Prussians, whom he little expected, and who themselves were equally surprised by the presence of so strong a French force. General York, however, at the head of the vanguard, immediately attacked the advanced posts, and an obstinate and sanguinary battle took place. The French were forced to retreat, after a loss of 1000 prisoners and thirteen pieces of cannon.

Blücher marched thence to Düben, and joined the Army of the North, which had crossed the Elbe, and arrived at Dessau.

Napoleon now directed his march against Blücher; but what was his astonishment when, on arriving on the 10th of October at Düben, he found that Blücher had marched behind the Saale, there to be ready to form a junction with the Bohemian army as soon as it arrived in the neighbourhood of Leipsic! Under these circumstances there remained nothing else for him to do but to march to Leipsic himself, and to assemble there all the forces he could command. These, on the 15th of October, to the number of 180,000 men, he drew up in a circle around the city.

During the same night Prince Schwartzenberg

ordered three rockets to be fired off as the agreed signal to the Silesian army on the other side of Leipsic, which was immediately answered by the ascension of four rockets in that quarter, an acknowledgment producing universal joy and confidence among the allied forces.

The morning of the 16th was at first extremely misty and gloomy, but towards nine o'clock, after a second signal had been given by the discharge of three cannon-shots, which was succeeded by the thunder of artillery on both sides, the clouds of vapour gradually disappeared, the sky became serene, and during the whole of this sanguinary day the sun shone upon the field of battle. The cannonading kept up on both sides was so terrific that the very earth trembled with the continued concussion, and the oldest warriors present declared that until that moment they had never witnessed such awful discharges of artillery, for on the side of the French alone the number of cannon employed in this destructive work was 600 pieces, and that on the part of the allies amounted to between 800 and 1000.

We must not, however, attempt in this place to describe the battle of Leipsic, which was rather a series of battles during three days between various corps of the allied army and various French corps, acting on a very wide plan of attack and defence. Let us merely observe that on the first day the battle raged with great fury at three principal points, and one of the most serious engagements was that towards the north, between Blücher and Marshal Marmont. This last action assumed a more distinct form, and was called the battle of Moeckern. Here Napoleon lost three times over the benefits he derived from the action gained in other parts of the field, for at the very moment that he made known his victory at Leipsic, and the bells were set ringing in order to stimulate the courage of his soldiers by their deceptive sound, Blücher by one well-timed blow entirely disappointed his premature calculations. That general had arrived about midday, and immediately ordered the attack to be made, with the entire force under York, against Marshal Marmont in Moeckern, simultaneously with that executed by Langeron against Gross and Klein Wiedersich; and, as the two points of attack were widely apart from each other, Sacken was stationed in the centre with the reserve, to furnish aid either to the right or left.

The Prussians had to sustain the most obstinate and hard-fought contest of all in Moeckern and its neighbourhood; nevertheless they did not flinch, although their numbers diminished very seriously, and the reserve, consisting of General Horn's brigade, was all now left to them. Blücher now sent orders to Sacken to advance with his troops, but the distance was too great, and York saw well that at this critical moment he had no time to lose, but must depend upon his own resources. Accordingly he despatched one of his aides-de-camp to General Horn, who was stationed in the open plain, and announced to him the pressing danger in which he was placed. "Eh! is it so, captain?" exclaimed the brave general. "Well, then," addressing his soldiers, "let us, in our turn, comrades, advance to the rescue with our cheers!" Saying which, he led on his troops amidst loud shouts to the attack, and, penetrating to the left of the village, charged the enemy with the bayonet,

and, before the latter were enabled to load their artillery a third time, it was captured and their ranks overthrown. Happily arrived also just at this moment the entire corps of Mecklenburg hussars, who, dashing upon the French squares of infantry, completely overpowered them, and, putting them to flight, pursued them as far as the Partha. More than fifty pieces of artillery, besides ammunition, were captured.

Such was the battle of Moeckern, and the French fared no better in the other engagements that formed the three days' battle of Leipsic. Defeated at all points, Napoleon withdrew his forces across the Rhine, and, though he made almost superhuman efforts to resist the advance of the allies, they entered Paris in triumph a few months after. Prominent in that array of monarchs and marshals rode Blücher, whose obstinate valour in fighting his way to the capital may be summed up in Napoleon's own words:—"That old devil never gave me any rest. I beat him to-day: good, he attacked me to-morrow. I beat him in the morning: he was ready to fight again in the evening. He suffered enormous losses, and, according to all calculation, ought to have thought himself too happy to be allowed to retire unmolested, instead of which he immediately advanced upon me again. Ah! the old devil!"

After the battle of Waterloo the allies again entered Paris, where Blücher remained for several months. His health declining, he retired to his Silesian residence, at Kirblowitz, where he died on the 12th of September, 1819, aged 77.

THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

FROM the pen of an eyewitness we give the following account of heroism displayed by the wife of a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, at Matagorda, when the French bombarded it with thirty pieces of cannon, in 1810:—

It may be easily conceived (says he) what havoc would be created by so much artillery playing upon a place not more than 100 yards square, and it may also be imagined that few women could have maintained ordinary courage or self-possession in such a place; but from the commencement of the action she behaved in a manner which it is scarcely in my power to do justice to. The bomb-proofs being too small to contain the whole garrison, some of the men had huts formed on the battery, and among the rest was that of Mrs. R. When the French opened upon us she was awakened out of her sleep by a 24-pound shot striking the fascine where her head lay, but, nothing daunted, she got up, and, removing her child, a boy of four years old, down to the bomb-proof, she assisted the surgeon in dressing the wounded men, who were fast increasing on his hands, for which purpose she tore up her own linen and that of her husband. Water being needed, one of the drum-boys was desired to go and draw some from the well in the centre of the battery; but he did not ~~soon~~ ^{soon} ~~return~~ ^{return} to the task, and was lying the bucket dangling in his hand.

"Why don't you surgeon."

"The poor thing
"and no wonder at
go for it."

So saying, she relieved the drummer from the perilous duty, and, amid the dreadful discharge of artillery playing on the battery, she let down the vessel to fill it with water. She had scarcely done so when the rope was cut by a shot, but she determined to get her message with her, and, begging the assistance of a sailor, she recovered the bucket, and brought it filled with water down to the bomb-proof, where her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. In the intervals she carried sand-bags for the repair of the battery, handed along ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns with wine and water; and when the other two women (who had been in hysterics in one of the bomb-proofs from the time the action had commenced) were leaving the battery she refused to go. Next morning, our ammunition being expended, we ceased firing, and the French, seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent down a strong force to take possession of the place, and our men were mustered for their reception, when Mrs. R. was at her post with the others, determined to share in the danger. It was a critical moment, for had they got under the range of our guns our efforts would have been unavailing. Through the ruinous state of the fort, three guns, all that we could bring to bear upon them, were crammed with loose powder, grape, ball-cartridge, &c., to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot, and when they came within two or three hundred yards of the fort we poured their contents into the very heart of the column, and laid the half of them prostrate on the earth. Those who survived took to flight; their batteries again opened, and, a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived for us, we returned their salute, but, the place being found untenable, the surviving part of the garrison were withdrawn by the boats of our fleet.

Mrs. R. still exhibited the same undaunted spirit: she made three different journeys across the battery for her husband's necessities and her own. The last was for her child, who was lying in the bomb-proof. I think I see her yet, while the shot and shell were flying thick around her, bending her body over it to shield it from danger, by the exposure of her own person. Luckily she escaped unhurt, and was for some years after the war a resident at Glasgow.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A PLUNGE DOWN A CATARACT.

WHILE fighting against the French and Indians General Putnam once found himself with a boat and five men on the eastern side of the Hudson, near the tremendous falls of that river. Suddenly a considerable body of Indians appeared, advancing with the intention of sur-
 this dilemma three modes of
 themselves—to remain, fight,
 attempt to cross the river
 hot of the enemy; or to sail
 almost a certainty of being
 out hesitation, the general
 alternatives, and jumped

into his boat just as one of his companions fell a victim to the savages. His enemies soon reached the river's bank, and discharged their muskets at him before he could get out of their reach. Having escaped this danger, he was soon carried by the current into one even more formidable. Rocks, whose points projected above the surface of the water; masses of timber, that nearly closed the passage; and gulfs and rapid descents for nearly a quarter of a mile left him no hope of escape but by a miracle. Putnam, however, placed himself at the helm and steered his boat with the utmost tranquillity. With admiration and dread his companions saw him avoid rock after rock and gulf after gulf which every instant threatened him with destruction. He disappeared and rose again, but continually directed his course along the only passage which offered the remotest chance of escape, until at length he gained the even surface of the river that flowed at the bottom of the dreadful cascade. His enemies were no less surprised than his friends. They considered him as invulnerable, and thought they should offend the Great Spirit if they attempted the life of a man who was so visibly under his immediate protection.

A SINGULAR PRESENT.

AFTER the battle of the Nile Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with Admiral Nelson, ordered his carpenter to make a coffin solely from the wreck, both as to the wood and iron, of the French ship *L'Orient*. His orders were punctually obeyed, and one having been finished with considerable neatness from *L'Orient's* mainmast, it was presented to the admiral with the following letter:—

"Swiftsure, August, 1798.

"SIR,—I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world you may be buried in one of your trophies; but that that period may be far distant is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

"B. HALLOWELL."

The admiral highly appreciated the gift, and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length he was prevailed on to allow its being carried below, but when he shifted his flag into the *Foudroyant* it was carefully removed with him into that ship.

TWO HUNDRED TO ONE.

IN the war between the French and Spaniards in 1503 a body of 5000 French, crossing the river Garigliano, attacked the Spanish camp, which they would probably have forced had they been supported; but Gonzalvo, after a furious contest, drove them out of his intrenchments, and, in spite of their artillery, compelled them to recross the bridge, after sustaining a very severe loss. On this occasion the brave Bayard is said to have alone withstood 200 Spaniards, who pressed after him at the barrier of the bridge, until, his horse falling with him, he was taken prisoner, but quickly rescued by the exertions of his men.

A TON OF HUMAN HEADS.

IN the year 1666 a small privateer, with only fifty men, under Captain Middleton, fell in with

a Turkish fleet of five-and-twenty sail, eighteen of them being the best galleys the Turks possessed. This immense force speedily set upon the poor little privateer, crying out in derision that they would eat English beef for dinner. They, however, little expected the warm reception they met with. After a long and sharp encounter the two pachas who commanded were killed, with the incredible number of 1500 men, besides many wounded, and the whole squadron was so shattered that they were scarcely able to retreat. Captain Middleton had neither sails nor tackle left to follow them, and it was with much difficulty that he arrived safely at Candia, bearing with him a whole ton weight of salted heads of those he had killed in their frequent boardings. Here the senate presented him with a gold chain and medal of great value as a reward for his bravery. Captain Middleton shortly afterwards died, on his voyage home.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE SCHOLAR.

SIR SAMUEL CORNISH rose entirely by his merit from a very low situation in life to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were but very slender. At the surrender of Manila, in 1763, his colleague, Colonel Draper, who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, carried on all the negotiations relative to the ransom of the city in the Latin language with the Spanish archbishop. On the shameful evasion of the payment of this ransom Admiral Cornish declared he would never accept a command again in conjunction with a man who understood Latin.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XI. — THE MUTINEERS AT WORK AGAIN.

THE congratulations of Phil's boat, when he heard a minute account of the affair with the elephants, were sincere and hearty, though he deplored the untimely death of a faithful servant, and one of the best mahouts in Trincomalee.

"Your death was as surely meant, Mr. Maberly, in that piece of acting of those elephants, as was ever a criminal's under the warrant of execution. The picking a quarrel with your boat, and insulting it with taunting cries (for the elephant is vain of his finery and awfully proud), was just what they would do to get close up to you. It is true he might have killed you by a blow on the head, but depend upon it he was told to tread out your brains, that there might be no doubt of your death. I am rejoiced, however, that you have escaped that rascal's plot."

"And I feel particularly obliged to you, Mr. Cummings, for your hint this morning, though I confess I had not a thought of danger till I saw the raised foot, and then the certainty of mischief

flashed like lightning through my brain. Well, Bill, what about the clipper schooner, and does she touch at Madras?" Phil asked, as that personage made his appearance.

"Well, governor, the first port she makes will be Mauritius or Bourbon. But the schooner you wanted to buy has left Madras, and we may expect her here every tide. Why, squire, she's the sister ship of this very schooner; only she's black, and not japanned, like this Captain Rowland's. I see all over her, and then skoke the skipper's daughter. Oh! my eyes and limbs! ain't she a sweet creature! Such a figure-head, such lines, and such a run! Oh! beautiful!"

"Which are you talking of, Bill—the lady or the schooner?" asked Phil, with a smile.

"Both, though if you was to ask me which is the tightest, the smartest, and the loveliest craft, why, then, upon my soul, governor, I couldn't tell you," replied Bill enthusiastically. "All I know is this, that if the sister ship is, as the skipper says, the picture of his, then you wouldn't find a lovelier craft."

"Instead of going to Madras, then, we must stay here a few days longer, till the *Sunflower* drops anchor in this port; and if I find her at all like her sister, and the price is not too monstrous, I promise you, Bill, you shall be, after Ben, the first man rated on her books." And with this mutually cheering intelligence the companions separated for the night.

Philip Maberly's dreams were bright and joyous, and on the following morning it was long beyond his usual hour of rising when the faithful Ben, ever anxious concerning his friend and governor, resolved to go aloft and see for himself what kept the skipper in his bunk after eight bells.

A knock at the door meeting with no response, Ben with some trepidation turned the handle and entered. The sight of Phil in a tranquil sleep at once dispelled every apprehension, and with a silent pleasure he looked on the open manly features of his chief, half reluctant to wake him and impart the sad news he had to relate.

Had Ben known how at that moment Phil was thinking of Captain Rowland's lovely daughter, so energetically described by Bill, and of the fairy-like clipper, he would have paused before rousing him from such delightful but too transient visions.

"What cheer, ahoy! It's eight bells, sir, and the prog's all ready," he cried, going close up to the muslin curtains that shut the sleeper in his bed. As Phil rolled over on his side and began to rub his eyes he continued, "Will you have your shaving tackle now, or will you wait till you have stowed away your soft tack and grub?"

"Eight bells! Why, you don't say so, Ben? How sound I must have slept! It doesn't seem half an hour since I turned in," replied Phil, rolling out of bed, and beginning to wash himself with his customary despatch.

"Short as it seems, it's been pretty well upon ten hours," responded Ben, brushing Phil's coat and trousers.

"I never knew a night pass so quickly."

"Short to you, as I'm glad it was, it's been a plaguery long night to somebody, I reckon."

"What do you mean, Ben?" inquired Phil, stopping in the process of drying his face and hair. "To whom has it been so plaguery long? Has the casterly wind given Bill a touch of his

rheumatism, or have you been lying awake all night with the tooth-ache?"

"Worse than that, governor, far worse," replied the sententious Ben.

"Then in Heaven's name let us have it," replied Phil, dressing in haste. "Your news must be uncommonly painful, Ben, for you look as mournful as a mute."

"And it is mournful news, and no mistake. The schooner's gone," rejoined Ben, in a short surly one.

"Well, I suppose the skipper's passes were all square, and he had nothing to wait for, and so dropped down with the night tide."

"I wish I could think it; but he never went over the bar with his own free will at two o'clock his morning, not he," was the half-testy rejoinder.

"Speak out, Ben, at once, and let me know all at once pull," Phil exclaimed, rather irritated at Ben's delay.

"Well, then, them rascally mutineers, Nixon, the Yankee, and Dick, with a lot o' scamps they have picked up along shore here, got aboard the schooner in the dead o' the night, strangled the only watch there was on deck, cut the throats of some of the crew they found in their bunks, crept aft into the cabin, got out the arms, and then batted down the companion."

"Go on; there's more to come," cried Phil, greatly excited. "Quick! Tell me what more."

"Then they slipped the hawser, for the anchor was a strip and the schooner was only moored to a sledge and a buoy, and stood down the river. Pitching over the four or five murdered crew, they hoisted a lot o' canvas and crossed the bar like a cork. They then set courses and every stitch of sail that would draw, and the schooner was put due east, to make the Moluccas, and was lead down on the horizon before the skipper or his beautiful daughter had turned out o' their berths, or had a thought of what was taking place above their heads."

"Good Heavens, Ben, you take away my breath. I shall curse the hour I first saved that scoundrel Nixon's life."

"I should think you ought to do. I told you then, and have since, that you only saved the life of a man-snake, who would pay you off some day by cutting your throat," replied Ben, in moody displeasure.

"But how did you become aware of all these acts, if, as you say, the mutineers have carried off the schooner, with her captain and his daughter and the rest of her crew?"

"Why, you see, governor, the first thing I did in jumping out o' my berth this morning was, as usual, to look down stream after the pretty schooner, where I had left her last night, pulling at her moorings just for all the world like a horse wanted its head, a straining like mad to be off."

"Well?"

"Well, she wasn't there when I looked, and where that I could see, in any place. 'What's up now?' says I. 'Captain Rowland warn't likely to slip his cable and run in that sneaky way, particularly when he said he wasn't going to sea for the next three tides;' and then I looks at the sky and the water, but, bless you, there hadn't been a wind to speak of, and no sea—nothing to count or it nohow."

"How, then, did you discover it, Ben?"

"Why, I didn't discover it, or nothing else, but just as I was a wondering and trying to make it out somehow I heard a terrible shindy down in the after part of the bungalow, where, as you know, the river runs slap up along the beam of the house."

"I know a branch of the river sweeps past the back door of the inn, where there is a landing for passengers from boats."

"Of course there is. Well, on the steps and landing of this pier all the mongrel pack of bearers, kitmutgars, and syces in the hotel were drawn up like a swarm of bees, and chattering just for all the world like a troop of monkeys. 'My eyes! what are those gabbling fools up to now?' says I; so down I goes to have a look for myself, and I'm blest if there wasn't a rumpus enough to take away a feller's breath."

"How do you mean? What was there to see?"

"Enough and to spare, I can tell you. They had just dragged up on the steps of the landing the bodies o' four sailors, each with his throat cut from ear to ear, that had come floating down the river—one of the awfulest sights, as the heads hung over the parapet, that I ever set eyes on."

"Did you know the men when you saw their bodies?"

"I only knew, by their chains and earrings, that they were Frenchmen and furriners; but the nigger chaps of the house knowed them by their names, and said they was part of the crew of the schooner, and had been drinking at the Packet up to seven o'clock last night, when they rowed away for the ship. Just at that moment a skiff pulled up, and a hand leaped ashore, who turned out to be the steward of the craft. He had hid himself in the fore-hold, had seen the watch strangled when Nixon's lot came aboard, and saw the others one by one brought on deck, with their mouths closed, taken to the gangway, and, like so many sheep, have their throats cut and then dropped into the stream. Watching his opportunity, he worked his way aft, and had just reached the door of the skipper's state cabin when he stumbled on Nixon."

"What followed this abrupt encounter?" asked Phil, as Ben paused in his narrative.

"Nixon cried out, 'Who the deuce are you?' and made a savage cut at him with a cutlass, splitting the companion rail right in two. 'Who are you?' sang out a chap on deck, who tried to grab him as he tore up the stairs, followed by Nixon, swearing till he was black in the face, and making cuts at his back. Knocking over the chap on deck, and giving Nixon a kick in the mouth as he mounted the companion, the steward made for the gangway, took a header into the river, and struck out for shore as fast as his arms would carry him."

"Did they not pursue him?" asked Phil.

"No, for they were afraid of making a noise, and too anxious to get off scot free. When the steward got ashore and looked round they had slipped the hawser from the ledge, and, with the foresail and jibs filling away and the spanker sheeted home, were running down with the tide at ten knots an hour. The steward then kept running up and down the bank till the sun was high enough to dry him, and he could find a skiff to row up to the town and tell what had come of the schooner."

[illegible]

"I am not a man of great strength, but I am a man of great courage. I am not a man of great wealth, but I am a man of great spirit. I am not a man of great power, but I am a man of great heart. I am not a man of great knowledge, but I am a man of great faith. I am not a man of great skill, but I am a man of great love. I am not a man of great fame, but I am a man of great honor. I am not a man of great glory, but I am a man of great peace. I am not a man of great joy, but I am a man of great hope. I am not a man of great life, but I am a man of great death. I am not a man of great light, but I am a man of great darkness. I am not a man of great truth, but I am a man of great lies. I am not a man of great good, but I am a man of great evil. I am not a man of great virtue, but I am a man of great vice. I am not a man of great wisdom, but I am a man of great folly. I am not a man of great strength, but I am a man of great courage. I am not a man of great wealth, but I am a man of great spirit. I am not a man of great power, but I am a man of great heart. I am not a man of great knowledge, but I am a man of great faith. I am not a man of great skill, but I am a man of great love. I am not a man of great fame, but I am a man of great honor. I am not a man of great glory, but I am a man of great peace. I am not a man of great joy, but I am a man of great hope. I am not a man of great life, but I am a man of great death. I am not a man of great light, but I am a man of great darkness. I am not a man of great truth, but I am a man of great lies. I am not a man of great good, but I am a man of great evil. I am not a man of great virtue, but I am a man of great vice. I am not a man of great wisdom, but I am a man of great folly.

1. When not particularly well-discontented men in

The following information was obtained from the records of the [redacted] Department of the [redacted] Government, dated [redacted].

[The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text.]

... and the young and ...

... and I will ship with me
and I will be paying the ...

1. I am not a member of the Communist Party.

"While I am arranging matters with the captain and looking after stores, you three go down and find the crew what has happened and what I mean to do, so that those who have to work for fighting a pirate may get off the ship better; and you can tell them about guy, Ben and me in two hours."

When the moon rose that flood-tide, the *Seaflower* the *Avenger*, had taken her board, with abundance of and with a complement of dropping down the river at flood-tide. Captain F provisionally become her o-

the object of his expedition being to rescue innocence and punish the foulest of crimes—piracy and murder.

CHAPTER XII.—THE DIADEM AT SEA.

WE have said in the previous chapter that the American-built schooner *Diadem*, commanded by Captain Rowland, was in beauty of shape and delicacy of trim almost faultless. As her owner, the captain, meant to take his daughter with him for a few voyages, and for some time to come make his ship her home, he had spared no expense in the internal fittings, so as to surround his darling child with every elegance that the circumscribed space of a schooner would admit of. It was also to please her fancy that her hull and spars had been lacquered with the rich warm yellow to which we have already alluded.

On the cabins Captain Rowland, taking counsel of his daughter's cultivated taste, had lavished all that wealth and refinement could compass to make them perfect. A suite of three elegantly-furnished apartments, embracing the whole after part of the vessel, was assigned to Miss Rowland's sole use. These were divided into a boudoir, a bath and dressing room, and a double-bedded sleeping chamber for her and her maid.

On the boudoir taste and art seemed to have exhausted themselves in the perfection of luxury and elegance. Fluted satin of costly price, edged and draped with silver bullion, covered the walls, and formed frames for brilliant mirrors, cabinet pictures of rare beauty, cameos, and other works of art. Divans and ottomans were placed round the room, while a carpet of velvet pile, in whose yielding texture the mistress's fairy foot sunk deep, covered the floor. An expanse of azure silk, studded with silver stars, seemed to make a perpetual firmament of the roof, from the centre of which depended an ornolu and alabaster lamp, diffusing a soft and balmy light. A piano, harp, and guitar, with a cheffonier, containing in diamond editions an ample library of the English classics, found each its fitting recess. Before the stern windows hung silken curtains, while on the balcony without, protected in rough weather by jalousies and shutters, were beds of tropical plants and rich-scented blossoms, filling the apartment, when the windows were pushed back, with exquisite perfume.

Extending quite across the ship, and advancing as far as the after hatchway, entirely covering the approach to his daughter's suite, was the chief saloon, with the sleeping apartment of the captain, a door near the centre of the main cabin leading into Miss Rowland's boudoir. The after part of the deck beneath was divided into state-rooms for the mates and other officers, while on the orlop deck, but ingeniously hidden from the crew (their actual situation being known only to the captain), were placed the magazine, the armoury, and billiard-room, should the *Diadem* at a

with specie or jewels.
 1 e schooner was, as usual,
 dev the cuddy or cook-house,
 wh beam gave her a capa-
 city unusual in a vessel of
 her being able to accommo-
 date ro.
 allt with every modern
 and with everything of

first-rate quality, Captain Rowland maintained the most scrupulous order and cleanliness in every part of his ship, and for this purpose had selected a crew of the best and most active young men that Boston, New York, or London could yield—men who, like their captain, took a pride in the order and neatness of their vessel.

The reader must not suppose that these remarks on the fittings and arrangement of the *Diadem* are uncalled for: they are, in fact, necessary to the better understanding of the following portion of our story.

About three o'clock in the morning of the day on which the events which formed the subject of our last chapter occurred, Miss Rowland (or Louise, as we shall in future call her) was awakened from her more than usually light sleep by sounds or motions different from those customary in harbour. After trying to satisfy herself of what she actually heard she sat up in bed, and, as the subdued light that always burned in her bedroom lamp enabled her to distinguish every object in the apartment, she gazed steadily and inquiringly round, but everything was exactly as she had left it.

The slow but steady oscillation of the lamp, however, showed her that there was something taking place. Watching it a little longer, and bending her head as if some irregular or distant sound had struck on her ear, she remained for a few seconds in perplexing doubt. Still unsatisfied, she slowly rose from her bed, enveloped herself in a dressing-gown of quilted satin, lit a small wax taper, and crossed the cabin to where her maid was enjoying a deep and tranquil slumber.

Having resolved not to wake the peaceful sleeper, Louise turned from the bed, and with a calm mien unlocked the door, and the next moment entered the perfumed boudoir, still lighted by the pendant lamp.

Closing the door behind her, that no sudden noise should rouse the girl, Louise fixed her eyes steadily on the lamp with the same look of doubt with which she had regarded the one in her bedroom, and this too she noted was vibrating with a momentum for which she could assign no feasible cause. Passing to the door that led into the saloon or chief cabin, she paused for a few seconds after unlocking it to listen for any unusual sound, and immediately passed through, closing the door, as in the former case, behind her. Here the only thing that caused her any surprise was the discovery that the skylight, the only source of light to the saloon, was closely invested with tarpaulin, a precaution only adopted in very heavy seas, or when the tropical rains endangered the glass or invaded the cabin beneath.

Without wasting another thought on the matter, she crossed at once to the partially-opened door that led into her father's sleeping berth, on the opposite side of the ship, where a port-hole over his toilet-table, and a couple of dead-eyes on deck, afforded sufficient light in daytime for all the purposes of a bedroom.

"Father, are you awake? May I come in?" she asked in her low soft voice, and gently tapping at the door.

Twice the appeal for entrance was made before Captain Rowland was sufficiently awake to recognise his daughter's voice and bid her enter.

"Why, Louise, my darling, what has brought

you out of your bed at this time in the morning?" demanded the captain, raising himself in bed and glancing at his repeater. "Why, it is only three o'clock! Are you ill, Louise?"

"No, no, father, I am not ill," she hastened to assure him, as she stretched out a hand as if to forbid his intention of rising, and, putting down her candle, she seated herself beside his bed. "I assure you I am perfectly well, but, being unable to sleep, I got up and came to you."

"And what prevented you from sleeping, my love?"

"I hardly know, father. At first I think I was dreaming, for in my sleep I seemed to hear some unusual noises on deck, and, though none of them lasted above a minute, they had the effect of completely rousing me. Though I heard no particular noise afterwards, I became conscious of a number of motions, which I could not reconcile with the almost perfect stillness of the schooner at bedtime."

"Noises on board the *Diadem*, and enough to wake you out of your first sleep, and I not to hear it? No, darling, no; you must have been deceived."

"No, father, I was not deceived. Besides, I heard the scrooping sound which the spanker-boom sometimes makes when it swings round under a single or a double reefed mainsail; and there was one sudden plunge, with a hiss and a roar of water, as if we had made a rush down a high wave. But that was in my sleep, and was all confused. It woke me, however, and I kept quietly watching for any repetition, but nothing occurred like that."

"No, I should think not. You little goose, you have had a fit of nightmare, and it has filled you with vague surmises," the captain replied, with an affectionate smile. "Nothing real in anything, Louise; mere imagination, love; only fancy, depend upon it."

"Father!" Louise suddenly exclaimed, with a greater amount of alarm in her voice and manner than she had yet betrayed, "father, answer me seriously, is it all fancy, or is there not motion on the schooner now? Is she, or is she not, under weigh?"

"Such motion as a vessel moored in a river with her head firmly secured to a buoy would feel the *Diadem* of course experiences, but nothing else. What are you running that little head of yours against?" replied her father, with a smile.

"Look at your lamp, father; see how it sways; so do mine, both in the boudoir and bedroom. During the whole day and till I went to bed I know they hung motionless." And she pointed to the faint lamp that hung from her father's cabin ceiling, and on which, with knitted brows, Captain Rowland gazed intently for some moments before he made any reply.

"Take your light, darling, and go into the saloon; examine the binnacle carefully, and bring me word exactly how the ship's head lies," he said at length, after meditating with troubled looks on the swaying lamp.

Obedying her father's directions, Louise proceeded into the main cabin, and, passing up to her father's seat at the head of the table, held up her light to read a large compass that hung face downwards, and by glancing up to which at any moment the commander could tell every change, however slight, in the position of the ship's head.

Having conned the card carefully, and satisfied herself that the tarpaulin was still over the skylight, Louise went back to her father.

"How's her head?" he demanded with sudden abruptness, removing his eyes from the still swinging lamp.

"North-east by east, father."

With a strong effort the captain suppressed the oath that rose to his lips as the startling intelligence fell on his ear, only venting his indignation and astonishment by a blow with his fist on the nearest bulkhead.

"Leave me, my dear, for a moment. I must rise and investigate this matter," he said abruptly to his daughter.

Taking her light, Louise again entered the saloon, and, though as self-possessed in danger and as indifferent to ordinary fear as she was good and beautiful, she could not regard the suspicious circumstances that suddenly surrounded her but with feelings of vague alarm. She was perfectly convinced that the schooner was under weigh. Her knowledge of nautical matters also taught her that, wherever she was, the *Diadem* was not tacking, but running before the wind on an even keel, and that to do this they must be out at sea. That they had crossed the bar at the mouth of the river she now felt perfectly convinced, when she remembered that strange motion that first effectually roused her from sleep. But for the battering down of the skylight she might have thought that the schooner had broken from her moorings, and the watch having fallen asleep, had drifted out to sea unwatched and unsuspected.

At this moment Captain Rowland, having hastily dressed, entered the saloon and took a seat by her side, causing her to start back with absolute alarm at the extraordinary change which only a few minutes had effected in his appearance. His lately muscular frame seemed shrunk and hollow, his good-humoured jovial countenance appeared preternaturally long and careworn, his hair, damp with anxiety, hung long and uncombed over his broad forehead, while his whole aspect had so sad and haggard an expression that Louise, overcoming her alarm, inquired anxiously—

"Oh! father, what has so changed you? Are you ill? Tell me—oh! pray do—what is it that ails you?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he answered vaguely, pressing the small white hand she had laid on his shoulder. "You were right, darling; we are under weigh. I have opened my port window, and by the little moonlight visible there is not a landmark in sight. We have long left the river, and are now crossing the Bay of Bengal."

"Father!"

"It is true, my dear. We must look the evils before us firmly in the face, and then study how to avert them."

"Tell me first, father, did you order them to batten down the skylight?"

"No, certainly not. Why?"

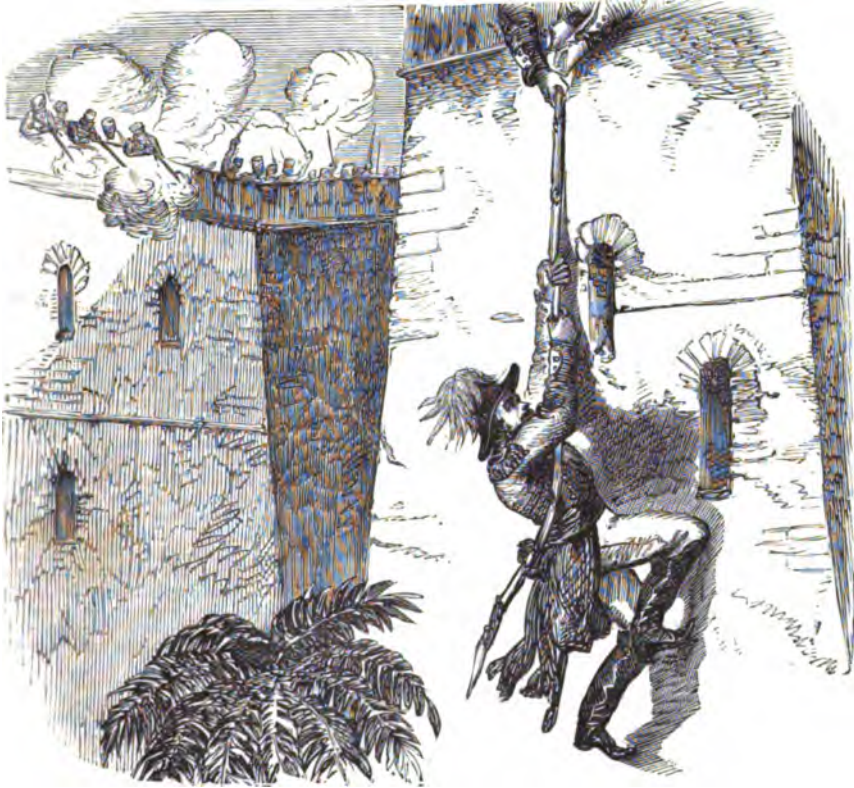
"Because it has been done; look," and, holding up her light, she showed her father the tarpaulin, visible through the glass.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[COLONEL GILLESPIE SCALING THE RAMPART IN FACE OF THE MUTINEERS.]

THE MUTINY AT VELLORE.

THE Anglo-Indian army was resting for a short interval from its arduous labours, when a violent mutiny threatened to shake our Eastern Empire to its foundations. The grievance of the mutineers was a ridiculous order of the Madras authorities, by which the Sepoys were required to appear on parade with their *chins clean shaved*, and the hair on the upper lip cut *after the same pattern*, and never to wear the distinguishing mark of caste, or their earrings when in uniform. A *FURBAN* of a new pattern was also ordered for the Sepoys. All these regulations were considered a specious attack upon the Hindoo religion, and the brave blacks were stung by the ingratitude

of those who forgot that soldiers have a conscience.

The first symptoms of insubordination appeared in the second battalion of the 4th Regiment of Native Infantry, which then composed part of the garrison of Vellore. This fortress had been fixed upon, at the termination of the Mysore war in 1799, for the residence of the family of the late Tippoo Sultan; and at this period not only his sons and their numerous relations and attendants lived in the fort, but the whole neighbourhood swarmed with the creatures of the deposed family. An extravagant revenue had also been placed at their disposal, which enabled them to purchase the services of a host of retainers. Accordingly, no fewer than 3000 ~~Mysoreans~~ settled in Vellore

you out of your bed at this time in the morning?" demanded the captain, raising himself in bed and glancing at his repeater. "Why, it is only three o'clock! Are you ill, Louise?"

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(To be continued.)

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Colonel Gillespie started within fifteen minutes after he received the intelligence, with a single troop of his regiment; and, ordering the remainder, with the galloper-guns, to follow with all possible speed, he and his men cleared the distance in an hour and ten minutes. So eager was Gillespie to reach his destination that he was considerably in advance of his troop when Sergeant Brodie, who had expended his last cartridge, desisted him from the top of the gateway. Brodie, who had served with him in St. Domingo, turned to his drooping comrades and said, "If Colonel Gillespie be alive, here he is at the head of the 19th Dragoons, and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East."

Regardless of his own safety, and in the face of a furious fire poured upon him from the walls and close round towers, Gillespie pushed towards the bastion and the gateway. There a chain, formed of the soldiers' belts, being let down, the colonel grasped it and was pulled up the face of the work. The poor survivors of the 69th received him with shouts of welcome as their deliverer, promptly formed at his word of command, charged with the bayonet, and drove the mutineers headlong from that part of the works.

The arrival of Colonel Gillespie was soon after followed by that of the galloper-guns of his regiment, which were at once brought to play upon the principal gates of the fort, and blew them open. By this time the whole of the 19th, with a strong troop of the 7th Native Cavalry, had arrived, and as soon as the gates were forced they all rushed into the fort. The mutineers were numerous and desperate, and were encouraged by their native officers to make a firm stand; but the charge of the cavalry and the regiment of the 69th, under the personal command of Colonel Gillespie, together with the fire of the gallopers, broke and dispersed them: 300 or 400 were cut to pieces on the spot, some hundreds threw down their arms and cried for quarter, while the rest fled in all directions. A considerable number escaped through the sally-port; but some hundreds were taken in hiding-places, and imprisoned. The disaffection had not reached the native cavalry, for they charged as fiercely as our own dragoons, and their sabres were as deeply stained with the blood of their misguided countrymen.

Some of the ruthless acts committed by the rebels in this fearful mutiny are too horrible to be written. Local tradition still tells the fearful fate of British ladies who fell victims—of children dragged from their little dormitories to have their brains dashed out against the walls—of mutilations committed on the bodies of the slaughtered. Captain Ely, of the 69th, with his infant son in his arms, was butchered in the presence of Mrs. Ely; twenty European officers, besides various members of their families, were slaughtered in cold blood; 164 soldiers perished, and eighty-four were more or less wounded.

The old standard of the late Tippoo Sultan had been hoisted on the palace, within the fortress, almost as soon as the insurrection broke out, and no doubt was entertained that the sons of Tippoo were partakers in the plot. In the first emotions, therefore, of indignation and horror, the enraged soldiers were bent upon entering the palace and glutting their revenge upon its helpless inmates; but Colonel Gillespie, greatly to his honour, pre-

vented them. It was said that, had not this gallant officer acted with such promptness and spirit, the insurgents, in the course of a few days, would have been joined by 50,000 men from Mysore and other parts.

A special commission having inquired into the origin of the mutiny, it appeared that the innovation in dress and the residence of the Mysore family at Vellore were the leading causes, and that the plot was to have broken out on the 17th of June. A communication to this effect had indeed been made to an officer of the garrison by Mustapha Beg, a Sepoy of the first battalion 1st Regiment; but the native officers pretended that Mustapha Beg was insane. He was presented, by order of government, with 2000 rupees and a gold medal for his fidelity. It was now determined to send the Mysore princes to Bengal, and they were accordingly sent down to Madras, under an escort commanded by Colonel Gillespie, and embarked for Calcutta on board the *Culoden*. The next step adopted by government was to rescind the fatal regulations respecting dress; and, these being disposed of, another question arose as to the manner of disposing of the culprits. Here conciliation again triumphed, and ultimately the greater part of the disaffected troops escaped with very slight punishment. A few only of the most culpable suffered death; the remainder were merely dismissed the service, and declared incapable of being re-admitted to it; while some of the officers whose guilt was thought to be attended by circumstances of extenuation actually received small pensions.

Vellore was the only station disgraced by open revolt and massacre; the symptoms of disaffection manifested at Wallajahabad and other places were, by seasonable and salutary precautions, suppressed. Finally the panic wore away, the Sepoys forgot their fears of an attack upon their religion, the officers were no longer in apprehension of the safety of their lives or slept with pistols under their pillows, and Lord William Bentinck and Sir John Cradock, the originators of the catastrophe, were recalled by the directors of the East India Company.

OLD CHARLEY.

THE subject of this sketch was Colonel Donellan, of the 48th, who was killed at Talavera; and "*Old Charley*" was the cognomen of friendly distinction which the men of his regiment gave their gallant commander. A few traits in his military character will be found not unworthy of imitation by all young colonels; nay, even some of our old ones would not be wrong in copying a few of his good qualities.

Old Charley was the last of the *Powderers*—that is to say, the only one in the regiment who, in despite of new customs and new taxes, clung to the good old cauliflower head of the army—and would no more have gone to parade without pomatum and powder than without his sword and sash. He had been accustomed to the practice of military hairdressing from his early youth, and it formed as much a part of the officer, in his estimation, as the epaulette or the gorget.

In this amiable susceptibility Old Charley was pre-eminent; and he was often known to

manded their regard, and they carried him in a cloak to the spot on which he had led his regiment so bravely, and there they buried "Old Charley" with the true honours of a soldier.

LORD EXMOUTH.

EDWARD PELLEW was born at Dover on the 19th of April, 1757. His father, who commanded a mail-packet, died in 1765, leaving a widow with six children, Edward barely eight years old. The family now removed to Penzance, where Edward was sent to school, and gave the first proof of his fearless spirit. A house in which was kept a considerable quantity of gunpowder took fire; alarm filled the minds of the bystanders, and none dared even to approach the house except Edward Pellew, who went alone into the burning building, and brought the powder out of it.

From Penzance young Pellew was sent to Truro, to finish his education at the grammar school there. Here his pugnacity was soon forced out by his schoolfellows, more to their admiration than content; and on one occasion, having inflicted a rather severe punishment upon one of his opponents, the master threatened to flog Pellew, and Pellew ran away. Upon arriving at home he declared he would go to sea, and his friends consented.

Pellew entered the navy towards the end of 1770, and sailed in the *Juno*, Captain Stott, to the Falkland Islands, which had been piratically seized by the Spanish. Stott had been trained under Boscawen, whose boatswain he had been, and was an excellent seaman; but some lady kept chickens on board, and, one of these chickens being driven from the quarter-deck by a young midshipman and friend of Pellew, Frank Cole, she fell to abusing the boy in a style which provoked a sharp reply. This being represented to the captain by the lady, he reprimanded and even struck young Cole. The boy applied for his discharge. Stott ordered a boat out immediately to turn him ashore, upon which Pellew insisted upon being turned out too.

Shortly after he sailed in the *Blonde*, Captain Pownall, and to him, Pellew was indebted for a thorough sea training. But Pellew, with his activity and daring, brought a sailor's mind to sea with him; his freaks, his gallantry, at the earliest points of his career, were of that peculiar character which marks the stuff of which British seamen are made. When General Burgoyne went out in the *Blonde*, and the yards were manned in his honour, he was astonished to perceive a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. The general expressed his alarm at such an extraordinary frolic, but he was assured by Captain Pownall that it was of no consequence, for if Pellew happened to fall he would only go under the ship's bottom and come up at the other side. On another occasion, while the *Blonde* was skipping through the water at a spanking rate, Pellew actually leapt from the fore-yard after a man who had fallen overboard, and saved him.

When the American war broke out the *Blonde* was despatched with Lord Howe's fleet; and here Pellew earned golden opinions, not only of his captain, but of the ministers and Lord Howe. His conduct in the affairs on Lake Champlain,

whether as commander or as seaman, was distinguished with equal judgment and intrepidity; and Lord Howe and the Earl of Sandwich both wrote to him, personally acknowledging their great satisfaction at the gallantry he had displayed, and promising a lieutenancy as soon as he returned to England.

Pellew afterwards commanded a brigade of seamen on shore, and by the services he rendered to the army in pioneering through difficulties which soldiers, trained to act in masses, would have stumbled at, repeatedly obtained the thanks of the generals. Sir Guy Carleton, in writing to the government, spoke of him as "a young man whose gallantry and merit during two severe campaigns I cannot do justice to," and when Burgoyne found it necessary to consider the expediency of a retreat, though Pellew was only a midshipman of twenty years, his services were thought important enough to entitle him to a seat at the council of war. Here he pleaded earnestly that his own little party might not be included in the proposed capitulation. He had never heard, he said, of sailors capitulating, and begged that he might be permitted to bring them off in his own way. The proposal could not, of course, be entertained, as, if carried out, it would have reflected upon the army, and terms were made with the American commander, General Gates, in which Pellew and his seamen were included.

This true son of the sea was soon after sent home with despatches, in itself an extremely honourable mission for so young a man of his rank. He sailed in a transport. On the way an enemy's privateer chased them: Pellew took command of the transport, engaged his big antagonist, and beat her off.

On arriving in London his promised commission was immediately signed, but soon, to his disgust, he found himself appointed to a guardship, and excluded from any participation in the war. He addressed the Admiralty with no little perseverance on the subject, and actually on one occasion stopped Lord Sandwich in the streets of Portsmouth to tell his grievance. Lord Sandwich was at first rather offended, but, perceiving the real feelings which had actuated the discontented young fire-eater, soon after appointed him to the *Licorne*. This ship sailed in 1779 for the Newfoundland station, engaging two cruisers of the enemy on her passage out. She returned home in December, when Lieutenant Pellew joined the *Apollo*, under the command of his old friend and patron, the gallant Captain Pownall.

The *Apollo* was sent to the North Sea, and, while cruising there in company with some other ships, was ordered by the senior captain to go in pursuit of a cutter. While in chase of the cutter, however, the *Apollo* made out a French frigate, the *Stanislaus*, upon which Captain Pownall immediately wore away in pursuit of this superior enemy. The Frenchman made off as fast as all her sails could carry her for the neutral port of Ostend, but at half-past twelve the *Apollo* came up with her, and a running engagement took place, the Frenchman fighting and running, the Englishman fighting and pursuing. In an hour after the action commenced Pownall was shot, and, turning to his lieutenant, said, "Pellew, I know you won't give his Majesty's ship away," and died in his arms.

Certainly not. Pellew was not the man to

received bruises which confined him to his bed for a week.

Upon returning from his Newfoundland cruise, in 1791, Captain Pellaw took a farm some little distance from Falmouth, in the hope of improving his circumstances, which were rather narrow. Farming, however, was by no means suited to Pellaw's active mind; he soon found that his outgoings exceeded his income, and gave up the experiment. He then received an offer of a command in the Russian navy, which, straitened though he was, he declined; and fortunate was it, both for his own fame and for England's, that he did so. In the very opening of 1793 the French revolutionary government declared war against England, and Pellaw was immediately employed. He was appointed to the *Nymph*, thirty-six guns. He fitted her with characteristic despatch, and, sailors being scarce, contrived to man her with anybody who chose to offer, including eighty miners from Cornwall. On sailing from Spithead she had not more than a dozen regular seamen, exclusive of the officers, but Pellaw managed to pick up a few good hands on his way to the Nore, and from thence to Hamburg. Still his crew was short of the complement, and not a man among them had ever seen a gun fired.

With this little frigate, thus manned, Pellaw went on a cruise in the Channel. Early on the morning of the 19th of June, the *Nymph* being then a few miles west of the Start, a French frigate was observed to the south-east. Pellaw made towards her, the Frenchman held her course undaunted, and soon the frigates met. The enemy proved to be the *Cleopatra*, Captain Mullen, a fine and well-known ship, manned with an experienced and efficient crew, and commanded by as brave, as devoted, and as able a seaman as any navy might desire to boast. As the ships—worthy opponents—bore down upon each other to fight the first action of the war, and to stamp its fortunes as it were, Pellaw, observing the seamanlike style in which the *Cleopatra* was handled, felt all the disadvantage of his own crew's inexperience and inferiority of number. He knew, however, that he could place the utmost confidence in the "pluck" of his men, whatever might be their inexperience; and trusted to his own skill, and that of a few first-rate seamen, to put them in a position where they could best exercise it. The *Cleopatra*, too, had some little advantage in size and weight of metal, but the difference in this respect was too small to make any point in the calculation of brave men, and, on the whole, the ships were as equally matched as need be.

Captain Pellaw's object was, of course, to close with his enemy, allowing him as little opportunity as possible to display the superior seamanship of his crew. The bravery of Captain Mullen rendered this no difficult task. At six in the evening the ships had got so near that the captains mutually hailed, and yet not a shot was fired. Then the *Nymph's* crew gave a shout for King George; the Frenchmen replied with "*Vive la République!*" a sailor going up and placing a cap of liberty on the mast-head, and, Captain Pellaw raising his hat as the signal, the *Nymph* poured her broadside in the *Cleopatra's* starboard quarter. Immediately a furious cannonade commenced, and continued without flag-

ging for three-quarters of an hour, both ships running before the wind as they fired. At about seven o'clock the *Cleopatra's* mizen-mast fell, and immediately after her wheel was shot away by Isaac Pellaw (brother of the captain, and a very distinguished officer), who worked a gun for that express object. The *Cleopatra*, thus become unmanageable, came round with her bow to the *Nymph's* broadside. Pellaw soon perceived the disabled condition of the enemy, and ordered his men to board. In a twinkling the boarders were on the fore-castle, one division boarding through the main-deck ports, fighting their way along the gangways to the quarter-deck. The attack was irresistible; the enemy, superior as they were in numbers, flew below, and the *Cleopatra* hauled down her flag.

Thus, notwithstanding the total inexperience of the greater part of the *Nymph's* people, they actually beat the accomplished *Cleopatra* by gunnery, and then finished the victory, inferior as were their numbers, by a hand-to-hand fight—for the *Cleopatra* came out of action with sixty-seven effective men more than her conqueror. Her original complement was 320, of whom she had sixty-three killed and wounded, while the *Nymph* had only 240 men, of whom fifty were killed and wounded. Captain Mullen was killed. A cannon-shot carried away a great part of his left hip, and it is sufficient commentary on the heroism of his character that, feeling the importance of destroying the signals, which he carried in his pocket, he attempted to eat them, and actually died devouring his commission, which he had taken out of his pocket in mistake.

Captain Pellaw arrived at Portsmouth with his prize on the following day. The Earl of Chatham introduced him, with his brother, to the king, who knighted Captain Pellaw, while his brother was made post-captain.

Towards the end of 1793 the enemy made themselves very formidable in little squadrons which cruised at the entrance of the Channel. Upon Pellaw's suggestion a small independent squadron of frigates was appointed to check these depredators. It was placed under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, who sailed, April, 1794, in the *Flora*, with the *Arethusa* (Captain Pellaw), *Concorde*, *Melampus*, and Pellaw's old ship the *Nymph*.

They had not been long at sea when they fell in with a French squadron, consisting of the *Engageante*, *Pomone*, and *Résolue* frigates, and a 22-gun corvette. Sir John gave chase, and his ship, the *Flora*, first came up with the enemy, fired into the corvette, and then passed on to attack the *Pomone*. The *Pomone*, however, was too much for the *Flora*. She was a thirty-six, while the *Pomone* was the largest frigate on the seas, being only 100 tons smaller than a sixty-four. She shot away Sir John's fore-topmast, cut his rigging to pieces, and got away. The *Melampus* then tried her guns upon her, but at too distant a range, while the *Pomone's* heavy guns repeatedly struck and damaged her new opponent. So far the engagement was not in our favour, but Pellaw, in the *Arethusa*, now came up with the big *Pomone*, and engaged her single-handed, within pistol-shot, till he brought down her main and mizen masts, and compelled her to surrender. The *Flora* captured the corvette, and Sir Richard Strachan, in the *Concorde*, after en-

gaging with the *Résolue*, closed with the *Engageante* and took her. The *Résolue* escaped.

Thus Pellew contrived to have the lion's share in this little victory, in which the French force was rendered superior by the fact that the *Nymphé* lagged behind, and never got into action. He was afterwards engaged in other smart affairs with this squadron, which proved so useful that the Admiralty formed a second—the *Arethusa*, *Artois*, *Diamond*, and *Galatée*—of which Sir Edward Pellew was appointed commodore. This little squadron fell in with the *Révolutionnaire*, a fine frigate, second only to the *Pomone*. They gave chase. Captain Nagle, in the *Artois*, was the first to come up with the enemy, and engaged her closely for above half an hour, when the *Diamond* (Captain Sidney Smith) got within gunshot. With that chivalric feeling which distinguished him, however, Sidney Smith would not fire a shot, saying that Nagle fought his ship well, and did not want any one to share his prize. But, finding the *Révolutionnaire* did not immediately surrender, he ordered a broadside to be got ready to prevent her doing too much mischief, and, taking out his watch, said he would give her five minutes—if she did not strike then he would fire into her. Just as the time expired the enemy's flag came down, and Nagle had all the honour of her capture, as he well deserved. She was 160 tons larger than any frigate in the British fleet.

Sir Edward continued to cruise on his allotted station with signal success, and was the first to apprise the Admiralty of the sailing of a French fleet from Brest. This fleet, consisting of thirty-five sail of the line and thirteen frigates, put to sea at the latter end of December, 1794. Some of them were driven back by a gale, and at the end of January the whole fleet put back into port, with the loss of five men of war, all wrecked. Sir Edward Pellew's squadron, with that of Sir J. Warren, was employed to watch it.

Pellew now left the *Arethusa* for the *Indefatigable*, a sixty-four cut down. He sailed in her on the 2nd of March, 1795, and the following week the squadron captured fifteen out of a convoy of twenty-five vessels. In May following the *Indefatigable* narrowly escaped being wrecked. She struck on a rock near Cape Finisterre, while chasing a small sail in shore. Pellew got her off, but not until she had five feet of water in her hold, and it was only by exhausting labour at the pumps that she was got into Lisbon to repair. On the evening of their arrival the English consul sent on board a number of Portuguese to relieve the worn-out crew. The next morning these fellows coolly left the pumps: it was a saint's day. No sooner was Pellew informed of this than he made his appearance in a dressing-gown, and, with a drawn sword in his hand, chased the Portuguese round the gangways and forecabin, and made them to a man lay in at the pumps till they sucked.

The *Indefatigable* shortly after came home to be docked, but in March of the following year Pellew sailed again in her from Falmouth with the *Révolutionnaire*, *Amazon*, *Argo*, and *Concorde* frigates. A few days after the *Indefatigable* fell in with three corvettes and drove them ashore, and on the 13th of April the *Révolutionnaire*, Captain Coll, took the French frigate *L'Unité*, after a couple of broadsides. Seven days after,

while Pellew's little squadron was lying to off the Lizard, a large ship was seen coming in from seaward, which tacked and stood off as soon as she was perceived. Pellew at once gave chase in the *Indefatigable*, followed by the *Amazon* and *Concorde*, which, however, were soon run out of sight, while the commodore's ship gained surely on the enemy. She proved to be the *Virginie*, forty guns, and one of the finest and fastest frigates in the French navy, and commanded by one of its best officers, Captain Bergeret. He manœuvred his ship well, and it was near midnight before Pellew got up within gunshot. Bergeret then fought his ship as well as he had manœuvred her, but the *Indefatigable* carried heavier metal, and the *Virginie* was compelled to give in after two hours' fighting. She was found completely riddled, some of the *Indefatigable's* shot having gone right through her, through the sail-room. Bergeret wept upon surrendering, and inquired to whom he had struck. He was told, Sir Edward Pellew. "Oh!" exclaimed Bergeret bitterly, "he is the most fortunate man that ever lived. He takes everything." And, indeed, the reader will have already perceived that the history of his life is a mere catalogue of ships taken and services rendered.

Conspirators in Ireland having prompted the French revolutionists to invade England, a large fleet was collected for this purpose in the harbours of Brest, Rochfort, and Toulon, its destination being kept so profoundly secret that it was doubted by the British government to the last. All they found themselves in a position to do was, to distribute squadrons of observation and await events. Sir John Colpoys was stationed off Brest with thirteen sail of the line, and Sir Edward Pellew, with a small force of frigates, watched the harbour. The patience and pertinacity with which he insisted on doing this, though repeatedly chased by a far superior force, was little less remarkable than his daring. It was intensely cold, and the wind generally blew strong from the east, but Pellew was up at the mast-head every morning, and frequently remained there, in cold and wind, six or seven hours at a time, without tasting a biscuit. The officer who relates this states that he left him there on one occasion, when, numbed with the intense cold, he (the officer) could not descend without assistance.

On the 16th of December the French fleet (forty-four ships of the line and thirteen frigates) got under weigh. Pellew stood in that morning with the *Révolutionnaire* in company, apprised himself of the fact, despatched the *Révolutionnaire* to Sir J. Colpoys with the intelligence, and remained to observe and embarrass the enemy's fleet. The means he adopted were these:—He boldly stood in upon the fleet towards night, stuck to the French admiral so close that he was often within half-gunshot, but with studding-sails ready to start off at a moment's notice, and as often as the Frenchman made signals to his fleet Pellew falsified or confused them with additional guns, lights, and rockets. He kept this line of tactics as long as it was of any service, and then stood off to the north-east, continuing to throw out signals for Sir John Colpoys. He burned blue lights, fired a gun every quarter of an hour, and threw up rockets in the face of the adverse fleet; but all in vain, he received no answer. He then went all over the cruising-



ground after the English admiral, and, finding him nowhere, made all sail for Falmouth with his information. He arrived on the 20th, and preparations were made to go after the enemy; but the English fleet were prevented by bad weather from getting under weigh for several days after. Meanwhile part of the French fleet had actually reached Bantry Bay, but half of it was blown out to sea before they could anchor, and the rest driven from their anchors before they could land the troops. Completely baffled and broken up, the enemy were at length compelled to return to their harbours in the utmost disorder from a very profitless expedition indeed.

With his usual good fortune, Pellew fell in with one of these retreating ships—the only one which ever met an enemy during the expedition. He sailed into the Channel with the *Indefatigable* and the *Amazon* on the 22nd; and on the 13th of January, being then about fifty leagues southwest of Ushant, descried a strange sail. Chase was made, and at four o'clock, after a run of about three hours, the *Droits de l'Homme*, a French two-decker, was made out. A squall which was rising when the chase began soon increased to a steady gale. At half-past four the Frenchman's fore and main topmasts were carried away, and just before six the *Indefatigable* came up, pouring in a broadside as she crossed her stern. There were nearly 1000 soldiers on board the enemy, and these immediately opened a shower of musket-shot, which came pattering like hail round the *Indefatigable*, along with the heavy thunder of the enemy's upper-deck guns. So close were the ships, too, that some of Pellew's people tore away the ensign of the *Droits de l'Homme*, which became entangled in the mizen rigging. The *Indefatigable* then endeavoured to pass ahead, and

gain a position on the enemy's bow; but she avoided this, and nearly succeeded in laying the frigate aboard.

With skill, tact, and consummate pluck, the British frigate thus continued to attack her big adversary—filled with soldiers, from whose muskets an incessant fire was maintained—alone and single-handed for more than an hour. The *Amazon* then came up, poured a broadside into the enemy's quarter, and then went into the attack with gusto. The fight was sustained with vigour till seven o'clock, when the *Indefatigable* found it necessary to repair her rigging, and the frigates shot ahead. At eight o'clock damages were sufficiently repaired, and the action again commenced. The frigates placed themselves on either bow of the enemy, raking her alternately; and when, at half-past ten, her mizen-mast was shot away, they changed their position, and attacked her on either quarter.

The *Droits de l'Homme*, meanwhile, fought well, and the effects of her heavy shot were everywhere visible upon the frigates. At the latter part of the action she threw shells. The *Indefatigable*, it has been seen, had to break off the engagement to repair, and the *Amazon*, which was a much smaller ship, suffered still greater loss. Her masts and rigging were very much damaged; her mizen-topmast, gaff, spanker-boom, and main-top-sail yard were entirely shot away, as were many of her shrouds, stays, and backstays; indeed, there was very little of her rigging that was not either wounded or disabled, and she had three feet of water in her hold. For all the while the action lasted, it should be remembered, the gale steadily continued. The ships rolled and pitched in a heavy sea, and the *Indefatigable's* crew were often up to the middle in

water, while the guns broke their breechings, drew the ring-bolts, and often shipped the water while loading, so that the charges had to be drawn.

This was fighting under difficulties, but it was maintained with such pertinacity for the whole eleven hours it continued that it was not perceived until the last moment that the belligerents had all this time been driving upon the French coast. It was in the small dead hours of the winter night that the *Indefatigable's* look-out descried land. Pellew instantly wore and stood to the southward, at the same time making signal to the *Amazon*, who at once stood upon the opposite tack. The enemy, who had not yet seen the danger, thought she had beaten off the frigates, and poured a parting broadside into the *Indefatigable*, more destructive than any she had received during the action. Seven shots struck her hull, the three lower masts were wounded, and it was only by extraordinary coolness and dexterity that the topmasts were saved at all.

The ships were now menaced by one imminent and common danger. They were in the bay of Audierne, close in the surf, the wind blowing a strong gale dead from the shore, and a heavy sea rolling in. In this situation the ships found themselves, with scarcely a sound spar or a taut rope: the *Amazon* especially was in almost a hopeless condition, and the *Droits de l'Homme* was perfectly unmanageable from the injuries she had received in the action. She was soon thrown upon her broadside in the surf, helpless. The *Amazon* struck the ground about ten minutes after she ceased firing, and her crew, with that coolness and readiness which are so much more admirable than frantic valour, then set themselves to the construction of rafts, by which all hands were saved. Of course they were made prisoners.

The *Droits de l'Homme* was not so fortunate, either in her crew or in her fate. She struck on a sand-bank at about the same time as the *Amazon*, when the crew called up some English prisoners who were on board to save themselves. She was mastless and unmanageable, and the sea, washing over the decks, carried away more than one life at every wave. Her guns were hove overboard, and signals of distress made; but the morning broke without a ray of hope, and, the ship breaking up, attempts were made by the people to save themselves by boats and rafts, but their terrors combined with the raging surf to render all their efforts abortive. In vain, on the second day, did the example of an English captain and eight other prisoners, who launched a small boat and got safe to land, prove what coolness and discipline might effect. There was nothing of the kind on board the *Droits de l'Homme*. When, after more than two days of hunger, cold, and terror, a boat was brought alongside for the sick and wounded, above 100 endeavoured to get into her: the boat swamped and every soul was drowned.

It was not till the fourth morning of these miseries that the sea became smooth, and presently a brig and a cutter hove in sight, and by boats and rafts endeavoured to save the remainder of the survivors. At least 1000 had already perished from drowning, hunger, and cold, for no provisions could be got at. In the evening of that fifth day about 150 men were brought off, leaving 380 to endure another night on the waters, but ere the morning one-half of that number were dead!

Pellew's seamanship saved his vessel and her crew. In this action he had only nineteen wounded—almost all slightly. The *Amazon* had three killed and fifteen badly wounded. The enemy had more than 100 killed, besides the wounded. The English prisoners on board the *Droits de l'Homme* who were saved were sent home by the French government, in consideration of their exertions in saving the ship and the lives of her people.

Sir Edward Pellew continued to cruise upon this station with the same success, earned by the same unwavering vigilance and daring. In 1798 he took fifteen of the enemy's cruisers. In the following year he removed into the *Impetueux*, in which he served with the Channel fleet under Lord Bridport and Sir Alan Gardner, and afterwards under Earl St. Vincent. While on this service he was detached with seven sail of the line and some smaller vessels to land troops (under General Maitland) in Quiberon Bay, which he accomplished with characteristic success. He also served in the expedition to Ferrol, where he again directed the debarkation of the troops. Both troops and guns, however, were re-embarked the same night, contrary to Pellew's advice, and when (as afterwards proved) the enemy's garrison was actually preparing to surrender. About this time the mutiny had infected all the fleet—not without good excuse on the part of the ill-fed seamen; but the *Impetueux* was amongst the very few ships that did not rebel. The attempt was, indeed, made, but upon the first exhibition of mutinous feeling Pellew nipped it off with a firm yet gentle hand, and it never re-appeared.

We reserve to another occasion his enrolment among the nobles of Great Britain, and his triumphant attack on the Algerine pirates.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

BOTH OF ONE MIND.

WHEN Frederick the Great was besieging Prague, after having been repulsed in several successive engagements by Marshal Loudon, one of his old generals told him that the troops were murmuring and beginning to be extremely restless. Frederick made no reply, but scarcely had the sincere general taken his departure when, disguising himself as effectually as possible, the eccentric monarch sallied out among his forces to satisfy himself if the report was correct. He found that it was but too true; and, interrogating one of the soldiers as to the cause of this discontent, "Why," replied the man, "the cause is pretty plain. We were beaten on Monday, on Tuesday, and again to-day. By my soul, if the same thing happen to-morrow I'll fly the camp; for old Frederick is no more to be seen, and some young booby of an ensign commands us."

Frederick threw open his cloak, and, showing who he was, said, "Give me your hand, my good fellow. Only wait till Friday, and if we are beaten, egad! we'll fly the camp together." And sure enough they were beaten again, and

Frederick was compelled to sound a retreat in the greatest possible disorder.

As soon as the army was out of reach of the Austrians Frederick inquired after the individual in whose escape he had promised to participate, and found that he had been killed in the hottest of the engagement, after dealing out death to several of the enemy. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed the king, "he has fled farther than I, although I have ridden hard. I envy him so glorious an exit, and fear a similar one will never be mine. Besides, what is worse, he has made me out a liar, for I promised him that we would fly together." Frederick lost no time in providing for the veteran's survivors.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

DURING the conquest of South America by the Spaniards one of their generals was desirous of stopping the effusion of blood and overcoming the enemy by the milder arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun that the party which appeared to be visibly protected by Heaven should reign over the other, who should also embrace their religion. The Americans were to implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards would invoke the protection of the invisible and supreme Being whom they adored as Lord of the sun and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish general assured the American chiefs that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendour of that great luminary which his enemies worshipped, adding, "In two hours this will certainly happen." He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time, and the poor Indians were so astonished to see the prediction fulfilled that from that moment they submitted themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

NELSON'S PARTNER.

UPON reading the failure of the attack at Boulogne, signed "Nelson and Bronte," an old veteran asked his messmate if he knew "who this Bronte could be that Nelson had got hold on." "No," replied the other, "I don't. All I can say is, that I think he's a fool, begging his pardon, for taking a partner; for depend upon it nobody will ever do so well as Nelson himself. You see this last business, though I dare say everything was done that could be done without him, had he gone in, the boats, the chains, and all would have come out along with him." Joined by a third, it was long debated who this Bronte could be: at last it was determined that he must be a soldier officer who was to assist in any descent upon the enemy's coast; but nothing could exonerate the hero of the Nile, in the opinion of these honest fellows, for taking a partner.

A MATTER OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE.

IN one of the engagements during the Seven Years' War a corps in the King of Prussia's service found its progress impeded by a dyke so narrow that only three men abreast could march along it. Just as they were about to advance they perceived at the further end two pieces of cannon, which the enemy were pointing down the dyke. They halted in consequence of this obstacle, when a private musketeer cried out, "It is of little consequence whether I live or not, or

in what manner I die!" and, rushing up to the artillerymen, he shot one of them dead, knocked down a second with the butt-end of his piece, which, having broken, he attacked the rest with the fragment, and forced them to abandon their cannon. Three of his comrades having joined him, the cannon were spiked and dismantled, and the column passed the dyke and proceeded to the attack of the redoubt.

VICTOR DEFENDING VANQUISHED.

THE city of Narva having been taken by the Russians, under Peter the Great, the soldiery carried fire and destruction into every quarter of the town, slaughtering the inhabitants without mercy. This being in defiance of the express orders of the czar, he threw himself, sword in hand, into the midst of the massacre, and forced the defenceless women and children from his savage troops. He killed with his own hand no less than fifty of his soldiers whom the heat of the carnage rendered deaf to his voice, and at last he succeeded in curbing their fury and collecting together the remainder. He then, covered with dust and blood, made his way to the town-house, where the principal inhabitants had taken refuge. His terrible and threatening air greatly alarmed these unhappy people, but as soon as he entered he laid his sword on a table and thus addressed them: "Be assured that it is not with the blood of your fellow-citizens this sword is stained, but with that of my own soldiers, whom I have sacrificed for your preservation."

A CRUEL ALTERNATIVE.

DURING the siege of Villeneuve by Margaret de Valois she ordered Cienteat, the father of the commandant of that town, to be carried under the walls and put to death if his son did not open the gates to her. Upon this cruel alternative being offered to the son the father loudly conjured him not to yield. The guards thereupon prepared to execute their orders, when young Cienteat waved his hand to them, the gate was opened, and he rushed out, attended by three or four persons, as if to parley with them. Instead of doing this, however, he fell with great fury upon those who were holding their naked weapons over the old man's head, and, being seconded by his garrison, returned into the town, taking his father with him.

WISE ANCHORS.

WHEN Earl Howe was captain of the *Magnanime* a heavy gale of wind obliged him to anchor on a lee shore on a very dark and tempestuous night. After everything had been made snug the ship rode with two anchors ahead, depending entirely on her ground tackle. Howe at this time was laid up with the gout, and was reading in his cabin, when, on a sudden, the lieutenant of the watch came in, with a countenance full of woe, and said he was sorry to inform him that the anchors came home. "They are much in the right of it," coolly replied Captain Howe. "I don't know who could stay out such a night as this is."

THE SWORD OF REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN Nelson was but a youth his uncle, Captain Suckling, made him a present of a small sword, with the strong injunction never to part with it but with his life. This sword he con-

stantly wore, and with it in his hand he led the attack against Santa Cruz, where he lost his right arm. Upon receiving the shot the sword necessarily fell, and Nelson was for some moments deprived of sensation. Slightly recovering, he remembered his uncle's injunction, groped for and fortunately recovered the sword with his left hand, and again relapsed into a state of insensibility. In this manner he was discovered by Mr. Nisbit, firmly grasping the sword.

A GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

CHARLES XII. took the fort of Dunamond after a smart siege, the governor, Colonel Canitz, having held out a considerable time. Charles was so well pleased with his determined conduct that as he marched out of the fort he said to him, "You are my enemy, and yet I love you as well as my best friend, for you have behaved yourself like a brave soldier in defence of this fort against my troops; and, to show you that I can esteem and reward valour even in mine enemies, I make you a present of these 5000 ducats."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XII. (continued.)

ONE glance served to show to the practised eye of the captain the effectual manner in which the window had been secured. With a sigh, that sounded more like a groan as he looked on the now anxious face of his daughter, he took the taper from her hand and proceeded to the recess at the bottom of the companion, to find the door that covered the stairs (only closed in cold or gusty weather) securely fastened.

"It is as I feared," he said in a husky whisper. "Come, my love, let us see what can be done. But first you must return to your room and dress; we must be prepared for all emergencies." And, taking his daughter's hand, he led her into the boudoir, taking the precaution to close and lock the door.

"Father, I can see by your face that you fear something terrible, and it is for me, I know, that all your anxiety arises. Tell me what it is you dread. Though I have only a woman's strength, I am no coward, father, and any danger that threatens you I will boldly encounter by your side." And as she concluded she twined her arms round his neck, and with all a daughter's devotion pressed her rosy lips on his weather-beaten cheek.

These caresses, once received with such joy, now only added fresh grief to the father's troubled heart, causing a deep shadow to settle on his usually unclouded face, as he answered her earnest appeal by asking—

"Can you not form any conception of what has taken place on deck, my child? Does not your usually quick intelligence hint to you the nature of the crime your father has committed against you—you, my sole joy, and for whose peace and happi-

ness I would gladly have sacrificed life, fortune, all that earth holds dear? Can you not guess to what horrors I have exposed you?" And, sinking down on one of the ottomans, the captain, in his remorse and self-accusation, covered his face with his hands.

"Father, dear father, why do you load yourself with such cruel and unjust reproaches?" cried Louise, throwing herself on her knees by his side, and with tender solicitude pulling down the hands raised to hide his emotion, and covering his quivering features with kisses. "I guess nothing, and only understand that you are my darling father, dearer to me than life itself. Tell me, then, that I may be prepared for any danger, what has taken place on deck?"

"Can you realise, my child, the meaning of the word 'mutiny'?" he said slowly as he rose to his feet.

"Mutiny?" she ejaculated, aghast, and almost recoiling before the ominous sound. "Mutiny! Oh! father, I thought our crew was composed of the most brave and truthful men."

"I fear, Louise, that the word hardly expresses all our danger: I should have joined with it 'piracy.' It is true my men were all picked, and on their truth I would have staked my own existence. It is not they, my child, it is my own short-sighted folly and neglect that has led to this calamitous result," replied her father sadly.

"I will not hear you say that, father. Whatever may happen, you shall not slander yourself with a reproach so unmerited."

"Hear me, Louise, and judge how culpable I have been. Having so much at stake, and your safety being involved, I knew, and therefore should have remembered, that most of these retired ports in the Indian Ocean have disbanded pirates on shore, ever on the prowl to board and cut out some ill-guarded ship. As if to court these miscreants, I lay in the stream moored only to a kedge, and, in kindness to my crew, kept only half a watch on deck."

"And you suppose that some of these disbanded pirates have come on board at midnight, cut the cable, and carried the schooner to sea?"

"You have truly explained it. They have boarded the *Diadem*, overpowered the slender watch, and then—"

"Oh! father, what do you suppose has become of our own men? They would not have the barbarity to murder them?" gasped the terrified girl.

"That is a question I dare not answer; we shall know it all too soon. But now, dear, you must dress. Rouse your maid, and be as expeditious in your preparations as possible, as I must come to your room as soon as you can leave it. For the present I must return to my own cabin."

"You will not be long absent, father. If they should come down here suddenly—"

"That is hardly likely before broad daylight, dear; but fear not, I shall be back immediately, and waiting for you here."

As he spoke Louise entered her sleeping-room to prepare herself and her maid, while the captain, taking the candle, hurried to his private cabin, and, gathering up everything of value or importance, returned after a few minutes to the boudoir, when, locking the door, he sat down to decide, if possible, on some definite course of action.

Hitherto the motion of the schooner had been so regular, and the silence on deck so remarkable, that she might have been thought to be adrift, a derelict on the waste of waters. Now, however, a perceptible change was taking place: the creaking of spars, the hoisting of sails, and the noisy rush of feet overhead were heard in no stinted measure, while the *Diadem* began to pitch and fall with a frequency that convinced the captain the sea was rising with an ominous velocity. Unable to endure longer his impatience at the uncertainty that surrounded him, Captain Rowland went to the stern, and, partially opening one shutter, surveyed with no little astonishment the scene which the morning light revealed.

The sea, so lately smooth as glass, was now broken up into angry billows, with every indication of increasing fury, while the sky had that lurid ominous look, the sure prognostic of a gathering tempest. As the schooner rose on the long heavy surges Captain Rowland could just discern, far down on the line of the western horizon, the dark irregular streak that indicated the wooded heights of Ceylon, plainly showing to his practical judgment that a large amount of sail must have been carried to place such a distance between the island and the schooner within the few hours from midnight to sunrise.

"To the horrors of imprisonment and mutiny we shall have the anxieties and perils of a tempest, if not of a cyclone, and no one on deck, perhaps, fit to command a vessel in even a stiff breeze," muttered the captain, as his eye took in all the characters of the sky and sea.

"This brooding storm may prove a source of salvation to us, father," replied Louise, as, fully dressed for the day, she noiselessly entered the boudoir and placed her arm round her father's neck. "I only hope it may come on to blow hard and continue long unabated."

"Why so, my darling, ignorant as we are of what capability there may be among those on deck to carry a ship through the dangers of a gale or typhoon?" he replied sadly.

"Because the storm would prevent them from troubling us for at least the time it lasts, and there is always hope in delay; and then, even if the worst should happen, a watery death, father, would be a blessing compared with the horrors that might await us at the hands of these miscreants; for I have had time while dressing to realise some of the terrors of our position."

"Have you the courage to leap with me from these windows, and meet a voluntary death in that raging sea, if at last it becomes a question of death or dishonour?"

"I am ready now, father, if you think the time is come," she replied cheerfully.

"No, Louise, not yet. But I must go into your room, my love. Where is Maria?"

"She is preparing my coffee. Will you have some, father?"

"Not now; I must leave you for a few minutes. There is a secret in that room Maria must not know; so do not let her enter or see by what means I leave the boudoir. Fear nothing, they will not visit their captives for many hours yet, and I will soon return."

"Go, father; have no fear for me. Your promise to return will give me strength and courage."

Stooping down and fondly kissing her, Captain Rowland suddenly turned and disappeared in Louise's bedroom.

"Is the captain gone, miss? I heard his voice this moment," exclaimed Louise's maid Maria as she entered the boudoir, carrying a tray with coffee, from one of the small cabins that formed part of the suite set apart for the captain's daughter.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Louise, as she hastily closed and locked the door that led into the saloon, "they are removing the battening from the skylight and companion; I hear the unlashings of the ropes; they will descend before he returns." Hastening into her bedroom, she gazed wildly about, and, hurrying from point to point, searched every place where it was possible her father could be secreted, striking the satin-wood panels with her delicate hands, and constantly murmuring the despairing cry, "Father, father, they are coming!"

"Lor, miss, the captain can't be here; he went, you know, into the saloon," cried the maid, as Louise, in her piteous wail, approached the door that led into the boudoir.

"True, true. Did you hear that crash?" she asked as a coil of rope was flung heavily on the deck. "They are coming! Hark!" Then with sudden energy she hurried to the stern, and attempted first gently, then with violence, to slide back the windows, but the frames resisted all her efforts.

"The key, Maria! the key of the windows! They have not been unlocked. Quick, girl, quick!" she cried in imploring accents.

"The captain locked them last night, miss, and he must have taken the key with him," Maria hastened to explain, as she in turn vainly tried her strength to move the complicated saashes.

"'Tis useless, girl," Louise answered dreamily, gazing on the barred access to death and freedom. "Hark! Oh! we are lost, lost!"

Folding her hands, she sank silently on an ottoman and fixed her eyes on the carpet, as the rending open of the hatch and the surly voices of several men were heard, with oaths and imprecations descending the companion into the saloon. Meanwhile Maria, with only an indefinite idea of the danger that surrounded them, knelt by her mistress, and with affectionate solicitude strove to induce her to partake of the coffee she had prepared.

CHAPTER XIII.—WALKING THE PLANK.

LEAVING the group in the cabin, or, more properly speaking, in the boudoir, we will conduct the reader to the deck of the *Diadem* half an hour previous to that first noise of uncovering the skylight which had so much startled and alarmed the captain's daughter.

"It's no use carrying on this dumb show any longer; here it's eight bells, and that blessed old bloke the skipper has found out before this how matters stand. As we have plenty of sea room, a freshening breeze, and a glorious offing, it's mere humbug and nonsense to stand shilly-shallying any longer about those below. Besides, I want to have a squint in her bunk, she as is to be Missis Nixon number seven; so look alive,

Josh, rig the plank, and let us get rid of them skulking thieves, who are a cursed sight too honest to live," cried the ex-boatwain, but now commander, as the mounting sun, bursting through the packed clouds, threw a golden halo over ship and sea, making every object as distinct as day.

"Look spy there, you lazy thieves, or may I be te-to-taciously chawed up if you won't have the skipper swearing like thunder, and the boatswain's daughter singing over your shoulders like a gale o' wind. Have ye done yet, you lazy lubbers?" demanded the new-made first mate, our old acquaintance Josh, the tall Yankee ship's carpenter, addressing a gang of unwashed and villainous-looking miscreants, who, bearded to the eyes, and dressed in every kind of fashion, were slowly and sullenly erecting a kind of narrow platform, running out some ten feet from the schooner's gangway.

"Now, then, put the steps handy, you everlasting thieves, and look alive, or I'll lay my cat on your carkises with such a will that it shall take two men to pull the tails out again," exclaimed Dick, as, with the frightful instrument of torture known as the cat over his arm, and advanced to the office of boatswain, he ordered the men at the narrow platform.

"Pass the word when you are ready," shouted Nixon from the slide of the closed companion, where he was seated swinging his legs, and occasionally imbibing deep draughts from a large tumbler of hot rum and water that stood beside him.

"All right, skipper," replied the Yankee, his first mate, unceremoniously approaching the person of his superior, and emptying the glass of steaming liquor at a draught. "A neater plank was never rigged for a cove to take a header from into eternal smash. Jest look at that sweet bit of a swing-board there."

"Well, well, it will do," growled Nixon vindictively, discovering the empty glass.

"Do?" I should think it would do, for a hemperor," he replied enthusiastically.

"Get the job over, I tell yer. Don't you see I'm burnt up, reg'lar scorched with impatience till I sees my new doxy? Here, Sam, brew me another go of hot grog, hot and stiff. Do you hear?"

While one of the more juvenile cut-throats, answering to the name of Sam, hastened forward to the cuddy to replenish the glass a troop of eight or nine clean, well-dressed, and active young sailors, each with his hands securely bound behind him, were marshalled up from the after hatchway by Boatswain Dick, and placed in a line before the brutal monster who had constituted himself chief of the lawless ruffians who now held possession of the *Diadem*.

"Well, you cursed squeamish rascals, what do you think you deserve for giving me all this trouble? Didn't you promise last night that if I spared your sneaking lives you'd stick by me and go shares in all our adventures? Didn't—Sam, where's my grog?—didn't I take pity on you? And this is the scurvy way you show your gratitude, you loafing rascals! What have you got to say for yourselves? Speak! for I'm in a thundering hurry, I can tell you."

"You didn't tell us you were pirates," replied one of the boldest of the prisoners.

"Or that you wanted us to lend a hand in killing Captain Rowland, or do a mischief to Miss Louise," added another, while a third replied—

"We only consented to let you take the ship on condition that you set us, with the captain and his daughter, on shore on the first of the Andaman Islands you could make."

"Hold your croaking tongue, you cursed fool. Didn't you know it was all only a plant? Now, jest listen to me. I ain't going to have any milk-and-water spooneys in my crew. If you're of the right stuff, say so; if not, there's an end of the palaver. You all know what that means. Yes or no?"

"I'll not turn pirate, and cut innocent people's throats, and I'll have no hand in the murder of my old skipper, so I've no more to say," replied the first spokesman, to which the two next immediately responded with equal warmth and sincerity.

"Send them adrift!" roared Nixon, with a savage oath, as his crew made a lane to the steps of the gangway, and with their open knives stood ready to execute any order their chief might direct.

"You see the road before you. Now march," cried Josh, the mate.

"What do you mean, you infernal rascal?" demanded the first speaker, as he became conscious of the preparations made. "Are we to walk the plank?"

"I should think so, rather, and make haste about it."

"Surely you will untie our hands and give us a chance for life?"

"Will I?" replied Nixon, with a savage laugh. "Here, lads, prick them on with your knives. I want to get rid of this first batch, when the rest, perhaps, may come to their senses. Come, tramp, I say."

"Stay with us and take your chance, lads," cried the rest of the old crew, as the three men were placed in line, each with his hands tied at the wrist behind his back.

"What! to see the old skipper's throat cut and Miss Louise insulted, and at last to be taken up for pirates and hanged? No, messmates, I'll go now; and I would not care a curse if I had only my hands free. Come on, Ned, and good bye, old comrades." And the first speaker proceeded through the double line of bearded ruffians towards the gangway where the "plank" was erected, preceded by the now half-drunk Nixon, who, leaping on the bulwarks and placing his back to the shrouds, leant luxuriously back to enjoy the spectacle.

"Stop a bit," he cried, as the first victim set his foot on the steps that led to the fatal plank. "Stop a bit, and look to the wonderful cunning of them ere brute fishes," jerking his head towards the sea, where the occasional flash of a fin, as it darted like a glimmer of lightning through the water, or the impatient slap of a broad tail on the wave, indicated the near presence of a *school of sharks*. "I'm blessed if they haven't been hanging about the schooner ever since six bells—ever since I made up my mind to rig a plank. Stop my backer and grog if they ain't been rubbing their noses on the side o' the boat, asking how long you was going to keep 'em a waiting for breakfast, ever since three

o'clock till nigh on eight. Jest see how lively they is." And he pointed with his thumb to where the backs of at least four monsters were seen glinting like arches of silver in their sportive but ominous attendance on the ship, ever keeping, as if with a prescience of what was going to take place, on the starboard side of the *Diadem*, and immediately under the fatal spring-board. "Untie your hands? Ha! ha! Why, you didn't know when you asked for that what I had perwided for you. But here you are, and there they be, and the longer you keeps them the savager they gets. So no more gammon, but stump it, and look sharp."

"Will you cut our bonds?" demanded the chief speaker. "And I will jump into the water willingly."

"Not a bit of it," replied Nixon. "I wants to see how a shark takes his breakfast when his wittles comes naterally like to his mouth. So just you mount, haul in the slack o' your jaw, and give us no more of your gab. Go—do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear; and, as you have refused a dying man's request to you this day, may you, when your own time comes, meet with an enemy who will not give you time to make your peace with Heaven! May you die cursing and despairing!" And, springing up the few steps, he reached the level of the bulwarks, and, without deigning to look at the brutal wretch who called himself captain, and over whose legs he had to step, proceeded calmly to the end of the plank. For a moment he gazed with looks of unmitigated horror on the contentious monsters at his feet, which, as if conscious of the crime about to be perpetrated, were struggling for the foremost place.

With every nerve shuddering at the awful fate before him, the young man turned round with a last appeal to the human feelings of his fellow man; but the cries of pain and shouts of derision that encountered him, as he beheld his two companions driven along the narrow plank, streaming with blood from the stabs inflicted on them, as they were goaded like cattle along the swaying bridge, decided him, and he turned with a despairing cry and plunged into the foaming water, followed the next instant by his two companions, who, with frightful shrieks, were driven off the plank. The last of the three, however, as an act of retribution, contrived to clutch hold of his persecutor's clothes and drag him along with him. Though the pirate with horrible imprecations struck at the victim's hands, neck, and back, in the hope of making him relinquish his hold, and at the last verge used his hands to force away the tenacious and death-like grip, his efforts proved all in vain, and, with a fearful oath, he was dragged over the plank, and the blasphemous execration on his lips turned into shrieks of agony, as a huge monster, dashing between the two, severed at one clash of its jaws the wretch's body.

The sight of their messmate's dreadful fate had, as Nixon and his comrades fully expected, a marked effect on the rest of the crew, who at once accepted the conditions offered them, and with seeming heartiness incorporated themselves with the bearded scoundrels, so late their masters, but now their messmates and companions. Even the brutal Nixon, disgusted with the revolting

sight of the voracious monsters at their human banquet and the pool of blood floating under the ship's counter, rose from his seat, and, ordering the tarpaulin to be removed, staggered across the deck towards the companion.

"I could a'most have taken my davy oath," he stammered, looking with drunken gravity on the accession of the new hands to his own piratical band. "Could a'most 'a sworn it," he continued, knitting his brows, and looking awfully savage at the remnant of Captain Rowland's crew.

"Sworn what?" demanded the mate Josh.

"That I counted ten o' them hands, and I'm blest if I can make out more than nine, including them as has just hopped the twig. What's come of the other beggar?"

"He must 'a bolted, like the cove in the river, for I know he ain't under the hatches nowheres."

"Now, then, you there," cried Nixon to the half-dozen of the old crew, "you know where them swivel guns are."

"Ay, ay, sir; down in the fore-hold with the shot," replied one of the men; "but there's only two swivels."

"See about gettin' them on deck, then. Now where's the magazine?"

This was a question which, like that of the arm-chest which followed it, none of the men could reply to: the only man who knew anything of either was the one who had so mysteriously disappeared. Two small kegs of powder, however, were subsequently found in the hold, and, if used with economy, would last till they could make Singapore and lay in a proper store.

"All's clear now, skipper," cried the boat-swain, as the ropes and battening were removed from the skylight and companion.

"Ay, ay," replied Nixon. "Perhaps the thief is skulking down here. We'll soon see. But first let us hail the old fox. Skipper, ahoy!" he shouted down the companion. "Bundle up here, and look lively, if you've any respect for your old bones. Do you hear, skipper? Tumble up. I'm blest if the old feller hasn't got a fit o' the sulks."

"Rouse him with a shot, to show him you are in earnest."

"Right you are, Josh," and, taking a pistol from his belt, he discharged it into the saloon. "Now, you old fox, if you don't unearth and shove your nose on deck I'll send the next through your old carkies. Bundle up, do you hear?"

But, neither voice nor pistol meeting with a response, Nixon and some half-dozen of his most brutal associates rushed pell-mell down the companion into the cabin, searching every nook and corner, ripping up the mattresses, and driving their knives into whatever might secrete even a limb of the person they so anxiously sought for.

"He ain't here, that's plain. The old thief I s'pose has got beside the girl, and here's the door that leads into her bunk; but locked, by jingo!" cried Nixon, as he grasped the ornamented handle and tried to turn it. "She's shy, poor thing, and has forgot to leave us the key. My! if she only knew it was her husband as was a waitin', wouldn't she open the door jolly quick!" And he gave a brutal laugh, in which he was joined in boisterous chorus by his companions. "Well, as we ain't got the key, the next best thing

as I knows on is a sledge hammer. Pass a hammer aft; quick! one o' you there on deck," he shouted up the companion. "If she only know'd how impatient I am, bless her little eyes, wouldn't she slip back the bolt in less than no time."

"I say, skipper, isn't there some other petticoats aboard?" inquired one of his associates.

"How the deuce should I know, Tom? Look out for yourself. Only remember the skipper's daughter is my lot. Ah! that's the ticket," he ejaculated, as one of the men passed a heavy hammer. "Now, then, we'll open the lock and unearth the old fox. Now, lads, I'll show you a reg'lar lady's bunk, bonnets and petticoats all hung round, as I knows of old. Here goes number one." And he delivered a heavy stroke at the door just above the lock. "And number two does it," as, with a still heavier blow delivered on the rich panel, the door flew open, causing Nixon and his lot of brutal companions to stagger back with cries of astonishment, as Aladdin might when the wonderful garden first broke on his astonished gaze.

"Well, if this ain't paradise, I should like to know what's nearer like it," ejaculated Nixon, after some moments' speechless survey of the luxury and elegance before him; "and, as I'm a sinner, if there ain't the two Eves, a settin' stern on, as if there warn't nothing in life to see, and me here to the fore! I'm blowed if I stands any o' this gammon. But where the deuce is the old man? Do any o' you see him?" he demanded of his companions. "No, no, the old skulking thief is snugly stowed away in some o' them bunks, trimmed up in that downy fashion. Come along, lads, we'll soon see." And, crossing the threshold of that luxurious apartment, followed by his troop of miscreants, Nixon approached the divan on which Louise, with her hands in her lap, sat like a beautiful statue, steadfastly gazing on the fast-rising sea, seen through the partially-opened windows.

"Well, miss, where's your old governor?" demanded Nixon, ignoring the presence of Maria, who was seated on the carpet, close beside her mistress. "Where's the skipper?" laying his huge black hand on her soft white shoulder.

With an indignant flush, that in an instant dyed her face and neck in a mantle of crimson, Louise, shaking off the contaminating touch as if a reptile had stung her, rose haughtily to her feet, confronting with a look of sovereign contempt the black and bearded ruffian who stood before her.

"Where's your governor, my pretty wench?" demanded Nixon, when he had recovered from the surprise, and almost awe, into which he had been thrown by the exquisite beauty and commanding presence of the captain's daughter.

"Who do you mean?" she said, looking the speaker full in the face.

"Who do I mean? Why, the skipper to be sure—your father. Where is he?"

"I do not know," she replied, with a voice that slightly trembled as she spoke.

"That's a lie," was the brutal rejoinder. "Oh! it's no use your showing your airs to me," he added, as Louise once more, flushed to the eyes, turned with a quick and haughty look on the scowling speaker, causing Nixon, who cowered before that indignant glance, to stammer out his deprecation. "I'm master, and I'll pretty soon

let you know it too if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head and answer the questions put to you. Where's that old humbug your father? Speak, I tell ye. Curse you! I'm your master. Do ye hear?" And, making a sudden clutch at her wrist, he grasped her arm as in a vice of iron, while glaring into her face with a look of ferocious passion.

Swift as thought, Louise drew a small stiletto from her dress, which she had only a few minutes before secreted there, and plunged it in the ruffian's arm.

With a howl of rage and pain, Nixon instantly dropped the girl's wrist, and would have struck her with his clenched hand had not Maria suddenly pushed him back, and one of his men boldly stepped between him and the insulted captive.

"No, no, skipper, avast there. If she's to walk the plank, well and good; but no blows."

"Mind your duty, you mutinous dog, or I'll send a leaden pill through your thick skull as soon as look at you. Once again I ask you, where's your father?" demanded Nixon of Louise, as he bound an old handkerchief round his wounded arm.

"She knows nothing of Captain Rowland," replied Maria, to save her mistress from the necessity of answering.

"If she doesn't, you do, my pretty maid," added the man who had interfered to save Louise from Nixon's fury, "and you'll tell us, wai't you?" and he leered amorously at Maria.

"I cannot tell you what I do not know," rejoined the girl. "The captain isn't here, and if you stand there all day asking us questions nether my mistress nor I can tell you more."

"When did you see him last, you young minx?" demanded Nixon savagely.

"Who are you, to order about my young mistress and me?" retorted the girl, with a defiant look. "I'm no more a minx than you are, y-a ugly brute."

"Who am I? I'll soon let you see that. I'm skipper and owner of this here schooner, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll make you walk the plank like your three friends, who have just made a breakfast for those shavers which are waiting in our wake there for a daisy bit like you," and he pointed to where at the moment one of the frightful monsters was seen sporting under the stern of the vessel. "Now, for the last time, where's the skipper?"

Overcoming the horror that she, together with her mistress, experienced at hearing of the fate of a part of the crew, Maria replied, as her eye wandered with uneasy loathing towards the revolting monster, which seemed determined to maintain his position under the stern-posts—

"I tell you again I do not know. He was here a few minutes before you entered, and went into the saloon."

"That be blowed! But I ain't to be put off with that gammon, so I shall just do myself the pleasure of searching your bunks first; so look lively and show the way. The old beggar can't be far off," he muttered.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[ARREST OF THE MALAY FIRING THE POWDER MAGAZINE.]

THE EXPEDITION TO JAVA.

WHEN Holland fell into the power of Napoleon the British government determined to seize the Dutch East Indies, and hold them at all events till the termination of the war that was then desolating Europe. Upon these settlements an extraordinary value had been placed by the Dutch, who used to call Java the most precious jewel in the diadem of the Company, and its capital, Batavia, the Queen of the East.

The preparations for the reduction of Java were upon a considerable scale. The army, under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, was divided in two parts—one forming the advance, two the reserve. Nominally the

force employed on this expedition amounted to 12,000, of whom nearly one-half were Europeans, but so many of the troops were disabled by sickness that the number capable of service was occasionally reduced to little more than one-half.

The expedition, which was accompanied by the governor-general himself (Lord Minto), sailed from Malacca, and arrived in the Batavia roads on the 4th of August, 1811. The landing of the troops took place without resistance, and on the next day the position of the army was advanced towards Batavia, which was surrendered two days after by the burghers, the garrison having retreated to Weltevreden. General Janssens, being summoned to surrender the island, replied that he would defend his charge to the last

as I knows on is a sledge hammer. Pass a hammer aft; quick! one o' you there on deck," he shouted up the companion. "If she only know'd how impatient I am, bless her little eyes, wouldn't she slip back the bolt in less than no time."

"I say, skipper, isn't there some other petticoats aboard?" inquired one of his associates.

"How the deuce should I know, Tom? Look out for yourself. Only remember the skipper's daughter is my lot. Ah! that's the ticket," he ejaculated, as one of the men passed a heavy hammer. "Now, then, we'll open the lock and unearth the old fox. Now, lads, I'll show you a reg'lar lady's bunk, bonnets and petticoats all hung round, as I knows of old. Here goes number one." And he delivered a heavy stroke at the door just above the lock. "And number two does it," as, with a still heavier blow delivered on the rich panel, the door flew open, causing Nixon and his lot of brutal companions to stagger back with cries of astonishment, as Aladdin might when the wonderful garden first broke on his astonished gaze.

"Well, if this ain't paradise, I should like to know what's nearer like it," ejaculated Nixon, after some moments' speechless survey of the luxury and elegance before him; "and, as I'm a sinner, if there ain't the two Eves, a settin' stern on, as if there worn't nothing in life to see, and me here to the fore! I'm blowed if I stands any o' this gammon. But where the deuce is the old man? Do any o' you see him?" he demanded of his companions. "No, no, the old skulking thief is snugly stowed away in some o' them bunks, trimmed up in that downy fashion. Come along, lads, we'll soon see." And, crossing the threshold of that luxurious apartment, followed by his troop of miscreants, Nixon approached the divan on which Louise, with her hands in her lap, sat like a beautiful statue, steadfastly gazing on the fast-rising sea, seen through the partially-opened windows.

"Well, miss, where's your old governor?" demanded Nixon, ignoring the presence of Maria, who was seated on the carpet, close beside her mistress. "Where's the skipper?" laying his huge black hand on her soft white shoulder.

With an indignant flush, that in an instant dyed her face and neck in a mantle of crimson, Louise, shaking off the contaminating touch as if a reptile had stung her, rose haughtily to her feet, confronting with a look of sovereign contempt the black and bearded ruffian who stood before her.

"Where's your governor, my pretty wench?" demanded Nixon, when he had recovered from the surprise, and almost awa, into which he had been thrown by the exquisite beauty and commanding presence of the captain's daughter.

"Who do you mean?" she said, looking the speaker full in the face.

"Who do I mean? Why, the skipper to be sure—your father. Where is he?"

"I do not know," she replied, with a voice that slightly trembled as she spoke.

"That's a lie," was the brutal rejoinder. "Oh! it's no use your showing your airs to me," he added, as Louise once more, flushed to the eyes, turned with a quick and haughty look on the scowling speaker, causing Nixon, who cowered before that indignant glance, to stammer out his deprecation. "I'm master, and I'll pretty soon

let you know it too if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head and answer the questions put to you. Where's that old humbug your father? Speak, I tell ye. Curse you! I'm your master. Do ye hear?" And, making a sudden clutch at her wrist, he grasped her arm as in a vice of iron, while glaring into her face with a look of ferocious passion.

Swift as thought, Louise drew a small stiletto from her dress, which she had only a few minutes before secreted there, and plunged it in the ruffian's arm.

With a howl of rage and pain, Nixon instantly dropped the girl's wrist, and would have struck her with his clenched hand had not Maria suddenly pushed him back, and one of his men boldly stepped between him and the insulted captive.

"No, no, skipper, avast there. If she's to walk the plank, well and good; but no blowin'."

"Mind your duty, you mutinous dog, or I'll send a leaden pill through your thick skull as soon as look at you. Once again I ask you, where's your father?" demanded Nixon of Louise, as he bound an old handkerchief round his wound arm.

"She knows nothing of Captain Howler," replied Maria, to save her mistress from the necessity of answering.

"If she doesn't, you do, my pretty," added the man who had interfered to save her from Nixon's fury, "and you'll tell us, you?" and he leered amorously at Maria.

"I cannot tell you what I do not know," joined the girl. "The captain isn't here, you stand there all day asking us questions, whether my mistress nor I can tell you more."

"When did you see him last, your minx?" demanded Nixon savagely.

"Who are you, to order about my mistress and me?" retorted the girl, looking. "I'm no more a minx than an ugly brute."

"Who am I? I'll soon let you skipper and owner of this here ship, you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you make you walk the plank like the who have just made a break, which are waiting in our wake, bit like you," and he pointed to the silent one of the frightful men sporting under the stern of the ship for the last time, where he stood.

Overcoming the horror of

her mistress, experiencing the fate of a part of the crew, eye wandered with unceasing revolting monster, who maintained his position and.

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THE BOOK OF BATTLE

Barney Treas & Co.

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IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN WARS.

The war of independence in the South America is interspersed with instances of remarkable adventures of a nature, and unconnected with the war was peculiarly fitted to the latent energies of those who were the perils; and the spirit of boldness which it gave rise to was shared no less on the sea than by the land parties on the continent. The Spaniards, indeed, had hardly been raised from Valparaiso when numerous privateers fitted out their barques for adventure, and privateers, in particular, received both encouragement and assistance from the insurgent government, whose policy was to weaken, by every possible means, the maritime power of the mother country. As well as Americans, eagerly engaged in the business of legalised plunder, not a single principle of patriotism, it is obvious, was more mercenary speculation. British seamen, more than those of any other country, were encouraged of the exploits which such a field of enterprise presented for their achievement, and many of them left their peaceful London and Liverpool traders to share, if not in the honours, at least in the anticipated profit and pleasure of a career, perhaps a life, of perpetual hostility.

Previous to the arrival of Lord Cochrane's fleet on the coast of Chili privateering was nearly at its height in the South American seas, and it is to that period—namely, to 1818—that the following isolated passage of history belongs.

Soon after Valparaiso had fallen into the hands of the revolutionary forces a few British seamen resolved to set up as privateers on the Chilean and Peruvian coasts. With this view (having, in the first instance, procured the governor's licence), they purchased an old West Indian druggist-boat, as sorry-looking a craft as ever ventured a league to sea; but the small stock of dollars which they had succeeded in scraping together did not enable them to purchase one better fitted for their purpose. Having taken a few additional hands into partnership, they soon put a deck upon her, and otherwise rigged her out in pretty tolerable style. They next collected a quantity of old arms, consisting of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and two small swivels, which they mounted on the boat's timber heads; but, as they were to trust chiefly to boarding, they took on board no cannon: their barque, indeed, was, from its diminutive size, utterly unfit for this grand

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extremity; but, as many circumstances combined to excite a suspicion that the enemy meditated an attack during the night, the troops were silently got under arms and ordered to bivouac in the great square in front of the town-house. This had scarcely been effected when the head of the enemy's column appeared and opened a fire of musketry; but Colonel Gillespie having sallied out at the head of a party, with the intention of charging the assailants in flank, the firing immediately ceased, and no more was seen or heard of the enemy during the night.

Early on the morning of the 10th of August the troops, as well as the inhabitants, had a narrow escape, a Malay being fortunately discovered, with a firebrand in his hand, in the act of igniting some wooden magazines containing a considerable quantity of gunpowder. He was taken and hanged. Nor was this the only instance of treachery the troops had to contend with. The commanding officer's quarters were kept by a Frenchman, who had the baseness to poison the coffee prepared for the breakfast of Colonel Gillespie and his staff; but the atrocious attempt was unsuccessful, the effects of the poison having manifested themselves before sufficient had been taken to produce the intended murder. In the confusion of the moment the villain escaped.

On the same day Colonel Gillespie advanced with his corps towards the enemy's cantonment at Weltevreden, supported by two flank battalions of infantry, and found them at a short distance beyond, in a position strongly defended by an *abbatis*, occupied by 3000 of their best troops and four guns of horse artillery. It was promptly attacked by Gillespie, and after an obstinate resistance carried at the point of the bayonet.

But the enemy, though vanquished, were still greatly superior in numbers to the invading force, and intrenched themselves in a strong position, between a wide river and a broad and deep canal, neither of which was fordable. Their position was further defended by a deep trench strongly palisaded, seven redoubts, and many batteries, the fort of Meester Corselis being in the centre, and the whole of the works defended by a numerous and well-organised artillery.

This formidable position Gillespie, with his characteristic energy, determined to carry by storm, and at dawn of day on the 26th of August the assault was made.

It was proposed to surprise one of the redoubts constructed by the enemy beyond the canal, to endeavour to cross the bridge over that water with the fugitives, and then to assault the redoubts within the lines. The enemy was under arms prepared for the combat, and General Jansens was in the advanced redoubt when the attack commenced.

After a long *détour* through a close and intricate country Colonel Gillespie came on their advance, which he routed almost instantly, and with extraordinary rapidity proceeded, under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, to the advanced redoubt, of which he was soon in possession. He then, in accordance with the proposed plan, crossed the bridge, and, after an obstinate resistance, carried with the bayonet a second redoubt. The operations of other columns were directed with equal success against different parts

of the works; but the explosion, either by accident or design, of the magazine of one of the redoubts destroyed a number of brave men and officers who were crowded on its ramparts, which the enemy had just abandoned.

The park of artillery was also attacked and carried in a masterly manner, and a body of cavalry which had formed to defend it speedily put to flight. A strong body of the enemy who had taken their position in the lines in front of Fort Corselis were attacked and driven from them, and the fort taken. The enemy was now completely put to flight; a vigorous pursuit followed, and the whole of the flying army was either killed, taken, or dispersed. So close was the combat that in the course of the day almost every officer was engaged hand to hand. Colonel Gillespie, in person, took prisoners two generals and a colonel, and another colonel fell by his hand. General Jansens succeeded with some difficulty in reaching Buitenzorg, a distance of thirty miles, with a few cavalry, the sole remains of an army of 10,000 men.

The loss on the part of the British was severe, that of the enemy still more so. About 1000 of the latter were buried in the works, many perished in the river, and many in the flight. Nearly 5000 were made prisoners, among whom were three general officers, thirty-four field officers, seventy captains, and 150 subalterns. In the Anglo-Indian army about 150 men, European and native, were killed or missing, and upwards of 700 wounded.

The conquest of the island might now be considered as achieved, but General Jansens still held out, and took up in succession two or three other positions, with a view of making head against the invaders. But all his efforts were vain: he was driven from them all, and was finally compelled to give up the island, and to surrender with all that remained of his army.

The Sultan of Palimbang, a chief in the south-eastern part of SUMATRA, no sooner received intelligence of the success of the British arms than he formed the atrocious resolution of destroying the Dutch resident, and every male person belonging to the factory at Palimbang, not excepting even children, and of razing the fort to the ground. This horrible scheme he executed, the number of persons thus wantonly massacred being nearly 100, thirty of whom were European born.

The destruction of the fort being an act of hostility against those to whom the Dutch establishments had been transferred by right of conquest, Colonel Gillespie was sent thither with men to assert the rights of the British Government, and to punish the faithlessness and cruelty of the sultan. After a tedious progress, which was considerably retarded by currents and contrary winds, the expedition came to anchor on the 15th of April, 1812, opposite the west channel of the Palimbang river, on which the sultan had having removed his treasures and his women to the interior, and left the fort, palace, and city in a state of inconceivable disorder.

On learning this state of affairs Gillespie pushed on with a few men in the light boats to put a stop to the confusion and carnage that were taking place in the city, which on their arrival presented an awful scene of murder and pillage. The most dreadful shrieks and yells were heard

in all directions, and conflagrations appeared in various places. An eye-witness declares that "romance never described anything half so hideous, nor has the invention of the imagination ever given representations equally appalling."

Amidst these horrors Colonel Gillespie stepped on shore, accompanied by only seven grenadiers, and proceeded into the city, surrounded by the glittering weapons of ferocious Arabs and treacherous Malays. On approaching the palace the horrors of the spectacle were aggravated. The apartments had been ransacked, the pavements and floors were flowing with blood, the flames were rapidly consuming all that plunder had spared, and while they were pursuing their devastating career the crackling of the bamboos is said to have resembled the discharge of musketry. At intervals the roofs of the various buildings fell with a tremendous crash, and, notwithstanding the descent of torrents of rain, the fire continued to spread, and threatened even that part of the palace where the British forces were compelled to take up their temporary abode.

This force consisted of only a few grenadiers and seamen, and they were surrounded on all sides by hordes of assassins. The best means of defence were adopted by the little band till the arrival at midnight of a small reinforcement under Major French, of the 89th, and another in the morning, under Colonel McLeod, of the 59th. Resistance was now no longer thought of, and the resolution of Colonel Gillespie had thus, without the loss of a man, placed in the possession of the British the city, fort, and batteries, defended by 242 pieces of cannon!

Notwithstanding the subjugation of the Dutch and French power, parts of Java remained in a disturbed state, and, amongst others, the Sultan of Djoejocarta, one of the most turbulent and intriguing of the native princes, manifested a hostile disposition to the British government. By his agency a confederacy was formed of all the native courts, the object of which was to expel all European settlers of every country, and to sweep from the island every vestige of European power.

As soon as the design became known the lieutenant-governor (Mr. Raffles) and the commander of the forces immediately proceeded to Djoejocarta with such military force as could be collected, under the immediate command of Colonel Gillespie, who had opportunely arrived from Palimbang. An attempt was made to negotiate, but without success, and it was clear there was nothing left but an appeal to force.

The residence of the sultan was about three miles in circumference, surrounded by a broad ditch with drawbridges, possessing a strong high rampart with bastions, and defended by nearly 100 pieces of cannon. In the interior were numerous squares and courtyards, inclosed with high walls, and all defensible. The principal entrance or square in front had a double row of cannon facing the gate, and was flanked with newly-erected batteries right and left; 17,000 regular troops manned the works, and an armed population of more than 100,000 surrounded the palace for miles, and occupied the walls and fastnesses along the sides of the various roads.

But nothing could deter the Anglo-Indian army, led on by the dauntless Gillespie. Two hours before day the leaders of columns received their orders, and instantly proceeded to execute

them. The assault was made by escalade, and was completely successful. The British force quickly occupied the ramparts, and turned the guns of the enemy against himself. The sultan was taken in his stronghold. He was subsequently deposed, and the hereditary prince raised to the throne. The other confederated princes readily acceded to the terms proposed to them. The conquest of Java was thus complete, and the British power was not only paramount in the island, but established throughout the East without a European rival.

PRIVATEERING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE history of the war of independence in the western states of South America is interspersed with numerous instances of remarkable adventure. Desultory in its nature, and unconnected in its details, that war was peculiarly fitted to call into activity the latent energies of those who participated in its perils; and the spirit of bold enterprise to which it gave rise was shared no less by those who fared on the sea than by the scattered guerilla parties on the continent. The banner of freedom, indeed, had hardly been raised on the towers of Valparaiso when numerous bands of hardy seamen fitted out their barques for predatory adventure, and privateers, in particular, received both encouragement and assistance from the insurgent government, whose policy it was to weaken, by every possible means, the maritime power of the mother country. Foreigners, as well as Americans, eagerly embarked in the business of legalised plunder, not from any principle of patriotism, it is obvious, but upon mere mercenary speculation. British sailors, more than those of any other country, were enamoured of the exploits which such a field of enterprise presented for their achievement, and many of them left their peaceful London and Liverpool traders to share, if not in the honours, at least in the anticipated profit and pleasure of a course, perhaps a life, of perpetual hostility.

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instrument of war. Altogether their outfit and the object of it seemed somewhat of a burlesque upon ordinary privateering; but they were good-humoured fellows, fond of a joke, and their own masters, so that they did not mind the mirth and harmless ridicule which their armament excited.

Thus equipped, and having stowed on board a few bales of dry jerk beef, with some other necessary articles of provision, they put to sea, determined to make the most of everything they should meet with. The crew consisted of sixteen hands, commanded by one Mackay, a Scotchman, who had a short time before resigned the office of steward in a south-sea whaler, and who had originally projected this mad-like scheme. They had only one course to follow, for the trade wind, which blows for a considerable part of the year constantly from the south, carried them briskly up the wide coast of Peru. On their voyage, which was extended to a considerable distance beyond Lima, they had not the good fortune to fall in with a single legitimate prize; but, running short of provisions, they were soon forced to put under contribution such trading vessels and boats as they happened to fall in with. Supporting themselves entirely by compulsory levies, it was not long before they lost all proper sense of a distinction between plundering and privateering; but the plea of necessity was always at hand to satisfy their not over-scrupulous consciences that in employing such means to supply their wants they did nothing morally wrong—or at least that, circumstanced as they were, their doings amounted, at the utmost, to justifiable marauding. Their acts of depredation became so frequent, however, and in some instances of so aggravated a character, that they soon excited alarm throughout the whole coast. Even at Lima they were heard of. At one period, indeed, it was seriously intended by the authorities there to despatch a small force to consign the druggie and her pilfering crew to the bottom of the ocean; but they were saved the trouble of carrying their threat into execution. The offenders soon brought on their own apparent ruin; for, dreaded by friends no less than by foes, they were in a few weeks shunned and run from by every barque that hove in sight. Smugglers, as well as people of their own calling, refused not only to relieve their wants, but to hold any intercourse with them, and they were at the same time denied all communication with the peaceful citizens on shore. Thus situated, both their provisions and water were speedily exhausted, and, to add to their distress, their little vessel became leaky to such a degree that she was almost wholly unfit for sea, while they were themselves worn out with the constant exertion which was necessary to keep her afloat.

They were therefore compelled to turn towards Valparaiso, but, under the difficulties they had to encounter, the attempt to reach that port was almost a hopeless one. The wind blew right ahead, while they neither had provisions nor were in a situation in other respects to venture upwards of a hundred miles from land, in order to fall under the north trade wind. In these painful circumstances, and not daring to touch at any of the intermediate ports, there was no alternative but to sweep back to Valparaiso. They were not without some apprehension, too, that Spanish frigates might be cruising on the

coast, into whose hands they knew it would be certain destruction to fall. No wonder, therefore, that their spirits flagged a little, and that they now crept along the coast with a degree of caution that contrasted strikingly with their former reckless disregard of all danger. It was only during the night, indeed, that they coasted along: during the day they skulked in close to the land, concealing themselves in unfrequented creeks and among the rocks, where they employed themselves in fishing, now the only means by which they obtained a subsistence.

While thus fighting their way against fortune and the winds they chanced to fall in with an Indian fisherman, whom they made prisoner, with the view of procuring from him information respecting the state of the coast; and they had an eye also to his fishing apparatus, as well as to the benefit of his superior skill in the art of using it, for by this time they were sorely pressed by the common wants of our nature. By the Indian they were informed that the coast was clear of king's ships, that an armed merchantman from Old Spain had arrived at Arica (a fortified town still in the hands of the royalists) a few days before, and that she was lying under the protection of the fort, ready to discharge a valuable cargo. Their disappointment at having missed the opportunity of falling in with so rich a prize, in consequence of useless and in other respects hurtful delays, was extreme, for they entertained no doubt whatever that had they been down in time, as they would have been but for these delays, the *Minerva* would have been the reward of all their privations. Disappointment is not a feeling that arises in the mind and then instantaneously passes away: it recurs again and again to vex the spirit, and to rouse its energies to redeem the mistaken or neglected step by which it has been troubled. With the crew of the druggie-boat it operated with instantaneous effect, and they were at the same time stimulated by the severe pressure of existing necessities to form the desperate resolution of attempting the capture of the *Minerva*. But then, on further interrogation, the Indian added that, besides being armed with five-and-twenty guns, and lying, as the vessel did, within musket-shot of a strong battery, she had received on board, in addition to a numerous crew, upwards of 250 Spanish soldiers, for the especial purpose of protecting her from any piratical or predal attack. These were difficulties which to the ordinary run of mortals would have been considered as absolutely insurmountable; but by the handful of famishing tars they were viewed in no such light. The crew of the *Minerva* did not enter into their calculation at all, for, once on board, with cutlass in hand, they would speedily overcome them; and the fort, though strong enough to blow them out of the water in five minutes, would not surely (so they reasoned among themselves) be so regardless of Spanish life and Spanish property as to sink the *Minerva* in order to destroy a few impertinent marauders already on board of her. The formidable guard of soldiers could not, however, be so conveniently disposed of. To attempt a fair stand-up fight with a force numerically so far superior would be to court certain destruction. It therefore appeared to them that the only means by which the difficulty might, by possibility, be obviated was to board the vessel by surprise at

midnight, and to secure her hatches—a plan sufficiently simple in itself, and effectual, too, provided it could be promptly accomplished.

A council of war, consisting of all hands, having been held, the scheme underwent solemn but by no means deliberate discussion, and was pronounced *quite practicable*! This point finally settled to every one's entire satisfaction, and evening coming on, they stole out from among the rocks where they had been concealed during the day, and hove warily down towards the mouth of the semicircular bay, in the innermost verge of which stands the beautiful town of Arica. Before daybreak they again betook themselves to a hiding-place, close on shore, some eight or ten miles distant from Arica; and ere the sun had been an hour above the horizon each in his turn had slipped out in the Indian's canoe to enjoy a stolen peep at the expected prize. Their arms and ammunition were now carefully overhauled. Every pistol received a fresh flint, and its lock a touch of oil; a sufficient quantity of powder was spread out on an old top-sail to dry in the sun; and while engaged in settling the details of the assault they employed their hands in giving their rusty cutlasses the keen edge of a razor. All this day a little putrid water was their only refreshment, for they had not had leisure to attempt the capture of a single fish; but their mental anxiety was sufficiently intense to absorb all consciousness of physical wants.

The poor Indian fisherman was kept as much as possible in the dark as to the important part that was to be assigned to him in the affair. He happened to be the only one on board who could speak Spanish with sufficient fluency to escape instant detection; and in the event of being challenged by the *Minerva's* sentinels he was instructed to say that they were the bearers of despatches for the captain from the commander of the Spanish fleet.

Towards evening the wind died away into a dead calm, and the moon rose with just as much light as sufficed to render objects close at hand sufficiently distinguishable, while there was not enough of it to expose to view those at a distance. Thus favoured, the sixteen lion-hearted British seamen left their lurking-place and stole into the bay towards the *Minerva*. About midnight the dull light of a lantern on board became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the dim outline of the vessel's hull was discovered. For a moment the druggers' oars were suspended, to allow her crew to draw one deep breath before striking the desperate blow. During this pause each man ascertained that his brace of pistols was in his belt, and his cutlass and boarding-pike at hand.

Their courage required no "screwing up," for in one and all of them it naturally remained at all times above the "sticking-point;" but at this moment of suspense it may easily be conceived that their breasts were swelled with a tumult of distracting emotion, and with that burning solicitude which is produced, even in the breasts of the bravest, by the consciousness that the moment has arrived when naught remains but to do or die. Agitated but not confused by these feelings, the druggers' crew rowed fearlessly forward upon the *Minerva's* larboard side. All was quiet until they reached within musket-shot of the ship: it was then that the night-watch sung out a challenge.

"Despatches from the fleet for the captain," was the fisherman's answer.

"Keep off; the captain is on shore," replied the sentry.

"Pull on, pull on, ye devils," whispered Mackay.

"Stand off, you there, or I'll sink you, by Saint Maria," reiterated the sentry, and, the threat having been disregarded, he fired his musket into the boat, but without effect.

"Slap alongside, my lads," cried Tom Martin; "keep clear o' her stinsails."

But Tom's warning was too late, for at this most critical moment the druggers' mast and cordage ran foul of the *Minerva's* swinging-boom, which, as is usual in large ships, had been rigged out for the purpose of mooring the boats, and, a considerable swell causing the *Minerva* to roll heavily, the difficulty of boarding even without resistance was, in the situation in which they were now placed, rendered almost insurmountable. Not a moment, however, was lost. Martin, firing a pistol among a knot of Spaniards who had suddenly collected on the gangway, seized hold of the *Minerva's* "guis work," and, mounting the swinging-boom, was instantly on board. He was speedily followed by several of his shipmates, who, without uttering a word, commenced an almost unresisted attack on the astonished Spaniards. Meanwhile the druggers had been swung round by the swell till she came right alongside of the *Minerva*, and the remainder of the assailants easily scrambled on deck. The conflict was bloody, but of brief duration, for so instantaneous had been the assault, and so panic-struck were the Spaniards by its temerity, that they made little or no resistance, and their unexpected visitors experienced little difficulty in driving those who had escaped with life down the hatchway. The only man amongst them, indeed, who defended himself with true courage was the *Minerva's* boatswain. This brave fellow, who encountered Mackay, placed his back against the bulwarks, and defended himself nobly, but, having refused to ask for quarter, his antagonist was reluctantly compelled to cut him down.

The hatches were now secured upon the multitude below, the captives of the sixteen dare-devils above; and the closing of the hatches was accompanied by an information that the slightest attempt to alarm the fort or to recapture the ship would be followed by an immediate discharge of grape-shot through the decks.

Here, then, was the *Minerva*, and her guards and crew, fairly in the hands of our heroes; but they had yet much to do before being absolutely secure of their prize. On looking around them they discovered that not only were her topmasts struck, but that all her sails were unrent, and her foreyard lying across the fore-castle—her deck being, at the same time, "lumbered up" with goods intended for disembarkation next morning. In this state it was impossible that the vessel could sail an inch, and there was no time to be lost, for an entire quarter of an hour had elapsed since they got on board, and at day-dawn the fort would at once discover what had happened; so the Indian was despatched to the cuddy, where a number of the defeated seamen had taken refuge, to learn where the sails had been stowed. They were below, and the rolling of several guns from the ship's side to the middle of the

deck, with a few intimations, "upon oath," that they were ready for the work of destruction, soon induced the Spaniards to hand the sails up on deck. These got, all the hands were immediately at work. The topmasts were swayed away, as also the foreyard and topsail-yards. In any other than the most desperate circumstances they would have been altogether unequal to the fatigue which, exhausted as they were by previous labour and want, they sustained in putting the vessel in such trim as to enable her to sail out of the harbour. At length the sails were bent, but then there was hardly enough wind to make them flap against the masts. It was, in fact, and had been during the whole night, a perfect calm. The situation of the captors became every moment more perilous. Should morning dawn upon them where they lay they were lost, for what defence could they make against a combined attack from the forts and from all the boats of Arica? Already voices were heard on the shore, and they dreaded that an early visit to the ship would be the first duty of the custom-house officers. They were in an agony of hope, fear, and anxiety; and yet what could they do? Why, without wind they could do nothing. To escape now in their own druggers appeared utterly impossible, for the lighter sailing boats of the Aricans would soon overtake and capture her. At this most critical moment—not half an hour before daybreak—a slight breeze *did* spring up, and in an instant their hearts were as much elated as the instant before they had been cast down. The cables were immediately cut, the sails set, and the *Minerva* stood out to sea. The breeze was light, however, and before she was beyond the range of the fort the Aricans, to their utter astonishment (for they could not conjecture what had happened, as no other vessel was in sight), saw the *Minerva* bearing briskly down towards Moro-Blanco, a promontory on the south side of the bay, several miles distant from Arica. With the strong military force on board, they could not persuade themselves that there existed a possibility of her having been taken by an enemy. The most natural conclusion was that the soldiers themselves had made a joint speculation of her. The alarm was immediately given in the fort and throughout Arica; and in less than half an hour the harbour and beach were crowded with soldiers and sailors ready to embark in pursuit of the fugitive ship, in the hope that as the morning advanced the breeze would die away.

The *Minerva* had just rounded the blunt point of Moro-Blanco, when, as the Aricans had anticipated, it became a dead calm, and she once more lay like a log upon the water. Here, then, were the captors again in a situation not much better than that from which they had so recently escaped. They were not to be daunted, however, by this fresh difficulty, but, ordering the Spaniards on deck by two at a time, they pinioned them, and shipped them on board the druggers, the ship's launch, and small boats, reserving only one of the smallest for their own use. This accomplished, they pointed the guns towards the boats, ordering the Spaniards on shore, a small number of rowers remaining unbound, and threatened to blow them out of the water on the slightest indication of a disposition to disobey orders. They now took a snatch of refreshment, which to their empty stomachs and exhausted frames was true balm, and then hurried to prepare for the attack, which,

as a matter of course, was to be expected from Arica. They double-shotted the ship's guns with grape, and, unloosing those on the starboard side, brought them over to the larboard, on which side, being that opposite Arica, the attack was naturally to be anticipated. They soon smashed out rude port-holes in the bulwarks, and pointed the cannon.

In the meantime the crew of the *Minerva*, with the Spanish soldiers, reached Arica, where the particulars of the exploit were immediately made known. Not a moment was lost in manning the boats that could be collected. Their number was not great, it is true, but they were crowded with men, who, had they been all cannibals, would have made but a sorry breakfast of the sixteen half-starved hands on board the *Minerva*. Having learnt the precise number of the *Minerva's* captors, their exasperation at the audacity of the adventure was unbounded; but for so daring an insult they promised themselves the satisfaction of making an immediate return of most ample vengeance. They were, in fact, so filled with resentment, and so anxious for revenge, that they neglected to be cautious. In the hurry and heat of the moment they seemed only to strive which should first reach the *Minerva* by the shortest road. To men of cooler passion and calmer judgment it would probably have occurred that the safest, and in other respects the best mode of attack, would have been to disperse the boats, and, by surrounding the vessel, be in a situation to board on all points at once. Had this been done, the handful of Englishmen must inevitably have been cut to pieces. But the Spaniards did not condescend to consume time in concerting a plan of co-operation. They pulled on in a body, to devour, as they said, the devoted Englishmen. The Englishmen, however, were prepared for them. As the fleet of boats approached they coolly took their aim with every gun on board. The boats advancing in a dense extended line, each gun was brought to bear upon particular parts of them, so that there should be no useless expenditure of powder and shot. The *Minerva* being a deep-waisted vessel, with a top-gallant fore-castle and poop, the boats' crews did not discover the preparations that had been made for their reception; so they continued pulling on until they were within pistol-shot of the ship's side. At that moment Mackay, to whom all eyes on board the *Minerva* were now directed, everything having been in perfect readiness, gave the signal to "fire." A shower of millstones could not have been productive of more frightful effects. The moment before the boats were in gallant array, burdened with some hundreds of bold hearts inflamed with rage and revenge—the next it was as if the besom of destruction had gone over them. To use a homely simile, the broadside of heavy grape made a commotion among the boats similar to that which is produced by an unexpected shot from a well-loaded fowling-piece among a flock of ducks on the bosom of a pond. Instead of one such shot, however, five-and-twenty double shots of grape and canister were sent by deliberate aim among the boats of Arica, and each shot struck its allotted portion of the line of attack. At the scene which presented itself when the smoke cleared away even the druggers' crew were appalled. The grape had swept the entire line, carrying death and destruction before it; and the

cannon's roar was in an instant succeeded by the loud shrieks of the wounded and drowning. Several boats were sunk, others were fast sinking, while those that swam were soon overloaded by such as had scrambled into them or had been picked out of the water: some of the craft, indeed, were in this way swamped, and their crews suffered to perish, for there existed no means of saving them. All around was covered with shattered planks, drifting oars, and the still buoyant bodies of the killed, while here and there were seen wounded soldiers, sailors, and citizens engaged in an ineffectual struggle for life.

The surviving boats soon made for Arica, and the authorities there wisely resolved to make no further attempt to disturb the new masters of the *Minerva*. One of these, the same Tom Martin whose name has been already mentioned, and from whom this narrative has been chiefly derived, was informed, some years afterwards, that the *Minerva's* fatal broadside consigned to eternity upwards of 150 men!

Not the least surprising incident in the fortunes of Mackay and his shipmates remains to be related. After having deliberately put the ship in proper sailing trim they stood out to sea, in order to catch the trade wind, which, at the distance of 150 miles from the land, blew at that season from the north. Having reached this wind, they bore down on Valparaiso, with the view of disposing of the ship and cargo, and of dividing their spoil. Off Valparaiso lay a strong Spanish fleet, blockading the port; but of this circumstance our adventurers were not aware; neither did they entertain the slightest suspicion that an obstacle of so formidable a nature was at all likely to oppose itself to the completion of an adventure already so nearly crowned with success. At nightfall, previous to the morning when they expected to reach Valparaiso, they were not sufficiently near that city to distinguish the fleet that lay in the offing; so, the wind being favourable, they skimmed over the waves with hearts bounding in the pride of being the undisputed masters of so gallant a ship and all she contained, little dreading the danger into which they were about to fall. On they went, however, and, a dense fog coming on at day-dawn, they sailed through the very thickest of the Spanish fleet, not only without either seeing or being seen by a single ship, but without even suffering that annoyance which is produced by a consciousness of being in a position of extreme danger; and before the fog cleared away they lay safely moored below the fort of Valparaiso—so true does it seem that "fortune favours the brave!"

On the morning they received the congratulations of the governor of the city, by whom the *Minerva* was declared a lawful prize, and all Valparaiso resounded with the praises of her captors' heroism.

The vessel and her cargo turned out a prize of great value, and the English tars soon found themselves in possession of what appeared to them inexhaustible riches. They would not have been true British seamen, however, had they hoarded up their wealth. No less characteristic of their profession was the reckless intrepidity which one and all of them had displayed than was the profusion of their expenditure after getting fairly on shore. Each got his riding-horse and his sweetheart, of course. They gave balls, grand theatri-

cal parties, and all sorts of sumptuous entertainments; and when they met, as they often did, it was quite a common thing with them to toss up for a score of dollars, or to play "evens or odds" for a handful or a pocketful at a time. In a few years afterwards so effectual had been the exertions of some of them to get rid of their money that they again found themselves before the mast in Lord Cochrane's fleet; others, more provident, established themselves as respectable and substantial citizens; while Mackay became one of the most considerable of the merchants and ship-owners in Valparaiso.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

IF we could imagine one word that, sounded in the ear of Napoleon Bonaparte, might remind him of his death-knell, that word would be Moscow. What imparted the first shock to the apparently adamant throne of Imperial France? Moscow. What caused Austria, Russia, and Prussia to take heart and gather like vultures round the Dictator of Europe? Moscow. What was the fertile parent of those horrid reverses at Leipzig and at Waterloo? Moscow. When we say Moscow we mean that invasion of Russia which came to its full-stop in the flames of Moscow.

Napoleon having fought his way into the interior of Russia, Prince Kutusoff made a final stand against him at the Moskwa, near Borodino. The passage of the river, however, was forced in spite of the most heroic efforts of the Russian army, and Kutusoff determined, in opposition to many members of the council of war, to sacrifice the city in order to save the empire. The stores from the arsenal, together with the public treasures, had been already transported from Moscow and secured. The greater part of the inhabitants now followed with their moveable property; 17,000 wounded were conveyed in 4000 waggons, leaving only 2000 severely wounded and sick in the hospitals of Moscow. The army retired to Kaluga. The governor of Moscow, Count Rostopchin, in the meantime prepared to prevent the enemy from maintaining himself in the heart of the empire. He set fire to his beautiful country seat near Moscow, and others, equally determined not to see their property in the hands of the enemy, did the same; and many citizens loudly exclaimed that it would be better to burn Moscow than to give it up to the French. But Count Rostopchin could only effect the departure of the civil and military authorities, together with the officers of the fire department and 2100 firemen, with ninety-six fire-engines. These, as belonging to the military, were despatched from Moscow a day before the entry of the enemy. The prisons were not opened, but cleared, and the prisoners were conveyed to Nishnei-Novogorod, under an escort, two days before the arrival of the French. About half of the inhabitants remaining at Moscow were a mere mob, many of whom may have profited by the universal disorder to set fire to several houses that they might the better plunder. The conflagration of Moscow, which in the course of three days consumed three-fourths of all the houses, was, according to universal opinion, not accidental, but a preconcerted plan, and the order of Count Rostopchin.

On the 3rd of September the fire commenced, but that quarter of the town called the White City was preserved by the French, until four distinct explosions destroyed it, shook the whole city to its foundation, and proclaimed the salvation of Russia in the final departure of the enemy. M. le Beaume, an officer in the French army attached to the division commanded by the Viceroy of Italy, who was an eye-witness, gives a most animated picture of the dreadful scene of desolation.

"The most heart-rending scene, says he, which my imagination ever conceived, far surpassing the saddest story in ancient or modern history, now presented itself to my eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, terrified at our arrival, had concealed themselves in cellars or secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylums. They uttered no imprecation; they breathed no complaint; fear had rendered them dumb; and, hastily snatching up their precious effects, they fled before the flames. Others of greater sensibility, and actuated by the general feelings of nature, saved only their parents or their infants, who were closely clasped in their arms. They were followed by their other children, running as fast as their little strength would permit, and with all the wildness of childish terror vociferating the beloved name of mother. The old people, borne down by grief more than by age, had not sufficient power to follow their families, and expired near the houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches were filled with these unhappy people, who, lying on the remains of their property, suffered even without a murmur. No cry, no complaint was heard. Both the conqueror and the conquered were equally hardened.

The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, soon reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture and the elegance of their furniture were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, fell with a dreadful crash on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them those beautiful steeples which we had seen the night before resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals, too, which contained more than 12,000 wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a dreadful and harrowing spectacle. Almost all these poor wretches perished. A few who still lingered were seen crawling, half burnt, among the smoking ruins, and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavoured in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

The next day the different streets could no longer be distinguished, and the places on which the houses had stood were marked only by confused heaps of stones, calcined and black. On whatever side we turned we saw only ruin and flames. The fire raged as if it were fanned by some invisible power. The most extensive range of buildings seemed to kindle, to burn, and to disappear in an instant.

How shall I describe the confusion and tumult when permission was granted to pillage this immense city? Soldiers, sutlers, and galley slaves eagerly ran through the streets, penetrating into

the deserted palaces, and carrying away everything which could gratify their avarice. Some covered themselves with stuffs richly worked with gold and silk; some were enveloped in beautiful and costly furs; while others dressed themselves in women's and children's pelisses, and even the galley slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid garments of the court. The rest crowded into the cellars, and, forcing open the doors, fruit to excess the most luscious wines, and carried off an immense booty. The flames, obstructing the passage of the principal streets, often obliged them to retrace their steps. Thus, wandering from place to place, through an immense town, the avenues of which they did not know, they sought in vain to extricate themselves from a labyrinth of fire. The love of plunder induced our soldiers to brave every danger. They precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames. They waded in blood, treading upon the dead bodies without remorse, whilst the ruins of the houses, mixed with burning coals, fell thick at their murderous hands.

About the dawn of day I witnessed a spectacle at once affecting and terrible—a crowd of the miserable inhabitants drawing, upon some mean vehicles, all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly and painfully dragging along their little carts, some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half-consumed families. Children, half naked, followed these interesting groups. Affliction, to which their age is commonly a stranger, was impressed on their features; and when the soldiers approached them they ran crying into the arms of their mother.

When the conflagration had ceased many of the Moscovites who had sought refuge in the neighbouring forests re-entered the city, when they sought in vain for their houses, or for shelter in the temples, which had also been destroyed. The public walks presented a revolting spectacle. The ground was thickly strewn with dead bodies, and from many of the half-burnt trees was suspended the body of an incendiary."

The signal patriotism of sacrificing the city in order to subdue the enemy actuated all ranks. A Russian servant, whose master had quitted Moscow on the entrance of the French, remained behind and made frequent attempts to secret himself in the house, which was then occupied by one of Bonaparte's chief officers of the *artillerie*. He was frequently detected and dismissed, but at length was admitted, on pretence of taking care of the furniture and other property of his absent master. No sooner, however, had he fixed himself in his old quarters than he was discovered making several ineffectual attempts to set the house on fire, and when interrogated as to his motive for such extraordinary conduct coolly replied that "everything around him was burning, and he did not see why his master's house should escape." With a degree of lenity almost surprising in an enraged enemy, he was only thrust out of doors, discontented at his own want of success, and evidently considering his master and himself disgraced by not being permitted to partake of the general sacrifice.

The celebrated retreat of the French from this city is a subject of such general interest that we



[THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.]

give it in the words of the same officer. The annals of ancient and modern warfare, in the vast catalogue of woes which they record, do not present a parallel to the sufferings of the French on their retreat from Moscow—sufferings neither cheered by hope nor mitigated by the slightest relief. The army, in its retreat, had to encamp on the bare snow, in the midst of the severest winter which even Russia ever experienced. The soldiers, without shoes, and almost without clothes, were enfeebled by fatigue and famine; sitting on their knapsacks, the cold buried some in a temporary, but more in an eternal, sleep. Those who were able to rise from this benumbing posture only did it to broil some slices of horse-flesh, perhaps cut from their favourite charger, or to melt a few morsels of ice. Even wood often failed them for their fires, and the troops destroyed the very houses in which their generals lodged.

In the march it was impossible to keep them in order, as hunger—imperious hunger—seduced them from their colours, and threw their columns into confusion. In this aggravated scene of suffering none had more cause to complain than the Frenchwomen who accompanied the army from Moscow. Many of them on foot, with shoes of stuff little calculated to defend them from the frozen snow, and clad in old robes of silk, or the thinnest muslin, were glad to cover themselves with tattered pieces of military cloaks, torn from the dead bodies of the soldiers. Their situation would have drawn tears from the hardest hearts if dire necessity had not stifled in every bosom the feelings of humanity. The cold was so severe that men were frozen to death in the ranks, and at every

step were seen the dead bodies of the soldiers stretched on the snow.

The guard of honour of Italy, which originally consisted of 350 young men, selected from the first families, all perished, except eight, in the most deplorable manner. Unaccustomed to shoe their horses or mend their garments, they were obliged to submit to these offices when the artificers and servants attached to their regiment were no more. Having lost their horses, they were unable long to support the fatigues of continual marches. Confounded with the stragglers, they remained in the rear without food, and some of them were seen wrapped in the tattered remains of their cloaks; others, mounted on wretched horses, suddenly fainted from weakness and hunger, and fell to rise no more. In this manner the descendants of the noblest families perished far more miserably than the common soldier.

In marching from Smolensko a spectacle the most horrid presented itself. The carcases of the horses, of which 30,000 perished in a few days, covered and blocked up the way. At every bivouac were seen trees at the foot of which the soldiers had attempted to light a fire, but the poor wretches had perished ere they could accomplish their object; around the green branches which they had vainly endeavoured to kindle they lay stretched in such numbers that they would have obstructed the road had not the soldiers been often employed in throwing them into the ditches and ruts.

These horrors, far from exciting sensibility, hardened the hearts of the soldiers. The best friends no longer recognised each other. Every

one preferred saving the plunder of Moscow rather than the life of his comrade. On all sides were heard the groans of the dying and the lamentable cries of those who were abandoned. When the French army reached the Berezina, after one month's march, it was reduced to 30,000 men; 40,000 had been taken prisoners, with twenty-seven generals and 500 pieces of cannon, and 40,000 more had died of fatigue and famine, or in the different battles which they were obliged to fight in their retreat.

At Liadoui three barns, principally filled with wounded soldiers, were burnt. The most active saved themselves by leaping out of the windows; but the sick and wounded, being unable to move, saw, with horrible consternation, the flames rapidly advancing to devour them. Eagerly did they cry to their comrades, through the whirlwinds of fire, to shorten their sufferings. "Fire upon us! fire upon us! at the head! at the head! Do not hesitate!" were the cries which proceeded from every part of the building, nor did they cease till the painful duty of humanity dictated a compliance with their entreaties, or they had perished in the flames.

When the army reached the Berezina, although there were two bridges, one for the carriages, the other for the foot soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and such the anxiety to get over, that the way was completely obstructed, and it became impossible to move. The bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down, and the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Then began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge, and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcases to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed and, struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them, and were inhumanly kicked and remorselessly trod under foot. During this contention the multitude, which followed like a furious wave, swept away while it increased the number of victims.

At length the Russians, continually reinforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove their enemies on the bridge, where the most dreadful struggle took place. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker and unfortunately hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Some, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished on pieces of ice which were forced to the bottom. Thousands, driven to despair, threw themselves headlong into the Berezina, and were lost in the waves. One poor woman was hemmed in the ice in the middle of the river with an infant in her arms until she gradually sank, with the most piercing cries. The destruction of the bridge by the Russians threw into their hands all that had not passed it, while those who escaped had new miseries to encounter scarcely less formidable in their way to the Niemen, where they arrived on the 13th of December 1812.

Of 400,000 warriors who had crossed the

Niemen at the opening of the campaign, six months before, scarcely 20,000 repassed it. Such was the dreadful havoc which a Russian winter caused to the finest, best-appointed, and most powerful army that ever took the field.

A THREE HOURS' DUEL.

THERE are few quarrels that cannot be amicably arranged by judicious seconds, if the lie or blow have not passed; but those who deal in such acts or expressions generally lose their lives in duelling. Many have fallen in this way, and many but narrowly escaped, owing to the almost impossibility of settling the matter without a bloody or protracted combat. Two officers, a lieutenant and a surgeon, quarrelled in this way at Ostend in 1815. They were intimate friends, and had differed in a public coffee-room about a trifling bet at backgammon, when the lieutenant gave the unqualified lie to the other in a loud voice, and in the presence of several gentlemen. The surgeon instantly knocked him down, and in his rage kicked him out of the room.

A message was sent next day from the lieutenant at twelve o'clock, and a meeting was appointed to take place at four, outside the ramparts. The parties met, each attended by a second. There were also a mutual friend and a Flemish surgeon. The combatants took their distance at ten paces. The earth was covered with snow, and afforded therefore a greater chance of a hit from either side; but the evening was drawing in dusky. There was scarcely a word spoken by any of the party, and, from the nature of the quarrel, no hope of separating without blood was entertained. The combatants stood back to back, close together, and each marched five paces, when the words "*Halt! front! fire!*" were given.

They fired, the surgeon in a very elevated direction above his antagonist's head, the lieutenant point-blank at his man, without effect. The former fired as described without letting his second previously know that he intended to do so, and (as he afterwards declared) for the purpose of terminating the affair, he feeling satisfied that his antagonist, although the first aggressor, was in no way his creditor. This, however, was unnoticed by both his own second and that of his opponent.

It was now demanded by the lieutenant's party whether the surgeon was disposed to apologise, and answered in the negative. The pistols were again loaded, and the surgeon, seeing that nothing but blood or apology could terminate the matter, proposed by his second to advance two paces closer every round. This was declined by the lieutenant's party. The word was again given, and it was evident that neither of the combatants intended to leave their next shot to chance, for each took deliberate aim while one could count ten: yet, strange to say (although both well-known good shots), neither ball took effect. They certainly could not have been many hairs' breadth from fate.

It was now getting dark; the apology was again demanded, and again refused. Another round was inevitable; but there were no more balls which would fit both pistols. It was therefore proposed that the seconds should return to

he town for them. This was agreed to, and the combatants retired both to a cottage or farmhouse near, where they coolly sat by the kitchen fire while the balls were preparing, at least half an hour, for it was necessary to cast the balls. It was by this time settled night, but the moon rose very bright, which, together with the reflection from the snow, gave a tolerably good light. The men took their ground once more; all parties silent, again was the word given, and again deliberate and slower aim was taken. One pistol missed fire, the other was harmless.

There had now been three hours spent. The seconds, however, consulted, and both the combatants shook hands. It was a heart-sickening scene to all, and more so when it was observed that each of the opponents expressed himself happy that the other had escaped. It is but justice to say that when the surgeon explained (all being then over) that he had fired in the air the most generous assurance was given that if it had been known to the lieutenant's party at the time they would not have fired another shot. The surgeon declared that he did so from a repugnance to fire at his friend, when he felt that he had taken summary satisfaction the night before: he therefore fired obliquely, and not palpably upwards, in hopes that one shot would satisfy the lieutenant without affording a chance to misconstrue his own good feeling towards him.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

VALOUR ITS OWN REWARD.

A PRUSSIAN general had a dangerous defile to pass. On the right rose a steep hill, on the left lay a marsh, and at the end a bridge, the sole outlet. From the hill the enemy harassed the troops, whom the general, with a view of saving his baggage (part of which belonged to himself), had left in a defenceless condition. Their ranks were soon broken, and they were hurried in great disorder towards the bridge.

Zieten, who followed with the rear-guard, perceiving the confusion they were in, flew to the spot, where he found the cannon abandoned, the horses killed, the artillerymen without ammunition, and on the point of surrendering. The distressed soldiers complained loudly to him of the conduct of their general, and Zieten, without making any answer, applied himself to repair the fault. Supported by the gallant Barlow, who had just collected a small party of infantry, he attacked the enemy, dislodged them from the heights, seized upon the bridge at the moment when they were going to occupy it, and, having taken from the baggage-waggons, which had been driven into the marsh, as many horses as were necessary to draw the artillery, he was enabled to rescue the whole corps.

The general who had so ill performed his task obtained nevertheless all the honours of the expedition. The king publicly congratulated him on having extricated himself in so able a manner, while Zieten and Barlow remained tacitly satisfied with the service they had rendered, without mak-

ing the least display of the parts they had acted. Zieten's friends were never able to learn from him either the place in which this event had happened, or the name of the general who had commanded the retreat in so unskilful a manner. It was only in the latter years of his life that he made mention of the affair, and then merely to do justice to the memory of his brother officer.

A PORTUGUESE AMAZON.

IN a Portuguese outbreak in 1827 the Marchioness of Chaves accompanied the insurgents in all their movements, and supported their courage amid all their difficulties. She held the commission of captain in the 7th Caçadores, and gallantly appeared at the head of her company both in the camp and in the field. Much of the success of the rebel cause arose from the boldness of her counsels, and the intrepidity which she inspired into the ignorant peasants, who had been misled by their loyalty or their superstition. On the advance of her troops from the north detachments of two constitutional regiments, under Zagallo, were defeated and dispersed. The colours of these regiments were carried to the marchioness, who made them into a dress, to wear on gala-days and festivals.

THE BOY AND THE POWDER MAGAZINE.

IN a naval action the following orders were given by Jean Bart, the celebrated Frenchman, to his son, a boy of fourteen:—

"Jean, I am resolved that my ship shall never become the prize of a Dutchman: therefore, my lad, you must take your post against the *Sainte Barbe* (powder magazine), and, if victory should forsake the French flag, recollect, the very instant we are boarded by the Dutch I shall fire my pistol down the gangway; and you, boy, the moment you hear the report, don't flinch, but fire the train communicating with the *Sainte Barbe*, and blow us all up together."

"I will," replied the youth, and undauntedly took the post allotted him.

On the termination of the action Jean Bart, followed by the officers, went to see if his son was still at his post. Directly the youth perceived them he asked if all was lost, and at the same time made a motion to fire the train.

"The danger is past," replied the father.

"Then I can leave my post," answered the boy, and very deliberately put out the candle and joined the others, who, when informed of the circumstance, unanimously resolved, should they land in France, that they would never again sail with one who preferred sacrificing them all to surrendering to an enemy.

ADMIRAL BLAKE AND THE PRIEST.

WHILE Admiral Blake was lying at Malaga with the English fleet some of his sailors ridiculed a religious procession which they met in the streets, and the priest, highly enraged, irritated the people to avenge themselves by beating the sailors very severely. When the occurrence came to the ears of Blake he demanded of the governor that the priest should be sent on board to him, but the governor answered that he had no power over the Church and could not comply with the demand. Upon this Blake sent a second message, that if the priest were not delivered up within three hours he would destroy the whole

town. The inhabitants, alarmed at this threat, obliged the governor to send the priest, who immediately came on board, and excused himself by representing the improper behaviour of the sailors. Blake, with much composure, told him that if he had complained of this outrage he would have punished them severely, for he would not suffer his men to affront the established religion of any place where he touched; but he blamed him for setting on a mob of Spaniards to beat them, and he would have him and the world know that none but an Englishman should chastise an Englishman.

A PRESENTIMENT FULFILLED.

ON board the *Courageux* one of the crew, who was a great favourite with the captain, fell into a state of despondency, being firmly persuaded he should lose his life whenever the fleets engaged. His commander (Lord Mulgrave) endeavoured by argument and ridicule to drive this idea from his mind, but in vain, and when they fell in with the French fleet he sent him to assist the surgeons, in the cock-pit, as a place of the greatest security. After the engagement commenced, impelled by irresistible curiosity to see what was going on, he came up the main hatchway, and was on the instant mortally wounded by a chain-shot! His great anxiety was now as to what would become of his wife and children, but Lord Mulgrave assured him that he would be their protector, when the poor fellow grasped his hand and immediately expired. His lordship was as good as his word: he sent the children to school, and had them supported and educated at his own expense, while the mother was provided with a good situation in a nobleman's family.

BURNING A TOWN AT HALF-PRICE.

THE Algerines having taken an English ship, Admiral Matthews, who commanded in the Mediterranean, sent a lieutenant to the dey to threaten to bombard the town if the vessel was not restored. "Pray, sir," said the dey, "what would be the expense to England to do this?" "About £50,000," replied the officer. "Well, sir," said the dey, "make my respects to the admiral, and tell him I will burn the town for half the money."

AN IRISH BRIGADE.

LOUIS XIV. complained to the colonel of an Irish brigade that his men were the most boisterous and ungovernable of any in the French service. "The accuracy of your Majesty's observation is very clear," replied the colonel, "and very generally acknowledged, for all your enemies say the same."

CLUMSY GUNNERS.

SIR EYRE COOTE and his staff were standing in a group one morning, when Hyder Ali pointed a gun at them. The ball struck the ground near the general. "You had better move, sir," said one of his suite; "you are observed." "Never mind," said Coote; "they could not do that again."

KEEPING THE ENEMY IN FRONT.

WHEN the Seven Years' War was ended Frederick the Great invited Marshal Loudon, the Austrian commander, to pass some time in his company at Potsdam, where he was received with all the honours due to his rank and merits. On

the king entering the banquetting-room the first day they dined together the marshal stepped back to allow his Majesty to pass. "No! no!" exclaimed Frederick; "I have had you too often already at my heels. Take your seat opposite me, that we may look one another in the face like honest men. I like to have the enemy in front."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLYARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XIV.—LOUISE'S PERIL.

WHILE Maria reluctantly led Nixon into the state or sleeping cabin the men left to watch the mistress began to turn up the ottomans and fauteuils and make an accurate survey of the apartment, as Louise stood at the window, as if fascinated by the gambols of the hideous monsters sporting within a few feet of the vessel's rudder.

"He ain't there, that's as clear as a pikestaff," observed Nixon as he returned to the boudoir. "I think the girl's right; he's got some lubber's hole in this far'd cabin that leads down to the orlop deck, and that's where we'll find him; so come away, my beauty, I wants your valuable services while I'm unearthing the old thief. You, Tom, keep watch over the wench here till I come back." Going up to Louise, who stood with her back to the party, seemingly absorbed in the ominous aspect of the weather, Nixon grasped her wrist firmly, and, dragging her to the centre of the apartment, said, speaking between his teeth—

"Touch or draw that sting of yours, and upon my soul I'll strangle you; so come with me and look for that skulking old fool." And, without further ceremony, he dragged her from the boudoir with one hand, while he poised a cocked pistol in the other.

"One of you get a lantern, and let us search the cabins on the main deck. It's plain he's some hole to slide down here away. While we search the lower deck you keep watch here, where he is sure to come out when he finds us at the other end of his run. Now look alive, will ye? This here's your way, ma'am," he said, with mock civility, as, following the men with the lantern, he dragged Louise to the top of the second companion, leading to the officers' berths, compelling her to follow him reluctantly into those unknown lower regions.

"Keep your eyes open up there, and if he don't give in cut him down," shouted Nixon from below to those in the saloon. "He must come out somewhere, though it's plain he ain't here," he added, as, after searching each of the small sleeping cabins on that deck, he prepared to descend by a broad and well-constructed ladder to the orlop or lowest deck. "It ain't no use your hanging back, so put out your trotters and come on," he ejaculated, as Louise, who had followed hitherto with compressed lips and bloodless cheeks, shrank back and hesitated descending

into those dark and unknown places, of which she had no actual or traditional knowledge. "This is the most likeliest place in the whole ship to find the cove. Ah! here we are. Light the other lanterns, and let's see what we are about and what sort of a crib the skipper has made for himself. That's bobbish, now," he continued, drawing Louise with a jerk from the last step, and looking about on the scene before him.

"There's nothing here but bulkheads and a clear run fore and aft of the orlop deck," he cried, after carefully examining every portion of the surrounding deck, and, with suspicious cunning, rounding all the uprights and skirtings with the butt of his pistol. "He ain't here, that's as clear as mud; and yet he is here, skulking, like a cowardly sneak, in some hole or corner, I knows, as sure as I stands in my shoes."

"He ain't to be found, skipper, so we may as well give up the job and get back on deck; it's coming on to blow. We shan't grab him this out," observed one of the men, with a few expletives to give force to his opinion.

"Ay, ay, I suppose so; he's too 'cute for us, o we may as well—"

At this moment Nixon's scowling eyes turned on Louise's bloodless face, and, noting the sudden flush of hope and intelligence that beamed over her countenance, he added, with a malicious smile—

"Before we finish our job we'll just let the old chap know what we mean to do with this lousy bit o' ching o' his. Do you hear, old sneak?" he cried, addressing an imaginary listener, and turning round as he spoke, that his voice might be heard in all directions. "I have promised every hand aboard a smack at your gal's lips, and if you don't put out your head afore I can ry, 'Jack Robinson,' the kissing will begin. Stand still, you little fool. What's the use of your truggling that way?" he added to Louise, who, with loathing, was vainly striving to release herself from his grasp. "Now, then, form a line here. Mat, you skinting thief, as you are the gliest of the lot, you shall have the first buss. Never fear, man, I've got her safe across the beam; you must look after the figure-head yourself. Here you are, Mat. Now fire away."

At this moment, however, the ship, with a crash and a roar like thunder, was thrown on her beam ends, a wild hissing noise was heard overhead, and the group were flung about in all directions.

"All hands on deck to take in sail. Quick, here, quick!" shouted a voice through a speaking-trumpet down the companion.

"Curse the squall!" cried Nixon, scrambling on his feet. "You, Mat, as soon as she rights, take the girl to her cabin; the rest follow me." And, clutching at the gye-ropes, and followed by the men, he struggled to reach the deck, already half under water, while overhead a sky black as ink, and a perfect cauldron of seething foam beneath, produced a scene of such grand commotion and elemental strife as is only to be seen in its sublimity in the Bay of Bengal in a south-east monsoon.

Though far from an efficient or reliable seaman, Nixon was the only one of the crew at all capable of giving directions in this alarming state of affairs. By the sudden taking in of sail, the putting up of the helm, and the hauling home of the spanker

boom, the schooner was after a few moments brought up with a bound on her keel, thus saving the foremast, which, had the hull refused the helm, must the next instant have gone by the board.

Meanwhile Louise, though firmly grasped in Nixon's brutal hold, would also have been flung to the deck had not a rope to which she caught afforded her a safe means of supporting herself till the vessel righted and the discordant roar of the tempest gave way to the subdued thunder of the partly-excluded storm.

Mat now trimmed his light, and, approaching the pale and trembling girl he was left to guard, he stretched out his arm as if he intended to encircle her waist.

"Back! keep back! or I will call for help," cried Louise, shrinking in the wildest terror from the man's revolting touch. "Back, I tell you. Come one step nearer, and I'll plunge this dagger in your heart." And, emboldened by the momentary hesitation of the man, she flourished the stiletto with which she had wounded the insulting Nixon.

"Where are ye now, spittfire?" rejoined the man, as, with a hoarse laugh, by a sudden and adroit action, he disarmed her of her poignard and broke the blade under his heel. "For my own part, I rather like a spice of the devil in my Poll, and you are just the wench for my fancy; so stand still while I takes my allowance of kisses. You—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a deafening explosion, and a flash of flame so sudden that it seemed like lightning, and so near that it almost scorched the girl's face. The next instant the man's arms dropped by his side, and, with a despairing cry to the Deity, Mat's dead body fell forward on its face like a log. Captain Rowland, bursting open a secret door in the bulkhead, was only in time to catch his daughter in his arms, as, with a suppressed shriek, she reeled forward.

Giving a hasty glance around, Captain Rowland instantly retreated with his insensible burden to the recess from which he had issued, and, carefully closing the door, left her for a moment in a place of safety, and proceeded cautiously to the bulkhead in his daughter's private cabin.

Some events are so important in themselves or rapid in their action that, though the circumstances only occupy a few brief seconds, when looked back upon they seem as if they had taken hours in the performance. Of this nature were the events we have just recorded, and which, though taking long in the recital, were, in fact, all completed within a very brief space. Indeed, from the moment when Captain Rowland so suddenly disappeared in his daughter's cabin to when he rushed from his concealment on the orlop deck, in time to receive and bear away his fainting child, hardly twenty minutes elapsed.

Secreted far down in the timbers of the ship, he heard nothing of what was passing either above or beneath him, and it was only on the sudden careening of the vessel, when pitched on her beam ends, that his dread of the consequences to the ship made him hasten to the nearest and safest outlet, when, to his horror and alarm, he recognised the voice of his daughter as she struggled with the pirate.

Imperfectly lighted as this lower region of the vessel was by the lantern that had been left, the captain was unable to discover how many were

there besides the one he saw, or might be lurking on the companion; and, having only one weapon with him, and anxious, if possible, to rescue his daughter without betraying his retreat, he stood for some seconds with the half-opened wicket, watching with trembling impatience his opportunity to fire. But when the ruffian began to struggle with Louise the brutal head was so often thrust within a few inches of his child's bloodless face that the father dreaded to fire, lest he might sacrifice the innocent with the guilty. When at last, driven to desperation by the indignities offered to her, he drew the trigger, it was with a cry of agony that he caught her fainting form, believing for an instant that the same shot had slain his daughter as well as her assailant.

Satisfied on this point, and immeasurably relieved by the knowledge of her state, he left her, as we have seen, in one of his secret recesses, and the next minute stood before the terrified Maria, who, seated on her bed, was gazing dreamily across the room, while tears of real grief for her young mistress flowed down her pallid cheeks.

With a sudden cry of terror, the girl sprang to her feet with as much alarm as if she had seen a ghost, and in her fright would have fled had not the voice of her master reassured and checked her.

"Oh! captain, is it you—indeed you—come back?" she cried, springing towards him with a happy bound. "Oh! I am so glad. It has seemed so long since you left us! But oh! sir," she exclaimed, with all her former grief, "they have taken Miss Louise away to look for you, and wouldn't let me go with her, and left a brute to watch, who behaved so bad that I had to run in here and lock the door. Oh! captain, do go and see what they have done with my mistress. See, sir, I found these pistols just now. Pray let me have one and go with you, for I know she's in great trouble."

"Louise is quite safe, but has fainted, and you shall go to her in a moment. Only answer me, who is in the boudoir?"

"I think the man went away when the schooner was on her side, and then somebody came and opened the rest of the shutters, for you had taken the key, and then all was still again." "I must see for myself. But first come here, Maria."

As the girl followed him he opened the panel out of which he had just stepped, and, pointing to the narrow flight of stairs, continued—

"Descend this companion. It will lead you to a small room, where you will find your mistress, a light, and all you want, and stay there till I join you; haste!"

Only waiting till her head had disappeared, the captain closed the panel, and returned to the door that led to the boudoir.

Listening for a moment, he cautiously opened the door and entered the room, so lately the pink of beauty and order, but now all in confusion. The window shutters, that he had left only partially opened and locked, had been rudely hacked with a knife, slid back in their grooves, and the centre sash left open, though the heavy sea running made such an act highly dangerous, the swell frequently rising to the level of the window-sill. Putting his hand on the frame to close and fasten it, Captain Rowland took a hasty survey of the sky and water, as he muttered—

"There's a twenty hours' gale brewing here. If they want to keep the schooner afloat it will find more work for those thieves to manage than they think for, and save us too from their company for one day at least; and there's no knowing what may happen in— Here it comes, Jove!"

"You are out there, skipper, for it's from here it's a coming," cried a loud strange voice, as he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder.

Before he could turn to confront this new and sudden danger the ship caught the full force of the squall, and rolled and plunged with such violence that, with a confused blending of cries and cries of pain, Captain Rowland was hurled to the ground, pressed down by the weight of the men.

"Just in time to settle your hash, you cowardly scoundrel!" exclaimed a well-known voice, as the body of a powerful man was dragged off the captain's shoulders, allowing him partly to raise his head and note with surprise what had taken place.

"What, Mannering, is that you?" he demanded, recognising one of his own crew, a carpenter, as he drew off the seemingly insensible body of one of Nixon's bearded ruffians, who, with an axe in his hand, was bleeding from a stab in the neck from a sailor's knife.

"Are you a mutineer, or how came you here?" "That don't look much like mutiny, captain, does it?" he asked rather reproachfully, pointing to the knife he had driven with such force into the other's neck that he was unable to drag it from the spine, into which the blade was firmly locked. "Please to lend me a hand, captain," shoved this brute through the stern window, and then I'll tell you how I got here in time to see your figurehead from this here axe," replied the carpenter, as he took up the hatchet and stuck it in his belt.

"But the man may not be dead, Mannering," observed the captain, stooping down to assist the carpenter.

"He'll never be fit for nothin' again, and I haven't time to be squeamish. The scamp must've got rid of, and there's but one way of doing it. I'm only sorry the sharks have sheared off, for they'll never see him on deck. Now, sir, let's go first; once, twice, and away the beggar goes. And, without further ceremony, the wretched villain was shot from the window, and instantly sank under the ship's stern.

"How did I get here, Captain Rowland?" Mannering resumed, in reply to a previous question, as the two removed as well as possible all evidence of the late struggle and its consequences.

"When I heard they were rigging up the plank and had made three of the hands walk it, I got out of a port-hole, and crept along the run of the schooner till I reached the stern-posts, and then on by the shutters for a long time, while the sharks were munching up my poor messmates. I should have come in long ago, but you forgot to unlock all the shutters. When they took away Miss Louise, and this scamp we've just buried began his horseplay with Maria, I was too wild to think I couldn't do nothing to be of use, so I outs with my gully and cut away the lock and, opening the window, just got in. I then heard somebody moving in the saloon, and I only time to hide behind them curtains, viz:

saw you come aft and look at the sea, and that black-faced rascal creeping in after you with my lost axe, which I know'd in a minute. So you see, captain, I had just time to creep behind him as he was coming after you, and as the axe went up my knife came down, when the ship gave a lurch, and we all three came by the board with a run."

"I owe you my life, then, Mannering; but I must take another occasion to thank you," returned the captain.

"My eyes! here comes the squall again," ejaculated the carpenter, and, with a report like heavy artillery, the sails were torn out of their blocks, and, split in shreds, lashed the masts, bulwarks, and deck, threatening wounds and death on all sides. The schooner, as if she had been lifted out of the sea and then flung back again, lay half buried in the brine, flying before the sudden tempest, her lee scuppers lost in the waves that washed the deck from stem to stern and poured a flood of hissing water down skylight and hatchway. To add to the horror of the scene, a darkness that was almost palpable enveloped sky and ocean, except when blinding sheets of lightning rent the fearful gloom, and with its blue flame lit up with ghastly intensity every line and moulding of the boudoir.

"All hands on deck, you skulking thieves!" shouted Nixon through his speaking-trumpet into the saloon. "Tumble up, you akunks, and batten down these hatches. Look alive. Ease her off a point! luff there! luff!" The next instant the sudden cessation of the hissing noise of water told the practised ears of the two listeners that the skylight and companion had been closed, and would as soon as possible be battened down again.

"They'll have enough to do till the storm breaks, without thinking of us, Mannering; so we must make ourselves safe, and as comfortable as we can. First fasten the saloon door, and then help me to shoot these shutters, or we shall be pooped by these fearful seas. There! that was just in time," continued Captain Rowland, as a heavy wave was dashed against the stem.

A few minutes later the captain had brought his daughter and Maria from their small and uncomfortable retreat, and, having placed them on the ottomans of the boudoir, again descended to the secret depths of the hold, returning in a few minutes with a number of revolvers, bayonets, and cutlasses. Placing these in readiness on a convenient lounge, the four captives awaited the breaking of the storm, and prepared to pass the weary hours as agreeably as the actual danger of their situation would justify.

CHAPTER XV.—THE AVENGER.

"SAIL ho!" cried a voice from the mast-head of the *Avenger*, on the afternoon of the second day after her departure from the roads of Trincomalee, as, staggering under double-roofed topsails and courses, she dashed like a seabird through the cross waves and heavy swells.

The intense gloom, the deafening rattle of thunder, and the terrific flashes of lightning that for the first hours of the storm had given such a distracting terror to the scene had long subsided; yet the direction of the wind, the tumultuous state of the water, and the lurid colour of the misty atmosphere gave those familiar with such

signs an assurance that the tempest was far from having exhausted itself, and that the darkness and elemental strife might be renewed at any moment with all its former, if not with increased horrors.

Though for several hours a constant look-out had been kept from the foremast of the *Avenger*, yet, owing to the dense haze that rested on the water, it had been impossible to pierce with the eye, or even the telescope, those banks of fog that swept along the surface of the deep. Accordingly, when the voice aloft cried out, "Sail ho!" every face on deck was raised towards the speaker, as if to demand further intelligence.

"Where away, Bill?" cried Phil, rushing forward, the better to hear the reply.

"Two points on our starboard bow," replied Bill from his perilous position in the cross-trees.

"What do you make of her, lad?" demanded the young commander, but before the answer could be given the *Avenger* careened suddenly to port, and the look-out lost every vestige of the object on which he had been just gazing. Consequently many minutes of painful suspense had to be endured before the vessel regained her former position, and even then it was a matter of still longer patience before the eagerly-looked-for voice was heard again, hailing—

"Sail ho! I have her again, skipper, and just in the same quarter. Now the fog's lifting a little, and I can see her masts, and—yes, she's a—the schooner herself, by the Lord Harry!"

In his delight at the fact, Bill seized a loose halyard, and, scorning the more tedious but safer mode of descent by the shrouds and ratlines, twined his feet in the rope, and glided down to the deck like a plummet.

"Are you sure, Bill, quite sure, it's the craft we want?"

"Sure, sir? Yes, certain. But send the steward aloft. He'll know his own ship."

"It's as well to be quite certain, Bill; so, Kennedy, you go aloft and see if you can recognise the craft out here on our starboard bow."

"Ay, ay, sir. I shall know her in a moment by her hull, quite as quick as by her masts," and the late steward of the *Diadem* mounted the rigging like a squirrel, and, perching himself on the cross-trees, gazed steadily in the direction indicated.

"Well, Kennedy, have you found her?" inquired Phil, after waiting impatiently for the other to speak, and hailing the main-top through his speaking-trumpet.

"All right, your honour; I'll tell you more when I come down," was the unsatisfactory reply, with which Phil was obliged to be content, as he walked the deck with hasty steps, striving in vain to pierce the fiery-looking mist that covered the face of the ocean and effectually shut out the sight of every object on its surface.

Just when about to appeal in louder terms to the apathetic steward, Kennedy, who had imperceptibly descended the shrouds, dropped from the bulwarks on to the deck by the side of the irritable commander.

"That's the *Diadem*, sure enough, captain. I've had a good look at her from top to toe, from hull to spindle."

"And what do you make out of all you have observed?" demanded Phil.

"First, that she's in the hands of a set of lub-

bers not fit to navigate a whale-boat; next, that most of the crew have walked the plank, for I can see it still standing at the main gangway, and—

"But Captain Rowland and his daughter?" impatiently demanded Phil. "Tell me of them first. Can you make out whether they are still alive?"

"I think they are; nay, I am sure they are, for the reasons I was going to tell you. First, I know they mean to get rid of him, and *they will do it by the plank*. All the hands would be got rid of at once. Now, the plank is still standing; consequently the skipper's alive. Then you must remember the gale came on so soon after getting to sea that they have either put it off till the storm breaks, or, afraid of the gale, they have made him take the command till they are out of danger. At all events, Miss Louise and her maid are in the ladies' cabin, for all the stern shutters are closed, which they wouldn't be if she wasn't a prisoner."

"Then our best plan will be to bear down on them, and either give them a broadside or board them, as may seem best," suggested Ben, who had come forward to the conference.

"Belay there, Ben, my lad; belay awhile. It's certain Nixon will never suspect any one being so soon as this on his trail."

"Not likely," replied Kennedy and Ben in a breath. "Not for a week at least."

"Well, so I think. Now, in case any of his lot should recognise the sister schooner, we must make the *Avenger* appear as slovenly as possible, so that they may look upon us as an easy prize. Do you understand me?"

"I should think so: let them think they are going to take us."

"Exactly. Now, when we have worn ship, and got under the stern of the *Diadem*, we'll fire a gun as if in distress, or as a guide. If the captain or his daughter are in the after cabin they'll open the shutters to see what's up. In that case a boat that shall be ready manned will pull for the stern windows, while the *Avenger* wears on the other tack to get broadside on with the *Diadem*, and keep her in talk while the captives are lowered into the boat."

"A first-rate plan, sir, and I'll look out sharp for the shutters," replied Kennedy.

Under Bill's directions the trim schooner, the pink of beauty and order, was made to appear an untidy slatternly coaster, while at the same time Ben was working her as near in the wake of the pursued vessel as it was possible to do with safety.

While these changes were being effected by the mate and boatswain the skipper himself, assisted by Kennedy, was engaged in launching the cutter, with a crew of six picked men, a few extra oars, with cushions, cloaks, and other luxuries for the lady and her maid, should they be fortunate enough to rescue them.

As soon as all was completed the cutter was lowered into the water, and veered round to the weather side, to be in instant readiness to dart out on her understood duty. Placing Kennedy where he could see the first outline of the *Diadem*, Phil went aft to instruct one of the most intelligent of his crew, who was to imitate the commander, in what he was to say and do, and how he was to work the ship under Ben's directions, who, with Bill, would keep concealed during the conference.

Scarcely had Phil completed all his directions when Kennedy called out from his place in the bows—

"Here she is, your honour, almost across our bowse."

Rushing forward, Phil beheld the light and elegant vessel, dimly seen through the fog, about a quarter of a mile ahead, standing obliquely across their line of sailing, and in such a manner as would give them in a few minutes a perfect view of her stern.

The order to take in sail, as if afraid of a collision, was purposely executed in so lubberly and awkward a style as must have convinced even the mutineers that the vessel was in incapable hands. At the same moment, and as if to heighten the delusion, Phil fired a gun, as if asking for assistance.

For the next few moments, while the *Avenger* was slowly crossing the wake of the *Diadem*, the eyes of Phil and the steward were intently fixed on the closed shutters of the pursued vessel.

"See, sir, see. I can perceive her white hand; she has opened the window. God bless her, she is alive!" exclaimed Kennedy, almost choked with his feelings of sudden delight.

"It is her handkerchief you see, man, not her hand; it is a signal of distress. Thank Heaven, we are in time. Come, Kennedy, come!" And, rushing to the weather gangway, he paused for a moment to give a last word of advice to Ben; then, dropping into the stern-sheets by the steward, he grasped the tiller, and, waiting till the schooner had crossed the other's wake, he gave the order to let go the painter. The six men at the oars now pulled straight for the *Diadem*, and had got well under cover by the time that the *Avenger*, under her assumed clumsy management, had lurched abreast of the pirate.

"What ship ahoy?" shouted Nixon, through his trumpet, from the *Diadem*.

"The *Sarah Jane*, of Melbourne, from Madras to Shanghai. Caught in the gale and lost the best part of her crew. Short of bread and water."

"What's your cargo?"

"Silks, muslins, broadcloths, and bullion for the bank," was the innocent rejoinder.

"Why don't you come in closer, when I could pass you some provisions, and perhaps spare you a hand or two."

"Ay, ay, thank you, I will."

While this dialogue had been taking place at a shouting distance between the false commanders of the two vessels the boat had got completely under the shelter of the projecting stern of the *Diadem*. The steward having passed into the bows of the cutter and in a few words assured Maria, who stood at the window waving her handkerchief, that the boat contained friends, the oars were thrown as wide as was safe for their entrance.

The boat having been secured to the rudder post, and a rope ladder made fast by hooks to the iron balustrade that formed Louise's flower garden, Kennedy ascended and was welcomed with grateful hearts by the captain and his daughter.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[DEATH OF CHRETOO, THE PINDARRIE CHIEF.]

THE LAST OF THE PINDARRIES.

ONE of the most remarkable confederacies of armed robbers that ever existed was the Pindarries, and their destruction by our Indian governor-general the Marquis of Hastings was a most necessary, though terrible, exercise of British authority. These Pindarries were not composed of any peculiar people or tribe, but of a variety of the refuse of all tribes and creeds. Every horseman who was discharged from the service of a regular government, or who wanted employment and subsistence, joined one of the *durras* (principal divisions) of the Pindarries; so that no vagabond who had a horse and a sword at his command could be at a loss for em-

ployment. Thus the Pindarries were continually receiving associates from the most desperate and profligate of mankind. Every villain who escaped from his creditors, who was expelled from the community for some flagrant crime, who had been discarded from employment, or who was disgusted with an honest and peaceable life, fled to Hindostan and enrolled himself among the Pindarries.

The Pindarries were generally armed with spears, in the use of which they were very expert; a proportion of them were provided with matchlocks, and all were mounted. Their mode of warfare was distinguished by the precision with which it was directed to one object—plunder; they brought little with them, and their

only object was to carry as much as possible away. A great number of articles of value were taken, and the plunder was divided into three parts. The first part was reserved for the Pindarries, and the second and third parts were given to the followers. The Pindarries were very fond of the plunder, and they frequently carried it with them on their expeditions. In the case of great expeditions, they were capable of accompanying the plunder for a long time. To effect these extraordinary expeditions, they were accustomed to wear the garb of their tribes by special arrangement.

The cruelty of their robberies was not more remarkable than their severity. It was scarcely possible to gain information of their movements till they had completed them. They proceeded at once to the place of their destination, and, unencumbered with tents and baggage, they soon reached it. Here they divided into smaller parties, and commenced their career of plunder and devastation. Articles of the greatest value were disposed about their persons; cattle afforded the means of their own transport. But the atrocious propensities of these ruffians were not to be satisfied by what they could carry away. What was not removed they destroyed, and wherever they marched villages were seen in flames, with the houseless and often wounded inhabitants flying in dismay to seek a shelter, which not infrequently they were unable to attain. When the ruffian visitors had laid the country completely waste they approached a point of the frontier distant from that by which they had entered, and, uniting again into a compact body, returned home.

The horrors attending these visitations can scarcely be credited. Despatch being indispensable, every variety of torture was resorted to for the purpose of extracting from the unhappy victims information of the treasures they were supposed to have concealed. Red-hot irons were applied to the soles of their feet; a bag filled with hot ashes was tied over the mouth and nostrils of the victim, who was then beaten on the back to make him inhale the ingredients; large stones were placed on the head or chest, or, the sufferer being laid on his back, a plank or beam was placed across his chest, on which two men pressed with their whole weight; oil was thrown on the clothes, which were then set on fire; and many other modes of torture equally trifling were resorted to. Neither sex nor age afforded immunity. The hands of children would frequently be cut off, as the shortest way of obtaining the bracelets which adorned them, while women were subjected to outrages compared with which torture and death were mercy. To escape these, numbers rushed upon self-destruction. It is not one of the least revolting features in the character of these murderous adventurers that women frequently accompanied them in their excursions. They were mounted on small horses or camels, and are said to have exceeded the other sex in rapacity and cruelty.

When the work of ruin was completed the Pindarries withdrew like wild beasts to their lairs, and divided their plunder with all the cunning of foxes. The scene that followed resembled a fair. Every man's share of the plunder exposed for sale, purchasers flocked from all

quarters, the business of sale being principally conducted by the men, while the women made themselves up in ornament, of which intricate forms they were capable. This lasted until the result of the expedition was exhausted, and it became necessary to seek in fresh quarters renewed means of transportation. Thus passed the life of the Pindarries, in an alternation of trackless and unceasing movement.

A notable instance of the Pindarries was Kurrum, who became powerful enough to cross the highway of the Mahratta prince Sindhya, by whom he was thrown into prison for four years. He purchased his freedom with six lakhs of rupees, £600,000, and was joined in his subsequent enterprises by another notorious chief, named Chetoo, who, having betrayed his friend and become in the hands of his enemies, set up for himself as chief leader of the Pindarries. He fixed his abode amidst the hills and forests situated between the north bank of the Nerbudda and the Vindhya Mountains, the practice of these miscreants being to cross the river as soon as it was fordable after the rains, generally in November, and indiscriminately plunder friends and foes.

During the season of 1816-17 the ravages of the Pindarries extended over a wider expanse of territory than had ever before been attempted. Having crossed the Nerbudda with 10,000 horsemen, they separated into two plundering bands, one of which proceeded due south, and the other, marching eastward, entered the Company's territory of Ganjam, where, in the course of twelve days, they killed and wounded nearly 7000 persons and carried off or destroyed property to the value of £100,000. A third party overran the dominions of the Peishwa, the leading prince of the Mahrattas, to some distance beyond Poona.

Such, then, was the conduct of the Pindarries when Lord Hastings began the Great Mahratta War. As, however, that conflict was distinguished mainly by hill-fort captures and mountain warfare, we pass over its common-place details, and limit ourselves to its one romantic incident, the crushing of the Pindarries.

When the rains were over, the Pindarries, seeing themselves completely inclosed by the advancing corps of the British, made no attempt at resistance, and studied only how to escape. One party succeeded in penetrating into the rear of our army in Bundelcund, where they began to commit serious ravages, and were not dispersed without some difficulty. Chetoo, with nearly 8000 men, effected a march westward into the territory of Mewar, where he was assured of support from several quarters, and had the strong mountain fort of Kumbulwar as a refuge for his family. Kurrum attempted to push his way to Gwalior, but his body of Pindarries were driven off in another direction by General Marshall, and subsequently surprised by General Donkin, who gave them a complete overthrow, capturing the wife of Kurrum, with all his state elephants and kettledrums. His army, therefore, no longer attempted to preserve any appearance of regularity, but broke into detachments, and sought for safety by fleeing in various directions. The greater number endeavoured to reach the corps of Chetoo.

On the 12th of January, 1818, Colonel Adams detached the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, under Major Clarke, with instructions to march on the village of Anbee, where it was understood that Kurrum

reem's party of Pindarries were about to plunder. Major Clarke was met on his way by a report of the exact position of the enemy, and, continuing his march till night, halted within a few miles of them. Finding them plunged, as usual, in profound security, he delayed the attack till morning, that they might derive no advantage from the darkness, and at five o'clock he came upon them with his force in two divisions, just as they were preparing to march. One division instantly cut in amongst the enemy, and a large body, flying from the attack, encountered the other division, from which they suffered severely. The whole horde sustained a complete overthrow, and were dispersed in every direction, leaving 1000 of their number, with several of their chiefs, dead and wounded upon the field. After suffering some further disasters they were reduced to a miserable condition, till at length an intimation was circulated that, in case of unconditional surrender, their lives would be spared, and the means of an honourable subsistence secured for the chiefs in some remote district. One after another submitted on these terms, and at length Kureem, after wandering for some time on foot through the jungles, gave himself up, on the 15th of February, 1818, to Sir John Malcolm. Others, driven from the lands which they had acquired, either by force or concession, sought in vain for a place of security for their families and effects. Pressed on every quarter by the British detachments, a large portion abandoned themselves to despair; numbers relinquished their homes, fled into the jungles, and there perished miserably, many having died by the hands of the village population, whose vengeance was everywhere roused by the remembrance of their former cruelties.

There now only remain to be told the romantic adventures and tragical death of Cheetoo, "the last of the Pindarries." Some of this chieftain's *durras* had followed the Patan chiefs to Mehid-poor; but after our victory there Cheetoo and his crew of marauders fled to shift for themselves, seeing that no aid was to be expected from the Maharrattas. They were closely followed by the Guzerat field force, under Sir William Keir, who surprised and cut up part of them in the neighbourhood of Satootta. Harassed by the activity of Sir William's pursuit, and finding that other corps were closing fast around them, the marauders endeavoured to retrace their steps to their old haunts in the valley of the Nerbudda, and in parts of Malwa. Some of the minor chiefs failed, and were cut up in the attempt, but Cheetoo succeeded in baffling every effort made to intercept or overtake him; he and his adherents, after a hard day's ride, sleeping with their horses saddled and the bridles in their hands, that they might be ready for instant flight. This adventurous chief at length effected his object by penetrating through a most difficult country, and suddenly reappeared in Malwa, in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of Dhar, situated among rocks, forests, and the sources of rivers; but his extraordinary march had cost him all his baggage and most of his horses.

Cheetoo was now lost sight of for some time, during which the best of his fellow-chiefs, with their *durras*, were extirpated in other parts. At last his lair was discovered, and on the night of the 25th of January, 1818, a strong party of the British came upon him, and utterly broke up his

band; but Cheetoo, who seemed to bear a charmed life till his last dismal hour arrived, escaped, and wandered for a short time about Malwa, his once numerous, cruel, and ferocious band having dwindled down to some 200 half-starved, exhausted, and despairing followers. In this extremity it struck Cheetoo that possibly the Nabob of Bhopaul might make terms for him and the remnant of his *durra* with the English, and, rapidly acting on this idea, he suddenly entered the camp of that prince. But when he learned that the nabob could offer or promise nothing beyond a slender personal maintenance in some remote corner of India, he decamped as suddenly as he came.

But, though Cheetoo got safely off from the camp of our ally and dependant, he was presently pursued by the nabob's people, and by parties sent after him by Sir John Malcolm. This distressed him so much that Rajun, one of his most faithful and valuable adherents, left him and made his submission. Yet, after all this, Cheetoo found his way into the Deccan, and made common cause with the Arabs and chiefs of the Peishwa's routed army. His end, however, approached, and it was singular and impressive.

Having joined Appa Sahib, the Rajah of Berar, he passed the rainy season of 1818 among the Mahadeo hills, and upon the rajah's expulsion by the English in February, 1819, he followed him to his last stronghold of Asseerghur. Here, as he could no longer be of any assistance, his followers having totally melted away from death and desertion, the forlorn Pindarrie chief and his only son, his last and most faithful adherent, were refused admittance. The parent and child then parted for ever, and, whatever their crimes and cruelties may have been to others, it is but charitable to suppose not without some pangs of natural affection. Young Cheetoo fell into the hands of the British government, and was indebted to its bounty for the means of life; his father sought shelter in a neighbouring jungle, and, on horseback and alone, attempted to penetrate a cover known to be infested by tigers. He was missed for some days, and no one knew what had become of him, but his well-known horse was at last discovered grazing near the margin of the forest, saddled and bridled, and exactly in the state in which it was when Cheetoo had last been seen upon it. A bag of 250 rupees was found in the saddle, together with several seal-rings, and some letters from Appa Sahib containing promises of future reward to the great robber.

A search was made in the cover for the body, and at no great distance ample evidence was afforded of the tiger's horrid meal. He who had so long tyrannised over the innocent and helpless had at length fallen a prey to the grim tyrant of the forest, doubtless while he slept in fancied security, with his bridle-rein in his hand; and of the once terrific Cheetoo, who had spread ruin and devastation through many a happy homestead and smiling village, nothing now remained but a few rags clotted with blood, some crunched bones, and the head entire, a fearful memento of the last of the Pindarries!

"There now remains," says Sir John Malcolm, "not a spot in India that a Pindarrie can call his home. They have been hunted like wild beasts; numbers have been killed, all ruined. Those who espoused their cause have fallen. They were early in the contest shunned like a

contagion, and even the timid villagers, whom they so recently oppressed, were among the foremost to attack them. Their principal leaders had either died, submitted, or been made captives, while their followers, with the exception of a few whom the liberality and consideration of the British government have aided to become industrious, are lost in that population from whose dross they originally issued."

A SCOTTISH HEROINE.

A SHORT time before the battle of Culloden a castle in the north of Scotland was inhabited by Captain D., a young officer of the royal army, zealously attached to the house of Brunswick; by his sister, a young lady of a timid disposition and delicate health; and by her particular friend, Miss M., a woman of superior understanding and great resolution, and as much attached to the throne as the proprietor of the castle. This castle (now destroyed) was of great extent, and, from the superstition of the natives of the country, had for many years acquired the reputation of being haunted. Captain D., who had lately quitted the Duke of Cumberland's army, to which he was shortly to return, appeared for some time extremely thoughtful, and one day, when his sister was confined to her room, he told Miss M. he wished to have some private conversation with her, and to entrust her with a secret which had hitherto been carefully preserved in his family, and never disclosed but from father to son, so that never more than two persons had been in possession of it at the same time. He would have revealed it to his sister, but he did not think she possessed strength of mind and resolution enough to make the proper use of it; and, as the time was now come when it was necessary for this important secret to be confided to some person besides himself, he entreated her, as a friend to his family, to become the depository of it, and to undertake the necessary engagements attached to its possession.

Miss M., unwilling to bind herself to an undertaking of which she did not know the extent, and in which she found that fortitude was a necessary qualification, begged to be excused from a trust of such magnitude as this appeared to be, and wished to decline any further communication on the subject. But Captain D. was not easily deterred from his purpose, and conjured her, not only by her friendship for his family, but by the still more important consideration that the safety, and even the existence, of the English army under the Duke of Cumberland must depend on her resolution and exertion, as he knew no one else at this critical moment to whom he could confide this important secret.

Staggered by these arguments, Miss M. at length gave a reluctant consent to her friend's entreaty, and agreed that, after all the inhabitants of the castle were gone to rest, he should call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise. Accordingly about one o'clock in the morning she heard a gentle tap at the door. She was in trembling expectation of the signal, and, leaving the chamber, accompanied Captain D. to the library, where he had provided two cloaks, in one of which he wrapped Miss M., and, throwing the other over his own shoulders, took a dark

lantern which he had prepared, and called on her to summon all her resolution, to recollect the vast importance of the duty she had engaged in, and to follow him without fear, as he would lead her into no danger. He then conducted her up several flights of stairs to a part of the castle she had never been in, and which had never been inhabited in the memory of man. They then descended into the vaults of the castle, and, mounting another flight of steps, found themselves in a court, which they traversed.

Miss M.'s courage so completely failed her in the course of their progress that she stopped, and once more entreated Captain D. to be relieved from her promise and permitted to return to her apartment; but by every argument in his power he urged her to proceed, and assured her that they were almost arrived at the place of their destination, and she had no cause for alarm. Ashamed at her own want of resolution, she once more agreed to proceed if the distance was not great. They reached the opposite corner of the court, and arrived at a low door at the bottom of a turret, which opened with a key with which he was provided. As soon as Miss M. had entered this door he locked it in the inside, took the key with him, and desired her to observe exactly what he did. He then took her up a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which he unlocked a door and closed it after them, when they found themselves in a small square stone chamber, which had only one small window, closed by a shutter, opposite the door.

In the middle of the floor was a large trap-door, which Captain D. unlocked, and beneath which a sort of ladder staircase led to a chamber below. He went first with his lantern, and assisted Miss M. to descend, and when she reached the bottom he informed her they were now arrived at the place concerning which so much secrecy was necessary. Here, unknown to any one but himself, were concealed all the title deeds, papers, and other effects of value belonging to his family; and in all the troublesome times of which Scotland had seen so many this chamber had been considered as a secure asylum for any of the family who required such a place of concealment. But it now contained what was of still more importance, for upon its security the fate of the English army depended.

The Duke of Cumberland on his arrival in Scotland expressed great anxiety concerning the large sums he had brought with him for the payment of his troops, and other purposes attending so important a crisis. Captain D., aware of the security of this place of concealment, offered the use of it, which had stood undiscovered for ages, to his royal highness, who, well aware of his unshaken loyalty, had willingly accepted it, and entrusted Captain D. with the concealment of his treasure, from which he would receive weekly supplies without danger or suspicion. Captain D.'s situation in the English army required his presence there; and it was to be the guardian of this secret, and the keeper of this treasure, for which he wanted a person of honour and resolution, which induced him to repose his confidence in Miss M., who, from her residence with his sister, would excite no suspicion, as the reception of a stranger in the absence of Captain D. might have done. Miss M., aware of the importance of the con-

fidence reposed in her, promised to fulfil her engagement, by descending alone every Thursday night to take out such sums and papers as might be necessary, and to deliver them next morning to a servant whom Captain D. was to despatch from the army to convey them to him.

This arrangement being made to Captain D.'s satisfaction, and to Miss M.'s great anxiety, they returned in the same manner they came to the habitable part of the castle, Captain D. entreating her to observe exactly what he did in their progress, that she might be sure to proceed in safety. He re-conducted her to the chamber, delivered to her the key, and, after the most fervent thanks, took his leave, and the next morning early departed for the army. Many were the anxious moments to Miss M. between the morning of his departure and the fatal night in which she felt bound by every tie of honour and duty to fulfil the engagement she had entered into. Though a woman of great spirit and resolution, she was not totally free from that superstition for which her countrymen, notwithstanding their strong sense and informed minds, are so remarkable; and the idea of her solitary expedition at night through the uninhabited parts of the castle, added to the high importance of the charge with which she was entrusted, weighed heavily on her mind, and rendered her less equal to the task.

When the eventful night arrived no fears nor sufferings of the mind could deter her from fulfilling, to the best of her power, the engagements she had entered into; and in the dead of the night, at the time appointed, she left the chamber with the keys, the cloak, and the dark lantern with which Captain D. had furnished her. With hurried steps and a palpitating heart she traversed the long passages, mounted and descended the long flights of stairs, passed through the vaults, and at length found herself in the court in which formerly her courage had failed her. She proceeded without a moment's hesitation to the foot of the turret, unlocked the door, and, according to Captain D.'s particular injunctions, locked it in the inside, and, taking the key with her, went up the winding staircase. She unlocked the door and entered the square stone room, but, impatient to complete her task, that she might meet with as few impediments as possible in her return, she did not close and lock the door after her, but left it a little ajar.

Finding something particularly close and gloomy in this chamber, she unfastened and opened the window, not considering that her light might possibly betray her. She unlocked and lifted up the trap-door, congratulating herself that her task was nearly completed. She descended with her lantern in her hand, and had already proceeded above half the way down when she was alarmed on a sudden by a tremendous noise from the chamber above. The trap-door at the same moment was closed with a thundering clap, and terror so completely overwhelmed her that the lantern fell from her hand and she sank lifeless at the bottom of the steps. She was not hurt by the fall, and when she began to recover she listened attentively if she could hear any footsteps or voices that might in any way account for the cause of her alarm; but all was still and silent. After waiting for a considerable time she began to flatter herself that some acci-

dental cause had created those tremendous sounds. She ventured up the ladder, intending, by lifting up the trap-door, to re-enter the stone chamber, and, by waiting till daybreak, endeavour to regain the apartment before the family were stirring. But how great was her dismay, how unutterable her anguish, when she found that the trap-door was secured in a firm and immovable manner from above, and that no power or force she could use would move it in the least degree! As the lock was not a spring-lock, there was no way of accounting for what had happened but by the idea that some rebel or enemy of the family had discovered the fatal secret, and had condemned her to the most painful and lingering of all deaths.

Finding all attempts at escape hopeless, and exhausted by her fruitless endeavours, she resigned herself to her fate, and submitted unrepining to the will of Providence. She felt that she must die, but she would lose her life in a good cause, and with a conscience free of offence towards God or man. She descended the ladder, wrapped her cloak round her, and, feeling herself growing faint, sank on the ground, where her senses forsook her, and she lay motionless at the bottom of the steps. How long she remained in that state is not known, but when, after a lapse of some hours, her senses began to return, she imagined she had already passed from this world to a better, and that she was then in heaven. As her senses grew less confused she began to distinguish a form bending over her, and concluded it must be an angel come to comfort her. At length she found herself lifted up and carried up the ladder, and, the first breeze of outward air reviving her, she began to distinguish surrounding objects. She again found herself in the square stone chamber, and perceived that she was supported by Captain D.

The whole of her sufferings appeared like a dream, and it was some time before she could comprehend the cause of the danger, or the means of her deliverance. When she was quite recovered Captain D. explained to her that the cause of her alarm arose from her having left the door of the stone chamber ajar, and, having opened the opposite window, a sudden gust of wind had blown open the door with violence, so as not only to knock down the trap-door, but to open beyond it, and cover the hinges in such a manner as rendered it impossible to open it by any effort from below, and it was with considerable difficulty that Captain D. himself was able to close it so as to enable him to lift up the trap-door.

The occasion of his arrival at so critical a moment to her deliverance was that, after he had despatched the servant to fetch the necessary supply, he recollected some papers which were immediately necessary to be provided, and which he had not pointed out to her. He went to her apartment on his arrival, and was alarmed to find her absent, and that no one knew what was become of her. It immediately occurred to him that some accident must have befallen her in the secret expedition, and he set out in quest of her. He arrived at the door of the turret, which she had locked from within, but he was fortunately provided with a key. The confusion in which he had found the chamber above, and not receiving any answer to his repeated calls, alarmed him

extremely. He forced back the door, fastened it upon the rope, and at the foot of the steps he stood looking out, appearing a giant to the sailors who were in the hold below. The air, however, was so stifled, and the men below expressed the wish to wait till a party should be sent to cut away the fastenings.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

THAT distinguished ornament of the British navy, Lord Thomas Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, was born on the 14th of December, 1775. His father, who was the ninth Earl of Dundonald, and distinguished by the love of science and his useful discoveries, had passed the earlier part of his life in the naval service; and his mother was the daughter of Captain Gilchrist, an officer of high reputation in the navy. From these circumstances, as well as the ardour at this time universally felt for the maritime profession, he was taken under the protection of his gallant uncle, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, when only eleven years old; but, as his guardian had taken care to provide him with an excellent tutor on board, his scholastic studies were continued while he was acquiring the practical knowledge and experience that were necessary for his profession.

It appears that even during this early period of his apprenticeship Lord Cochrane exhibited many remarkable proofs of that sagacity and courage in naval affairs by which he was afterwards so conspicuous, and upon these several strange tales have been founded that are certainly too romantic for the purposes of veritable history. Notwithstanding the precocity of his merits, however, the strictness of naval regulations kept him in the humble rank of midshipman until age, as well as services, warranted his promotion. This did not take place till towards the end of the war, after which his rise was no longer restrained by rules, and went onward with merited rapidity.

The first exploit worthy of notice after Lord Cochrane became lieutenant occurred in December, 1797. While he was serving in Lord Keith's flagship, the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Lady Nelson* cutter was observed off Cabaretta Point, in the Bay of Algesiras, engaged with several French privateers and gunboats, by which she was surrounded, and on the eve of being overpowered. Lord Keith, who was lying in Gibraltar Bay, immediately despatched the boats of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Emerald*, commanded by Lieutenants Bainbridge and Cochrane, to her assistance, until she got under the guns of the ships. But before the boats could arrive the *Lady Nelson* was boarded, and carried off in tow by two of the French privateers, upon which Bainbridge boarded and recaptured the cutter, while young Cochrane gave chase to the flying enemy, and but for the darkness of the night would have taken them all. His gallantry on this occasion was so gratifying to the admiral that he was appointed to the command of the *Speedy*, a sloop of fourteen guns.

As soon as Lord Cochrane was thus able to act on his own account a rapid career of bold expeditions succeeded. In February, 1801, he took the

Comet, a French brig, laden with ordnance stores, and in April several Spanish xebecs. But the most important of his achievements at this time was the attack and capture of the Spanish frigate *El Gamo*, off Barcelona, on the 6th of May. The inequality of force on this occasion was truly alarming. The Spaniard mounted thirty-two guns, of which twenty-two were four-twelves, eight were nines, and two were heavy carronades, and had a crew of 319 men, while the fourteen guns of the *Speedy* were only 4-pounders, and her crew fifty-two men and two boys. Such odds might have daunted any commander; but his lordship knew the enemy well, and he rightly judged that his chance of success lay in the boldness and suddenness of his onset. No sooner had he announced his purpose of boarding than not a man or boy of the *Speedy* would remain below: all swore to follow him, and even the surgeon undertook the management of the wheel. His little vessel was laid alongside her mountainous adversary, and the English sailors, led by their daring captain, climbed the rigging, and leaped upon the deck of the enemy. The resistance of the astounded Spaniards was spiritless and brief; they were soon glad to strike to such determined enemies. In this singular action the *Speedy* had only three men killed and eight wounded, while the *Gamo*, besides her captain, had fourteen killed and forty-one wounded. The Spanish officer who succeeded to the command afterwards begged of his lordship a certificate that he had done his duty bravely, and Cochrane complied in a humorous fashion with this very modest request. "I certify," he wrote, "that Don ——— has behaved like a real Spaniard." The pompous fool did not perceive the sarcasm implied in this equivocal; on the contrary, his national vanity received it as the highest of compliments, and he bowed to his sword-belt in the very excess of his gratitude.

It was not long after this event that Lord Cochrane was distinguished by an equally bold exploit against the enemy. While he was cruising off Barcelona, on the 1st of June, he fell in with the English brig *Kangaroo*, commanded by Captain Pulling, and in consequence of intelligence which the two officers received from a Minorquin privateer they determined to go in chase of a Spanish convoy, consisting of five armed vessels and twelve ships, about three days' sail ahead. On the morning of the 9th they saw the convoy at anchor under the shelter of the battery of Oropesa, and farther protected by a xebec of twenty guns and three gunboats. Captain Pulling, encouraged by the aid of such an officer as Lord Cochrane, resolved on an immediate attack, in the face of these formidable obstacles, and accordingly the two English brigs anchored, in spite of a heavy fire that was poured upon them without intermission. The cannonade, which commenced at noon, seemed to slacken at two o'clock; but on the arrival of a felucca and two gunboats to the aid of the Spaniards it was renewed with greater fury than ever. By half-past three the xebec and one of the gunboats went to the bottom; another soon followed. The battery and the four gunboats that still remained kept up their fire till seven o'clock, when the former was silenced and the latter were put to flight. The boats of the *Kangaroo* and *Speedy* were then employed till

midnight in cutting out the vessels of the convoy, under a heavy fire of musketry from the shore; and they succeeded in bringing off three brigs, laden with bread, rice, and wine. In this perilous fight, which lasted three hours, Lord Cochrane, who was never particularly scrupulous about his own personal safety, received a bruise, and was slightly singed. After having secured the three prizes he returned once more to the shore, in the hope of bringing off the rest of the convoy, but in this he was disappointed. The remainder of the vessels had been either sunk or driven on shore during the interval.

While Lord Cochrane commanded the *Speedy*, a period of only ten months, he had captured thirty-three vessels, mounting in all 128 guns, and manned by 533 persons. After such an unprecedented run of success it was not to be wondered at if a reverse should follow. Such did indeed take place, but it was one which neither prudence could foresee nor valour avert. Only a few days after the destruction of the Spanish convoy the *Speedy* had the misfortune to fall in with the French squadron, commanded by Admiral Linois. In his flight Lord Cochrane exhausted every resource of seamanship to escape, but in vain; his little vessel was overtaken and obliged to strike. His captivity, however, was of very short duration. On the 6th of July an engagement took place between Sir James Saumarez and Linois in the Bay of Algeiras, and in consequence of a flag of truce, sent by the British commander on the following day, to treat about the exchange of prisoners, Lord Cochrane, with other officers and seamen, obtained his liberty. So highly were his distinguished services now appreciated that on the 8th of the following month he was promoted to the rank of post-captain, in *La Raison* frigate, after which the peace of Amiens, that immediately succeeded, gave a temporary repose to the British navy.

On the renewal of hostilities in 1803 Lord Cochrane was appointed to the command of the *Arab*, and in the following year to the *Pallas*, a frigate of thirty-two guns. After the rupture that had taken place with Spain his lordship was employed in cruising off that coast, where he made several valuable captures, the chief of which was *Il Fortuna*, a galleon, laden with specie to the value of £150,000, and with merchandise of nearly equal value. In the midst of battles and victories, which of themselves are but vulgar things, it is pleasing to contemplate such a trait of generosity as was exhibited by the captors on this occasion. The captain of the *Il Fortuna* and the supercargo, on being taken prisoners, exclaimed, with bitter tears, that they were ruined men, and on being farther questioned by their conquerors they unfolded a piteous tale, too common, alas! in the annals of privateering warfare. They had toiled for twenty long years under the burning sun of South America, in pursuit of a comfortable independence; their industry had been crowned with success, and they were now returning with fortunes, to spend the evening of their days among their friends, when this sudden stroke had bereaved them of their all, so that, in their old age, they must commence the world anew. Even this was not the first occasion in which the captain had so suffered, for in 1779 he had endured a similar calamity, having lost his whole fortune in the capture of his ship by a

British cruiser. This piteous narrative completely melted the hearts of the victors and opened their hands; they returned 10,000 crowns of the spoil to the unfortunate sufferers, who were thus enabled to return to their homes in comfort, and with tears of gratitude.

In the year 1806 Lord Cochrane distinguished himself by a very bold and successful attack upon the enemy in the Garonne, a river the most difficult in navigation of all the rivers upon the French coast. Having received important intelligence respecting the situation of several corvettes lying there, he resolved to capture or destroy them. Accordingly he sailed up the mouth of the river; and, having anchored close to the Cordovan light-house, a little after dark on the evening of the 5th of April, he manned the boats of the *Pallas*, into which his hearty crew rushed with such eagerness to share in the adventure that more volunteered than could be well admitted. After the boats had been well manned they pulled off to the scene of action, which was more than twenty miles above the anchorage of their ships, and such was their promptitude that by three o'clock a.m. they had reached the spot and commenced operations. They boarded and cut out *La Tapaguese*, a corvette of fourteen long 12-pounders and ninety-five men, although it was lying under the protection of two powerful batteries. The morning at length dawned, the alarm was spread, and another French corvette of still superior force gave chase to recover the captured *Tapaguese*; but after an hour's fight it was so roughly handled that it only escaped falling into the hands of the English from the rapidity of the tide. While this victory of the ship's boats was in progress the *Pallas* had not been idle. Threeships of the enemy bore down upon it; but Lord Cochrane, although he had scarcely hands enough left to work the vessel, resolved to meet them half-way. He weighed anchor accordingly, and attacked them with such vigour that he drove them all on shore, where they lay complete wrecks. These three ships mounted in all sixty-four guns. What enhanced the pleasure of this double victory was that it was accomplished without the loss of a man, and only three were wounded.

From the peculiar daring by which all his exploits were distinguished, it might be thought that he was more indebted to rashness and good luck than those higher qualities that are essential to a complete commander. But such an idea would be a miserable mistake. Never, perhaps, was such romantic boldness in attack combined with such wise precaution and careful preparation. No disparity of numbers or strength of position would appear to have checked his efforts; but these were all previously calculated, as well as every contingency that might be likely to happen. Before an attack he reconnoitred the enemy in person, took all the necessary soundings and bearings, and often passed whole nights under the enemy's batteries with the lead-line or the spy-glass in continual operation. When all was ready for action he would never allow his boats to go beyond the protection of the ship, provided it could at all be brought within reach of the vessel or battery that was to be attacked; and when the wind was on shore he moored a boat in by a light Indian rope that floated on the water, so that a communication

was established with the ships, and in the event of a reverse or check the boats were hove off by the capstan, so that the crews had only to attend to the management of their weapons. The happy fruits of these admirable precautions were visible in the fact that perhaps no commander ever achieved such daring feats with so small a loss of life. In consequence the sailors followed him with enthusiasm, and under such a confidence of success as was of itself half the victory, and when he was appointed to the *Pallas*, on the breaking out of the war in 1805, he could man his frigate almost instantaneously, when seamen for other ships were difficult to be found.

In the next month (May) this indefatigable officer distinguished himself by the destruction of the semaphores that had been erected along the French coast. These had been hitherto so serviceable to the enemy that no sooner did a British cruiser appear than the intelligence was immediately conveyed to every post, in consequence of which Lord Cochrane had been disappointed of several valuable captures; he therefore, at a time "when he had nothing better in view," resolved to put a stop to this practice. Accordingly he landed with his marines and boats' crews, and, notwithstanding the defence of the militia, he demolished the posts at Point de la Roche, Caliola, and L'Ance de Repos, burnt down the buildings, and carried off all the signal flags. He also carried by storm the battery at Point D'Equilon, demolished its stores, and blew up the barrack and magazine; but the French convoy in the meantime got into a river and managed to escape.

Only four days after Lord Cochrane, cruising off the isle of Aix, discovered a French frigate of forty guns, that had grievously annoyed the English, attended by three brigs, all getting under sail. Although so vastly inferior in force, his lordship remained under topsails by the wind to await them, and at half-past eleven a smart point-blank firing commenced, which was severely felt by the enemy. The batteries on the island of Aix opened also on the *Pallas*, and a cannonade continued till one o'clock, when Lord Cochrane, having gained the wind of the enemy, threw his vessel between the batteries and the French squadron. The enemy's fire slackened, upon which that of the *Pallas* was ordered to cease, and every preparation to be made for boarding. The collision of the two ships was terrible: the *Pallas*, by far the lighter of the two, had her guns driven back into her ports, and her fore-top-mast, jibboom, fore and main topsail-yards, spritsail-yard, bumpkin, cathead, chain-plates, forerigging, foresail, and lower anchor torn away, with which last his lordship had purposed to hook on. Even as it was, the French frigate would have been captured had not the French admiral, seeing her danger, sent two others to her rescue. In this daring exploit the English had only one man killed and five wounded. The *Pallas*, being so disabled as to have become a complete wreck, made out to sea with what little sail could be set, after which she was taken in tow by the sloop *Kingfisher*, that came to her assistance. Lord Cochrane was then appointed to the *Impérieuse*, a frigate of forty guns, in which he vigorously resumed his favourite warfare of cutting out vessels. In this he was so successful that between the 13th of December, 1806, and

the 7th of January, 1807, he took and destroyed fifteen ships of the enemy, chiefly laden with wine and provisions. The boats of the *Impérieuse* also made a successful attack upon Fort Roquette, at the entrance of the Basin of Arcasson, which they laid in ruins, destroying at the same time a great quantity of military stores. This important service was so well designed and conducted that it was accomplished without the loss of a man.

Before the revolt of the Spaniards against their French oppressors Lord Cochrane departed on an independent cruise to the coast of Spain; but on his arrival there he placed himself under the command of Lord Collingwood, who was employed in the blockade of Cadiz. When the Spaniards afterwards rose against the enemy his lordship ably assisted their efforts, in one of which he compelled the Castle of Mongat to surrender, by which the road to Gerona, that was besieged by the French, had been completely commanded. From Spain he returned to France, and appeared off the coast of Languedoc, where he resumed, in September, 1808, his war against the obnoxious semaphores. Those which had been newly constructed at Bourdique, La Pinede, St. Maguire, Frontignan, Canet, and Fay he completely destroyed, with the houses attached to them, fourteen barracks of the gendarmes, a battery, and the strong tower upon the Lake of Frontignan. "Nothing," writes the commander-in-chief on that station, "can exceed the activity and zeal with which his lordship pursues the enemy. The success which attends his enterprises clearly indicates with what skill and ability they are conducted. Besides keeping the coast in constant alarm, causing a total suspension of trade, and harassing a body of troops employed in opposing him, he has probably prevented those troops which were intended for Figueras from advancing into Spain, by giving them employment in the defence of their own coasts." Thus the Spanish cause was materially affected, and its prosperity accelerated, by the achievements of a single frigate upon the coast of France.

Lord Cochrane, having thus aided the good cause at a distance, returned to Spain, and, finding the fortress of Rosas besieged by the French, he volunteered for the defence of Trinity Castle, an outwork of the garrison, upon which the safety of the whole depended. By the 22nd of September, 1808, the defenders, who were only about eighty Spaniards, were so much reduced as to be on the point of surrendering, when Lord Cochrane, at the head of an equal number of seamen and marines, revived their sinking spirits by his presence and exertions. On the 30th of the month a general assault was made upon the castle by 1000 picked men; but, at the head of the small garrison, his lordship drove back the assailants with great slaughter, killed their leader, and destroyed their storming equipage. At length, finding it impossible to hold out with a handful of men against an army, after the citadel of Rosas had capitulated Lord Cochrane blew up the magazines of Trinity Castle, and then retired to his ship. His chivalrous personal bravery in this defence endeared him to the Spaniards, and on one occasion, when the Spanish flag fell from the wall into the ditch below, he leaped after it alone, amidst a shower of bullets, and succeeded



in recovering and planting it once more in its place. Although his lordship had protracted the siege for twelve days, his loss on the occasion amounted to no more than three killed and seven wounded.

In the following year (1809) Lord Cochrane accomplished the destruction of the French shipping in the Basque roads, an event worthy of particular mention, not only from its intrinsic importance, but the influence it afterwards exercised upon his reputation. Admiral Allemande, one of the bravest and most successful of the naval commanders of France, had established his fleet in what he considered a secure anchorage, between the isle of Aix and the Boyant shoal, while Lord Gambier blockaded it strictly with a very strong squadron of the Channel fleet. Between the British and the enemy lay a dangerous shoal, that seemed effectually to keep them asunder; and the French fleet, which consisted of ten sail of the line, a 50-gun ship, and four frigates, was defended by such powerful batteries on the island of Aix that an attack upon it, if possible, appeared to be at all events a hopeless attempt. Such, however, was not the view taken by Lord Cochrane. His sagacious eye had carefully scanned the various difficulties and found them surmountable, and therefore he had written to the Admiralty, detailing his sentiments upon the matter, and proposing to destroy the French fleet by means of an attack with fireships. His representations were effectual, and on the 3rd of April he joined Lord Gambier in the *Impérieuse*, with a commission to head the attack. Nothing could better illustrate the value that was now set upon the character and services of Lord Cochrane than the choice of one so young for such an important service, in preference to officers of much

higher standing, who had grown grey in naval experience.

A few days after the arrival of his lordship the fireships and explosion vessels joined the fleet, and, all things being now ready, he ran in with the *Impérieuse* until he was sufficiently near the enemy, after which he went on board a fire-brig, with a lieutenant and the crew of his gig. The boom by which the enemy were defended was broken by the *Mediator*, and the fireships immediately rushed through the opening, some of them mistaking their course from the darkness of the night, others exploding too soon. Such, however, was the alarm that some of the French ships cut their cables and ran upon the sandbanks. In the meantime the greater number of the fireships and explosion vessels, piloted by their daring crews, were carried right into the enemy's anchorage, in spite of a furious cannonade and discharge of shells from the batteries, after which these brave fellows, many of whom were wounded or exhausted from fatigue, having been four hours in the boats, were received on board the *Impérieuse*. When the morning dawned upon this scene of havoc seven sail of the enemy's line were seen lying on the shore, upon which Lord Cochrane, being determined to effect their destruction, made signals to the admiral of the possibility of destroying them. Lord Gambier therefore made signals for the fleet to weigh anchor; but when he was within three miles of Aix he again anchored, and the enemy were enabled to remove all their ships into deep water, except three sail of the line. Even as it was, the success already obtained was superb. Three ships of the line and a fifty-six were burnt, a seventy-four was lost a few days after in consequence of this attack, and the ships that

escaped were obliged to be dismantled, so that for a long time they were of no service to the French. Thus a powerful fleet was destroyed—destroyed in one of its best anchorages, and under the protection of its own batteries, while the whole loss occasioned to the conquerors was only ten men killed and thirty-five wounded. Upon this occasion Lord Cochrane's services met with the reward they so justly merited. He was created a Knight of the Bath, at a time when admission into that illustrious order could only be obtained by the most distinguished services.

In spite, however, of all this success, Lord Cochrane still felt that enough had not been done: Lord Gambier had delayed to co-operate, and a portion of the enemy had escaped. In the midst of the national triumph Lord Cochrane no sooner understood that a proposal was about to be made for a vote of thanks from both Houses of Parliament to the commander-in-chief than he expressed his determination to oppose it. When Lord Gambier heard of this he demanded a court-martial upon his conduct, which was granted. After a trial, which continued from the 26th of July to the 9th of August, Lord Gambier was acquitted.

Lord Cochrane's opposition to Lord Gambier naturally subjected him to the enmity of those in power. It was therefore to be expected that if his conduct in any way laid him open to blame the advantage would be eagerly seized by those who were politically opposed to him. An unfortunate opportunity of this kind occurred while he was member for Westminster. He had rashly speculated in the funds, by which he had sustained heavy losses, and to recover himself from these it was alleged that he had been induced by artful men knowingly to circulate false reports for the purpose of raising the funds. Upon this charge he was tried, along with others, in the court of King's Bench, the 21st of June, 1814, and convicted, although his guilt seemed to consist in having been a dupe rather than a deceiver. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £500, to be imprisoned in the King's Bench for twelve months, and to stand in the pillory. The latter part of his sentence was indeed remitted, for it was found that the popular feeling would have been too much excited by degrading in that manner one of the noblest of naval heroes. His disgrace was further increased by the House of Commons declaring that he had forfeited his right to continue a member (July 5); he was removed from his rank of a Knight of the Bath, which was the first occurrence of the kind since the establishment of the order, and struck off the list of naval captains. The severity of these proceedings was regretted by the most moderate of all parties, and it led to so violent a clamour against the government that at the new election he was again chosen, on the 16th of July, 1814, for the city of Westminster. When thus supported by the public voice it is not to be wondered at that he should have been almost irritated to madness by the indignities which had been heaped upon him, and that his daring spirit should lead him to seek to escape from confinement. Accordingly, on the 6th of March, 1815, he scaled the prison walls, and on the 20th he appeared in his place in the House of Commons. He was again conveyed to prison, when a new trial and a new fine were the consequences of this adventure.

A mind so constituted could not long remain at rest; to a man so persecuted home had but few charms, and, therefore, when liberty appeared to dawn in the long-benighted provinces of South America Lord Cochrane accepted the offer of commanding the navy of the new state of Chile. He left England for this purpose in 1818, and in his new sphere he distinguished himself as splendidly as when he fought under the British flag. After a succession of victories on the coast of Peru he finally captured, on the 20th of February, 1820, the fortress of Valdivia, the only port which the Spaniards retained in Chili.

Amidst the heroic actions performed by Lord Cochrane in this service we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing from Captain Basil Hall an account of the capture of the *Esmeralda* frigate.

"While the liberating army, under General San Martin, were removing to Ancon, Lord Cochrane, with part of his squadron, anchored in the outer roads of Callao, the seaport of Lima. The inner harbour was guarded by an extensive system of batteries, admirably constructed, and bearing the general name of the Castle of Callao. The merchant-ships, as well as the men-of-war, consisting at that time of the *Esmeralda* (a large 40-gun frigate) and two sloops of war, were moored under the guns of the castle within a semicircle of fourteen gunboats and a boom made of spars chained together. Lord Cochrane, having previously reconnoitred these formidable defences in person, undertook, on the 5th of November, 1820, the desperate enterprise of cutting out the Spanish frigate, although she was known to be fully prepared for an attack. His lordship proceeded in fourteen boats, containing 240 men, all volunteers from the different ships of the squadron, in two divisions, one under the immediate orders of Captain Crosbie, the other under Captain Guise, both officers commanding ships of the Chilean squadron.

"At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gunboat, and, taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol at his head, the alternative of "Silence or death!" No reply was made, the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the *Esmeralda's* side, was the first to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired, but was instantly cut down by the coxswain, and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter-deck, and also by Captain Crosbie, the after part of the ship was soon carried, sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the fore-castle, where they made a desperate resistance till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines, headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made for some time on the main-deck, but before one o'clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole north face of the castle. The *Hyperion*, an English, and the *Macedonian*, an American frigate, which were at anchor close to the scene of action, got under weigh when the attack commenced, and, in order to prevent their

were mistaken by the batteries for the *Esmeralda*, showed distinguishing signals; but Lord Cochrane, who had foreseen and provided even for this inopportune circumstance, hoisted the same lights as the American and English frigates, and thus rendered it impossible for the batteries to discriminate between the three ships: the *Esmeralda* consequently was very little injured by the shot from the batteries. The Spaniards had upwards of 120 men killed and wounded, the Chileans eleven killed and thirty wounded.

"This loss was a death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world, for, although there were still two Spanish frigates and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane undisputed master of the coast."

Lord Cochrane, after these services to the Chileans, accepted the chief command of the Brazilian fleet, and gave such satisfaction that Don Pedro created him Marquis of Maranhão in 1823. After peace was established between Portugal and Brazil his lordship returned to England, and intended to enter the Greek service, in 1826, as admiral, but the steamboats that had been built in England for the Greeks were found unfit for service, so that he was obliged to wait a long time at Marseilles and Genoa for other vessels; and in 1827 he was enabled to accomplish his purpose of joining the Greeks, with whom he continued for a year, after which he returned to England. It is gratifying to add that the accession of William IV. to the throne of Great Britain produced a change in favour of Lord Cochrane, as the sailor-king restored him to his place in the British navy, after which his lordship, in the course of promotion, was raised to the rank of rear-admiral. By the death of his father, in 1831, he succeeded as tenth Earl of Dundonald in the peerage of Scotland, and attained, in 1841, the rank of admiral. He died in London on the 10th of October, 1860.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

GENERAL PICTON AT VICTORIA.

In the battle of Vittoria Picton did not think that such a post was assigned to his troops as their oft-tried valour seemed to challenge. An aide-de-camp of Lord Wellington riding up to him shortly after the engagement was begun, and about the time Lord Dalhousie was expected to debouch, inquired of the general whether he had seen his lordship.

Picton's voice was never very musical, and on this occasion it was absolutely hoarse. "No, sir," was the reply, "I have not seen him. But have you any orders for me, sir?"

"None," said the aide-de-camp.

"Then pray, sir, what are the orders you bring?"

"That as soon as Lord Dalhousie shall commence an attack upon that bridge the fourth and sixth divisions are to support him."

Picton, drawing himself up and putting his arms akimbo, then said, "You may tell Lord

Wellington from me, sir, that the third division under my command shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose."

Upon this the gallant general mounted his horse, and, putting himself at the head of his troops, waved his hat and led them on to the charge with the bland invitation, "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!" The bridge was carried in a few minutes.

POVERTY, NO CRIME.

AMONG the officers of the Portuguese army in 1762 every trace of honourable feeling was extinguished: many of them had resorted to a trade from indigence; some worked as sailors, while their wives set up as laundresses; a colonel was seen to call for the linen at the door, and to bring it home. Some of the ancient Portuguese nobility were base enough to feel gratified at the humiliation of the officers, many of whom they engaged and paid as servants. One of the first measures of Count Wilhelm, on assuming the chief command, was to use all possible means to check these abuses and restore a military feeling. One day he dined with the General Count Acros, when his eye fell on a man in an officer's dress, waiting behind the chairs. He inquired what was the meaning of this, and being informed that the individual held a lieutenant's commission, but acted at present as servant, he rose and declared that he would not taste anything till he saw the officer seated between the general and himself.

A DUEL WITH FISTS.

SIR COLQUHOUN GRANT, being in command of a regiment at Clonmel, gave offence in some way to an honest shopkeeper, named Mulcahy, who struck him on the parade, in presence of his whole corps. The officers rushed forward to seize the delinquent, but Sir Colquhoun interposed, declaring that he had been the aggressor, and as the gentleman thought proper to resent his conduct in so gross a manner, it remained for him to seek the usual reparation. "Oh!" exclaimed Mulcahy, "if it's for fighting you are, I'll fight you; but it shall neither be with swords nor pistols, nor anything else but my two fists" (and fine big mutton fists they were, sure enough). "Well, then," replied the gallant officer, "with all my heart. By insulting you I have put myself on a level with you, and of course cannot refuse to meet you on your own terms. Come along, sir." The men were dismissed, and Colonel Grant, accompanied by his adversary and some mutual friends, repaired to the mess-room, where he very speedily closed up Mr. Mulcahy's peepers, and sent him home perfectly satisfied. That was the proudest day of Mulcahy's life, and many a time did he boast of the black eye he got from a K.C.B. "Never since that morning," would he say, "let me meet Sir Colquhoun Grant where I might, in town or country, among lords or ladies, dressed in plain clothes or dizenod out in gold and scarlet, he would give me his hand and say, 'How are you, Billy?'"

A SOLDIER'S ARITHMETIC.

AFTER the battle of Blenheim the Duke of Marlborough observed a soldier leaning pensively on the butt of his firelock, and asked, "Why so

sad, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" "It may be glorious," replied the brave fellow, "but I am thinking that all the blood I have spilt this day has only earned me fourpence." The duke turned aside, and a tear was observed to fall from his cheek.

BEATING THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN he got old he usually passed the evening in a room which looks upon one of the courts of Blenheim House. In that room he played regularly every evening at chess. When he was beat the old man sometimes shed tears. "Every one," he would sob out—"every one can beat me now!"

ROYAL MUSIC.

CHARLES XII., at the siege of Copenhagen (his first military operation), hearing a general discharge of muskets loaded with ball, asked one of his officers what the whistling that he heard meant. "It is the noise of bullets, which are fired against your Majesty," said the officer. "Very well," replied the king; "this shall henceforth be my music."

EXACT INFORMATION.

BEFORE the battle of Agincourt a Welch captain, David Gam, was sent by Henry V. to reconnoitre the French army, whose force amounted to more than six times that of the English. Being asked upon his return how many they were, he replied, "Enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

HUMANITY IN WAR.

LOUIS XV., while besieging Menin, in Flanders, was told that if he chose to risk an attack that place would be taken four days sooner than it otherwise would be. "Let us take it, then," said he, "four days later. I would rather lose these four days than one of my subjects."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XV. (continued.)

ALLOWING the steward a few minutes to inform the captain of his escape, and to assure him of the devotion of those who had come to rescue him, Phil prepared to mount the ladder and introduce himself; but before he could rise for that purpose Kennedy appeared at the window and asked him to enter.

Inspired as much by curiosity to see the beauty who had drawn such enthusiastic praise from the rude sailor Bill as by a feeling of gallantry in aiding a lady in distress, Philip Maberly bounded from his seat, and, mounting the ladder with extraordinary agility, stepped lightly and gracefully into the fairy-like boudoir.

Bareheaded, and bowing courteously to the captain and his daughter, Phil, though unaccustomed to be bashful or tongue-tied, stood for full a minute astonished, mute, and wondering.

The open manly face of Captain Rowland, and the rare grace and bewitching beauty of his queen-like daughter, with the costly elegance and exquisite taste displayed in every item of her surroundings, so opposite to any conception formed of a lady's bower on shipboard, each and all by turns took possession of his mind and eye, while paramount over all was the spell thrown on his faculties, as on his heart, by the pervading loveliness of Louise, the divinity of this woman.

"Captain Maberly, Kennedy has told me a few words of your noble and disinterested conduct on behalf of an unfortunate stranger. I cannot attempt now to thank you; only accept the lasting gratitude of myself and my dear girl," and, stepping forward, he grasped Phil's hand with a true seaman's heartiness, and then, presenting Louise, continued, "Thank him, Louise—thank him for this evidence of an honourable and chivalrous nature."

"Captain Maberly will, I am sure, wait for a more propitious moment for me to thank him for services which are beyond such commonplace recognition. We cannot speak our thanks. And as she spoke she extended her small white hand, as a gage of friendship to be released under happier auspices.

"Pray, Miss Rowland, and you, sir, do not beseech you, oppress me with thanks, or imagine that a simple act of humanity or Christian charity can merit such commendation. Time presses, and I know not how long those in charge of my vessel can keep up the deception that has enabled us to effect this much. Will you, then, show your confidence in me by at once going on board the *Avenger*? Miss Rowland, you are not here a moment in safety."

"I feel you are right, Captain Maberly, and yet it is hard to part with this lovely craft, that next to my daughter, is my greatest pride and joy, and that, too, without striking a blow."

"Oh! father, for both our sakes do not hesitate a moment. Let us fly at once from a vessel filled with the most malignant of wretches," supplicated Louise.

"You shall not lose your vessel, Captain Rowland, if courage and determination can save her," replied Phil, with friendly energy. "But let me implore you to place yourself and daughter beyond the reach of those miscreants, and remove at once on board my vessel. With my crew divided, and you imprisoned here, we should only sacrifice lives that could be better employed for your benefit by making any attempt to capture the *Diadem* now. I beseech you, then, to take advantage of the present moment."

"You are right, Captain Maberly, and I yield. Maria, gather the few necessaries your mistress will want, and prepare yourselves for a change of quarters."

As the two females hastened into the bedroom to make their preparations Captain Rowland approached the window, and, looking down on the boat, turned to Phil and observed—

"You see I have another faithful member of my crew—the carpenter. He and Kennedy will take your spare oars, and still leave room in the cutter, if I take my place in the bows, for my daughter and her maid."

"There is abundance of room, if the distance to row were leagues instead of fathoms. Ah! here is Miss Rowland," Phil cried joyfully, as

Louise, properly equipped, entered the boudoir, and he hurried respectfully forward to conduct her to the balcony. Declining to be lowered into her boat, she courageously descended by the rope ladder, and, assisted by the steward, was led to the stern-sheets, where, her trunks having been lowered, she was directly after joined by Maria.

"There are some small arms there, Manner- ing, that must not be left; place them in the cutter. And you, Captain Maberly, take your seat, and I will join you in a moment." As he concluded the captain hurried into his daughter's room and closed the door.

Phil watched the carpenter descend safely to his seat at one of the oars, and, with a heart palpitating with a thousand fears and anxieties for the lovely being whose soft and eloquent eyes were fixed on him as he stood in nervous impatience on the narrow coping of the balustrade, deemed each moment an hour in the prolonged absence of the captain.

Conscious, from a sudden rushing noise heard on deck, that the situation was becoming imminently critical, and driven to desperation by the appealing gestures of Louise, Phil sprang back into the boudoir, with the intention of calling the captain. At that moment, however, he heard the skylight uncovered, the companion slide driven fiercely back, and a number of shouting men rushing down the stairs into the saloon.

Dashing open the door of the state cabin, Phil called loudly on Captain Rowland, whom he could nowhere discover, or conceive by what means he had quitted a room which had no other visible means of exit.

From this unavailing search he was roused by the shivering of a panel in the door of the boudoir, through which an axe had been driven by the infuriated party, as they hewed their way in from the saloon.

"Here they are, skipper," shouted some of the men to those on deck, as they finally effected an entrance.

"Shoot and cut them down like dogs," shouted the brutal voice of Nixon from above.

"Back, you yelling devils!" cried Phil, presenting his revolver, and making a last attempt to save the captain by bounding to the door; but as he threw it open several shots were fired, passing through the open panels. The next instant it was dashed out of his hand by two ruffians, who threw themselves upon it in their efforts to get between him and the window on the one side, while others, stumbling over the ottomans, attempted to cut him off in the other direction.

Conscious of the imminence of his danger, Phil fired right and left on his assailants, and, backing to the window, regained his footing on the balustrade, the rage of the pirates, their oaths and blasphemy, with the yells of the wounded, making a scene of savage discord.

At this moment the door of the state-room was pushed open, and Captain Rowland shouted—

"Fly, sir! save my daughter! fly, and, if you can, avenge me! Away! I am as yet safe."

Immediately a number of the pirates threw themselves on the door, but all their efforts to open it were vain: the captain had barred it from within.

"Tis he, Josh, by the Lord!" shouted Nixon, as he rushed into the boudoir and recognised

Phil. "May the curse of Cain light on you! You have crossed me again, but this time I'll have your blood. Take that, fool!" and, levelling a pistol, he fired point-blank at his hated enemy's head.

So near was the aim that Phil's cap fell into the boat, and he felt a burning pain in his temple, but, leaping down, he clutched the ladder and dropped into his seat, as a volley shattered the glass in the frames and flew harmless over his head.

"Cast off, and give way with a will. Pull, lads, for your lives, pull!" cried Phil, and he guided the cutter under the counter of the *Diadem* so quickly that when Nixon and his followers reached the stern window she was out of both reach and sight, and before they could gain the deck the nimble strokes of eight oars had placed her on the weather side of the *Avenger*.

In this short but important voyage, beyond the order at starting, not a word had been spoken, but, from the noise, the yells, and firing, Louise naturally believed her father had taken part in the fray, and her conviction was that he had fallen. Though her heart almost ceased beating at the dreadful fear that her beloved parent, her sole protector and friend, was dead, she mastered her intense anxiety to know the worst, and, as Phil did not volunteer an explanation, she observed a rigid silence, till, on the occasion of one of those anxious furtive glances which she from time to time cast at her young and handsome protector, she discovered a stream of blood slowly oozing from his temple, and covering one side of his face as with a painted mask. Alarmed, she exclaimed—

"You are hurt, Captain Maberly. Forgive me that I did not notice it before. Pray bind it up. Here is my handkerchief," she added, all her previous reserve gone, and finding in a moment many excuses for his silence on the fate of her father. "Shall I do it for you?" she continued, with a look of pity.

"It is nothing, I assure you, Miss Rowland; indeed I had forgotten its existence. You must think me very churlish not to have told you about your father before this, but I have had to watch the schooner and devote every thought to— Yes, there it comes!" he exclaimed, in an altered and excited voice. "Pull, lads, pull a few swift and steady strokes, and we shall be beyond his range."

As he concluded he bent forward to screen Louise, and a cloud of white smoke on the poop of the *Diadem* was followed instantly by a flash, the boom of a cannon, and the rushing sound of a ball, which flew over the heads of the boat's crew, and struck the water the next instant twenty feet beyond the cutter. An involuntary cheer and a derisive laugh followed this futile attempt of the enemy, as the rowers shot their boat under the protecting sides of the *Avenger*.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE RIVAL SCHOONERS.

HER crew having scrambled on deck, the slings were attached to the cutter, and, under the exertions of an active gang, she was lifted bodily from the water, raised high into the air, and carefully lowered amidships between the fore and main masts. Here Phil was waiting to help out Louise

and her maid, and conduct them to the best cabins the schooner possessed, apartments that would have been thought wonderful for their luxury and comfort had not the eye seen what female taste and a love of the bright and beautiful had effected on board the *Diadem*.

As Phil's duty called him on deck, and he saw, by the barometer, that the brief lull might be broken at any moment by a renewal of the tempest in all its terrors, he told Louise, as briefly as possible, the cause of the delay in following her to the boat, of his fruitless attempts to find her father, of his sudden appearance at the cabin door, and of his order to fly and take no need of him, as he was safe—words that seemed to Phil as meaningless.

"Oh! Captain Maberly, you have relieved my heart of a load that for the last quarter of an hour has nearly crushed me. Oh! thank you—thank you a thousand times for your glad news. If my father had only time to reach his secret passage unperceived he would be safe, with the power of going over every part of the ship, hearing all the mutineers said, and living in safety."

"Assure yourself of that, Miss Rowland. He not only locked the cabin door, but secured it so firmly that when I left nearly a dozen men were unable to force it open," replied Phil.

"For the present, then, my father is safe. Oh! Captain Maberly, I thank you from my heart. Sincerely, deeply I thank you."

"You have relieved my mind, Miss Rowland, of a deep anxiety as regards your father. Now I will go on deck, while you endeavour to make yourself comfortable in these new quarters, so vastly inferior to your own."

Bowing respectfully, Phil hastened on deck, where one glance at the vessel he had just left convinced him that Nixon was edging her off, and placing her in such a position as to take instant advantage of the coming gale, and so effect his escape.

"Throw out the reefs in the topsail and spanker. Quick! the rascal's sheering off," he exclaimed. Then, turning to his first mate, he continued, after a brief account of what had taken place, "How came the palaver with Nixon to be broken off, Ben? He must have suspected we were in the cabin by the hurry with which they came down the companion. How was it?"

"Well, at first he swallowed all our gammon, specially about the cargo, and was in a mighty hurry to send us some bread and junk and a keg o' rum, and began getting out the launch. Then he asked if we couldn't lurch up alongside, when they could throw a grapple and lash the two hulls broadside on."

"What did you say to that proposition?" inquired Phil, keeping his eye on every motion and change on board the *Diadem*.

"Agreed to it, in course. 'How many hands have you?' sings out Nixon. 'Only what you sees on deck,' roars out Jacob, the rest being with you, or Bill and me in the fok'sel and saloon. 'Are them all?' says he, jumping into the main-chains and half up to the shrouds, to rake us fore and aft. 'Seven, and all told,' says Jacob. 'Ain't got none in the sick bay?' he cries. 'I should think I was,' answered Jacob. 'Then come alongside, and I'll give you some grub. Stand ready, there, to throw the grapple and haul her in,' roars Nixon, as about a dozen

black-looking rascals got their tackle ready. The just when in another minute we'd 'a been able to reach, Jacob took the wheel, put the helm up, and paid off the schooner in first-rate style."

"Famous! What did he say to that?"

"Oh! he stamped and swore awful, and said us all the lubberly thieves he could lay his hands to. At that minute he happened, I suppose, to miss the cutter from its place, so he said, 'What have you done with your cutter?' and her out on a secret expedition with sealed orders, cries Jacob, with a grin that might have danced about like a Red Indian, swore we were set of humbugs and liars, and ordered the lads to open the hatches and look after the ship."

"Then he began to suspect the cutter was out?"

"I should think he did, by the way he craned the taffrail and craned his bull-neck over the stern, but the boat was so well under that he could see nothing."

"Here comes the squall again," cried Phil loudly to the crew. "Stand by your sails, every man, and be ready to take in a moment."

"All hands on deck to take in sail!" shouted Bill down the fok'sel hatch.

A loud hissing foam like yeast spread as if by magic over the surface of the sea, accompanied by a sudden darkness and a distracting roar of wind that seemed as if it would tear the hair from the heads of the dauntless mariners exposed to its fury.

"In with it all! Every stitch in!" shouted Phil, a moment before the sea, which rose in one terrific wave, broke on the schooner's hull.

Quick as the order was given and obeyed, nimbly as the willing sailors flung themselves on the loose canvas to lash it up, the awful sheet fell on the *Avenger* and her bare poles with a power so resistless that she seemed to be foundering, from the helpless state in which she lay, half buried in the mountainous billows.

"Helm aport! hard aport!" cried Phil, holding on by a life-line to give his orders.

"Ay, ay, sir; hard aport she is," replied one of the men at the wheel.

"Try another spoke. See to it, Ben," he added, watching, with intense anxiety, the inert and helpless manner in which the ship still lay on the water.

"Pay back, my hearties," cried Ben, as he flung himself on the wheel, and, allowing it to revolve in an opposite direction, suddenly worked it round again with all the speed that three sets of willing hands could effect.

"Hard up, Ben; hard—"

"Hard you are, sir, and here she comes." Ben rejoined gladly, as the schooner, streaming with brine from every sail and spar, rose slowly on the next billow, and instantly plunged her bows down the watery chasm into the gloomy trough of the ocean.

"Set a jib and reefed topsail, to keep her head before the wind," shouted Phil to the boatswain.

Waiting to observe the effect of this modicum of sail on the tempest-beaten schooner, and finding she stood it well and was perfectly under the influence of her helm and canvas, Phil turned to his chief mate and observed—

"Where away is the *Diadem*, Ben? I've not seen her since the gale broke."

"Here, somewhere on our larboard quarter; leastways, if she ain't gone to Davy Jones all taut and standing."

"Why should you think so?"

"Because the squall took her all aback, with her sails set, and the last I see of her was her red copper sheathing and part of her starboard forefoot."

"I hope it's not so bad as that. The ship's as light as a cork, and would right of herself."

"I hope she may," was the sententious reply.

"Port your helm! Sail ho! Hard aport!" shouted Bill, as, like a ghost, the *Diadem* suddenly loomed out of the dark haze within a dozen fathoms of them, her sails reduced to shreds, and lashing the masts with reports at every blow like the sound of artillery.

"Ain't she a love of a boat!" cried Ben enthusiastically, as the *Avenger* paid off and avoided the collision. "Even those lubbers can't sink her, though they do try their best. Oh! wouldn't I like to have the hanging of that thief Nixon, if it was only for his bad seamanship, the ignorant beast!"

"Not quite so bad as you make him, Ben," replied his skipper. "See, he's taken in his shreds and tatters, and has got fresh sail, and is taking advantage of the wind. Yes, and he'll wnk away from us, too; and if he sheers off in this gale what chance have we of ever overhauling him again?"

"How will you prevent it?"

"I'll stop or cripple him. Captain Rowland must be saved, if we allow the rascals to keep the schooner for the present. Are those carronades loaded?"

"Ay, ay; each has got a bellyful of grape and round shot."

"Pass the word for the boatswain to come aft," cried Phil, as the two vessels kept nearly abreast, but about three cables' length apart, every attempt of the *Diadem* to edge off being neutralised by a corresponding act on the part of the *Avenger*.

"Cast off the lashings from that port carronade, Bill," he added, as his boatswain, in obedience to the order, stood by his side, "and make all ready to let her speak when she is wanted."

"Ay, ay, sir; it shall be done."

While the boatswain was attending to this new duty Phil had the *Avenger* brought near enough to the *Diadem* to hail her through his trumpet.

"*Diadem* ahoy!" he shouted, springing into the main-chains.

"Ay, ay; we hear," was the surly reply. "What is it?"

"I want to see your skipper," replied Phil, "and let him be quick about it too."

"Here you are; you know me well enough. Out with it slap, for I want to have a shy at your precious head," Nixon replied, as he mounted the poop steps, in imitation of the position taken up by Phil, "and shan't be over civil, I can tell you."

"I wouldn't advise you to try any tricks on me, or you may get the worst of it," and he pointed to two levelled rifles that covered Nixon's body. "I want you to give up Captain Rowland, still on board the *Diadem*, and then you may keep her, for the present at least."

"And if I don't choose to, what then?"

"Then I'll make you, that's all."

"Try it, my little bouncer," was the contemptuous rejoinder, as the two vessels, one on the crest of a high wave, the other far down in the trough of the billow, were rushing side by side through the storm.

"Once more, will you come to terms and put Captain Rowland on board?" exclaimed Phil, making a sign to Bill, who crouched under the bulwarks of the *Avenger*, by the side of a carronade.

"No; so now sheer off. You've got your answer, and will get something else you mayn't like so well if you stop there."

"Blaze away, Bill, and give it him hot and strong."

Watching the opportunity when the *Diadem* began to settle down, Bill applied the fusee, and the whole force of the charge struck the starboard quarter of the schooner with such momentum that she rolled over as far as the line of her copper sheathing.

Quick as the firing had been, it was not in time to catch the *Diadem* exactly on the point intended, and, beyond the rending and splintering of the bulwarks, no one had been hit, or any serious injury inflicted.

If Nixon was a bad mariner, and knew but little how to work a vessel in a storm, he thoroughly understood how to handle his guns. Almost before the schooner had recovered the rudeness of the unexpected blow he had replied from two carronades in rapid succession, strewing the deck of his adversary with masses of splinters, and prostrating one of the crew with a serious wound.

Hostilities once begun, the hands in either vessel addressed themselves to the contest with surprising vigour and alacrity, especially the mutineers, who, with a loud cheer, as if they gloried in blood and suffering, set to their work with a unanimity and despatch that enabled them to fire three shots for the *Avenger's* two.

In this manner, scudding broadside to broadside, almost under bare poles, before that raging tempest, the two schooners kept a running fire, the *Avenger* using grape and canister whenever the position of the vessel enabled Phil to sweep the decks of his enemy, while the commander of the *Diadem*, with the evident wish of disabling his antagonist, employed only chain or round shot.

The fight had continued for more than an hour, and, though several of the mutineers had been wounded, and the *Diadem's* bulwarks had been battered in and laid open to the deck for nearly a fathom, the *Avenger* had only been once struck, and Phil, rather elated by such a result, had resolved to execute a new manoeuvre, and, as he hoped, bring the action to a speedy close.

The lurid haze that had hung over the scene from the return of the storm had lately grown rapidly denser and darker, and, as there was every probability that the vessels would become invisible to each other in the increasing darkness, Phil was resolved at once, if possible, to end the pursuit. For this purpose he meant to wear suddenly round, cross the *Diadem's* stern, rake her fore and aft with grape and canister, and, forging up alongside, deliver another her fire, and, before Nixon and his crew could recover from their consternation, board with all his men,

rescue Captain Rowland, and restore to him his vessel and his daughter.

Such was the plan Phil proposed to himself, and which the seriously diminished numbers of the pirate band rendered not only feasible, but very likely of success.

"Load the swivel amidships with langridge and canister, and point her starboard, Ben," exclaimed the young commander to his first mate.

"And you, Kennedy, post yourself with a painter and fender in the best place for seeing the stern of the *Diadem* as we pass under her taffrail, and if you see anything of Captain Rowland at the cabin window throw out your fender, so that he may catch it and be drawn on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir. If he's in Miss Louise's cabin, I'll be bound he'll be at the window, in which case I'll have my line near enough for him to secure a hold, never fear," replied the steward.

During this time the firing from each vessel had been continued with unflagging spirit, when suddenly, at a sign from Phil, the reefed foretop-sail was hauled up to its spar. Small as was the amount of sail reduced by this manoeuvre, it was sufficient to tell directly on the *Avenger's* headway, as she instantly fell off and dropped astern, the other rapidly drawing ahead.

"Set the flying jib, foretopsails, and courses," cried Phil nervously, watching every motion on board each vessel, and as the last piece of canvas was sheeted home he turned to the man at the wheel, exclaiming, "Port your helm! hard aport!"

Scarcely was the invariable rejoinder given of "Hard aport she is, sir," when, with a rush and a plunge that half buried her in the mountainous wave she had to mount, the *Avenger*, with her heavy weight of canvas, was rushing past the *Diadem's* stern, which seemed fathoms above her, as the one rode on the crest and the other was driven through the body of the sea.

At the moment the *Avenger* rose from her watery grave, streaming off tons of brine from port-holes and scuppers, a flash of flame burst simultaneously from both vessels, followed by a column of smoke, the booming report of a shotted gun, and the loud splitting explosion of a charge of small and murderous missiles.

The mixed charge of langridge and grape sped widening on its deadly course, ripping up the decks and carrying wounds and agony to the very bows of the *Diadem*.

The joy of the *Avenger's* crew at the sight of the execution effected by their shot was, however, short-lived, for the moment the helm was starboarded to bring her round to the other tack a frightful crash was heard overhead, and, with a splitting discord, foretop, topgallant, and royal, with all their hamper of stays, shrouds, and canvas, came thundering to the deck in hopeless confusion.

A distant shout of triumph coming faintly over the water was the first that apprised the crew of the *Avenger* of their own disaster and the enemy's success, and woke all on board to the fact that the *Diadem* was already nearly out of sight, and the *Avenger* lying embayed and helpless in the trough of the sea.

Nixon's quick eye had in an instant detected Phil's novel and ingenious plan for dropping astern by brailing up the foretop-gallant sail, and, intuitively divining his intention, he had the

carronade he had just superintended the loading of trailed aft and pointed over the taffrail.

Watching with eager eyes for his opportunity, Nixon pointed his stern-chaser, and fired it as the *Avenger* began to rise from her ocean bed, but the shock, the shrieks, and the fearful execution around him, caused by the unexpected discharge of the *Avenger's* swivel, were so great that, astounded and enraged by the havoc that everywhere met his eye, he had no time to note the effect of his own shot. It was not till the shout of the few men who had escaped that devastating charge drew his attention to his antagonist that he recognised the effect of the piece he had fired, and knew that the chain-shot had hit the schooner just below the foretop, bringing down the whole of the tapering gear from where the mast was struck to her spindle, throwing the unmanageable and disabled vessel into the trough of the sea.

So great was the satisfaction of the pirate crew that, though half of their number were stretched bleeding on the deck, every voice joined in another feeble cry of triumph, as they beheld, through the increasing gloom, their enemy fast foundering in their wake.

Phil saw the full danger of his situation in a moment. Placing Ben at the wheel, he seized an axe, and, followed by Mannering and Bill, darted forward and began rapidly to clear away the wreck, while others were rigging a lag and topsail between the stump of the foremast and the bows.

During the few anxious moments while these operations were being effected the schooner lay in a most perilous situation, being either embayed in the trough of the sea or forced broadside on up the mountainous waves, to be driven down the next watery chasm in the same dangerous manner. The gleam of pleasure Phil felt when the task on which he was engaged was completed was dashed by anxiety, as, leaping on the gunwale, he shouted to Ben to "port his helm," and watched with intense interest the effect of their extemporised sails. As the vessel was flung beam on upon the succeeding wave the lug and topsail caught the gale, belled out, and the next moment, with a sudden draw and plunge, the bows of the *Avenger* paid off, and by the time she had reached the crest of the wave she was once more before the wind, and seeming to fly across the raging water.

Ascending the shroud as far as the broken mast permitted, Phil looked everywhere to discover the *Diadem*, but nowhere was she to be seen: she had disappeared in the surrounding darkness.

With a gratified smile at the success of their united exertions, and not doubting to overhaul the missing ship in the morning, or when the storm abated, Phil descended to the deck, gave Ben a few general directions, and left him in charge of the ship, while he visited Miss Rowland, whose fear and anxiety he well knew must have been greatly increased during the last few hours by the recurrence of the storm, the firing on the deck, the wreck of the foremast, and the perilous condition of the disabled schooner.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[BRITISH SAILORS TOWING AWAY THE ENEMY'S FIRE-RAFTS.]

THE BURMESE EXPEDITION.

IN consequence of certain outrages which the King of Ava neglected to redress, Lord Amherst, our Indian governor-general, took measures of retaliation against that ignorant and insolent sovereign. Accordingly a military force was to ascend the Irawaddy, a river which traverses the Burmese Empire from north to south, and to begin by capturing the city of Rangoon, its principal port and trading-place. The expedition included the 13th, 38th, 41st, and 89th Regiments, the Madras European regiment, and native troops, forming in all a picked corps of 11,000 fighting men. The artillery comprised a park of fourteen heavy guns, ten howitzers, eight mortars,

and twelve field-pieces. Attached to the expedition were twenty gun-brigs and schooners, twenty row-boats, four King's sloops, the *Lifey*, the *Larne*, the *Sophie*, several Company's cruisers, and the *Diana* steam vessel, which was the first steamer ever employed in war.

On the 9th of May, 1824, the expedition, under Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, arrived off the mouth of the Rangoon river; on the 10th it came to anchor within the bar, on the morning of the 11th stood up the river, and about one o'clock on that day came to off Rangoon, opposite a landing-place called the King's Wharf, the seat of a battery. A fire was opened on the fleet, but was returned from the *Lifey* with such effect that several of the enemy's guns were split or disabled.

mounted, and at the third broadside the Burmese authorities left the town. At three o'clock the troops landed without opposition, the town was deserted by the inhabitants, and at four the British colours were flying on the Burman flag-staff.

So far all went smoothly, but it was now found that nearly everything which the town contained had been removed into the surrounding jungle or carried up the river, and that nothing in the shape of supplies could be found for the troops, nor a single boat, waggon, horse, or head of cattle. We may here say that the expedition, in the confident hope of finding everything necessary at Rangoon, had been sent with a scanty supply of provisions, and very inadequately provided with proper equipments for advancing either by land or water. With a tropical sun above, thick jungle around, and swamp beneath the feet—with these sources of pestilence, aided by frequent deluges of rain, the health of the men rapidly declined, and fever and dysentery began fearfully to thin their ranks. Everything in and about Rangoon was in ruins, except the lofty Shoodagon pagoda, which was the key of the British position; there was no passing the swamps and inundated paddy-fields, or the thick jungle beyond them, which was intersected only by a few narrow footpaths; and behind this screen the unseen enemy plied their work, raising their levies, and gradually collecting them, so as to form a cordon round our cantonments.

Reinforcements and supplies of warlike stores being thus provided, Thakia Woonghee, one of the chief ministers of state, was despatched to take the chief command, with distinct orders from his master to attack the British and drive them at once into the sea, and the bustle of preparation which marked the concluding days of the month of May showed that he was about to make the trial. On the morning of the 28th, when they had advanced a stockade to within musket-shot of the British pickets, Sir Archibald thought it was high time to punish their temerity, and accordingly made a movement in advance, with four companies of Europeans, two field-pieces, and 400 Sepoys.

For nearly two hours Sir Archibald and his column continued to advance through the wood by a winding and very narrow pathway, at every turn of which there was some breastwork or stockade, which were all hastily abandoned. After marching about five miles our troops emerged from the jungle, and suddenly entered a wide open field, intersected by a morass and rivulet, across which there was a long narrow bridge. Here the enemy, in attempting to make a stand, were scattered by the fire of the two field-pieces, and fled into a more distant jungle. At this juncture a terrible storm came on; the rain fell in torrents, and the field-pieces could be dragged no farther. Leaving the 400 Sepoys to guard the guns, Sir Archibald pushed on rapidly with the Europeans, traversing another jungle, and approaching two villages, which were defended in front by two stockades filled with men, shouting out, "*Lagee! lagee!*" ("Come on! come on!")

Without losing a moment, Sir Archibald made a dash at the stockades, and was received by the enemy with a heavy fire, which our troops could scarcely return, from the wet condition of their

muskets. The works, however, not being more than eight feet high, our men, forcing their way over, brought their bayonets to bear upon a crowded, dense, and confused living mass. The conflict was short, but sanguinary. The works had only two very narrow ways of egress, and the foremost fugitives, getting wedged in there, blocked them up, and prevented the flight of the rest. When they could run away they ran, but the Burmese never gave and never expected a quarter. Lowering their heads to a battering position, they blindly charged upon our soldier-bayonets, and were killed in heaps, for our men had dried their muskets, and could now pour it volleys as well as use the bayonet. Few or none were spared, as, from the barbarous and treacherous mode of warfare practised by the Burmese, death alone afforded safety. In this desperate hand-to-hand fight the loss on the part of the victors included some valuable officers.

On the 10th of June Sir Archibald Campbell moved on Kemmendine, a war-boat station, only three miles above Rangoon. His force consisted of about 3000 men, with four 18-pounders, four mortars, and seven field-pieces, and he sent at the same time two divisions of vessels up the river. The enemy had laboured day and night to strengthen this position; the ground behind the village was elevated and commanding, and was surrounded by a thick forest in the rear; the heights had already been strongly stockaded and protected by abattis in front, and the approach on the land faces was rendered difficult by a thick jungle, while the swampy nature of the ground towards the Irawaddy strengthened the work on that side.

About two miles from the town the head of the column was stopped by a stockade, apparently of great strength, and filled with men, but two heavy guns and some field-pieces having been opened upon it, in less than half an hour a considerable gap became apparent in the works. A part of the Madras European regiment, supported by a part of the 41st, then moved on to assault. At the same time an attack by escalade was made on the other side by a party formed from the 13th and 38th Regiments, who, by helping each other up the face of the stockade, which was at least ten feet high, succeeded in entering about the same time as the party at the breach, the first man who appeared on the top of the work being Major R. H. Sale of the 13th Foot. The stockade was carried in a few minutes, and the enemy were driven into the jungle, leaving behind them 150 dead, and among them the Burmese commander, whose gilt umbrella, denoting his rank, was found shattered by a shower of grape-shot. Our troops passed by night under arms, amidst a storm of pitiless rain, under the dripping trees of the jungle, or in the inundated rice-fields, but on the following morning, when they marched to storm the remaining works of this formidable position, they found them entirely deserted, the Burmese having given off in a panic to another stockaded post, several miles in the rear of Kemmendine.

For a time there seemed to be a general pause and terror on the side of the Burmese, who had now evacuated every stockade in the neighbourhood of Rangoon. But on the last day of June all the woods in front of our position again exhibited bustle and commotion. Eight thousand men had

crossed to the Rangoon side of the river, the jungles around seemed animated, clouds of rising smoke marked the encampments of the different corps of the Burmese army in the forest, and their noisy preparations for attack formed a striking contrast to the still and quiet aspect of the British line.

On the morning of the 1st of July the enemy issued in dense masses from the jungle to the right and front of the great pagoda, and their main body, coming boldly up to within half a mile of Rangoon, commenced a spirited attack on part of our line. But two field-pieces served with grape and shrapnell soon checked their advance, and then a brilliant charge by the 43rd Madras Native Infantry put them all to flight. In a very few minutes not a man could be seen of the Burmese host except the killed, nor could anything be heard of them except a wild screaming which proceeded from the depths of the jungle. The Burmese general who commanded in this exploit was immediately superseded, and his successor, Soomba Woonghie, stockaded his army in the most difficult part of the forest, whence desultory attacks were made almost nightly upon some part of the British lines.

On the 8th of July, however, two columns of attack were formed. One proceeded by land, under the command of Brigadier-General McBean; the other advanced by the river, and with it the commander-in-chief embarked. The enemy's principal stockade was erected on a broad and projecting point of land, where the river divides into two branches. On the opposite bank of both branches stockades and other works were erected, enfilading the approach to the principal work, and thus all protecting each other. Fourteen pieces of artillery were silenced by the fire from the shipping, conducted by Captain Marryatt; and at the end of an hour, the signal of "breach practicable" being made from the main-mast-head, the troops destined for the assault entered the boats and made immediately for the breach. Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin, of the 41st, with 260 men of his own regiment and one company of the Madras European regiment, pushed ashore at a little distance above, and entered the work by escalade. The first stockade was carried with comparatively small loss. Colonel Godwin then re-embarked to attack the second stockade, which was also carried, and the third was evacuated by the enemy.

The operations of the land column under McBean were equally successful. Though destitute of guns and surrounded by stockades, he trusted to the courage of his men, who were all from the 13th, 38th, and 89th Regiments, and he carried seven stockades in succession by escalade within the space of half an hour, and without firing a shot, all being done by the bayonet. The enemy lost on this day from 800 to 1000 men, their commander-in-chief, and three other men of distinction.

The king now sent his two brothers, the Prince of Toonghoo and the Prince of Sarrawaddy, with astrologers and a corps of "Invulnerables," to direct future operations, so that not one of the "wild foreigners" or "captive strangers" might escape punishment. At last the astrologers told the Prince of Sarrawaddy that the stars had declared the time was come for a decisive action; and on the night of the 30th

of August the king's Invulnerables promised to attack and carry the great Shoodagon pagoda, that the princes, and the sages, and pious men in their train might celebrate the usual annual festival in that sacred place.

Accordingly, at the hour of midnight the Invulnerables rushed in a compact body from the jungle under the pagoda. A small picket thrown out in our front retired in slow and steady order, skirmishing with the Invulnerables till they reached the flight of steps leading from the road up to the pagoda. The moon was gone down, and the night was so dark that the Burmese could only be distinguished by a few glimmering lanterns in their front; but their noise and clamour, their threats, and imprecations upon the impious strangers if they did not immediately evacuate the sacred temple, proved their number to be very great. In a dense column they rolled along the narrow pathway leading to the northern gate of the pagoda, wherein all seemed as silent as the grave. But hark! the muskets crash, the cannons roar along the ramparts of the British post, drowning the tumult of the advancing column; and see! by the flash of our guns, the column reels back, the Invulnerables fall mortally wounded, and the rest turn their backs on the holy place, and run with frantic speed for the covering of the jungle. Those Invulnerables ventured no more near any of our posts.

By the end of October the rains had entirely ceased at Rangoon, and Sir Archibald was completing his preparations for the ascent of the Irawaddy, when he learned that the Burmese chief Bundoola had reached Donobew with 60,000 fighting men, a considerable train of artillery, and a body of Cassay horse, the best cavalry of this part of Asia. On the 30th of November Bundoola's great army assembled in and behind a dense neighbouring forest, and his line of camp might be distinguished by a curved line of smoke rising above the trees. The day had scarcely dawned on the 1st of December when hostilities commenced with a heavy fire of musketry and cannon at Kemmendine. The firing, says Major Snodgrass, continued long and animated, and from our commanding situation at the great pagoda, though nearly two miles distant, we could distinctly hear the yells and shouts of the infuriated assailants, occasionally returned by the hearty cheer of the British seamen as they poured in their heavy broadsides. The thick forest which separated us from the river prevented our seeing distinctly what was going forward; and when the firing ceased we remained for a short time in some anxiety, though in little doubt as to the result of the long and spirited assault. At length, however, the thick canopy of smoke which lowered over the fierce and sanguinary conflict gradually dissolving, we had the pleasure of seeing the masts of our vessels lying at their old station off the fort—a convincing proof that all had ended well on that side.

In the course of the forenoon Burmese columns were observed on the west side of the river, marching across the plains towards Rangoon. Opposite Rangoon the leading column of five or six divisions commenced intrenching and throwing up batteries, while their main body were stockading in the jungle. In the course of the day several heavy columns of the enemy issued from the forest and were posted along a woody

ridge gently sloping towards Rangoon. Here they commenced operations with their intrenching tools, and in the course of a couple of hours their whole line was covered; their flags and banners, which had been flying in profusion, all disappeared; and nothing was seen but a parapet of fresh-turned earth, gradually increasing in height. In the afternoon a detachment under Major Sale burst through the intrenchments, and, after slaying great numbers, retired unmolested, loaded with the enemy's arms, standards, and intrenching tools; and in the evening a mass of skirmishers, who had been pushed forward by the enemy, were driven back by two companies of the 38th Regiment, under Captain Piper.

Repeated attacks had been made on Kemmendale during the day, and were all repulsed by our troops, or by the seamen of our flotilla; but it was not till night that the Burmese made their last desperate effort to open their way down the river, and so get possession of the port of Rangoon. Our wearied soldiers had lain down to rest, when suddenly the heavens and the whole surrounding country became brilliantly illuminated. The enemy had launched their fire-rafts into the stream with the first of the ebb-tide, and had now applied the match to those huge masses of combustible materials, in the hope of driving the *Sophie* and our other vessels from their stations off Kemmendale; and as these fire-rafts came down it was seen by the light of their flames that they were followed by a vast fleet of war-boats. As the rafts floated rapidly down to Kemmendale with the ebbing tide columns of attack moved once more by land against that well-defended post, with artillery, musketry, and galleys.

The Burmese fire-rafts were ingeniously contrived and strongly constructed, being made almost entirely of strong bamboos, firmly wrought together. Between every two or three rows of bamboos there was a line of earthen jars filled with petroleum, or earth-oil, while cotton, gunpowder, and other inflammable ingredients were distributed in different parts of the floating infernal machine, and the almost inextinguishable fierceness of the flames proceeding from it could scarcely be conceived. Many of the rafts were considerably more than 100 feet long, and were divided into many pieces, attached to each other by means of long and flexible hinges. It was expected by the Burmese that when they caught upon the cable or bow of a ship the force of the current would carry the ends of the raft quite round her, and envelop her in flames from the deck to her masthead. But after gazing for a while at the red, and blue, and yellow, and green flames of the mighty fireworks our sailors leaped into their boats, pushed off to meet the flaming rafts, grappled them with their grappling-irons, and conducted them past our shipping, or ran them ashore. After this it is hardly necessary to say that the Burmese attack on Kemmendale failed completely.

Between the 1st and the 4th of December the British posts were annoyed by frequent attacks, but Sir Archibald Campbell resolved to become the assailant on the 5th. The left wing of the enemy was chosen for the intended attack, and in aid of it Captain Chads was requested to move up a certain creek with the flotilla during the

night, and commence a cannonade on the enemy's rear at daylight, which was done with great precision and effect. The enemy were thus kept employed by the naval force until two columns of attack advanced upon them. Major Sale, with one column 800 strong, and a troop of British dragoons who had only landed the day before, was directed to fall upon their centre; and Major Walker (3rd Madras Native Infantry), with 500 men, was sent to make a vigorous attack on their left wing, which had approached within a few hundred yards of Rangoon. Our two columns broke through the enemy's intrenchments, and completely routed both the centre and the left with vigorous bayonet charges, but Major Walker and many of his gallant comrades fell. The loss of the Burmese was appalling; they were driven from every part of their works into the jungle, leaving the ground behind them covered with dead and wounded, with all their guns, intrenching tools, and a great number of small arms.

On the 6th of December Bundoola was employed in rallying his defeated troops, and on the 7th the Burmese made their last and grand attack on the great pagoda, but they were beaten, driven back, and forced into the jungle by the British bayonet. Our troops, worn out by seven days and nights of incessant fighting or watching, could not pursue the flying enemy, who left in the trenches a great number of dead. During these seven fiery days the Burmese, in addition to a prodigious loss of lives, had lost every gun they possessed, and the entire *materiel* of their army.

Bundoola was about to retire on Donobew, when he received numerous reinforcements, and immediately began to intrench and stockade himself at Kokeen, about four miles beyond the great pagoda, employing incendiaries at the same time to burn the invaders out of Rangoon, and destroy all their stores, powder magazines, &c. On the 14th the town was fired in several places simultaneously, but our garrison succeeded, after two hours, in stopping the progress of the flames, though not until half the place had been destroyed. On the following day the Burmese army was attacked by 1500 men, under General Willoughby Cotton (afterwards Lord Combermere), who, unaided by artillery, drove Bundoola and his mighty host from Kokeen, and strewn the position with dead and dying.

Sir Archibald now advanced on Promé, to make sure his quarters for the rainy season, but after long marches he was stopped by intelligence that the naval column under General Cotton had been repulsed before Donobew by the remnant of the Burmese army.

The stockade of Donobew extended for nearly a mile along a sloping bank of the Irawaddy, its breadth varying from five to eight hundred yards. The stockading was composed of solid teak beams, from fifteen to seventeen feet high, driven firmly into the earth, and placed as close as possible to each other. Behind this wooden wall the old brick ramparts of the place rose to a considerable height, strengthening the front defences by means of cross-beams, and affording firm footing to the defenders. Upwards of 160 guns and swivels were mounted on the works, and the garrison was protected from the shells of the besiegers by numerous well-contrived traverses and excava-

tions. On the river face the deep and rapid Irawaddy presented a sufficient barrier, its breadth at this season not exceeding 700 yards, and not a boat could pass without being exposed to a heavy fire from the stockade.

Instead, however, of passing the whole fortress and taking the enemy in flank, which would have rendered their guns almost useless, General Cotton unfortunately attacked the first part of the works he came to, or the extremity of the stockade that was lowest down the stream. After an obstinate resistance he carried the first stockade, but on proceeding to the second he received by far the severest check that the European troops met with during the whole war. No fewer than 150 of our men were killed and wounded, and the retreat was so precipitate that the wounded were not carried off, though it was well known that they would all be put to a cruel death. The whole flotilla retreated ten miles down the river, being constantly assailed and tormented by the Burmese war-boats. The next day most of our killed and wounded men who had been left in the stockade were *crucified* and put upon rafts, which were sent floating down the river towards the flotilla!

On receiving the news of this failure Sir Archibald returned with his column to assist in the reduction of Donobew. The naval commander was required to move up the river again, to form a junction with the force under the commander-in-chief, and on the 27th the flotilla appeared in sight. The garrison immediately made a sortie on the land side with a considerable force, and seventeen war-elephants, bearing a number of armed men. The governor-general's body-guard, under Captain Sneyd, charged with great spirit, dashing in among the elephants, and shooting the riders off their backs. The animals, when released by the shots of the British troops from the control of their drivers, retired very calmly to the fort. Thus the sortie failed, and the flotilla passed the fort with small loss.

While the troops on land were engaged in making approaches and erecting batteries the naval force found occupation in pushing up the river in pursuit of the enemy's war-boats, several of which were captured. On the 1st of April the mortar and enfilading batteries commenced firing, and Bundoola being killed by a rocket, the garrison all fled in the course of the night. The breaching batteries commenced their fire at daylight, but the enemy's rear-guard was discerned in full retreat towards the jungle, and two Lascars who had been made prisoners came running out of the fort to announce the state of affairs there in the British camp. The line was immediately under arms, and the deserted place speedily occupied by a new garrison. One of the most welcome prizes secured by the English was a store of grain sufficient for the consumption of our entire force for many months.

Meanwhile Major Sale, with a small detachment, had entered the Irawaddy by another of its mouths, cleared and destroyed several stockades, and captured the town of Bassein. Several more of the war-boats were taken by our navy, together with a vast number of other boats, well suited for conveying troops up the Irawaddy. This magnificent river being now entirely under our command, from its broad mouths on the ocean to the valley, where it becomes unnavi-

gable, Sir Archibald resumed his advance upon Prome, and on the 14th he reached the spot from which he had retrograded just one month before, having been joined on his route by Brigadier-General McCraagh, with a column of reserve from Rangoon, and a supply of elephants, which were much wanted for the commissariat department.

Our troops on the 19th of April reached Huda-doon, where the blue mountains of Arracan became for the first time distinctly visible. In the evening a messenger arrived from Prome as the bearer of a pacific letter from the chiefs of the Burmese army now collected at that city. The messenger seemed to be a silly old man, who drank freely, and when he rose to take his departure he whispered in the general's ear, "They are frightened out of their senses. You may do what you please with them."

On the 24th of April Sir Archibald was within sight of Prome, of which place he took possession on the 25th without firing a shot, the enemy having deserted it in the night, leaving in the works above 100 pieces of artillery and extensive supplies of grain. The town was on fire, and one entire quarter was destroyed, but by the great exertions of our troops and navy a considerable part was saved from destruction. But for the cowardice of the enemy Prome must have presented an almost impassable barrier to the progress of the British army; by nature and art it was rendered so formidable that, in the judgment of Sir Archibald, 10,000 steady soldiers might have defended it against ten times that force!

Gradually the persecuted inhabitants of the town poured in from every quarter: some from the woods, bringing their families, their cattle, their waggons, and other property; and some escaped from the military escorts and disjointed corps of the king's fugitive army. Food and covering were given to the starving and naked, and those who had houses and property were secured in the possession of them. Our British soldiers assisted in rebuilding the bamboo huts, and in a very short time Prome had risen from its ashes, a greater town than it had been before the war. As the people were punctually paid for whatever they brought, plentiful bazaars were soon established, and during the rainy season the troops were in comfortable cantonments, living in abundance and unmolested ease.

During this period of inaction the King of Ava took vigorous measures for recruiting his armies, and by the end of September his whole disposable force was estimated at 60,000 or 70,000 men. By the beginning of October the head-quarters of the Burmese army were again at Meeaday, about sixty miles above Prome, and ruined breastworks and stockades began to raise their heads again. Emboldened by a trifling success, the Burmese army continued to advance towards the British lines, throwing up intrenchments and stockades as it proceeded; but the British general determined to become the assailant. On the 30th of November preparations were made for a general attack upon every part of the enemy's line, and on the 1st of December it took place, the operations by land being aided by the flotilla, now under the command of Sir James Brisbane. Two columns of attack were formed, one under Cotton, the other under Sir Archibald. As soon as these were in motion the naval force commenced a

cannonade, which so disconcerted the enemy that the pickets of his left were withdrawn, and his position exposed in that quarter to any sudden attack. General Cotton's column first reached the enemy's line, consisting of a series of stockades, which he instantly assaulted, and carried in less than ten minutes. Panic and confusion then seized the masses within the works, and great slaughter followed. Sir Archibald's column, pushing rapidly forward in the rear, met the flying masses endeavouring to cross the river, and, opening the horse artillery upon them, did dreadful execution. Among those who fell within the works was the aged commander Maha Nemiou, who, under the burden of seventy-five years, had been carried in a litter from point to point, to endeavour by his presence and encouragement to sustain the energy of his men.

The mass of the retreating army rallied on the heights of Napadee, in front of a deep jungle, a few miles higher up the Irawaddy. This new position admitted of no approach, except in front by a very narrow pathway, defended by seven pieces of artillery, while the river was commanded by several batteries of heavy ordnance. Sir James Brisbane, however, moved forward with the flotilla, and cannonaded the works from the river. On the land side, after the enemy's posts had been driven in, and sufficient impression had been made on the works by artillery and rockets, a brigade commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sale, consisting of the 13th and 38th Regiments, advanced by the trench to storm the heights in front, while some companies of the 87th proceeded through the jungle to the right. Scarcely a shot was fired in return of the enemy's continued volleys. The 38th led the way in entering the intrenchments on the heights, and the assailants, driving the enemy from hill to hill, secured to the British the whole of the position, which was nearly three miles in extent. During the attack the flotilla, pushing past the works, succeeded in capturing all the boats and stores which had been brought down for the use of the Burmese army.

As the right corps of that army still maintained its position, it was attacked on the 6th in flank and rear, while the batteries and boats of the British force cannonaded in front. After a feeble resistance the position was evacuated, the enemy retiring to a second line of stockades, from which they were quickly dislodged, when they fled in all directions through the woods. Both banks of the Irawaddy were now completely cleared, and nothing remained to check Sir Archibald Campbell's advance upon Melloon.

Having captured this important place, Sir Archibald was in full march towards the capital of the empire, only forty-five miles distant, when he was met by two Burmese ministers of state, accompanied by all the prisoners, whether Europeans or Sepoys, whose release had been agreed upon in recent parleys with the enemy. A sadder spectacle has seldom been presented than by these liberated captives. They were covered with filthy rags, they were worn to skin and bone, and their haggard countenances, sunken wandering eyes, told but too plainly the frightful story of their long suffering.

The sight exasperated our troops, and made them more eager than ever to advance upon the capital and take vengeance upon the tyrant and his savage court; but the war was now at an end,

for the Burmese agents had brought not only the ratified treaty, but the sum of twenty-five lacs of rupees (£250,000) as the first instalment of the million sterling stipulated to be paid, together with an authority, under the sign-manual, to accept of and sign whatever terms the English might insist upon.

Thus ended the British expedition to Burmah, in which the sufferings of our troops were excessively great. It was not often that a score of men fell in carrying even the strongest stockades, but they died by heaps on their marches through the pestilential jungles, or in their unhealthy camp stations. All the way from Rangoon every soldier of the Anglo-Indian army had to carry his knapsack, sixty rounds of ammunition, a blanket, and three days' provisions, together with his arms and accoutrements, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. "Perhaps," adds an officer who served in the war, "there are few instances on record of a mere handful of men, with constitutions broken down by many months of previous disease and privation, forcing their way in the face of such difficulties, and through a wilderness hitherto untrodden by Europeans, to the distance of 500 miles from the spot where they originally disembarked, and ultimately dictating a peace within three days' march of the enemy's capital."

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

I MUST give a short account of an alligator hunt, at a place called Nellivelly, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon Regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22nd of September the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red-coats and blue-coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes.

The chill atmosphere of the morning fell so thick and clammy that it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the Malay crease, a sort of dagger, or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the

ground the regiment was divided into two main parties and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes or pools scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal, in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water, when undisturbed, was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of peas soup.

On everything being reported ready the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon; and at the word "march" away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout or war-whoop sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre.

Generally speaking, the alligators had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been anything but amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic which had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there his enemies half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. The two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators swimming about in the utmost terror, at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream, or occasionally making a furious bolt, in sheer despair, right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions half a dozen of the

soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and by a sudden jerk pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final *mêlée* approached, on the two columns of the enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and plundered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter.

The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the alligators might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say that while all this was going on our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced and sundry affairs of outposts took place we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike-wounds, and bristled with half a dozen fragments of these weapons, fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamations of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many ninepins, I verily believe that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, swords, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty.

This intensity of eagerness had well-nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were of course obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserves of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what

they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his Majesty's officers might have chanced to have found themselves in a scrape. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company. I forget the total number of alligators killed; but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length and four feet in girth, the head being exactly two feet long.

THE LONE HUT ON THE RIVER MISSOURI.

THE stories told of the encounters between the Indians of North America and the inhabitants of the frontier settlements possess in many instances the most exciting interest. On the part of the savages we find the outbreak of the most vengeful passions, and on that of the white settlers the principle of retaliation for injuries carried to the most fearful pitch. First upon the borders of New England, and afterwards in the western territories, a war of extermination on both sides was carried on at intervals, with the perpetual occurrence of individual murders and house-burning. Various American writers speak of these events as more dreadful in their character than anything mentioned in European history.

The countenances of the frontier people, as they related numberless tragic occurrences of this sort, would gradually kindle. There seemed between them and the savages a deep-rooted enmity, and they would have been more than human if retaliation had not sometimes been the consequence. Fortunately this dreadful state of things has now passed away, and the murders in the backwoods are only matter of tradition. The narrations of a frontier circle, however, as they draw round their evening fire, often turn upon the exploits of the old race of men, the heroes of the past days, who wore hunting shirts and settled the country.

One of these was Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to 400, beset his house, at a remote point on the Missouri, and he, with his wife and a man who assisted him, made good his retreat into the dwelling in time to save their lives. Roy and his companion were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house. They hence endeavoured to stand out the siege, and began to fire upon the Indians. Never was there a more arduous engagement. The wife melted and moulded the lead and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife related that the guns would soon have become too much heated to hold in the hand, and that water was necessary to cool them.

On the second day of the siege Roy's assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on

the scene of execution, and see what they had done; he therefore put his eye to the port-hole, and a well-aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his courageous wife. But this did not daunt them. Roy deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched by the shower of balls. What must have been the state of feeling of this husband and wife during the four nights they were so hemmed in by the savages! After four days of unavailing siege the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed that the house was a "grand medicine," meaning that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away, leaving the intrepid Roy and his wife unharmed. They left behind forty bodies to attest the marksmanship and steadiness of the besieged, and a peck of bullets was afterwards collected from the logs of the house.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

HAVING already described the early career of Sir Edward Pellew (page 453), we now arrive at his elevation to the peerage, and his crowning feat, the Bombardment of Algiers.

In 1804 Sir Edward became rear-admiral of the white, and at the same time was appointed to be commander-in-chief in the East Indies. Hoisting his flag in the *Blenheim*, he sailed in the spring of 1805 with a fleet of Indianmen under convoy, and, after beating off Rear-Admiral Lincoln, who attacked him with the *Morago* and *Belle Poule*, reached India in August. Meanwhile Sir Thomas Troubridge was sent by a new government to supersede him. But Sir Thomas brought no letters of recall from the Admiralty, and Pellew had received none, consequently he refused to deliver up his command, and, formally to assert his authority, gave Troubridge a written order. Pellew's friends in England were amazed and alarmed at the temerity of this measure, by which he had directly disobeyed an express order of government; but Pellew knew that he was right, and that the command which the Admiralty had conferred could only be taken away by a formal letter of recall. He gained his point, and, what is more, was continued in the command.

Of all the proofs of bravery or good seamanship displayed by Sir Edward on this station we need not speak. One little commercial fact tells the whole story: the rate of ship insurance was fifty per cent. lower on the commerce of Bombay during his command than at any former period during the war.

Returning from India in 1809, in 1810 he hoisted his flag on board the *Christian VII.*, as commander-in-chief in the North Sea. The following year he succeeded Sir Charles Cotton in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He arrived off Toulon on the 18th of July. Next morning two French frigates from Genoa were chased by the English inshore squadron, when the French commander sailed out with thirteen line-of-battle ships and a frigate to protect them. Pellew now hoped that the day had at length arrived when he should lead a British fleet in a

general action, but he was disappointed. The French would not come to action, and Pellew could not force them. Still, therefore, he had to satisfy himself with watching every move of the enemy, and keeping up the terror our navy inspired along the shores of the Mediterranean. Here he was continually in action, storming forts, destroying batteries, and capturing every ship of the enemy that fell in his way, at once harassing them and making a good experienced seaman of every man in his fleet. And at length the great battle of Trafalgar, by destroying the vitality of the French navy, destroyed all Pellew's hopes of signalising his skill and courage in a general action. But the value of his services was never under-rated, and at the conclusion of the war he was rewarded with a peerage, and became Baron Exmouth of Canonteign.

There was yet a work to be done, however, which, well completed, would make Exmouth's name acceptable to all posterity. Early in 1816 Lord Exmouth was ordered to the Barbary states to claim the release of all the Ionian slaves who had become British subjects, and, to prevent future injuries of the kind, to effect treaties of peace with the Mussulman powers and any of the states on the Mediterranean who chose to accept his good offices. Negotiation failing, he was instructed to attack the pirates.

Tunis and Tripoli submitted to Exmouth, but, arriving at Algiers, he found he had quite another power to deal with. It was a strong place, capable from its situation and fortifications, if defended with skill, of destroying or keeping off any fleet that could approach it. The dey, in short, refused acquiescence to Exmouth's demands. These demands he had pressed rather harder than his instructions authorised; consequently he did not feel quite justified in attacking the place upon their refusal without first communicating with his government. He accordingly returned to England, where meanwhile the report of new atrocities determined the government at once to exact the most ample satisfaction for the present and security for the future.

To accomplish this, Lord Exmouth sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th of July, with five line-of-battle ships, five frigates, four bomb-ships, and five gun-brigs. The Admiralty were scarcely satisfied that the work could be done with this force, but Exmouth declined to take more. He thought the force sufficient, and more than enough is only embarrassment. He took every opportunity, however, of exercising the men on the passage, and made such good gunners that at length he had no fear for the result if he could only get under the town. At the same time it lay in the enemy's power, their guns being only tolerably well served, to cripple the masts of every ship before they came to anchor.

Algiers was a very strongly fortified place. It stood in an artificial harbour, and was built in angular form (the base fronting the sea) on the side of a hill. It was completely surrounded by a wall and strong forts, those ranging along the shore being of the most formidable description, presenting altogether scarcely fewer than 500 guns to the sea approaches. Upon the report of the intended attack these defences had been greatly strengthened, new ones thrown up, 40,000 troops assembled, all the janizaries called in from distant garrisons, and four frigates, five large corvettes,

and thirty-seven gun-boats collected in the harbour.

Upon arriving at Gibraltar Exmouth fell in with a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, the admiral of which begged that he might be allowed to place himself and his ships under Exmouth's orders during the expedition. Exmouth accepted the offer, and the augmented fleet went on its way hopefully and fearlessly. From the continuance of adverse winds, however, the land to the westward of Algiers was not made till the 26th of August. The next morning at daybreak the fleet was advanced in sight of the city. Being then becalmed, Exmouth embraced the opportunity to despatch a boat with a flag of truce to the dey, repeating the demands of England and all the civilised world. The officer in charge waited two hours for a reply, and, none being returned, at the expiration of that time returned to the fleet.

Meanwhile a breeze had sprung up, and Exmouth entered the bay. At two o'clock the *Queen Charlotte* (flagship) bore up, followed by the fleet, to take up their appointed stations. The *Charlotte*, leading in the order prescribed by the admiral, was anchored in the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards distance. During this time not a gun was fired, and Exmouth began to suspect that the enemy had resolved to accept his terms. The *Charlotte* was lashed to the main-mast of an Algerine brig fast on shore at the entrance of the harbour, her starboard batteries flanking the mole, when, at a moment of profound silence, a shot was fired at her from the mole, and two at the ships following in. The Algerines, secure in their defence, and confident of boarding our ships from their gun-boats, had reserved their fire till Exmouth's fleet was well under their walls, and in a splendid position to reduce their defences to dust. Von Capellan, the Dutch admiral, was placed in a position to attack the flanking batteries, there being no room for him before the mole, where Exmouth concentrated his fire.

Immediately upon the firing of the first gun by the Algerines the *Queen Charlotte* opened a tremendous broadside, which was promptly replied to by the enemy. Amid the roar of the contending guns, the shot falling thick and fast about them, our English ships took up their several positions exactly as assigned, and informed their commander of what they were doing by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were immediately opposed. Each ship had its own particular business to do, and did nothing else. The *Queen Charlotte* kept her broadside to the mole, pouring in a rapid and destructive fire, in answer to the equally rapid and deafening thunder of the enemy's artillery. The *Leander* brought the after-guns of her starboard broadside upon the Algerine gun-boats, and the rest upon a strong battery called the Fish-market battery. Beyond her the *Glasgow* fired upon the town batteries. The bomb-vessels, anchored some 2000 yards from the mole, kept up a cool and continuous discharge of shells, while the rocket, gun, and mortar boats stood at the openings between the ships, and plied their business there with splendid effect. The frigates kept under sail, and sent a shot in wherever it was needed most, and where it would best tell. One of them, however, the *Granicus* (36), Captain Wise,

spying a space big enough to admit her between the admiral's ship and the *Superb*, steered into the narrow space as only a ship consummately worked could, and thenceforward sustained her place with the liners amidst the very thickest of the fire.

At a quarter to three the battle began, and with the lapse of only a few minutes it became furious. The Algerine defences were strong, numerous, and studded thick with heavy guns; the garrison, in great force, and bred in a desperate and bloody school, had all the ferocity of their nature roused by fanatics, and the balls came singing from the batteries as fast as guns could be charged and powder exploded. Exmouth, for his part, had disposed his fleet beautifully. The bomb-ships and mortar and rocket boats were well covered at a good distance; every ship had its mark, and plenty of room to work in, and, above all, there were British captains and British men in them. It was not long before the *Queen Charlotte* had ruined the fortifications on the mole-head, when, shifting her broadside, she brought it to bear upon the formidable Lighthouse battery, carrying about fifty-five heavy guns in three tiers. Here the deadly precision of the *Charlotte's* fire was markedly shown. The very first shot told on the upper works of the battery, and in a few minutes the tower crumbled into a heap of ruins. Down came the guns, one after another, till not a single piece was left. The last was dismantled while the artillerymen were in the act of discharging it.

The enemy's gun-boats, upon which considerable reliance seems to have been placed, were set in use early in the action. Under cover of the smoke they put out to board the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*; but, the smoke clearing off, they were discovered in time, and of thirty-seven only four escaped: the guns of the admiral and the *Leander* sent thirty-three to the bottom. This arm of the enemy destroyed, the mole annihilated, and many of the forts and batteries in a fair stage of demolition, it was necessary to turn attention to the enemy's ships. These lay so near Exmouth's own vessel that to fire them was a matter of no small danger to himself, but at four o'clock, finding that the Algerines sustained the defence with unabated determination, he yielded to the persuasion of those about him, and sent Lieutenant Richards in the *Charlotte's* barge to fire the outer frigate, distant no more than 100 yards. The frigate was boarded on the instant, and in ten minutes was so successfully set blazing that Richards's people had scarce time to get back to the barge. But, fiercely as the frigate burnt, she disappointed the hopes of our fleet, and, instead of firing the rest of the enemy's ships in the harbour, she burnt from her moorings, and drifted near the *Leander* and *Charlotte*, to the imminent danger of both. Fortunately, however, she grounded, and the gun and mortar boats then opened with shells and rockets upon the largest frigate, situated in the centre of the enemy's ships, and moored snugly within the mole. By six o'clock she was a mass of flame, and shortly after the whole fleet (except a brig and schooner), with the arsenal, store-houses, &c., were all afire.

About sunset Rear-Admiral Milne was compelled to request assistance. His ship, the *Impregnable*, by steering a little out of the position intended for her, had been exposed throughout to

a tremendous fire, which had placed 150 men *hors de combat*, and Milne begged that a frigate might be sent to divert the enemy's fire. Exmouth immediately ordered the *Glasgow* to the rescue, but the wind had been beaten off by the cannonade, and, contenting herself with having come to a better position, the *Glasgow* was compelled to anchor again. But there was an explosion-vessel, with a large quantity of powder aboard, which had been expressly prepared to be run in among the enemy's ships, and so destroy them. These being already disposed of, the explosion-vessel was run aground under a fort which especially annoyed the *Impregnable*, and there blew up. This relieved her a little, and at about ten o'clock, the fire of the Algerines having slackened considerably, and their best defences totally annihilated, Exmouth ordered his fleet to warp out from under the enemy's remaining guns. This was not easily accomplished: but at length a light wind sprang up, and, amid a storm of thunder and lightning, and the glare of the burning ruins on shore, the ships got out of range at about two o'clock in the morning, after an incessant conflict of twelve hours' duration. In this time some of the ships had expended all their powder, and had to be supplied from the brigs. So great had been the expenditure of ammunition, indeed, that the ships began to husband their resources towards the close of the conflict, and fired only when they were most obliged. Three hundred and fifty barrels of powder and 5420 shot (sixty-five tons of iron) were spent, but not in vain. The sea-defences were ruined to their foundations, and half the town was shaken. The copper bottoms of the ships floated full of fiery charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface of the water.

Nothing remained for the Algerines but submission. The bomb-ships took up their position the next morning, and in two hours the whole town might have been set ablaze. But before renewing operations Exmouth sent in a flag of truce, demanding the original conditions of peace, and the dey, completely defenceless, was forced to submit.

These triumphant conditions secured the immediate freedom of 1200 Christians, who were embarked on the 31st of August, and, in all, Lord Exmouth had the happiness of emancipating from the Barbary states above 3000 men, women, and children. They were sent home to their respective countries, and, leaving a ship at Algiers to receive a few slaves who had yet to come up from the interior, the victorious Lord Exmouth sailed for England on the 3rd of September, 1816.

This brilliant achievement closed Lord Exmouth's career upon the seas, and had very nearly put a period to his life. His skirts were shot away by a cannon-shot, and he was struck in three places—in the face, thigh, and fingers. He bled profusely, but the wounds were of a very trifling nature. For this victory Lord Exmouth was advanced to the dignity of viscount, and the Kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia conferred upon him orders of knighthood. A medal of exquisite workmanship was executed in gold by command of the prince regent; only four were allowed to be struck, one of which was presented to the hero whose last action it commemorated.

The remaining years of his life were spent in his native land, in places of great trust, perhaps, but calling forth little of that activity which he

fifty years he had proved in a rapid and almost uninterrupted series of brilliant successes for his country, without a single reverse. In 1817 he was appointed to the command of Plymouth, which afforded some little employment to his active mind. In 1832 he was made vice-admiral of England—an honour well deserved, but worn not long. He died on the 23rd of January, 1833, at the ripe age of seventy-six, and was buried at Christow, where his baronial estate of Canonteign was situated.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

DEAF AS A POST.

A MARINE, while serving on board a ship-of-war, complained from time to time to the surgeon that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing, and at the end of several months he asserted that he was completely deaf. As he was suspected of shamming, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previously to his being paraded for punishment, and during the operation, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him to show that he possessed the sense of hearing was resorted to, but without success. Firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavouring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Haslar Hospital, where he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr. Lind, who was then physician to the hospital, begged that the flogging might be deferred for a short time, with the view of giving time to try another experiment. The doctor chose a favourable opportunity, and, coming unperceived behind him one day, he put his hand upon the man's shoulder, and observed, in an ordinary tone of voice, "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I, by —?" replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident, he was forthwith punished and sent on board ship.

STRANGE SHOT.

At the commencement of the war with Spain in 1620 Sir John Kempthorne was attacked by a large Spanish man-of-war, commanded by a knight of Malta. Notwithstanding the superiority of his antagonist's force, he defended himself with the greatest spirit until all his shot was expended. At this crisis he recollected that he had several bags of dollars on board, and substituted them in the place of the ordinary charge, rightly judging that it was better to annoy than to enrich his enemy. His newly-invented shot did so much mischief to the Spaniard's rigging that he was very near getting clear, when an unlucky shot from the enemy rendered him incapable of farther resistance. He was now boarded, taken, and carried into Malaga. The noble knight to whom he was a captive, admiring his gallantry, treated him with

the utmost respect, and after a short time sent him back to England. A few years afterwards it happened that this same Spaniard was captured by Commodore Ven, and, unlike the treatment which our countryman had met with, was sent prisoner to the Tower. Captain Kempthorne now determined not to be inferior to the knight in generosity, and therefore rested not a moment till he had procured his release, which he at length accomplished, at great expense to himself.

A TIMELY MIRACLE.

AMONG the visits which Frederick the Great made incognito among his soldiery he met one returning to his quarters at night extremely tipsy. Joining in familiar conversation with him, he asked how, with his little pay, he was enabled to make such copious libations. "Upon my word, comrade," he said, "I have the same pay as you, and yet I can't lay anything by for the public-house. Tell me, for good luck, how you do."

"Why, you look like a droll devil and a good fellow," replied the soldier, "and why should I hide it from you? To-day, for instance, I am just come from regaling an old acquaintance. It would be very hard, wouldn't it, if now and then one could not take a glass with a friend? Well, in such a case a day's pay don't go far. I have, therefore, been forced to have recourse to a sly trick."

"What is it?" asked the king.

"Why, I pawn such of my things as I can spare for a few days, and then a little abstinence enables me to get them again. This morning the blade of my sword went. We don't go out for a week, so I shan't want it. Ha! ha! ha!"

Frederick thanked him, marked his man, and wished him good night. Next morning the troops received a sudden order to assemble for review, and Frederick carefully examined the lines. As soon as he came to his tricking comrade he made him march out of the ranks with his right-hand man, and then ordered him to draw his sword and cut off the other's head.

The soldier, trembling, began to excuse himself in the best manner. He supplicated the king that he would not condemn him to linger in misery all his life for having been the instrument of killing an innocent and worthy man, with whom he had served fifteen years; but Frederick remained inflexible. "Well, sire," said he, after a pause, "since nothing I find will move you, I pray God to grant a miracle in my favour, and to change my sword to a bit of wood." He pronounced these words with affected devotion, and feigned the greatest surprise when, on drawing his sword, he found his wish accomplished. The monarch admired his address, and gave him money to redeem his sword, but with a suitable caution.

A WARM RECEPTION.

COUNT LA LIPPE on one occasion invited a party of Hanoverian officers to dinner. While they were quietly seated the reports of cannon were heard quite near, and cannon-balls broke the covering of the tent. The officers, surprised, rose up and shouted the French were near. The count said, very coolly, they were not, and the party had better go on with their dinner. After a short interval the cannonade was repeated, and several balls dropped in the same corner, and tore

the tent a good deal. Another upstart among the officers, and another very quiet and polite speech of the count, entreating them to be seated, and not to let themselves be disturbed, for they might believe him, on his word of honour, the French were far off. The officers looked at each other, wondering whether their host was mad, and feeling rather uncomfortable at the continued firing, which was not calculated to give much relief to the count's table, or even his exquisite wines. At length the count rose and said, "So, gentlemen, you see that I may well trust my Buckenburgh artillery, for I ordered them to keep firing just at that particular corner of the tent, for the sake of exercise, which I flatter myself they have executed to your satisfaction." The guests walked off, bestowing hearty curses on the count, his artillery, and his dinner parties.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

A SOLDIER on duty in the Bombay Presidency was brought before an "invaliding board," in consequence of immobility of the right arm, which was preserved in a horizontal position, and formed a right angle with the side. The evidence went to prove that the arm had been unintermittingly extended in the manner described for a period of about sixteen months, and that, although various means had been attempted to flex the shoulder-joint, they had all proved ineffectual. He was eventually ordered home for the purpose of being discharged. Just before embarkation he was walking with a vessel containing arrack under his left arm, when a person approached him unperceived and seized it. Fearing that the precious liquor might be lost, he instinctively bent the shoulder-joint, and firmly grasped the vessel with the right hand. This transaction happened to take place in the presence of an officer: the man was forthwith tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive 1000 lashes!

THE GRATEFUL ALGERINE.

DURING the second bombardment of Algiers the Moors, in despair, fastened their Christian slaves to the mouths of their cannon and fired their mangled bodies against the hostile ships. Just as one of these unfortunate men was being bound to a gun he was recognised by an Algerine captain who had been taken prisoner some years before, and who had received the kindest treatment from this very man, then an officer in the army of the besiegers. He no sooner perceived his friend in this dreadful position than he most earnestly entreated that his life might be spared, but in vain. Just as the gun was on the point of being fired he threw himself across the body of the victim, clasped his arms firmly round him, and exclaimed, "Fire! Since I cannot save the life of my friend, I will at least enjoy the consolation of dying with him." The dey, who was an eye-witness of this scene, was so moved by it that he instantly conceded to heroism what he had denied to humanity.

AN IRISH INTERPRETER.

GENERAL KEMISS, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. Observing that one of the men in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant. "Take him,"

said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take this man, and lave him in the water of the Guadiana." After some time the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man that I sent with you?" inquired the general. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap, "Sure, an't please yer honour, we didn't yer honour tell me to lave him in the river? And sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to yer honour's orders."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLYARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE PURSUIT CONTINUED.

PHILIP MABERLY had not deceived himself. He found Louise extended almost insensible on one of the couches of the chief cabin, with Maria kneeling by her side.

At the first sound of Phil's voice Louise lifted her head from her maid's embrace, and with eyes that bore traces of weeping surveyed the disordered dress of her generous protector.

"I am rejoiced to find, Miss Rowland, that you have so far recovered from your alarm," he continued, in a cheerful voice, passing Maria and standing in a respectful attitude before the captain's daughter. "The critical state of affairs on deck rendered it impossible for me either to lighten your fears or give directions for your comfort, as it was necessary for your safety to batten down the companion, and every man was for the time being employed on deck. But, believe me, my anxiety on your account has been none the less profound and painful."

"Pray do not apologise to me, Captain Maberly, for duties and dangers to which my presence on board has almost entirely led," she replied, looking up timidly in his face, partly to satisfy herself on the state of the wound she had previously noticed on his temple, and to assure herself that he had received no other injuries.

"Pray do not suppose so, Miss Rowland. Had we never met, my quarrel with Nixon would have been the same—not—not perhaps, with the same vindictiveness that now animates me against the scoundrel." And as he spoke he looked with so earnest an expression of admiration in the face of the fair listener that Louise, who had raised her eyes to his, at once dropped their glance, and, with a sort of hectic flush, gazed on the ground.

"But this is only idle boasting," Phil continued. "I have given directions that whichever of those smaller cabins you may select shall be fitted as much to your comfort and enjoyment as the resources of the *Aeolger* will permit;" and he pointed to the several doors.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness, Captain Maberly, but I can make myself perfectly contented in any one of the cabins. I beg you will take no further trouble in the matter."

"Allow me to regard it as a *pleasure*, Miss Rowland," and Philip bowed with a courteous and gratified smile. "And that you may feel yourself while you remain on board the *Avenger* as if in your own beautiful schooner, Mannerling and Kennedy will devote themselves entirely to your service. The steward is now doing his best in preparing some refreshment for yourself and your maid. In the hands of so tried a member of your father's crew as Kennedy I may safely entrust your comfort."

"I should require no greater safety or comfort than in your ship and under your guardianship," she replied timidly, "if I were only assured of my dear father's fate or safety."

"That Captain Rowland is alive, unharmed, and perfectly well, I endeavoured to make you comprehend during the time we were crossing from the *Diadem* to this ship. Finding his escape completely cut off, he willingly resigned himself to his seeming captivity or detention. Securely concealed on board his ship, rely upon it, Miss Rowland, your father will watch the first opportunity to effect his escape, denounce the miscreants who have robbed him of his vessel, and, if possible, induce the authorities to restore him his property. But, even should he fail in his flight or the recapture of the schooner, I can only repeat, Miss Rowland, that I have devoted myself to the hunting down of this pirate chief, and will never leave his trail till I have captured him and recovered your father's vessel."

"How can I thank you for such devoted friendship? But, apart from that," she added timidly, and dropping her gaze before the eager glance of her companion, "may I inquire the cause of the firing between the two vessels, and whether or not my father was involved in that?"

In reply to this question Philip proceeded to explain the offer he had made to Nixon to keep the *Diadem* if he would allow the captain to leave her; that on his refusal he meant to have boarded and taken the prize; and that he had every chance of succeeding, when a shot struck the foremast, and in an instant crippled the *Avenger*.

"By the time we had cleared the wreck," he concluded, "and rigged jury-spars and sails, and were again able to run before the gale, the *Diadem* had escaped in the closing darkness. But fear not, Miss Rowland; we are in his wake, and I will follow the trail round the world but I will capture that scoundrel. But see," breaking off, and speaking in a gayer strain, "here come Kennedy and your maid, with lights and some welcome refreshment, which I hope you will enjoy as much as I am sure you must want it."

"You surely will not leave us, Captain Mannerling. It will be a joyless meal if I and Maria are to partake of it alone. I shall regard myself as little better than a prisoner," and as she spoke she smiled faintly, "unless, as with my father, all our meals are partaken of in common."

Such a proposition was more than acceptable to our hero. It filled his heart with a new and exquisite delight—the happiness of being often in the company of one who he found had already become so precious to his existence.

With noon of the next day the tempest broke. The dense fog rose like a vast curtain from the ocean, and revealed it fast subsiding into a tranquil sea, with an expanse of blue firmament, streaked here and there by a few white vapoury

clouds. But far as the eye could reach not an object was to be seen, not a sail was visible from horizon to horizon, the *Avenger* in her solitary beauty gliding gracefully like a painted ship across that trackless wilderness of water.

Though a new topmast and spars had been found, all the injuries inflicted by the chain-shot repaired, and under a steady breeze the *Avenger* was easily performing her ten knots an hour, and though since the storm hours had extended into days, she had as yet failed to sight the *Diadem*, and seemed to be following up a hopeless pursuit.

However weary and unprofitable those days of unsuccessful chase might appear, yet Philip regarded them as among the brightest and happiest of his existence, for they had enabled him not only to extend but to deepen his acquaintance with Captain Rowland's daughter.

How fast the sentiment of friendship, under the frequent and unreserved opportunities afforded of seeing and conversing with each other, led to the development of a deeper and more tender feeling soon became evident, and in the first dawn of the thought of a separation each became conscious how much the other was already necessary to his or her happiness.

About a fortnight after the running fight with the *Diadem* the *Avenger* wound her way through the Straits of Malacca, and towards sunset Phil was pointing out to Louise the dim outlines of the island of Singapore, the most southern point of the Malayan peninsula, just visible from the vessel's poop.

"To-morrow we shall be in one of the busiest ports of the East—a town of 70,000 inhabitants and an annual trade of ten millions sterling."

"What do you mean to do when we reach Singapore?" Louise inquired, looking up with innocent simplicity in his face, and yet half dreading his reply.

"Why, Louise" (they had already learned to address each other by their Christian names), "have you forgotten what we talked about three days ago?"

"Yes-s, I think, but—but I am not sure. What was it, Philip?" she replied, with the slightest dash of hypocrisy.

"That if I could find no intelligence of the *Diadem* in the port I was to take you to Mr. Rowland's bungalow, and leave you with your uncle while I prosecuted my search after your father and the missing schooner."

"But if my father is not here," pointing to the land whose peaks and high marks were already coming into misty sight, "couldn't I and Maria still go with you in your search? Oh! Philip, I should feel so much happier," and she leant against his arm and looked up in his face with such an appealing glance that Phil felt the exercise of all his moral strength necessary to enable him to resist the bewitching pleadings of the girl he loved—for that he did love her, heart and soul, he now felt. But, beating down his own feelings, and manfully throwing from him all the specious reasonings that rose up to justify her accompanying him, he answered, after a short hesitation—

"No, Louise, no. However proud and happy I should be to have you with me in the search after your father, I will not purchase a moment's selfish enjoyment for myself at what might cast a doubt on your spotless reputation."

"But, Philip, how can my anxiety to follow up the pursuit of my father endanger my reputation? If I stay here I know my spirit will be with you."

"Yes, Louise, but you will be in your uncle's house; and I must for this cruise be content to put up with the knowledge that your spirit, but not yourself, accompanies me. Believe me it will prove to me a very very sad change," and he spoke with a despondency that made Louise look at him with a sudden earnestness such as she had never before exhibited. Seeming intuitively to understand Phil's views and intentions, she at once recognised the impropriety of longer sailing in the vessel of her new-found friend, and exclaimed—

"You are right, Philip. I will go to my uncle's house to-morrow, and wait as patiently as I can till we can gain some intelligence of the missing ship or my dear father. Is that what you want me to do, Philip?"

"It is, Louise. Your presence on board would be a source of constant anxiety to me, especially as we may have to encounter many and serious dangers."

"You will be prudent I hope, Philip—that is," she added hesitatingly, "you will not rush into any rash or unnecessary danger. Will you promise me this?"

"Certainly. Depend upon it I will be guided by prudence in all my undertakings," he rejoined calmly.

"And you will return as often as possible, and—and let me see you, and tell me all the particulars of your search?"

"Depend upon me."

"I shall look out every day for the signals on the telegraph," she added.

"Fear not, Louise; I shall report myself at head-quarters almost as soon as you can read the telegraph," Phil replied, smiling.

"What do you mean by head-quarters?"

"Where my heart, my best wishes and feelings are centred—at Mr. Rowland's bungalow."

"Come, Maria, the night air is growing chill," she said, turning from the expressive glance which Phil bent on her suffused cheeks. "Come, it's time to retire to the cabin, for I want to rise in time to see the entrance into Singapore. Good night, Philip. Good night, Philip," she repeated, after a little hesitation, finding that Philip was gazing with eager and intense curiosity on a small native boat, with a tilt like a gondola, that was at the moment seen creeping from under the stern of the *Avenger*.

At the last repetition of his name Phil started from the gangway, and, whispering a word to Ben, hurried forward, and, taking Louise's hand, led her to the top of the companion.

"Did you see a pretty lady in that proah?" asked Louise, with a mischievous smile, as she stood on the top step.

"No, indeed, only a very ugly fellow," he replied, laughing, "though I beg your pardon for being so forgetful as not to have responded to your voice at once. Good night, and gentle sleep attend you, Louise."

"What did you make of that proah, Ben, and where is she now?" inquired Philip, walking forward to meet his mate when Louise had left him.

"He's off there among those junks and rafts, loaded with silks, tea, dye-stuffs, spice, gutta-percha, and gum. There he is, skulking about," and he pointed to a moving craft in the extreme distance. "Where did the thief creep from?"

"Right from under our stern," replied Phil.

"The deuce he did! Did you notice who was in the proah?"

"Yes, an ill-looking bearded scoundrel under the awning, who drew back the moment he saw me, and two Lascars who rowed the boat," Phil rejoined, as he stopped to listen to the man in the forechains, who, throwing the lead, was singing in a monotonous but not unmusical voice, as fathom by fathom the schooner glided on—

"By the deep line, quarter seven."

"And those were all I saw," Phil resumed, continuing his reply to Ben's inquiry.

"What did he want under our stern-posts, I wonder. No good, I'll be sure," Ben exclaimed, with ill-concealed annoyance. Then, turning to the boatswain, he cried, in answer to the man with the lead, "Get all clear forward there, Bill, and wait for the order." Returning to his commander, he added, with a perplexed look, "I can't make out, sir, what that boat wanted skulking about. There's some mischief brewing, and—"

"A quarter, less five," cried the man from the chains.

"Stand clear!" shouted Phil, as the leadsman proclaimed the depth of water, addressing the group of men who at the bows were awaiting the boatswain's order. "All right. Cast off."

"Off she is, sir," replied Bill, as the links of the ponderous chain was cast loose, and the huge anchor rushed to its cozy bed, making the schooner tremble from stem to stern.

"All snug for the night," observed Phil to his mate. "What are you going to do with the gig, Ben?" he inquired, as the stern boat was lowered and manned with four hands.

"To patrol the ship and look after that proah yonder. I shall be back before two bells, sir, and will give you some account of her, never fear." So saying, Ben pushed off, and the gig was almost directly lost sight of in the darkness that settled on land and water.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE FORESTS OF JAVA.

"THERE she is, Ben, dancing in the undertow of the Straits of Sunda like a fairy toy. See how every line, halyard, and shroud of her raking masts stands out against the warm blue of the eastern sky, like the threads and delicate tracery of a cobweb. I say, looked at from this height, five thousand feet above the sea-level, the *Avenger* never showed more beautiful and rakish. What do you say, Bill?"

The speaker was our old friend Phil, who, about midday some three weeks subsequent to the close of the last chapter, was lying, with his two faithful companions, on the apex of a high volcanic mountain at Cape St. Nicholas, the extreme north-eastern extremity of the island of Java. At their feet rolled the golden-looking ocean, where in solitary beauty the *Avenger* lay at anchor, forming a singular contrast to the busy scene and the forest of masts on the opposite side of the promontory, where, like a vast

ant-hill, was spread out the populous city of Batavia.

"Well, she's a lovely craft, any way you takes her, and I don't know that she looks partickler better seen from above here than fore and aft or across the beam. I only knows that she looks precious little, riding there at her best bower, and tugging away as if she wanted to be off again a hunting for her sister."

"That's just like Bill," exclaimed Ben; "he thinks that every hour he ain't in chase is just so much time lost."

"It is strange that, though we have made every inquiry at Singapore, along the eastern coast of Sumatra, and here at Batavia, we can hear nothing of Nixon or the *Diadem*," resumed Phil.

"It's three weeks yesterday since you left Miss Louise with her uncle, and we hoisted sail to try some of these winding channels among the Spice Islands; but he seems to have gone out of these waters as clean as if he had never been in them," observed the mate.

"He ain't far off; he's only skulking somewhere, waiting his time," continued Bill dogmatically.

"I'm quite of the boatswain's opinion," Phil answered, "and am sure there was some mystery in that proah that hung under our counter the night we dropped anchor off Singapore."

"There's no doubt of that, governor. There was somebody listening in that boat as sure as fate," the mate continued, "for when I came back from the search the skulking thief shot out from under our lee quarter, and got off among a raft of boats outside the harbour. What's your opinion, governor, about Captain Rowland and his ship? I'm blest if it don't floor me."

"What's become of the captain, Ben, I'm unable to answer, but I'll tell you both the conclusion I have come to about the ship. I believe Nixon has run her up some creek in one of these hundred small islands, where, completely hid by the groves of teak and mango, she would defy the sharpest sight to find her out, even supposing we knew the very latitude and longitude of the island."

"The skipper's right; that's just my opinion, and it's the very thing such a skunk as Nixon would do," interposed the boatswain, slapping his thigh with energy to give emphasis to his words.

"I think, also," Phil resumed, "that either Nixon or some of his cut-throat crew were hid under the tilt of that native boat, and their object was partly to overhear our future plans, but principally to endeavour to carry off Miss Rowland."

"I never thought of that, now, but it's like enough; and they'd have took the maid, too, that they would. Oh! I wish I'd only had a notion of that," and Ben looked up with a most vindictive expression.

"But how was he to get aboard? Did he think we were all such jolly fools as to go to sleep, like the poor beggars in the *Diadem*?" inquired the boatswain.

"No, lad, no, he trusted on finding the stern windows open for the sake of air, when it would be easy to get on the balcony, and so into the cabin. Then they would have gagged Maria and her mistress, lowered them into the boat, and got clear off," Phil explained; "but I had a presenti-

ment of evil that night, and as soon as Miss Louise went below I sent Kennedy to fasten the stern shutters, and had two wind-sails passed into her cabin, so that she might not feel the heat. I have now no doubt that when the proah returned after midnight it was in the hope of finding the windows still open, and an easy passage into the ladies' cabin."

"If I had only known that," ejaculated the mate, with an expletive of nautical strength, "he wouldn't have got off so scot free."

"I'm blessed if Ben isn't getting spoony on the pretty maid. Well, she's got a nice figure-head, good lines, and carries her running gear all taut and rakish. I'll tell you what, Ben, if I hadn't a first-rate craft who carries my pennant at the main, bouncing Nan of Greenwich, I'm blest if I wouldn't go in and out out the saucy Maria for myself."

"If you can you may, Bill," replied Ben, with a good-humoured smile.

"But I don't want to, can or may either, Ben." Then, turning to his commander, he continued apologetically, "Ax pardon, skipper, for paying out my slack when you was a speaking. Tell us more o' your opinion about Nixon, for when we knows what tack he's a standing on the better's our chance of overhauling him."

"You are quite right there, Bill. Well, my impression is that he has hid away the schooner in some unfrequented island among this archipelago, and that he has captured or hired some piratical Malay proah—"

"What, one of them bamboo felucca-rigged crafts that can go with sweeps or sail, hold no end of men, and would float in a saucer?"

"Exactly, Bill. They have two lateen sails, are armed to the teeth with swivels, gingalls, and bowitzers, and with sweeps and sails walk over the water like a streak of lightning. What makes them so difficult to overhaul is, they only draw a few inches of water, and can get into shallows where a jolly-boat couldn't float."

"And that's the craft you think he's aboard now, governor?" asked the mate, with serious interest.

"I am morally certain of it, Ben; nay, I am sure the rascal has his eye on the *Avenger* now, at this moment, and has been watching us ever since we dropped anchor last night."

"You have some reason for speaking so positively."

"I have," replied Phil, laying down a small perspective glass with which he had been examining the schooner, "and there it is; I have been watching it for some time. Look there. Do you see a small native fishing-boat with a lug-sail standing off and on from the *Avenger*?"

"Ay, ay, there she is, true enough," replied both men in a breath.

"I can't make out what's up, but it looks to me as if the boat was asking questions," the mate added, after a long and close inspection.

"That's just what she is doing. Nixon knows well enough that we three are on shore, and, under the cloak of a bumboat, with fish, eggs, and poultry for sale, he's trying to pump the hands of whatever information he wants to know."

"The second mate won't be green enough to answer him?" the boatswain asked, with some anxiety.

"Never fear; I took the precaution to tell John-

son, Kennedy, and Mannering to hold no communication with any boat from shore, and not to allow the men to answer a question put to them. See, he can get nothing out of them and is sheering off," and as Philip spoke the boat put about and stood in for the shore.

"Come, lads, it's time to make a move, especially as you want to see the forest I spoke about. It lies on the east shoulder of this mountain, which, like all those high peaks you see everywhere (some white with perpetual snow, and 12,000 feet high), has been a volcano at one time, throwing up flame, smoke, and ashes. Earthquakes and tempests are more frequent and destructive here than in all the rest of the East put together."

"I shouldn't like to be moored here for life, then," remarked the boatswain, as the three, with their rifles on their shoulders, began to descend the rugged and precipitous mountain, here and there scooped into deep channels by the molten fire of former ages.

"These earthquakes and subterranean heats, Bill, are considered the reason why Java is the most beautiful and fertile island in the whole of the Eastern Archipelago. The Dutch were the first to possess it, and they have ever since most determinedly opposed any other state from making a lodgment on it or having a share in its trade. It is, in fact, the centre and capital of the entire Dutch East India trade, and has a population of nearly 150,000, independent of a powerful garrison. Though once reputed unhealthy, Batavia, the capital, is now the most salubrious city in the East."

"That I take it is the forest as we were to enter in the hope of finding some deer or venison," observed Bill, pointing out a gloomy expanse of gigantic timber, composed of teak and palms of almost every variety, few of them less than 150 feet in height.

"Look to the priming of your pieces, lads, and see that your bayonets and knives are all handy, for the wild boars of these parts are uncommonly fierce, and often rush on the hunter before he is aware of their presence. Then there are rhinoceroses with a hide as tough as singed leather."

Each with his rifle across his chest ready for instant action, the party crossed the margin of the forest, and advanced about a quarter of a mile. Here the trees began to open and to form long vistas, with occasional open glades or clearings, showing here and there dense undergrowths of jungle, affording close covert for the wild hog, the buffalo, the tiger, panther, tiger-cat, and in some instances for the white elephant, a few of which highly-prized animals are to be found occasionally in various parts of this magnificent island.

To add to the beauty of the scene, flowers of the most gorgeous hues and exquisite perfume hung in festoons from tree to tree, or laced the dark foliage of the undergrowth, while every bough and bush seemed alive with the flashing plumage and the melodious song of birds. Troops of monkeys sported in the forks of the high trees, or, twined tail to tail in long strings, swung in widening sweeps across the open glades, or, with a wild chattering cry, scattered themselves among the boughs, and with pomegranates, mangoes, and cocoa-nuts pelted the intruders on their domain, while scores of peacocks, with their shrill

scream, rose to the lower branches and displayed the dazzling glory of their expanded tails, altogether producing a picture that for beauty, variety, and novelty held the three men spellbound with admiration and surprise.

"Well, I never saw so many birds at one time in my life before, and as for the peacocks, they seem as common as sparrows in England," observed Ben, with a look of amazement.

"If you look closely, Ben, you will perceive that every tree and branch and every bamboo and wild cane is covered with life. The forest seems, in fact, one vast hive of life and motion," and Phil directed his companion's attention to the myriads of insects and reptiles covering the grass, the trees, and even the flowers.

"What's the matter with them monkeys, that they have all scampered off in such a screaming fright to that further tree?" asked Bill, full of curiosity.

"Keep on your guard; it means that some wild beast is creeping through the jungle, and that is the usual way in which they express their terror."

"Stop my grog and bacca if that don't get over me," exclaimed Bill, gazing with all his might at an object a short distance beyond where he stood. "I heard you say, skipper, when we were having our morning grog, that these natives of Java were uncommon handy at learning trades, that they made first-rate silk and cotton, and were famous at horse furniter, saddles, bridles, and such like."

"Quite right, Bill, so they are. What of it?"

"Well, they have a curious way of tanning their leather, for I'm blest if they don't hang their skins to dry in the sun, and if there ain't a clothes-line full of hides enough to make saddles and shoes for a army of soldiers," and Bill pointed to what appeared at a distance to be several hundreds of untanned hides suspended in rows from the boughs of the trees.

Phil turned to the position indicated, and looked steadily for a minute at Bill's supposed tanyard, and then burst into a fit of immoderate laughter.

"Leather, Bill? Well, you are not altogether so far out in that, nor in the idea of hides either. But look again, man; those are neither horses' nor bullocks' skins; in fact, they are living animals, taking their midday sleep; they are hanging up by their hands, and what you take for hides are their wings. They are bats, Bill."

"Bats be jiggered! A bat ain't bigger than a mouse, and them things is as big as a sheet, only they ain't white," retorted the boatswain, far from satisfied.

"You must remember, Bill, that bats grow to a great size in these tropical climates. Most of those creatures measure more than five feet across their wings. I would knock one of them down to convince you, but they are such disgusting beasts we should repent having interfered with them."

"Bats!" was all that the perplexed boatswain could articulate. "Well, I never."

"Ay, and vampire bats too, monsters that settle on sleeping men, and suck half the blood out of their bodies before they wake."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD COMBERMERE.]

THE CAPTURE OF BHURTPORE.

DURING the Burmese Expedition that formed the subject of our last narrative an outbreak occurred in Central India. The friendly Rajah of Bhurtpore having died, Doorjun Saul, a usurper,

seized that formidable fortress, gathered round him a host of discontented chiefs, and defied the British to dislodge him. With so open and so impudent a challenge there was only one mode of dealing: Lord Combermere, the commander-in-chief, advanced on Bhurtpore with an imposin-

force of 20,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery. On the approach of the Anglo-Indian army the natives had cut the bund, or embankment, of an artificial lake, with the view of filling the broad deep ditch that surrounds Bhurtpore, as they had done during Lord Lake's siege in 1805; but our troops, having arrived before they had quite effected their purpose, instantly made themselves masters of the embankment and repaired the breach. Several days were now occupied in the construction of works, during which operations a party of about 200 of the enemy's horse attempted to make their escape; but they were intercepted, thirty or forty killed, and upwards of 100 made prisoners.

On the 23rd of December the besiegers, under a heavy fire from the garrison, completed their first parallel, and on the morning of the 24th two heavy batteries opened upon the town. Other batteries were brought into play in quick succession, and during the rest of the month of December a vast quantity of powder and ball was expended: scarcely a roof in the town was left uninjured; but neither cannon-shot nor shells could make any impression on a tough mud wall, the most impenetrable of all possible defences, and which, moreover, was from fifty to sixty feet thick. A mine was therefore commenced on the evening of the 6th of January, 1826, in the scarp of the ditch on the northern face of the work, but unfortunately it was not sufficiently advanced by daybreak, and, the engineers apprehending discovery if their operations were continued, it was prematurely exploded, and produced no material effect. A second attempt to mine was made, but those employed in it were countermined from the interior before they had entered many feet. The gallery was subsequently blown in, it having been discovered that the enemy were keeping watch in it.

On the 8th of January a shot fired by the enemy set fire to one of our tumbrils, and 20,000lb. weight of gunpowder was blown up. On the 14th another mine, under one of the bastions, was exploded too precipitately to produce any effect; but two more were driven into the same work, and these, being sprung on the 16th, so far succeeded that, with the aid of another day's battering, the breach was reported practicable. On the 17th an immense mine was completed and charged with a vast quantity of powder in the north-east angle of the works, and the following day was fixed for the storm.

Early on the morning of the 18th our storming parties established themselves in the advanced trenches. The left breach, or that which was already practicable, was to be mounted by the brigade of General Nicolls, headed by the 50th Regiment; the breach on the right was to be mounted by General Reynell's brigade, headed by the 14th Regiment, and the explosion of the mine under the north-east bastion was to be the signal for the attack. This took place at eight o'clock with terrible effect: the explosion was sublime; the whole of the salient angle and part of the stone cavalier behind it were hurled into the air, which for a time became as dark as midnight, while all the garrison who were stationed there were blown to the winds or buried amidst the ruins. The result was an enormous breach; but, owing to the defective construction of the mine, many of the ejected stones and

masses of earth fell upon the head of our column of attack, killing a number of men and severely wounding three officers. The stones fell so thickly about Lord Combermere himself that Brigadier-General MacCombe was knocked down by his side, and two Sepoys were killed within a few feet of his lordship.

The troops, however, rushed on to the assault with admirable spirit and in excellent order, ascended the breaches, and cleared them in the teeth of a very determined resistance. On the left, where the ascent was steep and difficult, our grenadiers moved up slowly and resolutely, without stopping to pull a trigger in return for the volleys of round shot, grape, and musketry which were fired upon them. Within two hours all the ramparts of the town were in possession of the besiegers, and they had the command of the gates of the citadel, which surrendered early in the afternoon. Brigadier-General Sleight, who commanded the cavalry, had taken excellent measures outside to prevent the escape of Dowry Saul; and when that chief, with 160 chace horse, attempted to force a passage, he was made prisoner by the 8th Light Dragoons; one of his wives and two of his sons were taken with him. They were all sent prisoners to Allahabad, to be supported by the Company. Our entire loss during the siege and storming amounted to sixty-one Europeans and forty-two natives killed, and 283 Europeans and 183 natives wounded. The loss of the garrison was estimated at 4000 men, nearly all killed by the awful explosion of the great mine.

After the ammunition, arms, stores, &c., had been removed to places of safety the principal bastions, curtains, and other important parts of the fortification were blown into the air, and it was left to the monsoon rains to complete the ruin of Bhurtpore, whose boasted impregnability was thus annihilated for ever. With the fall of this celebrated fortress perished all expectations of successfully resisting the British government: all the fortresses within the dominion of Bhurtpore surrendered at once and were garrisoned by British troops, while the inhabitants returned peaceably to their homes and occupations, and the young rajah was restored to the musnud under British protection.

On the 20th of February the commander-in-chief broke up from before Bhurtpore and returned to Calcutta; and when the conquest was announced in England thanks were voted to the army by Parliament and by the Company, with the prize-money to which the latter were legally entitled was ordered by the court of directors to be distributed amongst the troops present at the capture.

The siege of Bhurtpore had completely fixed the attention of all India. Nervous old gentlemen at Calcutta were blaming the rashness of Lord Amherst in troubling himself with the Burmese War; the rascally Maharrattas were debating as to what titled robber should engage their professional services; and the Delhi mob ranted in every street their hopes and wishes that the East India Company might soon drop to pieces. If, therefore, the attack on Bhurtpore had failed the whole country westward of the Jumna would have risen in arms—at least, so far as to resume the system of warfare so decidedly suppressed by the destruction of the Pindarries; but

the complete and rapid triumph of Lord Combermere overawed the native chiefs, checked the disposition to revolt, and more strongly confirmed the supremacy of Great Britain throughout the East.

ADVENTURE WITH A BENGAL RHINOCEROS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bengal Hurkaru* says that, being on a visit at the quarantine station at Edmontone Island, he was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Sangor Island. I was requested (says he), being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparation for a regular set-to. A stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, I there, in company with the resident at the Point, took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheroot had not been quite burnt out when a noise from the jungle in our rear warned us of an approach. From the noise I thought it was an elephant. Our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense. However, in a few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend. His approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move.

The second volley (for we were well armed, having two double-barrels each) disturbed him; he turned sharp round and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were, at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide; but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank. We had another beautiful view of him, and again fired together as before, when I am sorry to say the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home; and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke. My friend took a cutlass, and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree, and made good our retreat.

A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner. The artillery of the station (two 6-pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach. Everything was got in readiness, the moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree in the evening. The first start which we made was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A long tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree all night, but we could not get a shot at him.

Another night passed in like manner, but the third night, at ten o'clock, our old friend once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance; but when he did come I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire he charged full at me. But he was too late; the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half-way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable. It gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fallen to rise no more. Many of the shot had taken effect—one (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and the hind quarter.

His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference. Altogether he was a perfect monster. On opening him one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him. Five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the Point in distress.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

MAJOR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is that between these officers no cordiality existed. Little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike, frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of the other.

The 21st Regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately that evening the mess-table had been deserted for the theatre, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend was most necessary. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, loaded his pistols, sent for Captain Boyd to an inner mess-room, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood.

The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental frenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that everything was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent replied, "Yes, it was fair; but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper, went over the building as he pleased, received his friends, held unrestricted communication with all who sought him, and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget, says an eye-witness, the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house the jury had retired to consider their verdict. The trial had been tedious, twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned through the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge: he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure, thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and, while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash or motion of the lip betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard, a door was softly and slowly opened, one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box, the customary

was asked by the clerk of the crown,

and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonising pause succeeded, the court was silent as the grave, the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury; then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and "The Lord have mercy on your soul!" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen!" while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

The result of the trial did not disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail an assurance that he would not escape was required and given, and to the last Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meanwhile strong exertions were made to save him: petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh were forwarded to the Lord-Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet and implore her commiseration. To cross the Channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved beat on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height, a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing-boat, which, under close-reefed canvas, was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark for a time was uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast-head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed, the pier was weathered, and, amid the cheers of their companions and the carresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was the wife of the unhappy convict, whose fate, even in that remote spot, had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate." The mariner looked at the sky attentively and shook his head. "O God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I

but cross that angry sea he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing-boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across or perish.

"It is madness," said the old man: "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board, the skirt of the main-sail set, and, after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of a brother officer, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness which are so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered this lady urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip: "Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then, taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny, this is the moment of escape: horses are in readiness, and—" The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out; "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber, without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken, and while his friends were dissolved in grief he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step, and while the rope was being adjusted the

colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrank from this loathsome being, but, as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event that the 42nd Regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town, and the same men he had led to a bayonet charge against the Invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven, every cheek was bathed in tears, every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat, and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clans and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and laid him in his father's grave.

A SLEIGH JOURNEY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In these days of luxurious travelling we can scarcely form a conception of the dangers encountered by rough dwellers in the wilds of Canada. Such incidents as the following might be profitably remembered by thousands of that irritable class who may be seen fretting and fuming, any day of the week, at all the railway-stations of England.

Some years back a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence river. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on the ice from the shore, and Mr. Budlong, having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, and gave up the reins to his brother. The new driver, either from inattention or ignorance of the road, drove on a place where there had recently been an air-hole; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sunk, with the two women and child.

Mr. Budlong sprang from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost!" and fortunately reached the firm ice. The your

ire nearly a week, but by great exertions perhaps get them ready by the morrow."

reiterated his wishes, and stated his intention to cross the river by mid-day; but the thing was rather out of question. At length assuming a great coolness the two officers thus: "to say is, that if these boats were by twelve o'clock I would alter both the parties, and so that, in effect, I should get to the opposition. When I presented a memorial to the arbitrary Majesty to execute a naval would

was renewed. Here also it happened that, as Sir P. Parker was the friend of both, whenever Nelson got a step in rank Collingwood succeeded him, so that he was transferred to the *Lowestoffe*, then to the *Badger*, in which he was made a commander in 1779, and afterwards to the *Hinchinbroke*, a 28-gun frigate, by which time both the friends were post-captains.

A service in which Collingwood was employed at this time is best stated in the simple language of his own brief autobiographical sketch. "The *Hinchinbroke*," he says, "was in the spring of 1780 employed on an expedition to the Spanish Main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan and lakes Nicaragua and Leon. The plan was formed without a sufficient knowledge of the country, which presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill or perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river, from the rapidity of the current and the numerous falls over rocks which intercepted the navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects. My constitution resisted many attacks, and I survived most of my ship's company, having buried in four months 180 of the 200 who composed it. Mine was not a singular case, for every ship that was long there suffered in the same degree. The transports' men all died, and some of the ships, having none left to take care of them, sunk in the harbour: but transport ships were not wanted, for the troops whom they had brought were no more; they had fallen, not by the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate." From this frightful picture we can easily perceive that there are far greater demands upon the truly heroic than the mere courage necessary for battle, as there are dangers more appalling to be faced, and miseries more overpowering to be endured, than those that originate in the hot and heady conflict.

From this Upas-like station Collingwood was fortunately relieved in August, 1780, and in the December following he was appointed to the command of the *Pelican*, a small frigate of twenty-four guns. In August of the following year there was a severe hurricane, in which the *Pelican* was wrecked at midnight, on the rocks of the Morant Keys. On the succeeding day the ship's company managed to get on shore, on rafts made of the small and broken yards; and upon these sandy islands, with little food, they remained ten days, until a boat went to Jamaica, and the *Diamond* frigate came and took them off. After this escape Captain Collingwood was appointed to the command of the *Sampson* (64), and when she was paid off at the peace in 1783 he was appointed to the *Mediator*, and went to the West Indies, where he remained with Nelson, who commanded the *Boreas*, on the same station, till 1786. He here co-operated with Nelson, and they jointly seized all the vessels they could find illicitly trading to the West Indies, notwithstanding the clamours of those English planters who were interested in its continuance. "Had it not been for Collingwood," says Nelson in one of his letters, "this station would have been the most disagreeable I ever saw." After this severe ordeal, which happily was short, Collingwood returned home in 1786, where he continued till 1790, "making," as he

COLLINGWOOD.

HERBERT COLLINGWOOD was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the 26th of September, 1760, and was placed in the navy when only eleven years old, under the protection of his cousin, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brathwaite. Upon this his early entrance into active life Collingwood used to tell the following characteristic anecdote:—While he was crying piteously at the thoughts of his separation from home, after he had come on board, the first lieutenant, who pitied the poor child, addressed him in terms of soothing encouragement. This sympathy had such an effect upon the gallant little midshipman that he led the worthy officer to his box, and offered him the choicest treasure he thought it contained, in the shape of a large piece of plum-cake, which his mother had given him.

The *Shannon* was the first ship in which Collingwood served; in it he continued several years, and he was indebted to his kind relative for instruction in nautical knowledge, which he studied with great assiduity. He afterwards served under Admiral Roddam. In entering the naval service, however, Collingwood had neither family nor court influence to advance him, and therefore, in spite of his merits and acquirements, he did not become a lieutenant until he had served fourteen years at sea, and attained the age of twenty-five. The example of one so circumstanced, who notwithstanding fought his way to the chief command and a peerage, is well worth the study of those who, like him, are entirely dependent upon their own diligence. This first promotion he received from Admiral Graves, in 1776, at Boston, on the same day the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. In 1776 he was sent to Jamaica in the *Hornet* sloop, and soon after the *Lowestoffe*, of which Nelson was second lieutenant, came to the same station. Long before these two young men had been in habits of great friendship, and upon this meeting their intimacy

says, "my acquaintance with my own family, to whom I had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger." This indeed must have been literally the case, as he left his country at the age of eleven, and did not return till he was in the middle stage of life.

In 1790, an armament being fitted out against Spain, he was appointed to the command of the *Mermaid*, and went to the West Indies with Admiral Cornish. Affairs, however, both with Spain and Russia, were soon accommodated, and Captain Collingwood, seeing no prospect of employment at sea, returned home and married Miss Blackett, a lady of his native town, by whom he had two daughters. He now felt himself happy, with an amiable partner, and in the possession of every domestic blessing, but just when these had become most endearing he was compelled to relinquish them, in consequence of the war that broke out with France in 1793. He was on this occasion appointed captain of the *Prince*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Bowyer, and afterwards of the *Barfleur*, and was present in Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June, 1794. In this hard three days' fight the *Barfleur* was engaged in the hottest of the fire, but, although Collingwood behaved bravely, and was wounded, he was passed over in the despatches of Howe without notice, a neglect that gave surprise to the whole fleet. It was not, indeed, until 1797 that he received one of the medals which had been struck in honour of this victory.

From the *Barfleur* Captain Collingwood was removed to the command of the *Hector*, and afterwards to the *Excellent*, in which he was employed in the blockade of Toulon. From this station he was sent to reinforce the fleet under the command of Sir John Jervis, a circumstance that delighted his old friend Nelson, who exclaimed, "See, here comes the *Excellent*, which is as good as two added to our number!" In the battle off Cape St. Vincent the first ship the *Excellent* engaged was the *Salvador del Mundo* (112), which struck after a short cannonade; but Collingwood, unwilling to waste time, left her to be secured by some other ship, and pushed on to the attack of the *San Isidro* (74), which in ten minutes was glad to haul down her colours. After making a signal for some vessel behind to come up and take her he passed onward between the British line and the enemy, and came up with the *San Nicolas* (84) and the *San Josef* (112), where he found Nelson hotly engaged, and, to use his own phrase, "dreadfully mauled." Having silenced their fire, Collingwood went on to the enormous four-decker the *Santissima Trinidad* (132), which he engaged for an hour, until she was a complete wreck. After so glorious a victory we find the heart of this gallant hero so completely at home with his family that he preserved for his father-in-law a double-headed shot of the *Santissima Trinidad*, weighing fifty pounds, to place among his curiosities, and for his wife the image of St. Isidro, the patron saint of the *San Isidro*. Congratulations poured in upon Collingwood after the battle from several of the English commanders, and of these none was more fervent or more welcome than that from Nelson. It was a matter of course that, as reward for his gallantry, he should receive one of the medals struck on this occasion, but on the intimation of

Lord St. Vincent to this effect Collingwood firmly refused to accept it, in consequence of the strange way in which his services had been overlooked on the 1st of June. Both medals were afterwards transmitted to him, with a civil apology from the first lord of the Admiralty.

Captain Collingwood continued in the command of the *Excellent*, under the orders of Lord St. Vincent, till January, 1799, when his ship was paid off, and in the following month he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral of the white. On the 12th of May following he hoisted his flag in the *Triumph*, under the command of Lord Bridport, on the Channel station, and in the month of June, 1800, he shifted it to the *Barfleur*. In the following year he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the red. During all this time he was employed in the blockade of the enemy, a service which, though requiring great vigilance and labour, afforded him no opportunities of displaying his high qualities, except in the negative fact that the hostile fleets did not dare to come out to tempt the trial. On the return of the *Barfleur* to Spithead, with the rest of the fleet, in May, 1802, Admiral Collingwood revisited his family in Northumberland, where he remained till the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, happily employed in the cultivation of his studies, the education of his children, and his favourite pursuit of gardening and planting. This latter occupation was so much his delight that on one occasion a brother admiral, after having sought him for a long time in vain, at length found him at the bottom of the garden, in a deep trench, digging very zealously with the gardener.

This delightful course of domestic happiness, however, was short-lived. While as yet he had been so short a time at home that, to use his own affecting expression, he was "scarcely known to his children," he was called away by the return of war. That happy home and family he was never more to revisit. In 1803 he left England, and on the promotion of admirals in April, 1804, he was made vice-admiral of the blue, and resumed his former station off Brest. Here the blockading system was kept up with such strictness that Collingwood frequently passed the whole night on the quarter-deck, when all the other officers were worn out with fatigue. On these occasions he would take a short and broken sleep upon a gun, from which he would rise from time to time, and sweep the horizon with his night-glass, lest the enemy should escape in the dark. He also shifted his flag from ship to ship, as the occasion required, so that he was always upon his station in a vessel fit for service, without being obliged to return into port for victualling or repairs. After having remained on this station till May, 1805, Admiral Collingwood was called to more active service, having been detached with a reinforcement to the blockading fleet at Ferrol and Cadiz. At the latter place he practised a stratagem that excited the admiration of the whole British navy. With only three ships of the line, a frigate, and a bomb he blocked up the whole fleet of the enemy in the port of Cadiz, and, to conceal the weakness of his force, he continued to make signals, as if keeping up a communication with a British fleet in the distance, by which the enemy were completely deceived. On this account they did not



lard to venture out, but afterwards, on being reinforced, he established a strict blockade of the small ports lying between Cape St. Mary's and Algeiras, a measure that occasioned the ultimate sailing of the combined fleets, and the destruction that afterwards befell them.

Lord Nelson, having returned to this station in September, resumed the chief command, and was delighted to find that his "dear Coll" was to serve as second under him. Here they exerted themselves to allure the combined fleets from their harbour into the open sea, and with what success Trafalgar soon witnessed. It was a happy event for England, on this occasion, that one heart and one soul animated her two brave commanders, so that they could depend upon each other with the most implicit confidence, whatever might be the emergency. "I send you," writes Nelson before the battle, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you." And never indeed was such confidence better bestowed. In this place, however, it would be unnecessary to repeat how gallantly he led the *Royal Sovereign* into the midst of the enemy, while the rest of the fleet was a mile distant, and with what rapture Nelson exclaimed, at the spectacle, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" Equally unnecessary it would be to particularise the diffe-

rent ships he encountered, and the effects his exertions produced upon this the most illustrious of all our naval victories. Even while he was in the hottest of the conflict, before the other ships had come up, and while he was encountered by five ships at once, he was employed at one time in looking to the safety of his rigging, at another to the preservation of his brave crew, and frequently traversing the quarter-deck, and looking along the guns to see that they were properly pointed. When the ships of the lee column at length overtook him, and entered into action, they thought the *Royal Sovereign* must have assuredly perished in such an unequal conflict; and therefore it was with joy and astonishment that they saw her flag still flying triumphantly above the smoke. At half-past two, when the *Santa Anna* struck, Admiral Collingwood was informed that Lord Nelson had been wounded, and these tidings were accompanied with his lordship's last farewell. "My heart," writes Collingwood, in his despatch immediately after the battle, "is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend to whom, by many years of intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection—a grief to which even the glorious occasion on which he fell does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought."

Nelson's repeated and last command was for the British fleet to anchor, and some have presumed to throw blame upon Collingwood because he did not anchor accordingly. But it must be recollected that at the time the order was given Nelson was lying mortally wounded in his cabin, and unaware of the state of his fleet. Even the *Victory* was at this time so cut up that she was

incapable of being anchored. Instead of saving their prizes by such a process, both victors and vanquished would probably have sunk together. The danger of anchoring on a lee-shore was also enhanced by the circumstances of the heavy gale of wind that was blowing, and the rapidity with which the water shoals in the Bay of Cadiz. While such an experiment would have been dangerous even for sound ships, it would have been imminently so for ships that had been damaged by such a victory as that of Trafalgar. Besides, in the mere article of seamanship—into which the question resolves itself—the experience and skill of Collingwood were certainly superior to those of Nelson; and these qualities were best exhibited in withdrawing the fleet from a dangerous lee-shore into the open sea.

It is pleasing to turn from the carnage of battle to those indications of generosity and humanity that sometimes follow it, and soften its atrocities. To alleviate the sufferings of the wounded prisoners as much as possible, Admiral Collingwood, who had now succeeded to the command, wrote to the Governor of Cadiz, offering to send these men to the hospitals on shore, to be cured, on receiving receipts for their number, and an acknowledgment of their being prisoners. This was gratefully agreed to by the governor. Boats were accordingly sent to the ships for the wounded, and the necessary promises were given that these men should not serve again either by land or sea, until they should be regularly exchanged. The governor also offered the same accommodation to the wounded Englishmen, pledging the Spanish honour that they should be carefully attended to and faithfully returned—an offer that was accepted by the conquerors, and of which they had no reason to repent. Presents of fruit and wine were liberally sent also from the shore to the admiral and officers, which were reciprocated by an English cheese and a cask of porter—great rarities at that time in Cadiz. How happy it would be for the world if this were the only species of warfare between rival nations—a contention of benevolence and courtesy!

In consequence of the glorious victory of Trafalgar, honours, so well merited, were bestowed upon Collingwood with no stinted measure. The thanks of his Majesty were officially transmitted to him through the lords of the Admiralty; he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood of Calburne and Hethpoole, in the county of Northumberland, with an honourable augmentation to his arms; he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and the freedom of the principal cities of Great Britain. In addition to these titles and honours, a pension was granted to him by Parliament of £2000 per annum for his own life, and, in the event of his death, of £1000 per annum to Lady Collingwood, and of £500 per annum to each of his two daughters.

The following playful remark in one of his letters to Lady Collingwood, after his acquisition of rank, reminds us of the elevated simplicity of an ancient Roman: "I suppose I must not be seen to work in my garden now; but tell old Scott (his gardener) that he need not be unhappy on that account. Though we shall never be able to plant the Nelson potatoes, we shall have them of some other sort, and right noble cabbages to boot, in great perfection." At this time, while his fame resounded through Europe, he was so

poor that there was scarcely money enough at his bankers to pay the usual expenses for his patent of nobility. His exploits had now made his life a desirable prize for authorship, and, an application being made to him for this purpose, he employed a friend to draw up a memoir, of which he gives the following laughable account:—"For my birth and parentage he has selected two or three chapters of *Bamfylde Moore Carew*; for my service in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main he has good assistance in the *History of the Buccaneers*; and for my shipwreck he has copied a great deal out of *Robinson Crusoe*: all of which, with a few anecdotes from the *Lives of the Admirals*, a little distorted, will make, I am inclined to think, a very respectable piece of biography!"

After the victory, by which the navies of France and Spain might be said to have been annihilated, Lord Collingwood had no opportunity of distinguishing himself in a general action; still, however, his exertions were of the most harassing description, as the blockade of the enemies' coasts was so rigidly continued that scarcely one of their ships could venture to sea without being captured, and therefore, instead of returning home, to realise those beautiful visions of domestic happiness to which his heart was so much alive, the service of his country required that he should continue at sea, watching every hostile port, and negotiating with the several European, Asiatic, and African powers that were either in alliance with Britain, or at least neutral.

After having sustained for four years the incessant duties that were imposed upon him his mind and body became so exhausted by sickness that he solicited permission to resign the command. But on being informed that his services were still indispensable he consented to linger on, although a fatal disease was growing upon him, brought on by confinement on board ship and continual bending over a desk.

At length an immediate return to England was declared absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life, and he resigned the command to Rear-Admiral Martin on the 3rd of March, 1810. When the *Ville de Paris*, in which he returned, was warped out of Port Mahon he rallied for a few moments, when he felt himself out at sea, and, in the hope of recovery, said to his attendants, "Then I may yet live to meet the French once more." But this was only the last glimmer of a dying flame before its extinction. On the 7th, when there was a heavy swell, and when a fear was expressed that the motion of the vessel disturbed him, he answered, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." On the same evening he expired, having attained the age of fifty-nine years and six months.

Hitherto there had been a striking association between the steps of Nelson and Collingwood, so that in every case the one had become the successor of the other. Five times had the latter succeeded his friend—in the *Lowestoffe*, the *Bristol*, the *Badger*, the *Hinchinbroke*, and in the chief command after the battle of Trafalgar. Even here, however, the succession was not to cease, so that "in death they were not divided," and he

was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of his beloved predecessor. But even a nobler association than this exists in their characters, so that they will descend to posterity united; and as long as the British flag shall wave, or the achievements of the British navy be recorded, the triumphs of the one will be connected with the name of the other, and the tale of Trafalgar be the common monument of Nelson and Collingwood.

HIGHLAND OFFICERS IN EGYPT.

ALL the world has heard of the landing of the brave 72nd Highland Regiment in Egypt—how they scrambled through the surf like ducks, drow up in good order in front of the hottest fire of the French, beat them, and took possession of the country. I had joined the 72nd just before their embarkation, with thirty of the bravest fellows, from my father's estate on Speyside, that ever wore the tartan. After our landing these lads cheerfully waded, under the orders of their young chieftain, through all the oceans of sand which we traversed until we reached the Pyramids.

"Forty ages," cried Bonaparte to his sun-dried legions, "are looking down upon you from their summits!" Our colonel said nothing of the kind. "Keep your step, my lads," he cried out in Gaelic, "and don't stare at those great hills of stone, as if you had never seen Cairngorm or Ben Nevis. *Sied suas!*" he cried to the pipers, and they blew up the gatherings of the different clans, like a Dutch concert performed by a thousand furies. On we dashed, Highlandmen shoulder to shoulder; nothing could stand before us. At the sound of "Claymore!" the French flew before us like a whirlwind. Whether it was the sand which had blinded us, or the heat which had stupefied us, I know not; but a large body of Syrian horse in the pay of Bonaparte, in the heat of the charge, separated me and my thirty clansmen from the company of which I was ensign, and to which my men belonged. I shouted the war-cry of our clan, and there was not a man of them who would not have given his life twice over for the son of their chief; but the odds were fearfully against us—a whole squadron of powerful men and horses to one-and-thirty Highland youths! Several of my fellows were wounded—none of them dangerously—before we were finally overcome and disarmed.

For two days they dragged us about in hunger and wretchedness, through the hot sands of the desert, before I saw the heads of the brave lads who had been my playfellows in infancy, my companions in early youth, and latterly my fellow-soldiers, cut off one by one in cold blood by the crooked sabres of the Syrians. I supposed, as far as in such a moment I was capable of thinking, that, like Ulysses, I was reserved to be sacrificed the last. But another fate awaited me. My jewelled dirk and gold epaulettes had acquainted them with my rank; my foster-brother also wore the regimentals of a sergeant; and they spared our lives, in expectation that a large ransom would be given for us. They now clad us in old worn-out garments of their own, shaved our heads, and decorated them with turbans more filthy than the dirtiest dshclout I ever beheld, mounted us upon asses, and in this guise brought us three times under the walls of Cairo, where

part of the English army was, and then, from no motive which was perceptible to us, dragged us back into the desert.

On the night of our return from the third of these excursions—my young unformed constitution (for I was but sixteen) exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and grief—I had thrown myself on the sand, under the entrance of a sort of cavern, where our captors had deposited us, while they lay by the sides of their horses and kept guard without, when Ronald, my faithful foster-brother, approached, and whispered to me, "Master Norman, there's a woman at the other end of the hole, and she's waving her hand and making signals to you." I thought the poor fellow had become delirious from his sufferings; but, after looking steadily for some moments in the direction which he pointed out, I saw, by the clear starlight which penetrated the cave, a female figure, who certainly did appear endeavouring to attract my attention.

I did not hesitate for a moment to advance towards her, for it was impossible that our condition could be made much worse than it was; she took me by the hand, and gently drew me through an opening in the rock, Roland keeping close behind me. For a few moments we crept after her, amidst an intolerable choking sort of stench and dust, through what seemed crumbling wood—but which I afterwards ascertained to be the remnants of mummies and their cerements—when we inhaled better air, and found ourselves in an apartment cut out of the solid rock, lighted by a torch formed of the resinous swaddlings of the dead. It was inhabited by our protectress, her husband and family, who were Coptic Christians, descendants, as their flat negro faces and woolly hair testified, of the original inhabitants of the land of Egypt. They now found a dwelling in the tombs of the people who had plundered their forefathers, and means of support by the traffic which they made of their embalmed bodies. My brother officers had employed them to ascertain my fate; and for some days they had followed and watched the savages who had us in their power before an opportunity offered to effect our release. We remained with them in concealment for a few days, until the Syrians had left the neighbourhood, when they guided us to Cairo, where we were hailed as, what in fact we were, men risen from the grave. I amply rewarded the Copts; and of my travels in the desert little traces now remain but the recollection of the untimely fate of my brave and unfortunate clansmen.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE PENITENT TAR.

At the attack of the *Helder* the seamen sent on shore to assist in drawing the guns up the beach were covered by a body of grenadiers. One of these having dropped, a tar started from his gun and examined the body, and, finding the man was dead, declared he would take his place. Having stripped off the grenadier's belt and

cartouche box, and equipped himself therewith, he seized his firelock, and began loading and firing at the enemy. Six times he discharged his piece, each time bringing down his man. At length he dropped himself, and was carried on board the hospital ship to be amputated, having received a ball through his knee. This was not all: he was told that he must be brought to trial for having deserted his post and taken upon himself a task out of the line of his duty. "But, please your honour," replied the gallant fellow, "I killed six of them." "That may be," said his captain, "but you flew from your quarters." "Then, please your honour," rejoined Jack, in the simplicity of his heart, "forgive me this once, and I will kill no more of them."

A CURE FOR OPHTHALMIA.

OPHTHALMIA was at one time very prevalent in a certain corps, but the surgeon (an old bird) suspected that the symptoms were artificially produced to obtain the patients' discharge from the army. Instead, therefore, of using medical treatment, he enclosed the head of every sufferer in a tin case, or canister, which permitted a supply of food and drink to be swallowed, but did not allow him to have access to his eyes. The canisters were locked, and Mr. C. kept the key of each in his own possession; they were, of course, not taken off during the night. In a short time after he commenced the use of the tin helmets there was not a single case of ophthalmia in the corps!

A THOROUGH BRITON.

ON the "Glorious First of June" the *Marlborough* got so severely handled by the enemy that she was reduced to a mere wreck. Just after her mainmast was carried away a British gamecock on board flew upon the stump, and began to flap his wings and crow with such defiant energy that the crew, re-animating by his example, fought with additional bravery until victory crowned their efforts. The undaunted cock remained unhurt, and when the *Marlborough* reached Plymouth he was presented to Lord Lennox, who placed him in a walk, where he for a long time strutted with a silver collar round his neck descriptive of the manner in which he had supported the honour of the British flag.

LIBERALITY OF LORD NELSON.

THE dukedom of Bronte, with which Lord Nelson was presented for his services to the King of Naples, was estimated at the annual value of £5000. Out of this sum he directed that £2000 per annum should be devoted to the use of the peasants on the estate, whose dress and comforts were thus made superior to those of any other peasants in the kingdom of Naples.

AN HEROIC WIFE.

To procure his discharge from the army by becoming disabled, a soldier commenced the amputation of a thumb, but his heart failed him before he had completed his purpose, and the operation was brought to a conclusion by his wife!

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

MARSHAL D'ARMONT, having taken the town of Crodon, gave orders that every Spaniard found in the garrison should be put to the sword. Although death was threatened as the penalty, an

English soldier ventured to save one of these unfortunate men, and was brought before a court-martial for the offence, where he declared that he was ready to suffer death, provided the life of the Spaniard was spared. Being asked why he was so much interested in the preservation of his enemy, he replied, "Because in a similar situation he once saved my life." The marshal was so pleased at this evidence of the soldier's gratitude that he at once pardoned both him and the man he had saved.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XIX.—ADVENTURES IN THE FOREST.

BEFORE Phil could give his two companions any further information concerning the vampire there was a sudden and simultaneous screaming from the scattered monkeys, followed by a terrific roar from a near patch of marshy vegetation. The next instant a jet black tiger of immense size sprang from the tall grass and canes of the jungle, and, with another and louder roar, cleared more than a dozen feet at the bound, and darted full on Bill, who had hastily retreated a few steps, elevating his piece in such a manner as to cover its head.

With such an impetus, however, came on the savage beast that in an instant the rifle was dashed from his hands, and the unfortunate boatswain hurled stunned and bleeding on the earth. The next moment the tiger flung itself along the body of its victim, and, with its tongue hanging from its slimy jaws, howled savage defiance at Phil and the mate.

The situation was in every way critical, and most perilous for the poor sailor, and Phil for a moment was undecided how to act. Any offensive movement on his or Ben's part might cause the tiger to seize its victim and rush with him into the jungle, which was known to swarm with ferocious monsters.

Nor was this the worst of the situation. Should Bill recover consciousness, and make the slightest motion, his fate would be instantly sealed, for those hideous fangs would be buried in his throat, and all aid rendered abortive.

"Come behind me, Ben, and, as quietly as you can, fix your bayonet," Phil called in an undertone to his companion. "Don't turn from the beast, but step back, then rest your rifle on my shoulder, and wait for the word."

While Ben was cautiously executing this manoeuvre Phil slowly drew his bayonet, and, as he locked it on the muzzle of his piece, gradually sank on his knee. By the time that Ben had taken his place as directed Phil had raised and pointed his rifle at one of those red eyeballs that glared so savagely on him and his preparations.

"Take a steady aim between the eyes, Ben, and when you have got your sight speak."

"Right."

"Together, remember; then take your place by me. One, two, three!"

The howl that instantly followed the last word was so wild and shrill that it almost drowned the report of the pieces.

The next instant the tiger was seen seated erect on Bill's legs, fiercely striking first the air, then its face, with its fore-paws, and growling with rage and agony.

As the smoke cleared off, the tiger, in one of the furious plunges of its head from side to side, caught sight of its persecutors. As if forgetting its agony in its passion, with one powerful leap it bounded like an avalanche on Phil and Ben, who, kneeling side by side, with their bayonets raised, waited the expected shock.

Phil had barely time to urge Ben to keep firm when the huge animal seemed for a second to hang above them, and then fell, receiving both blades in its chest at the same instant, and so close together that the weapons grated in its body. Such was the force, however, with which the brute fell, and so strong was its tenacity of life, that, though Phil's bayonet protruded behind the shoulder, both men were hurled to the ground, Phil on his back, and Ben with his face to the earth, with the tiger on his back, its feet tearing deep ruts in the ground, and its teeth savagely buried in the knapsack, which Ben, most providentially for himself, had strapped behind him.

Exhausted from the weight of the animal, and half blinded with the blood, Phil dragged himself uninjured from the death-struggles of the still formidable beast, and, hastily wiping his eyes, drew his revolver, and watched anxiously for an opportunity to rescue his faithful friend.

As he stood with the levelled tube ready to fire the uninjured eye of the struggling beast, though filled with blood, was lifted with a savage glare to his face, the jaws for one second ceasing to rend the knapsack and the nails to dig the sand.

Did he meditate one last and murderous spring? On that point Phil did not pause to speculate, but in quick succession discharged two of his barrels into the forehead. A quick shudder ran like a wave through the animal's body, the head dropped, and the next moment the carcass settled into the rigidity of death by the side of the half-suffocated mate.

"You may move now, Ben, if all the wind isn't crushed out of you," cried Phil, stooping to give a helping hand.

"Is the black devil gone?" muttered Ben, as he suddenly rolled himself over, and then sat up, looking about him with a most rueful expression of countenance.

"He's not gone far, for there he is, you see; but, if you are no worse than having the wind knocked out of you, get on your pins, for I want to see how much of the inside of that knapsack the hungry brute has left."

"The knapsack?" cried Ben, getting on his feet and putting his hand behind him. "Why, who's been a tearing my best slop jacket? There's a hole big enough to stow away a sou'-wester; and as for the knapsack, shiver my daylight! if there's a shred of it left." And Ben began to unbuckle the article in question.

"I hope the brute hasn't bit through the brandy-flask, for I want some for poor Bill there, who seems to have got an awkward shake."

"No, governor, here you are, safe and sound, and I'm blessed if it isn't the only thing not smashed up. Ay, to be sure; poor Bill, I'd nigh forgot him."

"How are you now, old messmate?" asked Philip, kneeling by the side of his boatwain, who with open eyes was staring in a half-bewildered manner at the sky. "Got a shake, I take it, Bill, from that black tiger; his claws, I see, have cut up your cheek a bit, but that will soon get all right. Here, lad, take a pull at this brandy; it'll bring the life back to you again in no time." And, pouring some of the spirit down the throat of his companion, he handed the flask to Ben, saying as he did so, "Pull away, old boy; you've had an ugly shake too."

"I'm all right, skipper," muttered Bill, suddenly sitting up and rubbing his head. "It wouldn't be a scratch on the chops as would make me cry out. Howsomever, you've done me another good turn, Muster Philip, and Bill Haliday ain't the chap to forget it."

"You are wrong there, Bill, for Ben had quite as much to do in saving you as I had," Phil replied.

"Ay, ay; I knows you both had a hand in the matter, but there was only one as had a head in it. I warn't altogether so groggy when fust the beast sot on me as I was afterwards, and I heard all ye had to say, though I warn't able to speak, and just as I see Ben get behind you I swooned right away."

"Right you are, Bill; it was all the governor's doings, and he's just got me out of another close hitch, but neither you nor I are like to let it slip," Ben added, with some degree of emotion.

"You forget, Ben, the wreck of the foretop, and Ben has let slip the day in the pinnace, when he stood between me and Nixon's brutal order," rejoined Philip.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do, or the biscuits you gave me when we was on short allowance," ejaculated Bill.

"Come, come, lads, no more compliments; we understand one another, and I know well enough that either of you would do the same for me. But come, I know you are a first-rate butcher, Bill, so you and Ben flay that beast for me, for I've set my mind on having his skin."

"Do it? I should think so. Here, mate, lend us a hand, and I'll have his Sunday coat off in the turning of a marlingspike."

Taking a piece of stout line from his pocket, Bill hobbled towards the prostrate tiger, and, after venting his personal feeling by a hearty kick in the ribs, withdrew the weapons that had been left in the body, and then passed a hitch round each hind leg, threw the rope over a bough, and, aided by Ben, raised the carcass bit by bit as he required it for the operation of skinning.

While the two men were thus engaged Phil collected the rifles, and, having cleaned and loaded each, was ready to proceed as Bill finished his task. Having rolled the hide into a small compact compass, Bill was in the act of throwing it over his shoulders when a sudden gesture from their leader attracted the instant attention of both, and made them grasp their rifles with renewed vigour.

"Stand close, lads; our adventures are not over yet; that bit of jungle is alive with game or wild

beasts. See how the canes are swaying, like—" Before, however, he could complete the sentence a number of pheasants, turkeys, peacocks, and hares rushed from the cover, followed immediately after by a number of gazelles, antelopes, and deer. A moment later a splendid stag, whose antlers had been visible for some time above the waving jungle, made a clear bound into the open, and, turning his crested head and quivering nostrils to note the direction taken by the herd, drew himself up to make a forward spring, when Phil raised his piece and fired, and, with a bound that took him high off the ground, the stag fell dead on his side.

Before the sportsmen could rush forward to give the finishing stroke and divide the throat of the quarry another formidable danger assailed them. Breaking through the jungle at a heavy trot, and filling the forest with discordant bellowings, some huge beast could be traced crushing down all before it, and leaving behind a lane of trampled grass and broken canes to show its course.

Phil had only time to close with his companions when a huge rhinoceros, nearly as large as a hippopotamus, and hardly inferior to the elephant in strength, with its one curved horn, small eyes, and erect pointed ears, the formidable species peculiar to Java, burst through and rushed on them, with that steady but irresistible trot that bears down all before it.

Powerful as the rhinoceros is, and a match for the most ferocious denizen of the jungle or forest, it is usually inoffensive, and, except when greatly excited, seldom attacks an enemy, and still more rarely man. This fact Philip knew well, and also that when enraged the elephant himself often falls before its tremendous weight and the flapping power of that destructive horn.

It was consequently with more alarm than he cared to express that Phil observed—by the round carbuncle eyes, that seemed actually to glow with latent fire; by the contracted lip, showing the frightful tusks; by the head, so bent for the charge as to bring the curved horn in line to give the fatal rip; and by the folds of loose skin, that rose and fell as the animal approached—that the monster had, by some previous encounter, been irritated to a state of madness.

To oppose an animal like the rhinoceros in such a state would have been a wanton destruction of their own lives, and Phil, as he saw and comprehended all the peril of their situation, had only time to shout, "Fly, lads! for your lives, fly!" when the huge beast closed on him. Deeming the hide to be more soft and pervious at the angle where the folds fell over the ordinary outline of the body, and seeing no chance of escaping the animal's fury, now only a few feet from him, Phil advanced one foot to give greater firmness to his base, and lowering his bayonet thrust it with all his might into the crease where the raised plait covered the neck and shoulder.

But, forgetful of the immense power of the rhinoceros when at its heavy swinging pace, Phil was perfectly unprepared for what followed. In an instant the rifle snapped off at the muzzle and flew over his head, while every bone in his arms and shoulders felt as if broken or dislocated, and, with an aching jar running through his spine, he felt himself hurled high in the air and flung on the earth over the animal's back.

With a brain giddy with the somersault and the heavy fall, with his arms powerless and racked with pain, and with just enough of consciousness left to know that the next moment would end his career, he beheld the infuriated beast wheel suddenly round and approach him with open mouth. Closing his eyes, he waited with as much fortitude as youth could summon to its aid for that savage gore that, with one sharp agony, was to end life's fitful dream.

Obedient to their leader's order to fly, the mate and boatswain had hurried from the spot in opposite directions, believing that Phil would take the same precaution and avoid the savage brute. Bill, however, having some misgivings, and remembering how close the rhinoceros was upon his captain, was the first to turn, and just in time to see the futile attempt made to bring the monster to bay.

Without a thought of the danger to himself, and only glorying in the opportunity of showing his gratitude to his young captain, Bill rushed to the rescue, and, springing over Phil's body, was ready to encounter the returning animal before it had gained half the distance towards the helpless victim.

At sight of a fresh antagonist the rhinoceros drew up its lips so as to expose the whole of its teeth and tusks, and, slightly increasing its speed, gave forth one of its long and terrible roars.

Without an instant's delay Bill charged on his enemy, and thrust the bayonet and more than half the length of the barrel of his rifle, into the open mouth and throat, transfixing the tongue and palate, and, drawing the trigger, discharged the piece into the animal's body. All this had been effected almost before the collision had taken place, for the next instant Bill was hurled staggering backwards for several yards, and finally flung exhausted on his back on the earth.

Springing up almost as soon as he had touched the ground, Bill found the mate close at his side, ready to take his share in the fray. The rhinoceros, however, though it still roared more terribly than ever, seemed to have resigned all offensive operations. Having bit off the butt of the rifle, it was using the most violent efforts to drag from its throat the weapon so firmly lodged there, but, failing after several useless attempts, it turned abruptly round and made for another part of the jungle, where, still bellowing loudly, it was immediately lost to sight.

The satisfaction of the two men was unbounded when, by the retreat of the rhinoceros, they were able to devote their undivided attention to their youthful commander, whose situation they began to fear was most serious, for neither sound nor motion betrayed his existence.

"Don't be alarmed, lads," Phil murmured in a faint voice, as Ben and Bill knelt at his side, their anxious faces growing visibly shorter as they heard his welcome voice and noted the smile that played over his pallid face.

"The Lord be thanked for hearing you speak again," ejaculated Ben as the glad sound fell on his ear.

"Amen to that," responded Bill, with glistering eyes. "I was nigh afeard the infernal brute had made an end on you."

"Thanks, lads. First give me a sip of the brandy. 'Twas 'tween me and left. That will do," he added, "portion of the spirit."

"Next, you, Bill, feel if my arm is broken on your side, while Ben does the same on his, for I cannot move them yet. I feel the brandy, though, working into my toes and fingers. My arms are all right, and I shall be myself in a few minutes. I never had such a shaking in my life; I feel from head to heel as if I had been galvanised. Roll me over, Ben, on my left side; thank you, thank you," he continued in a voice rapidly gaining strength.

"How do you feel now, skipper?"

"I am getting better fast, Bill, and by the time you can cut a bough or bamboo to carry off our game yonder," looking towards the dead stag, "I shall be fit to trudge with you. See, I can use my legs now. Turn me on my right side, Bill, and then set to work. I shall be well in ten minutes. Hurrah!" he shouted, in his delight at finding himself with unbroken bones.

Having cut a couple of strong bamboos and bound them together, the two men suspended the stag by the legs, finding room for the rolled-up hide. When all was ready they returned to their commander, who had raised himself up and was vigorously rubbing his jarred members.

"A hot bath and a good curry-combing when we get on board will put me all to rights. Just lend me a hand to get on my feet, and then I'll shoulder my rifle and march," Phil exclaimed.

Having complied with this request, Ben and Bill raised the pole with its weight of spoil, and, headed by Phil, who still felt the violence of his shake, proceeded in close order through the forest.

CHAPTER XX.—THE VALE OF POISON.

AFTER about half an hour's march, and leaving the forest behind them, the three friends came upon a sequestered plain, shut in by high hills and a number of lofty trees, with a native guard-house half hid in the overhanging foliage.

A well-beaten narrow road led from the guard-house under an embowering vista of cedars and teak, through a circle of inner hills, to a spot watched over with special care by a body of some dozen Mahometan soldiers. A board nailed between two trees bore in large and conspicuous characters the two words, "*Gueva Upas*," or the VALE OF POISON.

As the three men halted before the entrance to this dreary but romantic spot the sound of a gong and the hateful noise of a tom-tom were heard approaching from a portion of the forest, and directly afterwards a procession composed of half a dozen prisoners, with their hands tied behind them, escorted by about twice as many soldiers, each armed with a huge two-handed scimitar, made its appearance round the angle of the road.

"What are they going to do with them half-starved wretches of prisoners, I wonder," mused Ben aloud.

"Why, to cut off their heads, to be sure. Don't you see them great broad knives on their shoulders?" retorted Bill.

"What does it all mean, governor?" asked Ben as the procession passed them in solemn silence, the two musicians, with the gong and tom-tom, having thrown their instruments over their shoulders on coming in sight of the guard-house.

Before replying to his mate's question Phil took a long look at the melancholy procession, turned his eye again to the great painted board, and then said—

"I think I understand the whole meaning of this wretched sight, and, as none of us may ever have another opportunity of seeing Java law carried out, hang up your game on these trees, and let us follow those half-starved criminals, while I explain what I know of the matter."

"But these ain't Dutch soldiers," remarked the boatswain as he and Ben on either side of Phil followed the procession, which, curving round an inner circle of hills, eventually led to the top of the range, almost opposite to and about half a mile in a straight line from the avenue and guard-house.

"No, Bill; they are native troops. Though the Dutch are masters of the island, they only occupy a small portion of it; the rest belongs to two native sovereigns, one called an emperor and the other a sultan. Both, however, pay tribute to the Dutch, but govern their four millions of subjects according to their own laws. Beheading criminals is the ordinary mode of execution in Java, but there are other offences punished by a more horrible, because a lingering, death; these men are going to suffer that fate."

"What is it called?"

"The *Upas*, or death by poison. Java is full of extinct volcanoes, besides those in active operation. There is one of these old volcanoes, or extinct craters, which I have read about, that is always giving off deadly vapours that never rise above a certain height from the ground and kill everything below their level. Only those who have committed certain crimes are condemned to this death. How they are put in I don't know, but there is only one way out, and that is guarded by soldiers."

"And is this here that place—the dried-up crater?" inquired Bill.

"The name at the entrance, '*Gueva Upas*,' or 'The Vale of Poison,' the guard-house, and this double circle of hills, with those condemned wretches, make me believe we have stumbled on the actual spot."

"See, governor, see!" ejaculated Ben, who, though listening to Phil's narrative, kept his eyes rivetted on the troop before them, who, like a body of mutes, proceeded at a uniform pace, and without the utterance of a sound. "They've halted just about the centre of this circle of hills."

The next moment the path opened on the ridge or apex of the surrounding hills, enclosing a circular plain or valley nearly two miles in circumference. The soldiers and their prisoners had halted about a hundred yards from where Phil and his companions stood. Grasping firmly the saplings and stunted trees that grew on the margin of the hill-top, the three peered over the brink and down into the chasm below.

So profoundly absorbed was each by what he saw that it was some minutes before a word was uttered. The boatswain, however, the least romantic of the three, was the first to break the silence, which he did with the exclamation—

"So help my Davy if it don't look for all the world like a big punch-bowl: the sides are smooth and sheer up as a tea-cup; that big tree in the middle, a bending over to leeward at the

top, looks for all the world like the toddy-ladle; and them green and white things all over the bottom just like great lumps o' sugar and lemons. Well, it is a curious place!"

"There's something I can't understand in this place, governor—something that gives me the shivers—something awful like about it that makes me sick," observed the more sensitive mate. "What is it?"

"It is a ghastly sight indeed," replied Phil mournfully, "and a remarkable place too: it is almost a perfect oval, and, though from top to bottom it isn't less than ten fathoms, the face of the surrounding hills is as smooth as if cut with a chisel; the bottom is as flat as a bowling-green. Ay, it's quite fifty feet deep," he mused. "That solitary tree," he resumed, "growing in the centre of the plain, and arching over high above the rim, like the stem of a punch-ladle, as Bill says, is no doubt the celebrated Upas tree, once supposed to emit such deadly odours that nothing could approach it and live."

"Then where does the poison come from that you say kills so quickly, if not from the tree?" inquired Ben.

"The exhalations so destructive to life are given off from the earth, through cracks and fissures in that green sward that covers the plain, and proceed from old volcanoes."

"But what are them lumps o' sugar, or sticks o' chalk, scattered all round about, and them green and yellor round things, like half-ripe lemons and shaddocks?" interposed Bill, still adhering to his theory of the punch-bowl.

"If the subject was not too serious I could laugh, Bill, at your similes. Those lumps of what you could fancy sugar or chalk are the bones of thousands of poor wretches who have here perished; the other objects that you see are huddled-up carcases of later victims, not yet rotted or dismembered," and as he spoke Philip turned with disgust from the sickening sight.

So absorbed had they been in gazing on that valley of poison that when they turned to look at the troops they had followed they perceived to their astonishment that, without uttering a word or making the slightest noise, the guard had cut the bonds of the six prisoners, and, by means of a rope passed under the arms, had lowered them into the fatal valley.

A few moments later the escort, in the same silent and solemn manner, and without a glance at the victims they had consigned to death, descended the winding path and disappeared.

Powerless to assist the victims, and fascinated to the spot, the three stood and gazed upon the pallid faces that looked curiously up to them. But so resigned were the prisoners to their fate that they gave no sign, made no appeal for aid or comfort, held no speech with each other, but preserved the same motionless silence.

Presently one moved slowly forward, and after advancing a few yards began to stagger, and soon after to reel from side to side like a drunken man; the next instant he fell on his knees, and directly after dropped forward on his face, but with an evident effort rose again to his knees, clutched at the air with his hands as if catching at some imaginary support, and again fell forward. Another was seen crawling on hands and knees round and round a narrow circle, occasionally

falling on his side, but after a brief inaction resuming his objectless circuit. A third reached the tree, and with extraordinary agility ascended some distance up its branchless trunk, when in a moment his hands relaxed and he fell to the earth. One man had still preserved his first position, with his back to the face of the cliff, when suddenly he made a bound forward and ran with incredible speed as if to reach the opposite outlet, but he had barely passed the tree when he threw up his arms and fell heavily backwards.

"I can stand this no longer; the sight is too ghastly. Come away, lads," cried Phil, as he turned from the margin of the hill-top and made a step towards the downward path.

"It's downright murdering, and for all the world like suffocating mice in a jar, as I saw a lecturer once do at Southampton with some gas as he called it," observed Ben.

As they gained the foot of the hill, and the two men resumed their pole and burthen, the soldiers who had escorted the victims to their horrible fate stepped out in two lines from under the trees, and minutely inspected them from head to foot, as if they expected to detect a rescued criminal buttoned up in the clothes of one of the party, and then, as if satisfied, fell back and were lost under the shadow of the foliage.

A brisk walk, with an occasional rest, brought Phil and his companions in two hours to the busy city and still more active harbour of Batavia. Having called the two sailors who had been left to purchase fresh provisions, they all proceeded to the jetty, where their boat was soon heaped up with hen-coops and baskets of poultry, joints of meat, stacks of vegetables, and all those articles of fresh food so delightful to the sailor after a lengthened spell on salt provisions.

With a freight that brought the water to within three inches of the rowlocks, the small craft stood out of the harbour, and as they doubled the promontory, the headland of a long spur from the lofty mountain they had scaled in the morning, and round the base of which they had met with so many adventures, the *Avenger* burst suddenly in sight, her masts, spars, and cordage seeming converted into pillars and tracery of gold, as the full glory of the setting sun dyed sea and schooner in its fiery beams.

"Here, Kennedy, we have brought you all the articles put down in your list, with the addition of a litter of pigs, some peacocks, and a prime buck, which in this hot climate I suppose we must eat right off while fresh," Phil observed to the steward when the boat was lifted to her place on deck, with all her live and dead stock as when first shipped.

"Not if I know it, captain, and as long as we have got an ice-house on board," replied Kennedy, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction at the goodly addition to his larder.

"That's all right, then. Now, boatswain, pipe to supper; and, steward, let us have something to eat soon, for our long walk has made me unusually peckish. Set a good watch to-night, Ben, you understand; and if I am not on deck have the anchor strip by five bells. Good night!"

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[BRIGADIER SALE RESCUED FROM THE AFGHAN.]

THE STORMING OF GHUZNEE.

OUR Anglo-Indian army has few blacker chapters than the Expedition to Cabool or Affghanistan. Its object was to dethrone Dost Mahomed, and, by restoring a former sovereign, Shah Sujah, to provide ourselves with a grateful and trusty friend on the northern frontier of our Eastern Empire. But, after forcing our way through a country bristling with ferocious horsemen and armed assassins, it was found, when too late, that we had foisted an incapable dotard upon an unwilling people, and his throne had no more stability than a house of cards. An insurrection of the Affghans made Shah Sujah once more a fugitive, and what is worse—the fall of his throne

overwhelmed a British army. Let us try, however, to sift from this ruinous narrative a few splendid instances of the valour displayed by our unfortunate countrymen.

The expedition, of about 20,000 men, under Sir John Keane and Sir Willoughby Cotton (not to be confounded with Sir Stapleton Cotton, afterwards Lord Combermere), started early in 1839, and, after various minor combats, arrived on the 20th of July within ten miles of Ghuznee.

The works of Ghuznee were found to be far stronger than Sir John Keane had been led to expect, and the four heavy guns of our battering train had unfortunately been left behind at Candahar, in the belief that they would not be wanted. The works, says Captain Thompson, were evi-

dently much stronger than we had been led to anticipate, and such as our army could not venture to attack in a regular manner with the means at our disposal. We had no battering train, and to attack Ghuznee in form a much larger train would be required than the army ever possessed. The great height of the parapet above the plain (sixty or seventy feet), and the wet ditch, were insurmountable obstacles to an attack merely by mining or escalading. The result of a reconnaissance was a report to the commander-in-chief that, if he decided on an immediate attack upon Ghuznee, the only feasible mode of proceeding, and the only one which held out a prospect of success, was to make a dash at the Cabool gateway, all the others having been built up, and blow the gate open by bags of powder. Sir John Keane resolved to adopt this method, and directed the ordnance department to make the necessary preparations.

The requisite orders for the storming of Ghuznee were circulated among the commanding officers on the evening of the 22nd of July, and so much of them communicated to the troops as was necessary to enable them to perform what was required. The various parts of the British force destined to take part in the attack were in position before daylight. The night was stormy, and loud gusts of wind tended to deprive the besieged of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the movements of their assailants by the noise with which they were inevitably attended. Within the fort a dead calm prevailed. Not a shot was fired, and some suspicion was entertained that the place had been evacuated.

When all were in position the attention of the enemy was partially diverted by a false attack. The British batteries opened, and were answered from the fortress. In the meantime the explosion party were preparing themselves for the assault. It consisted of Captain Peat, of the Bombay Engineers; Lieutenants Durrand and McLeod, Bengal Engineers; three sergeants, and eighteen men of the Sappers. The charge ordinarily recommended to be employed for blowing open gates is from 60 to 120 pounds of powder, but, as it was apprehended that the enemy might have taken alarm at the approach of the British army to that side of the place on which the Cabool gate was situated, and might thereupon have strengthened it, the charge was increased to 300 pounds.

The movements of the explosion party were observed from the ramparts, but the enemy did not penetrate their precise object. Blue lights were thrown up to afford them a better opportunity of ascertaining what was in progress; but, being burned from the top of the parapet, instead of being thrown into the passage below, they offered little assistance to those who employed them. Had they been thrown over, it would, in the opinion of Captain Peat, have been impossible to place the powder. As it was, the besieged were content with firing from loopholes upon the explosion party and those by whom they were protected—random operations which produced little effect. The powder having been placed, the hose laid, and the train fired, the gate was instantly blown away, together with a considerable part of the roof of the square building in which it was placed. Captain Peat was struck down and stunned; but, recovering almost immediately, he had the gratification of finding that

the operation of which he had been the acting conductor had entirely succeeded.

The British batteries now poured their fire into the works, and the bugle sounded for the assaulting column to push on. It was commanded by Brigadier Sale, and consisted of the 2nd, 13th, 17th, and the Bengal European Regiment. The advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie, entered the gateway, followed by the remainder of the column, when a series of desperate struggles took place within the gateway. "The most trying and critical part of the affair," says Colonel Dennie, in a private letter, "was when I found myself in the dark vault of the gateway. The blue lights the enemy had thrown down became, by the time we had ascended the mound or camp, extinguished, and we were involved in total darkness. As friend could not be distinguished from foe, and firing, whilst mixed up with these ruffians, would have been destruction to us, I forbade it with all my energies; and nothing was done but by the feel. The clashing of the sabre and musket, and sensible sounds of the blows and stabs, with the cries and groans of those suffering and trampled upon, to one in cold blood would have been very horrid. But sense, with me, was occupied in trying to find the gate. Neither to the front nor to the left, nor even long to the right, could I perceive one ray of light; but, at last, groping and feeling the way, I discovered to the right hand, high up, a gleam of sky and stars, and found a dense mass of Afghans still closed up the outlet and obscured the sight so desired. Then it was that I ordered a volley from the leading section, and the effect was complete. Down fell the obstacles before us, and a crushing fire was kept up incessantly, by ordering loaded men to the front as fast as the leading sections gave their volley, while those in turn were covered and reloaded. We had no time to practise street-firing, but instinct or impulse supplied its place. When fairly inside I increased my front, got all into their places that were on their legs, gave the three cheers ordered as the signal of our having won the gate, and pushed on at the charge into the body of the place, driving before us a mighty crowd, who showed us the road by the way they took."

The entry of the main column was retarded in consequence of misinformation as to the success of the advance, but the mistake was soon rectified, and the onward march of the column was resumed. The fighting was long and desperate, and several officers were wounded, amongst whom was Brigadier Sale.

One of the enemy, rushing over the falling timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp shumshaer (Asiatic sabre). The Afghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pommel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Afghan rolled together among the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it on that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his shumshaer. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from

loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aide-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *milée*, to approach the scene of conflict, and the wounded leader recognised and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Afghan, but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the brigadier for a moment got uppermost, and, still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him with his right a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Mahometan once shouted, "Ue Ullah!" (O God!) and never spoke or moved again.

As soon as the storming party had well entered the centre square the enemy made a general rush, some for the citadel, some for the houses, from which those who gained possession of them kept up an annoying fire on the British forces below. The 13th and 17th Regiments then moved to the attack of the citadel, which was the residence of the governor. There the female members of the principal families had been collected, and there, too, was the magazine and granary. A strong resistance was expected, but none was offered. The 17th, on arriving at the gates, forced its way in, followed close by the 13th, and while those below were watching for the effects of the heavy fire which it was anticipated would be poured on the assailants the feeling of anxiety was suddenly exchanged for that of gratified astonishment, by the display of the colours of the two regiments on the top of the upper fort.

The garrison, in fact, had abandoned their guns and fled in all directions, casting themselves down, in some instances, from immense heights, in the hope of effecting their escape; but the firing from the houses was kept up for some time after the capture of the citadel. Some fanatical Afghans, who had succeeded in picking off men from the parties employed in clearing the streets, obstinately refused quarter; and when escape was impossible voluntarily rushed on death, consoled by reflecting that they died fighting the battle of the faith, with the well-aimed shots which had sent so many infidels to their eternal home still ringing in their ears. The reserve, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, which had entered immediately after the storming party, succeeded in clearing many of the houses which had afforded shelter to combatants of this description.

Hyder Khan, the governor, one of Dost Mahomed's sons, surrendered in the course of the morning, and was placed under the care of Sir Alexander Burnes. Meer Khan, the eldest, commonly known as "the fighting son" of Dost Mahomed, had come close upon our camp early in the morning with 5000 cavalry. He had heard the firing, and only waited for daylight to discover how matters stood in the fortress. The dawn showed him the British flag on the ramparts, and he forthwith fled towards Cabool, leaving all his elephants and baggage behind him. The loss of the British in the capture of this renowned fortress was only seventeen killed and 170 wounded; about 1000 Afghans were slain, and upwards of 3000 wounded and prisoners.

Dost Mahomed was in hopes that the siege of Ghuznee would have occupied the invaders a

considerable time, but on receiving intelligence of what had taken place he endeavoured, through one of his brothers, to open a negotiation. Being informed that the only terms which could be accepted were resignation of the crown and residence within the Company's territories, he refused compliance; but, being deserted by his best troops, he did not attempt to defend even the strong passes leading to Cabool, but retreated by Bameean over the mountains into Turkestan.

On the 30th of July, 1839, the Indian army began to move towards Cabool, and on the 7th of August the Shah, under its protection, made his public entry into his capital. But it very soon became manifest that he was very unpopular in Afghanistan, and that nothing but British bayonets kept him on the throne he had just ascended. The hostility of the people to their new sovereign was also evinced towards his supporters, and, while all was triumph and rejoicing in Cabool, British officers and soldiers were frequently not only insulted, but murdered by the Afghans outside their cantonments.

Notwithstanding this general prevalence of hostile feelings, it was deemed safe to withdraw from Afghanistan the larger part of the force which had seated Shah Sujah on its throne, and some few months after a general order announced the breaking up of the "Army of the Indus"—as if its work was done! But the reverse side of this flattering picture—the dreadful onslaught of armed myriads on a few little bands of British heroes—we forbear to exhibit till our next chapter on Indian warfare.

FROM THE TAILOR'S BENCH TO THE QUARTER-DECK.

BONCHURCH village, in the Isle of Wight, claims the honour of having been the birthplace of the gallant Admiral Hopson, who, from a common sea-boy, rose to a high rank in the navy, and was much celebrated in the reign of Queen Anne.

He was left an orphan at an early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor, a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shop-board, with his eyes directed towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnose. Following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, where he cast off the painter of the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place.

Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hopson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and inquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending. On being told that the action must continue until the white rag at the enemy's mast-head was struck he exclaimed, "Oh! if that's all, I will see what I can do."

At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero, taking advantage of this circumstance, determined either to haul down the enemy's colours or to perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French admiral, and, ascending with agility to the maintop-gallant mast-head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he retired, and at the moment he regained his own ship the British tars shouted, "*Victory!*" without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared.

The crew of the French ship, being thrown into confusion in consequence of the loss of the flag, ran from their guns, and while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hopson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment.

This heroic action reaching the quarter-deck, Hopson was ordered to attend there, and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by browbeating and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral on hearing of it observed a very opposite conduct: "My lad," said he, "I believe you to be a brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and according to your future conduct you shall obtain my patronage and protection."

Hopson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly through the several ranks of the service until he became an admiral, and so great was the confidence which his sovereign placed in his conduct that she gave him the command of a squadron, with a commission to cruise at his own discretion. In this service he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his royal mistress, and became the pride of the British navy.

ADVENTURES OF THOMAS DAHL.

It is not often that a private soldier enjoys the distinction of Thomas Dahl, who, as First Grenadier of France, was a model of courage and military skill. Before, however, we give a sketch of this celebrated character, it is proper to show the importance attached to the post of First Grenadier of France, and for that purpose we must furnish a short account of one who preferred it to the rank of general, when offered to him by Napoleon.

The predecessor of Dahl was Henry, Count de Latour d'Auvergne. The count entered the army as a private soldier in the Guards, and during the first Italian campaign greatly distinguished himself; but in a general engagement with the Austrians he performed such prodigies of valour that he attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, who, after the battle, sent for him to his tent and requested to know who he was. On being informed he immediately offered

him the command of a squadron: this the count modestly refused, and on it being represented that he could gain more notice as an officer than as a private soldier he answered, "My ambition is to be the first in my sphere: my mental talents will not admit of my acquiring military fame as an officer, but with courage and strength I may anticipate the pleasure of being esteemed the first soldier in the French army." A second victory, still more decisive, again covered him with glory; and after this battle he was called the First Grenadier of France, and admitted to a seat in council, the same as a general officer.

The numerous achievements of Latour d'Auvergne would occupy more space than we can now bestow: we shall therefore conclude with the circumstances of his death. The regiment to which he belonged was, in an action, continually harassed by the Austrian horse; and one dreadful and successful charge broke in their square. Immediately all was confusion and dismay: to attempt a rally was impossible, and the only thing D'Auvergne thought of in that moment was the regiment's honour. "Save the colours! save the colours!" he vociferated to a standard-bearer, but the poor fellow was exhausted, and taken prisoner. On this D'Auvergne rushed forward, regardless of the number of the enemy, tore the colours from an Austrian, dismounted them from their standard, and tied them round his body. He then, for nearly fifteen minutes, defended himself against a dozen dragons; but at length, covered with wounds, he fell to the ground, still firmly grasping the blood-stained flag around him. A detachment of French troops, now coming up, saved the body, and it was conveyed to the camp.

Bonaparte, when informed of D'Auvergne's death, is said to have wept, observing that France had lost the bravest of her children. He then ordered the body to be opened, and the heart to be taken out and preserved in a tin box, to be worn by one worthy of such an honour. This box was a few years afterwards given to Dahl, as the most worthy, and whenever the regiment was inspected the paymaster began by calling, "Latour d'Auvergne?" and the man that carried the box put his hand to it and answered, "Here!" just as though the count were still living.

To return, however, to Dahl. He was a well-proportioned young man, about five feet eleven inches in height, of a very dark complexion, possessing a considerable share of bodily strength, and so perfectly master of the sword that he foiled the first French practitioners. He was born in the regiment, and at the age of thirty he was considered the oldest soldier in the French army, in consequence of being allowed to count two years for one during the different campaigns he served under the French marshals.

The first laurels he obtained were under the command of General Mercer, in Austria, by taking, with a picket of only twelve men, a redoubt of the greatest importance. This he accomplished by stratagem more than by heroism. The redoubt was erected near the skirts of a thick wood, in order to prevent the French from penetrating to the reserve of the Austrians; and the manner that Dahl conducted himself certainly reflects great credit on his ingenuity and personal address. To

decoy the soldiers (about twenty) from the redoubt, and without effecting which a regiment could not have carried it, Dahl went with two others (the remaining nine being concealed in the underwood), and, placing themselves almost within pistol-shot of the redoubt, behind three stout oak trees, kept up a steady fire whenever the enemy showed themselves. This manner of attack the Austrians bore some time very patiently, but at length, worn out by their audacity, without being able to retaliate with any success (for several were wounded by Dahl and his companions), they imprudently resolved to pursue them. This resolution was no sooner taken than executed, and, throwing open the inclosure, twelve men rushed out with such impetuosity that Dahl was nearly overcome before he could effect his escape. One of his companions was shot, and the other taken prisoner. In the meantime the nine men concealed in the wood, directly they saw the success of Dahl's stratagem, jumped up, and the redoubt was carried without firing a gun; so that the others, returning, found themselves completely at the mercy of the French, to whom they surrendered.

This achievement, when made known to General Mercer, procured for Dahl the cross of the Order of Merit, then very highly esteemed by the French soldiery.

In 1804 Dahl, then fifteen years of age, was at the battle of Wagram, where he performed one of the boldest actions ever yet recorded in military history. The evening previous to that memorable engagement young Dahl offered to wager a trifling sum that he would bring one of the enemy's advanced sentries a prisoner to his colonel's tent. The wager was accepted, and the youth said at ten o'clock that evening his promise should be performed, or he would forfeit his deposit. To accomplish this point he had not only to surprise the Austrian soldier on guard, but he had also to pass the advanced posts of the French army: therefore the task was doubly dangerous, as he risked his life with his friends in being suspected of desertion, as well as with the foe in being taken for a spy. He effected his purpose in the following manner:—He told the officer of the advanced post that his friend Pierre Suchon was very ill, and unable to take his hour on guard, and begged that the officer would allow him to take his place. After much expostulation on the part of the captain, with regard to the age and boyish appearance of Dahl, he at length acceded to his desire; and he was accordingly permitted to relieve the French sentry posted in advance.

It was now eight o'clock, and the night, being misty, favoured the projects of Dahl. No sooner had the corporal retired than, snuffing his bayonet and taking a pistol in one hand, he left his post and proceeded on his hands and feet over the spot that separated him from the Austrian guard. He crept cautiously forward, now and then listening to know whether the rustling noise his movements occasioned attracted the attention of his destined prey: not the slightest alteration had occurred; the soldier still continued pacing to and fro, quite unconscious of the impending evil that awaited him. Dahl had remarked, during the daytime, a small hawthorn bush, that was nearly in front of the sentry, and which served occasionally to shelter him. This know-

ledge furnished Dahl with the means of executing his design: he still continued to advance towards the spot, and almost choked himself by striving to retain his breath, lest it might betray him. Once only did the Austrian appear to listen, and then Dahl remained as immovable as a rock: he again marched to and fro, and again Dahl respired. The German began humming, in a low tone, a national air, and Dahl reached, unperceived, the hawthorn tree; there he remained quiet until he had in some measure recovered himself, when, watching the opportunity, the moment the soldier's back was turned he crept round the bush, and, grasping the man in his arms firmly, said to him in German, "If you utter a sentence you are a dead man," presenting at the same time his pistol at the sentry's head. This sudden surprise almost deprived the Austrian of his faculties; he allowed himself to be disarmed without resistance, and, submitting to all that Dahl required, he crawled on before the youth, in the same manner he himself had done, back to his own post, and so silent were their movements that not a soul knew anything about the matter until Dahl was again relieved, when, conducting in triumph his captive to the colonel's tent, he claimed the wager as fairly won.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the soldiers on witnessing this scene; they could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses. However, Dahl had no thanks from the officers: he had left his post, the safety of the army had been endangered through his desire of making himself conspicuous; the colonel ordered him into custody, and three days after the battle of Wagram a general court-martial was summoned. The articles of war were read, and, after a long debate in favour of his youth and previous good and courageous behaviour, he was condemned to death; but the court recommended him to the mercy of the commander-in-chief, who graciously pardoned his crime, in consequence of the danger he had incurred in its execution. On this occasion Bonaparte thus addressed him:—"Young man, you have, by a rash inconsiderate action, brought on yourself the censure of your superiors. The action in itself was meritorious, and if authorised would have been very praiseworthy. You have been tried for your conduct by a military tribunal: your sentence was death. In consideration of your extreme youth you now receive a full pardon; your country is satisfied, and your general rewards your bravery by the cross of the Legion of Honour, though he disapproves the act against military discipline, tending to create a bad example amongst your brother soldiers," saying which, he detached the cross from his own breast and placed it on that of Dahl. "There," added he, "go and render yourself worthy the honour of bearing it."

The enthusiasm entertained by Dahl for the emperor was extreme, and he solemnly swore that he never would swerve from the advice he had received. Since that period he daily rose in the opinion of the officers. Where there was glory to be acquired Dahl was sure to be found; no dangers, no perils, could abate his undaunted spirit.

We find him in 1810 with the army of Spain, where he again appears to advantage. The following exploit was achieved by him in the moun-

tains of the Sierra Morena. A ruffian of most extraordinary strength had committed several acts of cruelty towards the French whenever he had found them singly, and many were quartered and hung in different directions. The general had made several offers for his capture; none, however, were courageous enough to accept them, and the fellow made use of the most disgusting language, treating the French with the greatest contumely, and offering to meet any one who dared undertake to fight him in single combat. This circumstance was told to Dahl, who immediately accepted the challenge, provided he would swear that he would not act treacherously. The brigand acceded, and swore on the cross he would fight him singly with the short dagger or sword. Dahl left the choice of weapons to his antagonist. Twelve witnesses were allowed on both sides, and the scene of action was to be a place in the mountains: the vanquished was to submit to the conqueror, and to any indignity he might think proper to impose on him. The day arrived; the Spaniard was confident of success, and told those around him that he would make the coward Frenchman kiss his foot, and that he would treat him as a slave. Dahl, not in the least awed by the muscular appearance of his adversary, coolly inquired when they were to begin, and observed that when men fought they did not use the same weapons as women, but crowed when they had won the battle. For his part, he always considered that boasters were no better than downright poltroons, that a brave man would not attempt to intimidate his antagonist by threats, but leave the chance of victory to his own strength and superiority of skill. The arrogant Spaniard, who mainly depended on his herculean frame, was startled at the coolness of Dahl, but, recovering from his surprise, he quickly prepared for the encounter, and to crush the reptile, as he termed his adversary.

The Spaniard's dress was well adapted for the encounter: he wore a large leather belt that covered half his loins, suspended to which hung a very long sword; his feet were bare, his shirt turned up above the elbows, and on his right hand a stout calf-skin glove. The dress of Dahl was that a French soldier generally wears: long grey trousers, shoes, a light flannel shirt without sleeves, and a sword-belt.

The heavy blows of the Spaniard were warded with ease by the experienced Dahl, who did not attempt to retaliate until his antagonist had used every feint known to him, and when finding himself foiled he was so enraged that he dealt his blows at random, and strove by force alone to accomplish his purpose. With the greatest *sang froid* Dahl received the ill-directed thrusts, and his companions observed (even during the most furious attacks of the Spaniard) a smile of derision playing upon his countenance at the disappointed and savage look of revenge of his now almost wearied foe. Once, and once only, did the French soldiers tremble for the life of their brave comrade: a stone by accident came under his left foot and brought him on one knee to the ground. The Spaniard endeavoured to avail himself of the circumstance, and, rushing with the greatest impetuosity on Dahl, aimed a blow at his head that all imagined would have been decisive; but Dahl, supported by his left arm, parried it off, and, springing from the ground, fell

upon the ruffian with such strength and skill that in less than five minutes he sent his sword ten yards in the air; then, presenting the point of his own to his throat, he told him that unless he instantly submitted he would run him through the body. The Spaniards present, judging it was now high time to rescue their defeated comrade, broke into the circle, and one of them fired a pistol at Dahl, which fortunately produced no bad effect. This breach of promise, however, so enraged the French that they instantly drew their swords, and swore that if Dahl was not permitted to bring off his conquered adversary, according to the agreement, they would all of them be revenged on the Spaniards there present; then, freeing their champion from the faithless assassins, they proceeded down the mountains. Dahl, having bound his fallen adversary hand and foot, carried him on his back the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, to where the regiment was lying, not, however, without experiencing the greatest annoyance from the friends of the vanquished, who fired several times at the party, and even wounded one man very severely. This, however, was soon retaliated by the treatment given to the prisoner, for on their arrival at the fort the colonel commanding ordered him into his presence, and thus addressed him:—"So, my jolly butcher, you have done killing lambs, have you? And you wanted to find out the best manner of quartering a Frenchman, eh? I suppose that you intended asking your ruffian chief to grant you a patent for cutting our throats? I'm sure you have practised enough upon some of us. What did you do with poor Fanfan, the man we left asleep near the village of B.P?" The first question remained unanswered, but when he came to the last the hitherto silent prisoner looked up with the most savage delight, and thundered in the ears of the Frenchman, "That Fanfan, whose head you found stuck on a pole near your gates, was the cause of my child's death. He was its murderer, and I avenged the deed. What did I do with Fanfan? I'll tell you: I bound him with cords, and carried him into a kitchen, where there was a large copper, and there I left him till I had filled it with water. Then I made a great fire, and boiled the water, when, with the assistance of two friends, I tore off his clothes, bound him up so that he could not move, and then put him into the copper, with a coarse blanket round his neck and his head above the surface. I let him remain for four hours. I heard his groans and laughed at them; I saw his agony and it rejoiced my very soul! It was there he expired: his flesh boiled from off his bones; nothing but his head remained, and that only to let you Frenchmen know what it is to injure a Spaniard!"

When he had finished the colonel exclaimed, "Monster, the only favour you can expect is a death of tortures." The ferocious wretch was conveyed to the place of execution, where the death of Fanfan was cruelly revenged by his existing companions.

For this victory Dahl was greatly rewarded: in the first place, by the general's order, he received a recompense of 2000 francs, and Joseph Bonaparte acknowledged his valour by presenting him with a military order.

On one occasion the life of M. Duriez (quarter-master of the 1st Regiment of Grenadier Guards)

was in the most imminent danger, in consequence of the convoy he was commanding being surrounded by a numerous band of the enemy's guerillas. The gallant quarter-master defended himself with the utmost bravery and courage, but, overpowered by numbers, he would certainly have fallen into their hands had not Dahl rushed to his assistance, cutting his way through numbers of the enemy surrounding M. Duriez; others followed his example, and the convoy was rescued. In this skirmish Dahl killed, with his own hand, four Spaniards, one of whom had his head nearly severed from his body with one blow from the sword of the Frenchman.

At Madrid, on the 5th January, 1810, he rescued Major Delorme from the hands of five braves, hired to assassinate him by a jealous signor. He was returning to the barracks occupied by his regiment, when, passing through a lane leading to the remotest part of the Prado, he heard a cry for help and the report of pistols, together with the clashing of swords. He immediately rushed to the spot, and saw five men engaged with a French officer. As there was not a moment to be lost, he directly fired a pistol at the ruffians, one of whom fell; he then made use of his sword and soon disabled another, and the remaining three fled with all possible speed from the scene of action. He then looked round, and perceived the officer he had rescued (Major Delorme) extended on the ground, exhausted from the loss of blood, that flowed copiously from a dagger wound he had received in his left shoulder from one of the assassins, who came behind him whilst defending himself against the others. At first he thought him dead, but a slight respiration satisfied him to the contrary: he carefully took him up, and, having contrived to lodge his (the major's) right arm round his neck, he carried him to an apothecary's shop and got the wound dressed, after which the major opened his eyes, and recognised his deliverer to be Dahl, the First Grenadier of France.

Dahl was as humane as he was brave, and, among other instances, when the French army entered Badajoz, he rescued the Signora C. and her young daughter, scarcely fifteen years of age, from two brutal sergeants, who, half intoxicated, had forced open the signora's chamber. The signora and her daughter threw themselves at his feet, and the signora even offered him her daughter in marriage, if he thought her worthy his acceptance, as a reward for his brave and noble conduct. This offer Dahl politely refused, observing that he had done no more than his duty in punishing two wretches who had disgraced the name of soldiers.

The signora made a report to the commanding officer of Dahl's conduct, and gave him a ring of great value.

In 1812 Dahl quitted Spain with his regiment, and shortly after joined the grand army preparing for the campaign in Russia. The intense cold produced most severe sufferings amongst the French conscripts unaccustomed to such weather: in one instance fifteen young soldiers were found frozen to death in a small inclosure of brick or stone fence in the vicinity of Moscow, and two others were nearly bereft of existence, but were saved through the exertions of Dahl, who procured a fire, and, after rubbing their vital parts

with brandy, wrapped them both in his great coat, and by degrees restored them to life.

At the four days' battles of Leipzig Dahl was severely wounded by a musket-ball, and left on the field, where, after remaining four or five hours in a state of insensibility, he was picked up by a detachment of Bavarians, and conducted a prisoner to the Russian camp. He experienced from the Cossacks much severe treatment: they sent him, with others, into the interior of the country, where several of his companions expired from want of proper attendance; and after travelling nearly 200 miles they were all shut up in a strong vaulted prison, where they received a very small portion of food for their daily subsistence. Dahl resolved, if possible, to make his escape and, having communicated his designs to a young sergeant, his companion in misfortune, it was determined, with the aid of a large clasp knife which Dahl had about him unknown to his jailor, to cut a hole through the wall of the prison. Accordingly at night they put their plan in execution, and, after encountering many dangers, from not understanding the language, and by the reception they met with from the peasants, who frequently denied them the common necessaries of life, they once more reached France.

But the face of affairs had undergone a complete change: the hitherto victorious army, commanded by the idolised emperor, was, in its turn, obliged to retreat in the greatest disorder; and that immense assemblage of 700,000 soldiers was now reduced to a mere skeleton; the flower of his men had perished by the severity of the weather and the arms of their victorious enemy, and that astonishing man who with a nod could make kings tremble on their thrones was himself obliged to fly from his once vanquished but now conquering foes.

Dahl entered France in time to be present at the capitulation of Paris, after which, following his master to Fontainebleau, he saw the standard of France brought and burnt in the palace-yard, the cinders of which were put in a hoghead of wine, and every soldier present drank of it, to the sound of martial music and the cries of *Vive L'Empereur!*

After the abdication Dahl retired to his native village, in Lorraine, where he remained until Napoleon again made his appearance, when he once more joined him, and fought under his immediate command at the battle of Waterloo. During the battle Dahl received several wounds, which, however painful, did not induce him to quit his post to have them dressed. But when he saw that all was over he could not help shedding tears of disappointment, and reluctantly followed his companions, who urged him to save his life by a rapid retreat.

At the second entry of Louis XVIII. Dahl was placed in the 1st Regiment of the Grenadiers of the Garde Royale, where he remained until 1821, when, for a slight fault, he was condemned to be sent to the galleys for five years. And there, for all we know, he languished his time, with irons round his wrists and ankles, to the disgrace of Louis XVIII. Verily, in spite of their continual tyranny and occasional crimes, we should libel a Peter, a Frederick, or a Napoleon if we thought him capable of such cruelty and meanness.

A LION HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ABOUT midnight, says Pringle, a settler, I was awakened by an unusual noise in the *kraal*, or cattle-fold, close behind our cabin. Looking out, I saw the whole of the horned cattle springing wildly over the high thorn fence, and scampering round the place. Fancying that a hyena, which I had heard howling when I went to bed, had alarmed the animals by breaking into the *kraal*, I seized my gun, and sallied forth, undressed as I was, to have a shot at it. Though the cloudless full moon shone with a brilliant light (so bright in that fine climate that I have frequently read print by it), I could discover no cause for the terror of the cattle, and, after calling a Hottentot to shut them again into the *kraal*, I retired once more to rest. Next morning Captain Cameron rode up to inform me that his herdsmen had discovered, by the traces in the path, that a large lion had followed us up the valley the preceding night; and upon further search it was ascertained that this unwelcome visitant had actually been in my fold the preceding night and had carried off a sheep. But, as he appeared, by the traces, to have retreated with his prey to the mountains, we abandoned for the moment all idea of pursuing him.

The lion was not disposed, however, to have done with us on such easy terms. He returned that very night, and killed my favourite riding-horse, little more than 100 yards from the door of our cabin. I then considered it full time to take prompt measures in self-defence, and sent a messenger round the location to call out a party to hunt him, being assured by our Hottentots that, as he had only devoured a small portion of the horse, he would certainly be lurking in the vicinity. The huntersman speedily assembled, to the number of seventeen horsemen, including Mulattoes and Hottentots, bringing with them a goodly number of strong hounds.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the *spoor*, or track, through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could have discovered neither footprint nor mark of any kind, until, at length, we fairly tracked him into a large bush, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment the animal with dogs till he abandons his covert, and comes forth into the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, either one by one or in volleys. If he does not speedily fall, but grows furious and advances upon his assailants, they must then stand close in a circle and turn their horses rear outward, some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, as he will sometimes do up to the horses' heels, crouching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or in some other

ineffectually till he waxes desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief, especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier boers are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a fair distance.

In the present instance we did not manage matters quite so discreetly. The Mulattoes, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that our hounds made little impression on the lion, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking around him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient, and three of them, Messrs. George and John Rennie and James Ekron, a servant of my father's, announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Mulattoes, who were superior marksmen, would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle.

Accordingly, in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was crouched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied on approaching they saw him distinctly, lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging their coloured allies to stand firm, and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush.

The Mulattoes, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them, and with one stroke of his paw dashed John Rennie (my brother-in-law) to the ground. The scene was terrific. There stood the lion with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of us were standing within fifty paces, with our guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him.

All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But, luckily, the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing

to be quits with us on fair terms. With a fortunate forbearance, he turned calmly away, driving the hounds like rats from among his heels, and bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and, abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a bloody scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground) we renewed the chase with our Hottentot allies, and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream, which we had distinguished by the name of Huntly Burn. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took their station on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and, placing the poor lion thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a large full-grown lion, about six years of age, as our coloured friends affirmed. He measured fully eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed as large and heavy as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled for the purpose of preserving the skull, and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white coarse beef, rather insipid, but without any very disagreeable flavour. The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by our Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott.

A REVOLT IN A STATE PRISON.

A MORE impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity, under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen than that which was witnessed by the officers of the Massachusetts state prison in the rebellion which occurred some years since. Three convicts had been sentenced, under the rules of the prison, to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners a door had been opened at midday communicating with the great dining-hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street. The dining-hall was long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of these ferocious spirits, drawn away from their encroachments on society,

forming a congregation of strength, villainess, and talent that could hardly be equalled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow upon three of their comrades.

The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

He instantly despatched a request to Major Wainwright, commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter the hall and try the force of firm demeanour and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard—but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said that he had no fear, and in case of danger arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking-stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit. At the hint of submission they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the farther end of the hall by those who observed them from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape, that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away should be forgiven for this offence, but that, if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison. They instantly replied that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and, with that look and tone which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they de-

clared that not a man should leave the hall alive till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not avert, the danger that threatened him.

Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for succour, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, ere a conflict for life ensued. He stepped slowly backwards, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resource of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door it was opened, and closed instantly again as he sprang through, and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Wainwright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little window, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the criminals at the other. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties, and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainwright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterwards put in his gun. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines after the first discharge, and before the pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire, but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure to kill as many as possible, their guns were presented, but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of the guns, Major Wainwright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then, turning to the pri-

son he said, "You must leave this hall—I

give you three minutes to decide—if at the end of that time a man remains here he shall be shot dead."

No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in creation, waiting for the assault—at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, gives as the reprieve to the lives of numbers.

For two minutes not a person or a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the laboured breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant between fear and revenge. At the expiration of two minutes, during which they had had the ministers of death with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest to the farther entrance, went slowly out; a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately; and before half of the last minute had gone every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit; and the hall was cleared as if by magic.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD SUWARROW.

AMONG the Russian generals of the last age few attracted more notice than Suwarrow. The eccentricities of this man were very great. His first celebrity was acquired at the siege of Ismail, before which fortress he had been left by the commander-in-chief, Prince Potemkin, with express orders to undertake nothing until the prince's return. Disliking inaction, however, and aware of the importance attached by Catherine to the capture of this fortress, Suwarrow, as soon as Potemkin's back was turned, attempted its reduction, and in succeeding laid the foundation of his future fortunes, although Potemkin exerted his well-known influence with the empress to impede him. Had Suwarrow been unfortunate in his daring enterprise he would no doubt have been held inexcusable for disobeying the commands of his superior—but success sanctions everything.

It must have been curious to see this man in the midst of an engagement, seated, as was his wont, on some little neighbouring eminence, with a small Turkish sabre in his hand, and crying out, "Koli! koli!" a Russian word signifying: "Kill! kill!" which injunction he would repeat whenever his aide-de-camp came to report movements or receive orders.

When Suwarrow had surrounded and was bombarding Alexandria, in Italy, the Russian ambassador at Berlin sent him one of his secretaries of legation with a duplicate of certain despatches received from St. Petersburg, and which required an answer from the general. The secretary departed in all haste, and on arriving at the camp was introduced to Suwarrow, who, upon opening the despatch, was quite enraptured at its length. He treated the messenger with some incivility, and when told that he was not a mere courier, but a secretary of legation to his Majesty the Emperor, "Bah!" exclaimed Suwarrow, in evident anger, "I care not what the designation of these scribbling fellows is." He then ordered

two officers to take the secretary into the intrenchments.

As it happened, on this day there was a very warm attack made upon the place. The secretary, quite unaccustomed to scenes of this nature, remonstrated earnestly against being taken to any such position as the intrenchments; but his conductors told him that they had express orders from the marshal to conduct him into the lines of circumvallation. "I wish you and your marshal were at the devil together," exclaimed the unfortunate secretary. "What have I to do with the lines of circumvallation?" All remonstrance, however, was unavailing; to the lines he was taken, and heard, to his manifest horror, a most terrible cannonading, whilst on all sides the soldiers fell even by dozens at a time.

At length the terrified young man found means to prevail on his conductors to relieve him from this distressing situation. He was led back to the camp, and taken into the marshal's presence, where he protested against the violence wherewith he had been treated, and demanded a reply to his despatches.

"I have something else to do," said Suwarrow, "than to write despatches like you gentlemen. The minister of war sends me two secretaries within eight hours, to know what I am about. Well, you have seen me; you have likewise witnessed something of my proceedings; you will therefore be able to report accordingly to the minister. Tell him that Marshal Suwarrow bombards and is bombarded in turn, and that in three days' time he will be within the fortress."

For a time Suwarrow was a formidable opponent of the French republican army in Italy, but Masséna and other generals at last so foiled him that he was compelled to retreat. His troops, fainting under the burden of their accoutrements and provisions, and but just snatched from the delicious climate of Italy, paused, and contemplated with horror the snow and ice elevated above the clouds. At times they began to murmur, and declared they would rather lay down their arms than be exposed to incessant combats, where valour was unavailing, and where life itself was a burden. The aged chief, whose fortitude never forsook him, dismounting from his horse, and exposing himself to the fire of the enemy and the fatigue of the common soldier, used by turns to praise the perseverance of the bold and to repress the despair of the timid. At one time he would take advantage of the impulse of superstition, and, advancing before the rest, exhibit the revered statue of St. Nicholas to the lagging columns, who, afraid of being bereft of both their patron and their general at once, immediately resumed their march. At another, relying on their affection for his person, he would, as a last resource, stretch his aged limbs on the cold ground, and desire the troops to dig his grave, and cover his body over with earth, adding that it was the only favour he could demand from those who had refused to follow their father.

This species of eloquence was too obvious to be mistaken, and too forcible to be resisted; his soldiers, electrified by the despair of their general, not only seized once more their arms, but solemnly swore that they would never abandon their leader. After some delay he proceeded to Bohemia, where he spent the winter. Of 100,000

men who had either left Russia with him eight months before, or joined his army within that period, scarcely 50,000 reached the banks of the Lech. After having thus lost 50,000 of his best warriors, the veteran field-marshal, overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, retired to his native country, where, being exposed at the same time to the frowns of fortune and the neglect of a capricious prince, he perished in May, 1800, either by poison or despair.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

PUTTING AN OFFICER ON HIS METTLE.

A GENERAL officer who had been too long accustomed to a court life to understand much about war complained with as much haughtiness as bitterness of the preference given to Chevert, a soldier of fortune. This was repeated to Chevert, and he determined to revenge himself in his own way. One day that the Marquis de Bellelie had appointed him to an expedition as dangerous as it was glorious he took this opportunity thus to address the malcontent:—

"Monsieur, it has always surprised me that a man of your merit has never been employed."

"It is not my fault," rejoined the other; "all here goes by favour. I have frequently solicited the command of a detachment, but have always been refused."

"I know one that will be granted you," said Chevert. He then acquainted him with the nature of the enterprise, and as he proceeded to detail the dangers and difficulties of the expedition the officer became first thoughtful and then uneasy, and finished by saying it was not his turn to march, that he was not acquainted with that part of the country, and that, in short, he would not go. "Well, sir," replied Chevert, "this detachment has been given to me; and it is by such perilous undertakings, which you have refused, that I have reached the rank I now hold. I am aware of the remarks you have made upon me, but now I have my revenge."

WHOLESALE GROG.

ON the capture of Trinidad, when the British soldiers landed they broke open the boiling-house and distillery, and made grog in a most original manner, and on a very extensive scale. They rolled out three hogheads of sugar and seven puncheons of rum, which they emptied into a well of water, drew up the mixture in bucketfuls, and drank it. This singular mode of making grog was introduced by the regiment under the command of Colonel Picton—the valiant Picton of Waterloo.

RESPECT BRAVE ENEMIES.

ONE day during the siege of Oporto a major of the Miguelites and two soldiers advanced very gallantly before the rest in an attempt to storm the Scotch post; but they were shot dead, and their bodies, and some others, lay near the lines. Some of the Scotch went to their colonel (Shaw), and asked leave to bury them; but he was at first

unwilling to grant it, as the Miguelites were so inveterate in their opposition as to fire on unarmed burying parties, and they might be shot. "Weel, sir," said the men, "let us at any rate try to bury the brave little body of a major, and the twa lads that lie nearest us; they showed themselves to be gude sodgers." He granted the request, and they accomplished their object.

THE SOLDIER'S SECRET.

A CORPORAL of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot which laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to everything but duty, he seized the despatch and continued his route till he sank from the loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and anxious that after his death the enemy should not obtain possession of his charge, he *thrust the papers into his wound*! and thus calmly awaited his fate. A British patrol discovered him on the following day, while life was yet ebbing and flowing, when he pointed out to his comrades his dear secret, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. Medical aid was soon procured, but in vain, though the surgeon declared that the wound was not originally mortal, but was rendered so by the irritation of the paper. It is pleasing to add that his general honoured his memory by a handsome monument in the church of his native parish.

NOT TO BE FOILED.

CAPTAIN MONTAGUE, serving under Sir Edward Hawke, once asked permission to go to town at a time when he could ill be spared, and was told by the admiral that the complexion of affairs was so serious that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge would carry him. Captain Montague, not to be foiled, immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn by horses, on which he meant to row his barge, and, having previously stored it with provisions and necessities requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew were instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had been actually coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, having received intelligence of the captain's intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, immediately sent him permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper.

A WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English nobleman and his son were with the queen's army in Ireland, and became engaged in an action with the rebels of that country, which cost them both their lives. Their wives were within sight of the battle, and the remark it drew from the son's wife was in these words: "Observe, madam," cried she to her mother-in-law, "that your husband fell first; therefore I am entitled to my dowry."

A HARD-WON STANDARD.

At the battle of Alexandria Sergeant Sinclair, of the 42nd, captured the colours of Bonaparte's Invincibles, but, being ordered forward, gave

them to a private, who was killed, and they again fell into the hands of the enemy. Upon this Antoine Lutz, of the Queen's German regiment, went in pursuit of the officer who bore them and shot him in the back. Lutz then reloaded his piece, seized his prize, and was returning with it, when he was approached by two French dragoons. He immediately shot one of their horses, which caused its rider's foot to become entangled in the stirrup, while the other dragoon fled, leaving his comrade prisoner. Again seizing the standard, which he had thrown down in the fray, Lutz sought his lieutenant, who gave him all the money he had about him, and sent him to headquarters, where he received a further reward, and which he reached just in time for the colours to be presented to Sir Ralph Abercrombie ere he breathed his last.

A HIGHLAND MARTINET.

A MEDICAL officer, not very popular in the regiment, observed one day, on quitting the military hospital, that a Highlander on duty did not give him the customary salute. The doctor stood still, looking fiercely at the sentinel, as well to remind him of his neglect as to afford him an opportunity of repairing his remissness.

"What for d'ye look at me?" said Sandy, with an oblique toss of the head and a sarcastic wrinkling of the upper lip and nose.

"You don't know me, perhaps," replied the outraged Esculapian, "or don't know your duty?"

"Know ye?" said Sandy, with a look of ineffable disdain. "I know ye weel enou", and know my duty too, and that is to salute the *uniform* of the service; but if folk choose to come here without the regulation cap they needna look for the compliment frae the like o' me."

OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS.

ON the visit of the Duke of Wellington to Newcastle, while fresh horses were putting to the Marquis of Londonderry's carriage, a veteran accosted the duke, and the latter entered into familiar conversation with him. Finding this individual had been with the British army in several of the victories gained by the duke, his grace gave him a sovereign to drink his health, which the old soldier no doubt faithfully observed, as he facetiously replied that he always strictly attended to the orders of his superiors.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XXI.—THE RETURN TO SINGAPORE

"How long since we dropped anchor last in the roads of Singapore, Pilot?" observed Captain Maberly, in reply to the question of that individual, as he brought the *Acceger* within half a mile of the crowded harbour of the Malayan capital. "Why, as near on a month

as twenty-four hours can make it one way or the other."

"Is it so long?" replied the mariner. "Then you haven't heard the news, likely?"

"No. What news? Do you mean about the *Diadem*?"

"Ay, ay, that's the craft's name—the schooner like your'n, as was out out by the pirates down in the Ceylon waters."

"No, I have heard nothing. I only called on Miss Rowland when last here to know if there were any tidings of the captain and his lost ship. But she had heard nothing, and I only stayed for a couple of tides, and was off again directly."

"Then you haven't come across the schooner?" "No, but pray tell me all you know about her," cried Philip impatiently.

"Well, I ain't got the right bearings of the story myself. Luff there! luff!"

"Luff it is," replied the man at the wheel, bringing the schooner closer to the wind.

"All I did hear for sartin," resumed the pilot, "was that the skipper had got back to port here, and was off again with his daughter; but whether they got blowed up or the beggars made them walk the plank is more nor I can say, for I had gone up the Straits with a bark, and warn't back when—"

"Good Heaven! do you mean to tell me that Captain Rowland and his daughter have fallen again into those miscreants' hands?" exclaimed Phil, every pulse in his body seeming to stand still, and a sickening dread falling like lead on his heart. "I shall go mad if this news is true."

"Like enough. Them things is common enough in these here waters," rejoined the pilot, in answer to Phil's first ejaculation.

"Find her a firm anchorage outside, pilot; I shan't go into the harbour, for I may be off again next tide. Ben," he added, calling his first mate.

"Here you are, governor," replied the faithful friend, ascending the cabin companion. "What are the orders?"

"Tell Kennedy to make out a list of everything needed in his department, and get all on board as quickly as possible. Let him take the yawl or dingy, but not more than two hands. Man the long boat for Mannering, and tell him to look to his quarter-master's stores, and lay in a stock of ammunition of all descriptions, and then see to the water tanks. Pass the word for ard for the boatswain."

"This looks like work, captain," observed Ben, opening his eyes to their utmost expansion.

"It does, Ben. I've heard ill news from the pilot; but I'll tell you all when I return and know the best or worst. Ask the pilot when I'm gone."

"Ay, ay. Anything else? How long do you give us to execute these orders?"

"I won't fix any hour; the quicker the better. Give the hands two-water grog all round, and promise a second when all's stowed away if they look lively. You'll find two cheques on the cabin table for Kennedy and Mannering, which they must fill up with the amount necessary, and also a third with a specified sum for my own use. You had better send the second mate, unless you want to go ashore yourself."

"Not I; Johnson shall go."

"Here I am, your honour," cried Bill, as he mounted to the poop and stopped before his officer.

"Man the gig for me, boatswain; I'm going ashore; and if you want any stores tell Ben what they are, and then get all clear to drop anchor when the pilot gives the word;" and, with a parting word to the last-named functionary, Phil disappeared down the companion.

A few minutes later Philip Maberly, dressed in walking costume, and with hardly a trait of the sailor about him, re-ascended to the quarter-deck. Having again warned the two mates and the boatswain against holding communication with any of the prowling long-shore boats, he took his place in the stern-sheets of the gig, which, under the sturdy strokes of her four oarsmen, soon flew on her way to the thronged harbour.

Springing on shore, Phil stepped into a palanquin, and, on the shoulders of four nimble coolies, was rapidly borne to the wooded hills in the rear of the city, where were situated the bungalows or villas of the merchants and wealthy European inhabitants.

The family of Mr. Rowland, the opulent merchant of Singapore, and brother of Captain Rowland, of the *Diadem*, had just risen from their midday siesta as Phil stepped from his palanquin and approached, under a dense canopy of leaves, the open verandah of the imposing bungalow.

"I saw your schooner telegraphed two hours ago, and have been expecting your arrival ever since, Captain Maberly. I am very glad to see you, though I regret to say my news is far from cheering," observed Mr. Rowland, rising and warmly shaking our hero's hand as he entered the elegant apartment where the merchant and his family were congregated.

"Then the report I have just heard is true? Louise is gone?" cried Phil, with deep emotion, as he strove to return the host's friendly pressure. "For God's sake let me know, Mr. Rowland, what has occurred. I cannot tell you with what grief I have heard all the pilot could say."

"Sit down, my young friend, and you shall know all in a moment; but first try that iced wine, for you look exhausted. Here, Bombo, put some more water on those patties, and set both punkahs going; the heat is overpowering. That's right; the wine will do you good," he said, as Phil helped himself to a glass of the cool beverage. "It was about a week after you left us the last time."

"What happened a week after my departure?" Phil asked impatiently.

"Ah! true; I begin wrong. Well, one evening about that time, when we were all sitting very sad, Louise suddenly started up with a cry of delight, exclaiming, 'My father!' She had recognised his step on the gravel. True enough, for the next moment the captain crossed the verandah, and Louise bounded into her father's arms."

"What a happy meeting!" Phil murmured sadly.

"It was indeed happy for all of us. I never expected to see him again in this world."

"And his escape—how did he effect that?" Philip asked, hardly able to restrain his impatience.

"For weeks he remained safely hid away in,

the secret recesses of the ship. The crew, after searching for him in vain, gave up the task as hopeless, expecting to pounce upon him some time or other. By cautiously watching his opportunity, however, he was enabled to come out at night and secrete some provisions, which he carried to his private bunk. One afternoon, upon venturing into Louise's boudoir, he perceived a boat trailing by a painter from the stern of the schooner. Here was a chance of escape that he at once resolved to make use of."

"It was certainly an extraordinary opportunity," remarked his listener, deeply interested.

"It was. He contrived to get hold of the rope so far as to enable him to draw the boat under the stern gallery, where it could only be seen by looking over the taffrail, and where a touch at any time would bring it close under the cabin window."

"Were there oars in the boat?"

"Yes, and a mast; but no sail. He next worked his way to the steward's pantry, and, the coast being clear, succeeded in purloining a large piece of junk, several pounds of biscuits, and a small cask of water, with a bottle of brandy and a few other items of his own property. Secretly these under the sofas of Louise's cabin, he then retired to his retreat till it was sufficiently dark to enable him to put in practice his meditated escape."

"How anxiously he must have waited for darkness!" replied Philip, as the other paused.

"A secret door opened from his retreat into the hold: by this he worked his way to the sail-room, where he found a lug-sail and a coil of rope; with these he retreated again to his bunk, and about eight o'clock, all being quiet, he crept into the cabin. His first thought, of course, was the boat, which, to his unspeakable joy, he could just distinguish where he had left her. Bolting the cabin door, to prevent surprise, he brought out his several parcels, and, placing them in the balcony, drew the boat close under the window. To descend and stow away his provisions and sail was the work of only a few minutes. By this time it had become quite dark. He then untied the painter, and removed it from the ring, dropped the end in the water, and the next minute, with a joyous sense of freedom, found himself drifting away from his prison."

"The night was pitch dark, and so calm that when the schooner was already far ahead he could hear the creak of the men's shoes as they walked the deck. Suddenly he heard the voice of Nixon asking, with an oath, whether the jolly-boat had been taken on deck. The captain held his breath, almost afraid to move, while oaths and recriminations were passing on deck when the actual state of the case became known and it was found that the boat had been lost. When every sound had died away, and all trace of the vessel had disappeared, he stepped the mast, hoisted his sail, and put his boat in an opposite direction to the course steered by the schooner."

"To make the narrative short, he was six days in the jolly-boat without desecrating a sail. On the sixth evening, however, when he had consumed the last of his food and water, he was picked up by a tea-ship bound for Europe, and landed here three days after."

"From what he had overheard on board the *Diadem*, and from his own observations, he was

sure she was bound for Java, and, as a brig was lying in the harbour for Batavia, he took berths aboard her for himself, Louise, and her maid, for she insisted, against all our entreaties, on accompanying him. About a week after they had sailed a sailor called at my office with the astounding news that the brig had been captured by a pirate schooner, the best of her cargo, together with my brother and his daughter, taken on board, and the brig set on fire below the magazine, leaving the crew and the skipper to perish in the flames. Finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the crew attempted to make a raft, for the monsters had carried off all the boats; but long before they could effect their object the brig blew up. The man was hurled a considerable distance into the water, but was fortunate enough to reach a portion of the broken raft—the only survivor out of a crew of eight men and four boys. The next day he was taken off the raft, and landed here by a Dutch vessel bound for Madras."

"And that is all you have heard?" asked Phil, with a deep sigh, as the merchant concluded.

"That is all. A government ship is expected in port every day, and she will be at once despatched after the pirate," replied Mr. Rowland.

"It may be a week before she returns to her station," cried Philip, rising as he spoke, "but, with God's providence, I will be on the scoundrel's track within the next twelve hours. When you next see me I hope it will be with a better account."

With a hasty good bye to all, Philip hurried to the verandah, stepped into his palanquin, was born at a swinging trot to the harbour, and in half an hour was pacing the poop of the *Avenger* in close conversation with his hardly less excited first mate, the indignant Ben.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE TORTURED LASCAR.

THE moon was hanging like an immense globe of silver from the calm unbroken blue of the heavens, and the unrippled ocean was as calm as a slumbering child, when the silence of midnight was broken by the clank of the capstan and the jangle of the iron cable as it fell into coil in the forward hold of the *Avenger*, and rose through the calm ocean, breaking its surface into gems of wondrous beauty.

"Clear she is, and hanging free," cried the boatswain, as the anchor, freed from the ground, hung some feet from the bed of the ocean, and the men rested a moment from their work.

"Set the jib and foresail, and give her headway," cried the captain, taking his place at the binnacle to give his orders.

Waiting till the sails were set, the crew stood straining their breasts against the marlingpiques, till, at a signal from their leader, they all set off together at a run, chanting a wild nautical chorus, and foot by foot the buried cable left its watery prison and disappeared in the depths of the gloomy hold.

By the time the chorus was concluded the huge flukes of the best bower were gleaming like silver in the moon's beams, and, after a few minutes' rest, the ponderous load was safely housed and catted. The liberated hands then flew to brace and halyard, and soon heaped a pile

of canvas on the tall spars, and as the church bells were heard pealing two o'clock the *Avenger* had spread her white wings to the breeze, and was dashing through the hissing water like a racer.

With the first break of day the gentle night breeze gradually freshened, making the masts creak under the extra weight of their bellying sails. But, though the schooner clove the water like a flying fish, and her speed was up to eleven knots, the impatience of her captain was so great that he first set his royals, and then, not content with this increase, ordered out stunsails and try-sails. As the vessel rolled over to port and showed the best part of her starboard sheathing, drenching her decks to the after hatch in floods of spray, he took his post under the weather davits on the poop, folded his arms, and, with a grim smile on his handsome features, whistled for more wind.

"Set the log, Mr. Johnson, and let us see what she makes now."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And put two men at the wheel; we can't afford to risk a spar for want of an extra hand at the tiller. I say, boatswain, are those the old or the new spars that are bending and snapping aloft there?"

"All the old set, sir; but they seem to have quite enough to do."

"All the better, Bill; they are well seasoned, and may be trusted."

"I wouldn't strain them any further, though; they have put my heart in my mouth more than once this last hour."

"No fear; but you may ease off those lee-braces a turn if you like. Now, Mr. Johnson, what do you make of the log?" he asked, as the second mate came aft with pencil and paper.

"Well, sir, we've got all we are likely to get out of her with this wind. I make it thirteen knots and a half."

"I thought she was doing more, Johnson. We must be satisfied, however, I suppose. Pass the word for Manning."

"I'm a comin', your honour," shouted the individual, from the after hatchway, after hearing his name bawled over the combings. "Here I am, your honour," he added, protruding a head and face as black as a sweep's above the hatch. Directly after he raised his begrimed body, naked to the waist, to the deck, and, with bare feet, hurried to his captain's side, saying apologetically, "You must excuse me, captain; I thought you were in a hurry, and I am rather black."

"Black and blue, I should say, to judge by appearances, Manning," replied Phil, laughing at the man's grotesque appearance.

"Where the deuce that indigo has come from is more than I can tell; but I suppose it must be off the powder-kegs. I've just been having a clean out of the magazine, and stowing away the powder, so as to be ready for a brush at a minute's notice."

"That's right, and just what I was going to speak about. I want you to get up the carronades, have them loaded, lashed up to their ports, and well secured from wet by tarpaulin, for there is no knowing when we may overhaul this scoundrel."

"I'll see to it directly, sir, and if you are going

to turn in, you shall find all square when you come on deck."

"Thank you, Manning; I want to be ready for that rascal, so I shall take an innings for a couple of hours."

"There isn't a man on board that isn't as eager to have a slap at the murdering thief as your honour—that is, leastways, almost so," he added correctly, remembering that every one knew that there was something up, as it was termed, between their young skipper and the old captain's lovely daughter.

"Whose watch is it, Mr. Johnson, at eight bells?" Phil asked the second mate, as he looked into the binnacle, and then scrutinised the spars of the foremast.

"Mine, sir."

"Then keep her as long as you can in her present trim; have a good look-out for any strange sail, and if anything happens, or you should expend a spar, call me directly."

"I'll remember, sir."

Weary in body and sick at heart, Philip, after a parting glance aloft and astern, turned from the deck and descended to his state-room to enjoy a few hours' rest and forgetfulness.

"How's her head, Ben?" asked the commander, as, at six o'clock, or four bells, on the seventh morning from leaving Singapore, he stepped on the quarter-deck.

"Her head is exact east-sou'-sou'-east, some ten leagues from the sou'-western point of Borneo," replied the first mate.

"And this current, which sets due west, Ben, must be the mouth of the Straits of Sunda."

"Right you are, governor. Here we are, working over our old ground."

"True, and grieved I am that I never thought of searching this pirate-infested coast of South Borneo before. The whole population live by piracy; the coast for three hundred miles is studded with wooded isles, bays, and short narrow-mouthed rivers, where the rascals lie in ambush."

"Dyaks, don't they call them, governor?"

"Yes, that's their general name. We must reduce sail, Ben; we are under double-reefed mainsail and topsails, and every stitch of canvas is drawing with twenty-horse power; we are going through the water at a stunning rate. Pipe all hands to shorten sail. Ease her off half a point to the sou'ward. Don't let her yaw, my lad. Luff, do you hear?" he cried to the man at the wheel.

"Luff it is, sir."

"Boat ho!" shouted one of the hands aloft, taking in the topsails.

"Where away?" cried the skipper, springing into the main-chains, and looking over the rolling seas.

"Right over our starboard bow. She's down now, sir, hid in the trough of the sea."

"I have it. Port your helm, and get a line ready to throw," cried Phil, mounting a few rounds of the shrouds. "It's a poor wrecked *Laecar*, without sail or oar. Are you ready there, Bill? Take in another spoke, and steady, lads, steady."

"Steady she is," responded the spokesman at the wheel, as the schooner's head was suddenly brought opposite a frail-looking dingy, that,

half full of water, was flung on the crest of a wave. In it was a half-starved miserable creature, almost naked, sitting up to his loins in water. He had torn up one of his seats, and, holding this with both hands over the stern, was using it as a rudder to keep his fragile vessel before the sea.

"Poor wretch! he seems perishing. Hail him, Bill, and heave. Here she rises."

"Boat ahoy! Look out, and make fast the painter," the boatswain shouted, before casting a coil of rope at the apparently helpless mortal, who seemed only to have strength to hold the piece of board over the stern, for neither the sight of the vessel bearing full down on him nor the shout of the sailors appeared to produce any effect on him.

"He is one of those Mahometan fools," observed Johnson, "who believe in destiny, and, thinking his time come, will not take the trouble to save himself."

"Heave!" shouted Phil, as the boat rose less than a dozen yards from the ship.

The next moment the coil fell in the water-logged boat before the lonely voyager. In an instant the inert mass seemed endowed with life and motion. Dropping his rude rudder in the sea, he threw himself on the fast-retreating rope, falling forward, and completely under the water in the dingy, in his desperate effort to clutch it. Recovering himself with wonderful alacrity, he rose to his knees, fastened the rope securely to the ring in the stem, spread his arms on the gunwale, and then, dropping his head upon them, seemed incapable of further exertion. The rope becoming taut, so powerful a jerk was given to the boat by the schooner, which was immediately brought to her former course, that the pitiable object was thrown by the recoil on his back, and again completely immersed.

"The poor beggar will be drowned in hail of port," cried Bill. Then, giving a few rapid turns of the painter, he sprang over the bulwarks, slid down the rope, and stood leg-deep in the bilgewater.

Seeing the man's inability to rise, Bill steadied himself as well as the pitching of the boat would allow, and dragged him from the bottom, but as he did so the Lascar gave so fearful a shriek that Bill was obliged to seat himself on the thwarts of the dingy, and in some consternation rest the man's body on his knee.

"Here's a sight to turn the heart of a stone, captain," he cried. "Poor beggar! if they ain't bin and gi'n him the cat across his lines till there ain't a bit o' hide left! And may my backy be mixed with pizen if they ain't rubbed gunpowder into the wales! And that ain't all, for they've burnt two great crosses almost through the flesh of his back. Poor beggar! it would 'a been a charity to 'a cut your throat rather than such torture."

As Bill spoke the Lascar turned his head and looked with so soft and beseeching an expression in his face that he exclaimed with delight—

"I'm blessed if the poor beggar don't understand what I'm a saying! He looks so knowing and curus about the eyes. I say, steward, fling me down the brandy flask, to give him strength to move." Then, turning to the Lascar, he said, "I say, old fellow, do you know what I say?"

An affirmative nod of the head made Bill per-

fectly happy, and when the spirit flask was slung into the boat he placed the bottle to the man's mouth and poured the liquor down his throat.

"Now, you poor beggar, as I can't abear to hear a man sing out as you did just now, you must ride pick-a-back. Do you understand my palaver? You must get on my back, and hold on like grim death to the collar of my toggery." And, showing him what he was to do, Bill went down on his knees, grasping the gunwale of the dingy, while the Lascar, invigorated by the draught of brandy, placed himself on his broad shoulders and energetically grasped the lappets of his jacket.

The picture presented by the burly Bill, with the long attenuated Lascar dangling like a monster leech from his neck, would have provoked general laughter had not the rolling boat and the pitching schooner, up whose steep side he had to climb, made his position too full of peril to allow of even a smile.

A cry of mingled indignation and disgust burst from the assembled crew as they noticed the livid and in places mortifying condition that the whole back, from the nape of the neck to the base of the spine, was in.

When left alone on the deck the Lascar first gazed with an expression more akin to terror than curiosity on the masts, spars, and fittings of the schooner; then, looking round on the faces of the crew and officers, he took a couple of steps forward, and, suddenly prostrating himself before the young commander, exclaimed, in voluble and intelligible English—

"Oh! good young sahib, don't beat, don't beat poor Hassan no more! don't let bad wild beast Nixon kill this poor Malay! No kill him for do noting at all. Some Malay, some Dyak, very bad man; they take ship and kill the sahib. Bah! they very bad man. Some white man much badder than black rascal, for he kill him brother white sahib, and white missus too, and do much bad harm; and because Hassan no like to see white lady cry, and give her some rope, Nixon, bad brute capitan, he have poor Hassan tie to mast, and flog and flog. Then he make hot iron, and burn and burn; then they make me run a muck round ship, and at last drive me into sea, when they throw in old boat, no good for noting, into which I got long time ago. But, oh! good sahib, kind sahib, don't let poor Hassan be giv back to wicked sahib; oh! mussy, sahib!" And, throwing himself forward on the deck, he put Phil's foot on his neck, and by the vehemence of his words and gestures betrayed both his dread of his persecutor and his intense anxiety to find a master capable of protecting him.

Satisfying the Lascar that he had nothing to fear, and calling Kennedy to dress the poor creature's livid back, he had him taken into the cabin, where he soon discovered that the Nixon mentioned in the man's terror was the individual whose whereabouts he so anxiously wished to discover.

This, however, formed only a part of the valuable information which the rescued Lascar was enabled to impart.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE WINTER MARCH AND ITS VICTIMS.]

THE RETREAT FROM CABOOL.

OUR Anglo-Indian Army had fought its way to the centre of Afghanistan—many of its veterans had well-nigh crossed the frontier on their homeward march—when the country burst forth in one devouring flame of insurrection. The British garrison at Candahar under General Nott defied all attacks, as did that of Jellalabad under Sir Robert Sale, but General Elphinstone's detachment, after a two months' siege, was forced from its cantonments at Cabool, and began its retreat with Akbar Khan hovering on flanks and rear. On the 6th of January, 1842, the fatal morning dawned which was to witness their departure. "Dreary, indeed," says Lieutenant

Eyre, "was the scene. Deep snow covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling white, and so intensely bitter was the cold as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing." The army still consisted of 4500 fighting men, with not less than 12,000 followers, besides women and children—a mingled mass of Europeans and Asiatics, of combatants and non-combatants, of men of various climes, creeds, complexion, habit, and part of them peculiarly unfitted to endure the hardships of a rigorous climate.

The advanced guard, consisting of the 44th Regiment, with some cavalry and artillery, moved off about half-past nine a.m., and from that hour till the evening the throng continued

to pass through the gates of the cantonments, which were immediately occupied by hordes of fanatical Affghans, rending the air with their exulting cries, plundering, destroying, and committing every kind of atrocity. The advance party, under whose escort the ladies, including Lady Macnaghten and Lady Sale, proceeded, was not molested, but a fire of juzzails was opened on the retiring troops of the main body, to which Lieutenant Hardyman, of the 5th Light Cavalry, and about fifty rank and file, fell victims, and a quantity of baggage, ammunition, and commissariat stores was lost. The cantonments were no sooner cleared than troops, camp-followers, and baggage, public and private, became intermingled in one disorderly mass.

During the whole of the siege the troops had been on half-rations, consisting of a pound of wheat *per diem*, with melted ghee, for fighting men, and half that allowance for camp-followers; the cattle, both public and private, had long subsisted on the twigs and bark of the trees. The men had suffered much from overwork as well as bad feeding, and also from want of fuel; it was, therefore, with greatly diminished strength that they began to march, and their progress was very slow, for the first mile was not accomplished under two hours and a half.

The shadows of night overtook the fugitives still pursuing their weary course, but its darkness was relieved by the blaze which rose above the British Residency, and other buildings which the enemy had fired upon taking possession of the cantonments. Many Sepoys and camp-followers, unable to contend longer with their misery, lay down to await in silent despair the approach of death, and of those who struggled forward some perished before the morning dawn. The provision for encampment was miserably deficient; here, as on the march, all was disorder and destitution; thousands of wretched men were unable to obtain either shelter, fire, or food; the snow was their only bed, and to many it proved the bed of death. It was two o'clock on the morning of the 7th before the rear-guard arrived at this wretched bivouac, though the whole distance traversed was not more than six miles.

But, however dreadful these sufferings and privations were to men inured to war, how much more bitter must they have been to females and children, of whom there were numbers, and especially to those whose station in life had accustomed them to indulgence in every luxury!

The morrow brought no alleviation of suffering, but it revealed to sight several men frozen to death, and others so benumbed as to be scarcely able to move. At half-past seven the advance-guard moved off; no order was given, no bugle sounded. It had much difficulty in forcing its way ahead of the baggage and camp-followers, all of whom had proceeded in advance as soon as it was light. The remainder resumed their march in the best order they could—"if," says Lieutenant Eyre, "that could be called order which consisted of a mingled mob of soldiers, camp-followers, and baggage-cattle, preserving not even the faintest resemblance of that regularity and discipline on which depended our only chance of escape from the danger which threatened us." One of Shah Soojah's regiments that accompanied the retreating British had disappeared, and was believed to have returned to

Cabool. The rest of the force proceeded, numerous bodies of Affghans, horse and foot, hanging on its flanks, and moving in a parallel direction with it. These were at first supposed to constitute the escort promised by the chiefs, but this belief was dispelled by their suddenly attacking the British rear-guard, under Brigadier Anquetil, composed of the 44th, the mountain-train guns, and a squadron of irregular horse. The guns were captured, but gallantly retaken by Lieutenant White and a few artillerymen. The 44th, however, could not be brought up, and the guns were in consequence abandoned, though not until they had been spiked, "amid the gleaming sabres of the enemy." Ten more guns were afterwards spiked and abandoned, the horses attached to them being unable to drag them through the snow, which now lay more than a foot deep upon the ground.

As the troops advanced on their road the enemy increased considerably on both flanks, and greatly annoyed the centre and rear. Between Bگرام and Boothauk a body of the enemy's horse charged down into the column, and succeeded in carrying off an immense quantity of baggage and a number of camels, without experiencing the least resistance.

At sunrise on the morning of the 8th no order had been issued for the march, and the confusion was fearful. The force was perfectly disorganised; nearly every man paralysed with cold, so as to be scarcely able to hold his musket or to move his limbs. Many frozen corpses lay upon the ground, and the Sepoys burnt their caps, accoutrements, and clothes to keep themselves warm. Some of the enemy appearing in rear of the position, the whole of the camp-followers rushed to the front, seizing all the cattle that fell in their way, whether public or private. The ground was strewn with boxes of ammunition, plate, and property of various kinds. A cask of spirits on the ground was broached by the artillerymen and other Europeans. Had the whole been distributed fairly to the men it would have done them good; as it was, they became too much excited. "For myself," says Lady Sale, "whilst I sat for hours on my horse in the cold, I felt very grateful for a tumbler of sherry, which at any other time would have made me very unlady-like, but now merely warmed me, and appeared to have no more strength in it than water. Cupfuls of sherry were given to young children three and four years old, without in the least affecting their heads." While in this helpless condition the Affghans renewed their attacks, but a party of them was rapidly dispersed by Major Thain, at the head of her Majesty's 44th.

And now the fearful pass of Boothauk had to be traversed. This defile is about five miles long, and is bounded on both sides by lofty and precipitous hills. A mountain torrent dashes through it with such impetuosity that the frost had produced no effect upon it beyond the edges, where ice was accumulated in slippery masses, affording to the wretched animals which were still retained a footing neither easy nor safe. This stream had to be crossed twenty-eight times. The defile gradually narrows towards the spot where the force was to emerge from it, or such portion, at least, as might survive the dangerous passage for the heights were crowned with infuriated Ghiljies, ready to deal death to those below,

while the cowards themselves were in perfect security.

"The idea," says Lieutenant Eyre, "of threading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of bloodthirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful." The march, however, was commenced about mid-day, the 6th Native Infantry in front. The troops were in the greatest state of disorganisation, the baggage was mixed with the advance-guard, and the camp-followers all pushed ahead in their precipitate flight towards Hindoostan. Several ladies accompanied the advance, but no feeling of respect for woman operated to slacken the fire from above. These helpless and unoffending females were compelled to make their way through the pass, with hundreds of shots flying around them. Happily none of them sustained injury, excepting Lady Sale, who received a ball in her arm.

Akber Khan, it will be remembered, had promised protection, and several of his adherents rode forward with the advance, exhorting the occupants of the heights to desist from firing. But their admonitions were unheeded; the balls fell thickly among the throng laboriously struggling onwards, and fearful was the slaughter; so that soldiers and followers rushed on indiscriminately, impelled by the wildness of despair, caring for nothing but the one object of reaching the end of the pass. Thousands hurried forward to the front, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women, and children.

To this sad picture must be added the pitiable sufferings of women and children, and the heart-rending agony of parents deprived of their helpless offspring. "The ladies were mostly travelling in camel-panniers," says Lady Sale, "and were mixed up with the baggage and column in the pass; here they were heavily fired on, and many camels were killed. On one camel were, in one pannier, Mrs. Boyd and her youngest boy Hugh, and in the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant, scarcely three months old, and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. This camel was shot. Mrs. Boyd got a horse to ride, and her child was put on another behind a man, who, being shortly after unfortunately killed, the child was carried off by the Affghans. Mrs. Mainwaring, less fortunate, took her own baby in her arms. Mary Anderson was carried off in the confusion. Meeting with a pony laden with treasure, Mrs. M. endeavoured to mount and sit on the boxes, but they upset, and in the hurry pony and treasure were left behind, and the unfortunate lady pursued her way on foot, until after a time an Affghan asked her if she was wounded, and told her to mount behind him. This apparently kind offer she declined, being fearful of treachery, alleging as an excuse that she could not sit behind him on account of the difficulty of holding her child when so mounted. This man shortly after snatched her shawl off her shoulders, and left her to her fate. Mrs. M.'s sufferings were very great; she not only had to walk a considerable distance with her child in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the bodies of the dead, dying, and wounded, both men and cattle, and constantly to cross the streams of water, wet up to the knees, pushed and shoved about by men and animals, the enemy keeping up a sharp fire, and several per-

sons being killed close to her. She, however, got safe to camp with her child."

The rear was protected by the 44th British and the 37th Native Infantry, but as they neared the pass the enemy, concealed behind rocks, &c., increased their fire considerably upon them. Owing to a halt having taken place in front the pass was completely choked up, and for a considerable time the 44th were stationary under a heavy fire. The 37th continued slowly moving on without firing a shot, being paralysed with cold to such a degree that no persuasion of their officers could induce them to make any effort to dislodge the enemy, who took from some of them not only their firelocks, but even their clothing. At this time our men were dropping fast from a flanking fire from the heights, and, the attempt to maintain a position in the rear being fruitless under such circumstances, with only sixty men, or thereabouts, they were withdrawn, and with difficulty forced their way through the crowd to a more commanding position. Here the rear-guard of the 44th was joined by General Elphinstone; Colonel Chambers, of the 5th Light Cavalry, with some troopers; Captain Hay, with a few of the irregular horse; and the only remaining gun, one having been abandoned in the pass. After halting full an hour to let the stragglers, &c., get well to the front, they resumed their march, but owing to the depth of the snow the troops were compelled to assist the gun by manual labour, the horses being unable to get it on. In this way they reached the encamping ground at Khoord Cabool, 600 of our regular troops and about 2500 camp-followers having perished in that fearful pass.

"On the force reaching Khoord Cabool," says Lieutenant Eyre, "snow began to fall, and continued till morning. Only four small tents were saved, of which one belonged to the general, two were devoted to the ladies and children, and one was given up to the sick; but an immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp, destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food."

Then hear the pitiable tale told with such fortitude by Lady Sale. "Poor Sturt was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily; Johnson and Bygrave got some coarse blankets thrown over us. Dr. Bryce came and examined Sturt's wound; he dressed it, but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds. Half of a Sipahoe's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Captain Johnson and Mr. Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs. Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs. Sturt's bedding (saved by the nurse riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort to my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst, and most grateful did we feel to Mr. Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water; we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such

anxiety of mind and intense cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together, without room to turn. The Sepoys and camp-followers, half-frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a posh-teen (or pelisse of sheepskin) half spread on the snow and the other half wrapped over one. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night. The light company of the 64th Native Infantry, which left Cabool thirty-six hours previously eighty strong, was reduced to eighteen. This is only one instance which may fairly be taken as a general average of the destruction of our force."

"Mrs. Trevor," says Lady Sale, "kindly rode a pony, and gave up her place in the kujava to Sturt, who must otherwise have been left to die on the ground. The rough motion increased his sufferings and accelerated his death; but he was still conscious that his wife and I were with him, and we had the sorrowful satisfaction of giving him Christian burial."

This was the fourth day that the cattle had had no food, and the men were perishing with cold and hunger. More than one-half of them were wounded or frost-bitten, and most of them could scarcely put a foot to the ground. Akbar Khan, therefore, saw that the completion of his vengeance was nigh at hand, and he now exerted himself to get as many hostages into his power as would insure him a large ransom from the Indian Government. With this view he proposed that the ladies who accompanied the British force, with their husbands and children, should, in order to preserve them from further hardship and danger, be placed under his protection: he pledged himself to escort them safely, keeping them one day's march in the rear of the army. This was a startling proposal, but time and circumstances pressed, and the general gave an unhesitating consent.

After the departure of the ladies, the troops struggled on, and as the food and fuel so liberally promised by the ruffian chief came not, another night of starvation and cold consigned more victims to a miserable death. To add to their wretchedness, many were nearly, and some wholly, afflicted with snow blindness. The men who had proudly marched from the Indus to the heart of Afghanistan—had occupied its fairest cities, beaten down its strongest fortresses, and given law from its capital—were now unable to defend themselves from those who thirsted for their blood. "The European soldiers," says Lieutenant Eyre, "were now almost the only efficient men left, the Hindustances having all suffered more or less from the effects of the frost in their hands and feet; few were able even to hold a musket, much less to pull a trigger; in fact the prolonged delay in the snow had paralysed the mental and bodily powers of the strongest men, rendering them incapable of any useful exertion. Hope seemed to have died in every breast, the wildness of terror was exhibited in every countenance."

On the 10th the army resumed its progress, though the fighting-men were now reduced to a small number. No sooner was it light than the usual rush to the front was made by the mixed rabble of Sepoys, camp-followers, and Europeans, in one huge mass. Hundreds of poor wretches,

unable to seize any animals for themselves, or despoiled by stronger persons of those they had, were left on the road to die or be butchered.

The end was now rapidly approaching. On arriving at a narrow gorge, about ten feet wide, called Tunghsee Tareeksee, or "the dark pass," and two miles distant from their last ground, the advance of the retreating force was met by the destructive fire of the enemy, securely perched on the high ground. The straitened pass soon became literally choked with dead and dying, and here the last remains of the native infantry disappeared. Many fell; the rest, throwing away their arms and accoutrements, fled for their lives. Finally the enemy rushed down, sword in hand, and commenced a general massacre, capturing the public treasure, with the remnant of baggage which up to this point had been preserved. A part of the advance succeeded in getting through the pass, which is not above fifty yards in length, and proceeded to Kubber-i-Jubbar, where they halted for their comrades. While anxiously looking out for them a straggler from time to time arrived bearing heavy news; another and another appeared, and in this manner all that escaped the fury of the enemy joined: the direful truth that, with these miserable exceptions, the two missing columns had been cut off and destroyed, at length becoming apparent.

The British force now consisted of seventy men of her Majesty's 44th Regiment, 150 cavalry troopers, and about fifty horse artillerymen, with one 12-pound howitzer, but the number of camp-followers was still large. Even reduced as they were to this pitiful handful, on observing a body of cavalry in their rear, they determined to bring their solitary gun into position, and make a last effort for existence. It proved, however, to be Akbar Khan, who approached with another of his insidious propositions, to the effect that the remainder of the British forces should be disarmed and placed under his protection, when he would guarantee their safety, and that of all the European officers, to Jellalabad. To this proposition the general would not assent, and once more "Forward!" was the word.

The troops resumed their fearful march; the remnant of the camp-followers, with several wounded officers went ahead. For five miles the main body saw no enemy; all who could not walk were necessarily left behind. They were now going down a long steep descent from the Huf Kohtul, or summit of a lofty eminence, to the bed of the Tazeen Nullah, and at this dip the scene was horrible; the ground was covered with all those who had gone forward, dead and dying, and amongst them were several officers. They had been suddenly attacked and overpowered by the enemy, who now crowded from the tops of the hills in all directions down the bed of the nullah, through which the route lay for three miles. Our men continued their progress through an incessant fire from the heights on both sides, until their arrival about half-past four p.m. in the Tazeen valley, and here they lost the snow.

Negotiations were again renewed with Akbar Khan, who made the same proposal as before, but it was again rejected by the British general. Their only hope then appeared to be in making a night march of twenty-two miles to Jagdulan; when, under cover of the darkness, they might penetrate safely through that terrible pass, which

is about two miles long, very narrow, and commanded on both sides by high and precipitous hills. On moving off the last gun was abandoned, and the same fate befel the wounded and the exhausted.

The march commenced at seven o'clock p.m., but it was not till dawn of day on the 11th that the advance arrived at Kutter Sung, a place ten miles short of Jugduluk, and the junction of the rear did not take place till eight o'clock. The march had not been without annoyance from the enemy, but the darkness rendered their fire comparatively harmless. The panic-stricken camp-followers now resembled a herd of deer, and fluctuated backwards and forwards *en masse* at every shot, blocking up the entire road, and fatally retarding the progress of the little body of soldiers who, under Brigadier Shelton, brought up the rear. They had now been marching for twenty-four hours consecutively, and had still ten miles to go before they could hope for rest, while not a drop of water was procurable, or likely to be had till their arrival.

At two miles from Jugduluk the descent into the valley commences. The hills on each side of the road were occupied by the enemy, who kept firing from their long juzzails, and again the road was covered with dead and dying, as they were in such a mass that every shot told. On arriving in the valley a position was taken up on the first height, near some ruined walls. As scarcely any Europeans of the advance now remained, and the enemy were increasing, the general called all the officers, about twenty in number, to form line, and show a front to the enemy. They had scarcely done so when Captain Grant, assistant-adjutant-general, received through the cheek a ball which broke his jaw. On the arrival of the rear-guard, followed up by the enemy, the latter took possession of two heights close to our position, on which our force went for security within the ruined walls. The men were maddened with hunger and thirst, but, though a stream of pure water ran within 150 yards of the position, no man could venture to go for it without the certainty of being massacred.

Here our worn-out fugitives lay down upon the ground, in the hope of getting at least a little rest, but they had scarcely done so when volley after volley was poured into the inclosure. All was instant confusion, and a general rush took place outside the walls; men and cattle all huddled together, each striving to hide himself from the murderous fire of the enemy; and, although Captain Bygrove, at the head of fifteen brave fellows of the 44th, charged up the hill, and drove the enemy before him like a flock of sheep, yet when he returned they resumed their former position and murderous sharp-shooting. Our unfortunate force at Jugduluk this day consisted of 150 men of the 44th, sixteen dismounted horse artillerymen, twenty-five of the 5th Cavalry, but not a single Sepoy with arms.

The wretched resource was again tried of negotiating with Akbar, who demanded that General Elphinstone should come to a conference, and that Brigadier Shelton and Captain Johnson should be delivered as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. All was acceded to. General Elphinstone made over the command to Brigadier Anquetil, and, accompanied by Shelton and Johnson, proceeded to wait upon Akbar Khan, who

received them courteously and supplied them with refreshments. At nine on the morning of the 12th a meeting was held, when a number of the chiefs inveighed bitterly against the English, while Akbar pretended to plead their cause; but the day elapsed without any decisive arrangement, and when General Elphinstone wanted to return to his troops he found he was a prisoner!

At the British position the return of the general had been long and anxiously looked for. Throughout the day hunger, thirst, exhaustion, and the galling annoyance of the enemy's unceasing fire continued to be endured, and as night drew on it became obvious that nothing was to be hoped from a longer stay. The whole body accordingly sallied forth, to make their way to Jellalabad in the best manner they could. The Afghans were not at first aware of the movement, but they soon gained intelligence of it, and marched in vast numbers to their work of destruction. Officers and men, troops and followers, fell in great numbers, and the progress of the retiring party was a moving massacre. Some officers who were well mounted rode forward with the few remaining cavalry; straggling parties of Europeans, under various officers, followed as circumstances would permit; but when the morning of the 13th dawned the remnant of the infantry approached Gundamak, and now their numerical weakness was obvious to the enemy—they could muster only about twenty muskets among them all. An attempt to negotiate was made by one of the officers, but it ended in nothing, and the unhappy party had no resource but to stand on their defence, without a hope of ultimate success.

This gloomy task was executed with an unshrinking determination, which leads to the conviction that, if such men had been properly led in the outset, the British arms would not have suffered this great reverse. The handful of heroes occupied an eminence opposite to another held by the enemy, whose overwhelming fire gradually diminished their numbers, while at intervals the work of extermination was accelerated by a rush, sword in hand, upon the devoted party, by whom—notwithstanding the utter helplessness of their situation—the assailants were several times repelled. This murderous struggle lasted till nearly every one of these champions of British honour was wounded, when a final onset of the enemy completed their destruction. Captain Souter, of the 44th, one of the few that survived the slaughter, but severely wounded, had, before leaving Jugduluk, tied round his waist the colours of the regiment, which were thus preserved.

It now only remains to record the fate of the officers and cavalry who, as we have stated, rode on ahead of the troops. Six of them dropped before reaching Futteeabad. The rest arrived at that place in safety, and were received by the inhabitants with professions of friendship and sympathy. Food was offered them, of which they naturally, but unwisely stopped to partake. The inhabitants in the meantime armed themselves, and, suddenly rushing on the men whom they had ensnared, cut down two of them. The remainder mounted and rode off; but the enemy pursued, and all the fugitives but Dr. Brydon, of the Shah's force, perished before reaching Jellalabad.

The reader will readily imagine the astonishment and horror of Sir Robert Sale and his gal-

lant companions at Jallalabad when Dr. Brydon tottered into that fortress, sinking with fatigue, hunger, and loss of blood, and faintly informed them that he was the last and only survivor of the 17,000 troops and camp-followers who, a few days before, had entered the deadly Pass of Khoord Cabool!

BRITISH TARS AT WALCHEREN.

THE British expedition to Walcheren, though a military failure, was distinguished by great courage and endurance on the part of the men. How well the land and sea forces co-operated the following authentic sketch will show.

The annoyance from the enemy's rifles was a good deal lessened by the brigade of sailors. These extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the "*Munseers*," as they termed the French; and a more formidable pack never was unkenelled. Armed each with an immense long pole or pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they appeared to be a sort of force that, in case of a sortie, or where execution was to be done in the way of storming, would have been as destructive as a thousand hungry tigers: as it was, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions by their irregular and extraordinary attacks. They usually went out in parties, as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. The French might fairly exclaim with the frogs in the fable, "*Ah! Monsieur Bull*, what is sport to you is death to us."

Regularly every day after their mess (for they messed generally on a green in the village of East Zurburg) they would start off to their "hunt," as they called it, in parties headed by a petty officer. Then they would leap the dykes, which their poles enabled them to do, and dash through those which they could not otherwise cross: they were like a set of Newfoundland dogs in the marshes. When they spied a few riflemen of the French they ran at them halter-skelter; then pistol, cutlass, and pike went to work in downright earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish the tars, and no wonder, for their very appearance was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones, tarred, belted, and outlashed as they were.

The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented were worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Among the most humorous of these were their drills, musters, and marchings, or, as they generally called such proceedings, "playing at soldiers." All that their officers did had no effect in keeping either silence or regularity; those officers, however, were part and parcel of the same material as the Jacks themselves, and as able to go through the pipe-clay regularity of rank and file as to deliver a sermon on the immortality of the soul. But the fact is, they were neither expected nor intended to be regular troops, and their drills were merely adopted to teach them to keep together in line when marching from one place to another, so that they might not go about the country after the manner of a troop of donkeys. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement both to soldiers and officers: the disproportion in the sizes of the men (the front rank man, perhaps,

four feet one, while the rear rank man was six feet two); the giving of the word from the "middy," always accompanied by an oath; the gibes and jeers of the men themselves.

"Heads up, you beggar of corporal there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear rank, well knowing that his size secured him from the observation of the officer.

Then the man immediately before him, to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark, "I say, who made you a fogleman, Master Billy? Can't ye behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?"

Then from another part of the squad a stentorian roar would arise with "I'll not stand this: if I do, shiver me. Here's this Murphy stickin' a sword into my star'n."

Then, perhaps, the middy would give the word "right face," in order to prepare for marching; but some turned right and some left, while others turned right round and were faced by their opposite rank man. This confusion in a few minutes, however, would be rectified, and the word "march" given. Then off they would go, some whistling a quick-step, and others imitating the sound of a drum with their voices and keeping time with the whistlers, "row dididow, dididow, row dow, dow." Every sort of antic began immediately, particularly treading on each other's heels.

On one occasion a fellow suddenly jumped out of the line of march, crying, "I'll be—— if Riley hasn't spikes in his toes, an' I won't march afore him any longer," and then coolly fell in at the rear. "Keep the step," then was banded about, with a thousand similar expressions; and, slapping each other's hats down upon their eyes, elbowing, jostling, and joking, away they went to beat the bushes for Frenchmen; and even when under the fire of both the hidden riflemen and the rampart guns their jollity was unabated.

One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball, which broke the bones, and he fell. It was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of the riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position. Seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them, with "There, you beggars, I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes." The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died.

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

THE Mauritius is extremely mountainous, and exhibits in every part of it the marks of volcanic action. Some of the mountains are between 2000 and 3000 feet in height, and are covered with snow during a great part of the year. Among them are several that assume the most singular and fantastic shapes, but the most extraordinary in its appearance is that which bears the name of Peter Botte, from a person who is said by tradition to have climbed to its summit many years ago, and to have lost his life in coming down again.

Captain Lloyd, chief civil engineer, accompanied by Mr. Dawkins, had made an attempt to

ascend the mountain, and had reached what is called the Neck, where they planted a ladder, which did not, however, reach half-way up the perpendicular face of rock beyond. Still, Captain Lloyd was convinced that with proper preparation the feat might be accomplished. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th September, 1831, this gentleman, along with Lieutenant Phillpotts, of the 29th Regiment, Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., and Lieutenant Taylor, the writer of the letter, set out on the bold and perilous adventure. "All our preparations being made," says the narrative, "we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty Sepoys in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine formed by the rains in the wet season, which, having loosened all the stones, made it anything but pleasant; those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle."

Along this path, which was not a foot broad, they picked their way for about 400 yards, the negroes keeping their footing firm under their loads, by catching hold as they proceeded of the shrubs above them. We must allow Lieutenant Taylor to continue the story in his own words:—

"On rising to the shoulder a view burst upon us which defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up, while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down 1500 feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about 300 or 350 feet above us; and on the very pinnacle old Peter Botte frowned in all his glory.

After a short rest we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, about half-way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, with barely three inches on each side. A grapple-line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle, and it was fearful to see the cool steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss; however, he fearlessly scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck, 'all right.' These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four 'shinned' in succession.

It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad, and I could, as I held on, half-sitting, half-kneeling across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The

only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning, but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head; nevertheless, I held on uncommonly hard, and felt very well satisfied when I was safe under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock about thirty feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, though overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up; a communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary material—Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c.

But now the question, and a puzzler too, was how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thongs, to fire over, and, having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leant back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part: had the line broke, he would have fallen eighteen hundred feet. Twice this failed, and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead-line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan; several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. Hurrah, my lads, 'steady's the word!'

Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge; a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up; and, finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. 'All right, now hoist away!' and up went the ladder, till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast; a line was passed over by the head-line to hold on, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying than the *Undaunted* frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for, though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look-out, as we afterwards learned. We then got a bottle of wine to the rock, christened it *King William's Peak*, and drank his Majesty's health

hands round the Jack, and then 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'

I certainly never felt any thing like the excitement of that moment; even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs, and we could hear far below the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below; and about four p.m. we descended our ticklish path, to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a Lieutenant of the *Talbot*, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or neck.

After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in a cleft under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass of brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting waistcoat, jacket, and a huge Flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets; and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour of our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, over the fire of some sugar manufactory; but not a sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder (we four being the only ones above). At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and, after a long interval, the sullen boom of the evening gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whizz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue-light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock.

The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all quite distinctly shown; while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, glanced by in the light, and then swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below; for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burnt another blue-light, and threw up two more rockets, when, our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, having lashed Phillpotts, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep; but it blew strong before the morning, and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in the blankets the whole night without success. At daybreak we rose, stiff, cold, and hungry; and I shall conclude briefly by saying that, after about four or five hours' hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sunk the foot of our twelve-foot ladder

deep in this, lashing a water-barrel, as a landmark, at the top; and, above all, a long staff, with the union-jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder, to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again; and, bidding adieu to the scene of our toil and triumph, descended the ladder to the neck, and casting off the guys and hauling-lines, cut off all communication with the top.'

We have only to add to this animated description, that, more fortunate than Peter Botte, Lieutenant Taylor and his friends effected their descent in perfect safety. The warm congratulations of their countrymen greeted them on their return from what our readers will probably agree with us in regarding as one of the most brilliant enterprises of this sort which have ever been recorded.

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

EDWARD CODRINGTON descended from family of honourable name, the Codringtons, of Codrington, in Gloucestershire, and was born in April, 1770. He was breared of the paternal guardianship at a tender age, his father dying in the year 1776. As Edward was destined to the naval service, he commenced his career on board the *Augusta* yacht in 1783, and two years afterwards he was removed to the *Briest* sloop of war. He continued as midshipman in several vessels until April, 1790, when he was sent as acting-lieutenant on board the *Ambuscade* frigate, and in June, 1793, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which capacity he served in Lord Howe's flagship in the battles of the 28th and 29th of May and 1st of June. On this glorious occasion Sir Edward was honoured by the commander-in-chief to convey the duplicate despatches relating the victory and safe arrival of the fleet and prizes. Although he was now entitled to the rank of commander, yet Sir Edward, in compliance with the wishes of his friend and patron Lord Howe, consented to remain on board his flagship as first lieutenant, with an understanding from the first lord of the Admiralty that he should be considered as a commander, and advance from that situation to the rank of post-captain. In 1795 he was appointed with post-rank to the *Babet*, and served under Lord Bridport at the victory off L'Orient, and in May, 1805, he was appointed to the *Orion* (74), in which he was present at the battle of Trafalgar. In this brief account of Sir Edward Codrington's services we can only pause to mention that he was present in three of our most distinguished naval victories, and was as often included in the vote of thanks conferred by both Houses of Parliament upon the meritorious officers, while for the last of these he was also honoured with the gold medal.

After a cessation of two years from active service Sir Edward was appointed in 1806 to the *Blake* (74), and after serving in this ship for some time in the North Sea he invited his friend Lord Gardiner to hoist his flag in her, in consequence of his lordship having no proper flagship, on setting out for Flushing. In the failure of this unfortunate expedition our naval captains had certainly no share, and the *Blake* was so actively employed in the bombardment that she was



several times set on fire by the red-hot shot of the enemy.

In 1810, when the course of events had transferred the war to Spain, where our court was liberal of its aid to the insurgents against French oppression, Sir Edward was actively employed in this important service. Being the senior officer on the coast of Catalonia, he superintended the necessary operations in behalf of the feeble and divided Spanish patriots, and through his judicious arrangements the small British squadron in this quarter made a powerful diversion in May in favour of an attack upon Figueras; and on the 2nd of September the Medas Islands were taken from the French by Captain Thomas, of the *Undaunted*. The castle, which the enemy had fortified, was reduced by the fire of the ship, and the garrison surrendered at discretion.

In the succeeding year Captain Codrington, still in the *Blake*, was actively employed in co-operating with the garrison of Tarragona. This important fortress of Catalonia was fiercely attacked by a French army of 11,000 men under General Suchet, and its garrison was reduced to a feeble handful, that, in spite of repeated losses, made a gallant resistance. In this emergency Captain Codrington left Tarragona on the 18th of May, and proceeded to Murviedro, where he speedily shipped 2300 soldiers and 213 artillerymen for the aid of the garrison, after which he supplied the Spanish generals with military stores, by which the army of Arragon was enabled to act with that of Valencia. Having thus furthered these important military movements, he repaired to Alicante for fresh supplies for Tarragona, with which he returned; and, having negotiated with O'Donnel for a fresh reinforcement of 4000 men, his promptitude was so remarkable

on this occasion that this large force was embarked on the 11th, and landed in Tarragona on the 12th of June.

Having thus increased the feeble garrison into an army, Captain Codrington now proceeded to annoy the flank of the invaders, who still pressed onward to the siege. He therefore caused the boats and launches to be manned, from which shot was thrown into the French camp, that gave them great annoyance. The ships in the meantime moved as closely in to the enemy's works as the depth of water permitted, and drove them from their advanced positions, which were immediately occupied by the guerillas. But in spite of all that the utmost activity and valour of such devoted allies could accomplish, the fall of Tarragona was only retarded, not prevented. On the 29th of June the French opened their fire upon the town; in the afternoon a breach was made, and the place was carried by assault. The garrison fled in every direction before the enemy, resistance was at an end, and crowds were pursued or struck down and slaughtered by mere handfuls of the victors. All that the British could do in such a crisis was done: the sea was covered with fugitives, who endeavoured to escape by swimming, and all the boats of the British squadron were busy in their rescue. The shore was lined with women, children, and wounded men, and our officers and sailors ventured through the incessant fire of shot and shells to bring them off in safety. In this truly heroic service above 600 persons were saved, at the most imminent risk, by Captain Codrington and his brave companions. The Spaniards thus rescued, after having experienced the sympathy of the British, were cured, clothed, fed, and carefully conveyed to places of safety.

In 1814, while actively employed in America as captain of the fleet, Captain Codrington was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and in the following year he was created a knight commander of the Bath. In consequence of this last distinction an incident occurred from the expensive accompaniments of such an honour, which he related with great humour. He recollected, he said, when the bill of fees, amounting to £386 7s. 2d., was originally sent to him, on his being made military grand cross, he was quite shocked at seeing its amount. It did not, however, give him much disturbance, as he was determined never to pay one farthing of it, and had continued obstinate in his refusal. The officers, in particular, used very gracious language, but it had no effect. He thought that the demanding fees for conferring a distinction of this nature was very like buying something of equivalent value. When he received the bill he sent it to the first lord of the Admiralty, who said that it was very hard on him, but he replied, "Not in the least," as he had made up his mind not to pay a farthing of it. He was told that the fees were regulated by an order in council, and that he must pay them; but he declared that he had nothing to do with the order, and he would not pay the fee. He did not ask for the distinction, and he would not pay a shilling for it. He wished every officer had done the same.

The long period of peace which now occurred dispensed with the active services of our navy; but in 1825 Sir Edward Codrington was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, and in 1826 he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He hoisted his flag on board the *Asia* (84), and on reaching the station in February, 1827, he there found affairs in such a condition as might well try to the utmost all his naval and diplomatic skill.

A treaty was concluded at London on July 6th, 1827, between Great Britain, France, and Russia, to obtain for the Greeks the acknowledgment of their independence. In order to enforce this resolution, a French armament and a Russian squadron were stationed in the Levant, to co-operate with Sir Edward.

Sir Edward, in the *Asia*, with the *Talbot* and *Zebra*, arrived at Zante on the 1st of October, and the same night the *Dartmouth* brought intelligence that forty-seven of the Ottoman ships left Navarino shortly after them, and were at some distance astern coming to the northward. The *Asia*, *Talbot*, and *Zebra* were got out to sea during a heavy thunder storm, and kept ahead of the Ottoman fleet until daylight, when they were drawn up between them and the Gulf of Patras, for which they were steering. This chivalrous movement on the part of Sir Edward, and the intimation which he sent to the admiral in command by captain Spenser, of the *Talbot*, that he would fire into the first ship that attempted to pass the *Asia*, intimidated the Turk, and induced him to turn back on a few shots being fired at his foremost ships. The next day the returning fleet was met by Ibrahim with fourteen ships and vessels of war, who, on being communicated with, returned with them to the southward. After dark, when most of them had passed Zante bay, the *Asia* and *Talbot* anchored at its entrance to take on board the supplies they were in want of, leaving the *Dartmouth* under sail to watch Ibrahim's

movements, who during the night altered his course, and was seen next morning at daybreak at anchor in the Gulf of Patras, with several of his largest ships. The *Asia* and *Talbot* followed him, and on coming up with them his ships refused to show their colours until fired into, thus showing a consciousness of faithless conduct. These hostile demonstrations on the part of Sir Edward prevented the intended landing at Patras, and caused the return of the expedition to the south. This is probably the most remarkable naval service ever performed. It may be considered to have been foolhardy in Sir Edward with only three ships to determine to oppose forty-seven or more, but, as he succeeded in his object, it shows what may be done again under such circumstances, when the opponent, having acted faithlessly, is ashamed of having done so.

Sir Edward was joined on his return, when off Zante, October 13, by the Russian squadron, by the French ships from Cerri Bay, where they had gone for supplies, and by the English ships from Malta. With his united force he proceeded to Navarino, where he found the Ottoman fleet reassembled in the harbour, their land forces disembarked, and pursuing a systematic plan of devastation on the surrounding country and its defenceless inhabitants. To prevent this violence, and to effect the object of the treaty without resorting to hostilities, the allied admirals were unanimously of opinion that it was necessary to enter the harbour of Navarino; the more so, as Ibrahim now refused to receive communications from them, and as it was utterly impossible to secure a blockade of the harbour, from the want of shelter and anchorage outside. It was believed that the presence of the allied squadrons would induce him to discontinue the cruelties he had recommenced upon the inhabitants, and to cause the return of the expedition to Egypt.

The Turkish ships, however, were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, the smaller ones in succession within them, filling up the intervals.

The combined fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns, the British and French forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line.

The *Asia* led in, followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line, bearing the flag of the captain bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate, each thus having her opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The four ships to windward, part of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the squadron of Rear-Admiral de Ligny, and those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of the line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates. The French frigate *Armide* was directed to place herself alongside the outermost frigate, on the left hand entering the harbour; and the *Cambria*, *Glasgow*, and *Talbot* next to her, and abreast of the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*; the *Dartmouth*, the *Mosquito*, the *Rose*, the *Briek*, and the *Philomel* were to look after six fireships at the entrance of the harbour.

The forces thus brought into hostile contact seemed to render the experiment on the part of the allies sufficiently hazardous. The latter had ten

sail of the line, ten frigates, four sloops of war (one ship, three brigs), and three tenders (two French, one English), mounting 1324 guns. The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of three sail of the line, four double-banked frigates of sixty-four guns each, nineteen frigates, forty-nine corvettes and brigs, four transports, and several fireships, mounting 2240 guns, all arranged upon a most formidable plan of defence, and flanked by a strong battery.

Sir Edward Codrington having issued strict orders that not a gun should be fired unless the enemy commenced hostilities, the ships passed the Turkish batteries without the slightest molestation; they took up their position in the same awful silence, and for some time the hostile fleets seemed to gaze at each other, as if afraid to commence hostilities by the slightest menace. This delusive calm continued so long that the expectation of resistance seems to have died away on board the British squadron, and even the musical band of the *Asia* were quietly assembling as usual to play upon the quarter-deck, when all at once a discharge of musketry from the enemy was poured into the boats of the *Dartmouth*, which had been sent with a message, requesting the removal of the six fireships. This discharge killed Lieutenant Fitzroy and several of his men. Almost at the same instant two shots were fired into the *Syrene*, which cut the cable of the anchor that was prepared to be let go. This aggression produced a return, and the fire of small arms soon deepened into a general cannonade. The *Asia* was alongside the flagship of Tahir Pasha, the capitan bey, or Turkish admiral, and still nearer to the flagship of Moharem Bey, the Egyptian admiral; but, as the latter had sent a message to say that he would not fire, the *Asia* encountered the capitan's ship, and after receiving her antagonist's discharge, returned it so effectually with her double-shotted guns that the Turkish flagship went adrift, dismantled and a complete wreck. Moharem now seemed to forget his promise; a shot was fired from his ship upon a British boat, that had carried a message from Sir Edward to the Bey, by which Mr. Mitchell, his pilot, was killed, and this aggression was quickly followed by a general fire into the *Asia*. The latter ship, therefore, having disposed of the capitan, and a frigate acting with her against the *Asia*, was now hove upon her starboard spring, by which her larboard broadside was brought fully to bear upon the Egyptians, and discharged with such effect that the ship of Moharem was reduced to a mere wreck, and that of his second set on fire. In consequence of the deep canopy of smoke in which the *Asia* had been enveloped during this terrible encounter, and the subsequent explosion that took place, it was thought that she had perished, but as soon as the darkness had cleared away her flag was seen floating proudly over the seat of ruin, at which a shout of gladness from our ships resounded over the whole din of battle. For four hours this desperate conflict continued to rage, during which the Turks fought with even more than their wonted stubbornness and ferocity; but nothing could withstand the skill of the English leader and the emulous valour of the sailors of the three great European nations, now fighting for the first time side by side in the cause of justice and humanity. As fast as the Turkish ships were torn in pieces, or silenced by the irresistible

broad-sides of their antagonists, such of their crews as survived set them on fire and tried to escape on shore, so that the whole bay was gradually filled with masses of conflagration and shaken by tremendous explosions. In the *Asia*, which had so nobly borne the chief burden of the day, nineteen men were killed and fifty-seven wounded, and among the latter was the admiral's son, Mr. H. J. Codrington, then a midshipman. Sir Edward himself seemed to have escaped by a miracle. He constantly kept his station on the poop, although it was at one time so completely cleared by the enemy's fire that no person was left on it but himself; his watch was crushed in his fob by a bullet, and his clothes were torn with splinters, and on one occasion a cannon-shot just cleared his hat, and passed through the furled-up awning under which he was standing. As for the enemy, their immense superiority of numbers, and the stubborn valour with which they fought, only served to make their ruin more complete. Seventeen Turkish vessels were blown up during the action, and twenty were subsequently destroyed by the Turks themselves, that they might not become the prizes of the victors. Even the havoc and slaughter so peculiar to a sea-fight seemed on this day to be exceeded in the bay of Navarino.

It is gratifying to turn from such a spectacle to the noble conduct of the French, who now fought by the side of those whom for centuries they had been taught to consider as their natural enemies. While they emulated and even equalled the valour of our British sailors, their aid was as prompt and their courtesy as great towards their former foes as if extreme hate had been abandoned for an equally extreme affection. How glorious and how happy an event will be that of Navarino if Briton and Frenchman will thus ever unite, as the great representatives of civilisation and the chosen champions of order and humanity! On one occasion, among many gratifying examples that might be quoted, Captain Hugon, of the French frigate *L'Armide*, perceiving about three o'clock the *Talbot* unequally engaged with several of the enemy, gallantly bore up to her assistance. He dexterously winded his ship through the inner Turkish line, without interrupting the fire of the English vessel, and then poured such a heavy broadside into one of the frigates with which she had been engaged that the Mussulman was compelled to strike. On taking possession after this seasonable relief he hoisted the English flag along with his own upon the prize, to intimate that he had only completed what the English had begun—an acknowledgment that gained him the thanks and commendations of every British sailor. This chivalrous feeling on the part of the French was nobly reciprocated by the English. During one period of the engagement the *Armide* was in a like manner almost overpowered by numbers, when the *Rose*, captain Davies, gallantly bore to her assistance. She anchored within pistol-shot of two Turkish corvettes, and thus relieved the *Armide* in a few minutes—a service that was warmly acknowledged by the French admiral.

After the battle of Navarino Sir Edward Codrington, in conjunction with his colleague admirals, aided and encouraged the Greeks to establish an effective blockade, which they were then able to perform, since the destruction of the largest Turkish ships of war. This arrangement allowed the admirals to be employed in protecting the

embassies, the consulates, and the different Christian establishments on the shores of the Ottoman dominions, in preventing Ibrahim from devastating Greece, and obtaining supplies, which at last reduced him to the necessity of returning to Egypt. These measures being successful, Sir Edward, with the approbation of his colleagues, next proceeded to Alexandria, where he concluded a treaty with the pasha, August 6, 1828, for the return of the army, under the command of his son Ibrahim, then reduced to the last extremity. So anxious was Sir Edward to complete the service with which he had been charged that he undertook the responsibility of executing the treaty he had negotiated, that there might be no necessity for the employment of French troops in the Morea, which at first had been objected to by his own government, although he had been recalled from his command, and was then only waiting the arrival of his successor. Under that agreement, Ibrahim withdrew from the Morea with 22,000 men, leaving about 1200 men in the fortresses, as agreed, to excuse his father with the Porte. By these arrangements Sir Edward left little to be performed, but that his government should determine, in concert with France and Russia, the boundaries to be given to the new kingdom of Greece. He returned from Alexandria to Navarino, and there delivered up his command to his successor, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, August 22, 1828, ten months after the battle of Navarino.

In April, 1831, Sir Edward was appointed to the command of a squadron of observation in the Channel, on which occasion it was stated by the first lord of the Admiralty (Sir J. R. Graham) to be conferred as a mark of respect for his past services. In 1837 he was promoted to the rank of admiral of the blue, and was appointed to the command at Portsmouth, which was conferred on him to show to England and to all Europe that his services were now fully appreciated by the government. This appointment he held for the usual period of three years, and then returned to half-pay at the expiration of his command, in December, 1842.

He died on the 28th April, 1851, and was privately interred in the family vault, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

A TRIPLING EXCEPTION.

IN 1643 St. Prouil, the governor of Amiens, who depended much on a stratagem that he had conceived for seizing upon Arras, was anxious to engage a soldier named Courcelles to execute it. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most prudent soldier that I know, for a blow that will make your fortune. The business is to surprise Arras; and hear how I have planned it. You shall disguise yourself as a peasant, and go and sell fruit in the place. After you have done this some time, you must quarrel with some person and kill him with a poniard. You must suffer yourself to be taken, you will be tried on the spot, and be condemned to

be hanged. You know the custom of Arras is to have their executions out of the city. It is on this circumstance that my design depends. I will place an ambuscade near the gate by which you will be brought out. My people will seize on those who shall come out to witness the execution. I will march on the instant to our soldiers' assistance, and make myself master of the place and rescue you. This is my project: what do you say to it?" "It is fine," replied Courcelles, "but the thing deserves consideration." "It does," said St. Prouil; "think of it, and to-morrow let me have your resolution." The next day Courcelles waited on his commander. "Well, my brave fellow," said St. Prouil, "what do you think of my project now?" "Sir," replied Courcelles, "it is admirable; only I should like that you would give me the command of the ambuscade, and take yourself the basket of fruit."

HOW TO PREVENT A SURRENDER.

WHEN the Marshal de Belleisle left the celebrated officer Chevert at Pragno with 1800 men the inhabitants, pressed by famine within and a numerous army without, demanded that he should surrender the town. Upon this he seized several hostages from amongst the principal citizens, and shut them up in his own house, under which were a number of vaults filled with gunpowder, determined to blow them up with himself should the inhabitants insist on surrendering the city. He obtained all his demands, marched out of the town with the honours of war, and, in testimony of their admiration of his bravery, they presented him with two pieces of cannon.

AWFUL MILITARY THREAT.

SOME years ago a Mr. Smith, a young gentleman holding the office of ensign in a marching regiment, being invited to a ball at Turnham Green, ordered a pair of dancing pumps from Mr. Hoby, of St. James's Street. By some accident the pumps were not finished in time, and Ensign Smith was disappointed. The next day, in a furious military passion, he stalked into Hoby's shop and desired to see Mr. Hoby himself. The autocrat of bootmakers condescended to appear. Ensign Smith eyed him most savagely, and thus began:—"Mr. Hoby, sir, I desire to know, I wish to understand—tell me, sir, directly, why my pumps were not sent home, or I will withdraw my custom—I will, by heaven I will." The astonished Hoby said he would inquire, and begged the gentleman to be pacified. "Pacified, sir!" replied the ensign, "I'll be hanged if I do. Bring me my bill, I'll never deal with you any more. I withdraw my custom this moment!" The disconsolate bootmaker withdrew two steps and called his foreman. "Mr. Jones," said he, "close the shutters, shut up the shop, discharge the workmen, and lock the door; I am ruined—ruined irretrievably; Ensign Smith has withdrawn his custom!"

A TIGHT HAND WITH SHUFFLERS.

SIR THOMAS PICTON was one of the most able governors that Trinidad ever enjoyed. His way of treating debtors that had the means but wanted the will to pay was original: instead of undergoing the heavy delay of a Spanish law process, creditors were in the habit of going to Governor Picton. He would summon the debtor

before him, and ask him if the plaintiff's claim was just. If the defendant answered in the affirmative Picton rejoined, "Pay him, sir, immediately." Perhaps the defendant would remark that he had not the money at the moment. "When will you have it, sir?" "This day week." Here the governor would say, addressing the plaintiff, "Here is your money," at the same time paying him himself, and then, turning to the defendant, he would add, "Take care, sir, that you produce the money within ten days." This was enough, for few men would venture to trifle with the governor.

TRUE TO THEIR COLOURS.

WHEN the ensign-staff of the Russian regiment of Molowrisky was shot away, and the column defeated, at the battle of Austerlitz, the ensign wrapped the colours round his body next his shirt. Being afterwards wounded, he was taken prisoner and carried to Brunn, but died at the end of three days. He had but just time to discover the secret of his having the colours to a Russian soldier, a prisoner, who, getting possession of the ensign's money, purchased his own freedom, and, after a march of six weeks, returned with the colours to the Russian army in triumph.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PIRATES' NEST.

LEAVING the Malay below, under the careful surgery of Kennedy, Phil returned to the deck, and, calling his four most reliable officers about him, proceeded to give his directions.

A loud and hearty cheer, as if he had proposed a day of festive enjoyment, and not an expedition of danger and peril, burst in general chorus from the crew, as their young and loved skipper descended to his cabin, and every man scampered off, laughing and rejoicing, to his special duty.

The sound of the second stroke of two bells was yet ringing as Philip, fully equipped for action, ascended the companion stairs, closely followed by the Lascar, who, with his nationality disguised in sailors' slops and a pea-jacket, and his inward man replenished with food and drink, kept close to the commander's heels.

The schooner, under topsails and courses, was surging slowly ahead through a sea that was rapidly falling, and nearing the beautifully wooded and indented coast, that, only half a league ahead, extended as far as the eye could reach, presenting one vast expanse of bay, tree, and foliage.

Satisfied with the trim and speed of the *Avenger*, Philip next noted the perfect barricade of net-work that had been extended on either side from stem to stern as high up as the fore and main-top; the orderly manner, too, in which the half of the crew told off for duty on board were divided into larboard and starboard watches; and, finally,

looking through the netting, he perceived how punctually the long boat and launch, with their complement of hands, were lying under the shelter of the vessel's lofty side.

Having given a few words of general advice to Ben, who stood near the wheel, working the ship, Phil crossed to the open gangway, told the Lascar to take his place in the bows of the launch, and then seated himself forward, behind the native, and began to inspect the coast through his glass. He then passed the word to "give way" both boats, and, the launch leading, with long and steady strokes they stood off from the shelter of the *Avenger*, proceeding in line towards a small wooded island, dividing the shallow bay towards which they were making into two unequal channels.

"Are you sure, Hassan, that you have not mistaken the bearings, and that we are in the right track?" Phil asked, after a close inspection of the high hills and wooded solitude before them. "Those hills seem to rise directly behind that narrow forest, and the bay is so exposed and shallow that a cock-boat couldn't hide in it. You have made a mistake."

"Hassan know every tree as well as know him fader. No wrong, sahib," replied Hassan energetically.

"The trees on that side the island interlace with those of the other in such a manner that even the cutter could not be forced up that stream; the foliage, in fact, is lying on the water, and for a ship the thing is absurd."

"Sahib wait a little small bit; Hassan show if sahib let black rascal go stern."

"Certainly; if you can steer the launch to the spot you have described you shall; but hark, you black rascal, as you call yourself, if you keep your word you shall be rewarded well for your pains, but if I see the least attempt to deceive me, by Allah, as you say, and by the Lord, as I swear, I'll blow out your brains."

"Sahib was good to Hassan; black rascal not all bad. Sahib trust him lilly while longer."

"So I do. Here, Mannering, give up the tiller to the Lascar, and come forward to me."

With a smile of pride and confidence the Indian changed seats with the coxswain, and the launch, followed by the long boat, stood directly into the shallow bay, the upper end of which was indicated by a narrow margin of yellow sand.

"Can you see any creek or inlet in the bay where it is possible to hide so much as a felucca, Mannering?"

"No, your honour; the trees grow into the water on this side of the island, the same on the headland upon the other, and that bit of beach at the bottom shows it ain't possible there," replied Mannering.

"I shall have to shoot the fellow, after all, I see," replied his chief, looking to the caps of his revolver.

"What are them things growing out of the water, captain, that move about as if they had life in them?"

"Birds, Mannering—demoiselles, a kind of stork; many of them are nearly as tall as a man, and all of splendid colours. They will stand for hours on one leg, as you see them there, fishing: the moment a fish comes in their way, attracted by their bright legs, down go the long necks, and up comes the prey."

"Thunder and lightning! captain, I wouldn't have belied it," ejaculated Mannering, in astonishment. "There may be truth in the lying Malay after all. Look there, sir."

Unperceived by either, the boat had been steered up the middle of the bay, then suddenly put about, with the bows pointing to the angle where the island appeared, like a peninsula, to spring from the mainland. At the moment when Mannering looked up the boat was actually nearing the mouth of a small inlet or river, completely hid till close upon it by horizontal branches from the adjacent trees.

"This looks a likely place, and yet the hills are so near that there does not seem room enough for anything to be hid behind those trees."

Making a sign to the long boat to close up, Captain Maberly passed to the stern, and began to question Hassan closely.

Half a mile's rowing up a straight and tolerably wide river brought the boats to what appeared the end of their labours, for at first sight there seemed no further passage or outlet in that direction. A sudden reversal of the rudder, however, turned the launch's head directly into another channel, which, after a few strokes of the oars, led them into a small land-locked lake, of about half a mile in diameter. A dense wood of gigantic trees grew on the seaward or bay side of the lake, effectually shutting out all sight of what might be secreted in it. On the north or opposite margin the beach merged into a green sward or marshy plain, with solitary trees, or clumps of three or four, growing at irregular distances, while in the background rose the range of lofty hills that seemed completely to shut in the isolated spot.

A Dyak village, built like dove-cotes on the out-down stems of trees, or on scaffoldings erected for the purpose, surrounded by a platform walk, was scattered about, several hundred tenements constituting a town, and the principal residence of a pirate chief.

Lying in the centre of the peaceful lake, with every spar and line in perfect symmetry and order, with her sails brailed up, and ready at a moment's warning to put to sea, there, before their eyes, and sitting like a bird upon the water, was the twin schooner, the lost *Diadem*.

A timely admonition from Philip alone checked the vociferous hurrah with which both crews were on the point of greeting this discovery.

"Silence, every man!" exclaimed the commander, addressing both boats. "They have not seen us yet from the shore, and we must get under his counter before the enemy knows of our presence. Steady, and pull gently."

With a stealthy creeping process, the oars hardly sounding as they touched the water, the boats advanced abreast, till, at a signal from Phil, they both diverged, the long boat to reach the port, and the launch the starboard quarter. At that moment an explosion shook the air and boomed through the hills like thunder, a storm of grape and canister flew over the boats, while a yell of savages was answered by a deafening cheer, as long boat and launch dashed at their prize.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CUTTING OUT THE DIADEM.

WHEN to the savage yells which only Dyak pirates can make when their predatory passions

are excited, and they grow demonic with the smell of blood, is added the clash of cymbals, the boom of gongs, the sharp roar of gingalls and howitzers, and the shrill scream of women, we shall have a faint idea of the discord that answered the hurrah of the *Avenger's* men as the two boats pulled furiously for the bows of the *Diadem*.

"Stop those cursed gongs and cymbals," shouted Philip, as, with his cutlass in his teeth, he climbed over the starboard quarter of the schooner, followed like bees by his crew; "they are being used as a signal for assistance. And you, Mannering, turn one of those bow-chasers on that house, under which the women are shrieking. Knock the place about their ears, but don't hurt them. Quick! Now, lads, forward!"

Brief as had been his speech, before it was well finished the two boarding parties had rushed on some score of Dyaks, who, abaft the mainmast, were fighting like furies, dealing fearful gashes with their cresces, and firing their pistols point-blank at all who approached.

With a shout to his crew, the young captain threw himself on the yelling Dyaks, and, swinging his cutlass right and left with deadly execution, soon laid two of them at his feet. The others, aghast at his bravery, gave way, broke up into two parties, and retreated to either side of the quarter-deck, leaving the howitzers and gingalls they had not yet reloaded in the hands of the boarders.

While this had been taking place near the mainmast, Mannering, having loaded the port-swivel, had fired at the building with so true an aim that it was shattered in a thousand pieces, effectually dispersing the women beneath it, and who in their terror forgot to scream.

Almost at the same moment two of the launch's men, conducted by the *Lascar*, descended into the forecabin, and, working their way by a secret door into the forward and main holds, came unperceived upon four Dyaks, who at an open port-hole were clashing their cymbals and gongs as fast as their hands could be made to beat.

Hardly stopping to be attacked, the pirates, on observing the glittering cutlasses, threw down their instruments, and, like so many monkeys, ran up a couple of ropes that hung over the combings of the hatch, and gained the deck before the *Lascar*, who was the most forward, could reach the last with his sword.

Returning to the bows by the way they had left, the two men were ordered by the second mate to follow him to the boats. Having cut the cable that secured the *Diadem* to a keel, and thrown a couple of hawsers over the bows, he and three others descended to the boats, bent their shoulders manfully to their task, and the next moment the *Diadem* was slowly moving through the water.

While these steps were taking place forward the fight was still obstinately continued on the quarter-deck. At one time Philip sent off a portion of his small crew to assist in getting the prize into the bay, and under the guns of the *Avenger*. At that moment, when his party was thus weakened, the starboard band of pirates made a sudden onslaught on their antagonists, and succeeded, after a fierce but unavailing op-

position, in driving them back and uniting with their friends.

Though numbers lay dead and wounded, the enemy still presented a front of more than two to one, and Phil, seeing the folly of exposing his crew to such a murderous and unequal contest, called them off, and ordered them to retreat in front of the mainmast. He only waited to see his order executed, when, wheeling round the swivel which Mannering had loaded with grape, he fired it upon the yelling Dyaks.

The effect of that discharge was terrific, for, the pirates being massed together, more than half were maimed or killed; the survivors, scattering themselves in all directions, fled to the poop, sprang into the ratlines, or wherever they could find a shelter from the pursuing enemy. Many in their despair flung their oreeses at their opponents' heads, and, though the lake was swarming with alligators, sprang with yells into the water.

"No quarter, Mannering! give them no quarter!" shouted Phil, wiping the blood off his eyes, from a pistol-shot. "The rascals behind the yards are taking deliberate aim." As he spoke one of his men roared and fell across his feet. "Down with every one!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! Shout, lads! shout!" cried Mannering in his enthusiasm. "She is ours; we are entering the strait that leads into the outer river. And there comes another rascal," he added, as the body of a wounded Dyak fell from the cross-trees into the lake. "Another, and I think the last. No, there's a third. Down, you beggar! down!" and, presenting his pistol, he fired into the rigging of the foremast.

However grateful to the wounded skipper was the cheer that rang shrill and clear on the sultry air, it had been well for him had he left the fugitives in the rigging and followed out the plan he had proposed to himself before boarding—namely, the moment the deck was in his possession to hasten to the cabin.

Fatal mistake! unhappy oversight!

Had those yelling fiends ceased for a moment their hideous noise he must, in the pauses of the fight, have heard that imploring voice raised to its highest pitch, and burdened only with his name, supplicating in the tenderest words for aid and deliverance.

Fate, however, had decided otherwise.

At the very time the swivel was fired, a boat, the only one on shore at the time, left a hidden creek at the end of the Indian town, with the chief and four of his European crew, nearly all in fact that the shallop would carry.

Nixon had been recalled by the gongs and screams from a secret expedition, and had no idea of being able to recapture the schooner, which he surmised was in the possession of nearly all the *Avenger's* crew, wherever that hated vessel herself might be. If he could not, however, retake his capture now, he made little doubt of effecting that result at some future day, when he would pay off the many deadly hatreds he bore against Philip—pay them off, ay, in blood.

Consoled and gratified with this prospective vengeance, he had it still in his power to strike a glorious blow at the lover's heart, and for this gratification he was prepared to risk his life. For better security, before setting out that morning,

he had confined his two most valued prisoners in the ladies' cabin of the *Diadem*, had battened down the companion, and so secured the stern windows that escape was impossible. But who could have betrayed the schooner's whereabouts was a point that troubled him sorely, for that it had been discovered by search he knew to be next to impossible.

It was to release his prisoner, and rob his enemy of his greatest triumph, that Nixon now guided his frail bark with a stealthy but rapid progress towards the captured schooner. The commotion on deck so effectually diverted all attention that Nixon succeeded in placing his shallop under shelter of the high stern of the *Diadem* at the moment when Phil, having received his wound from the rigging, was directing all his attention to the extermination of the few scattered Dyaks.

At the moment when Mannering fired his pistol into the foretop, Bill, who had been one of the foremost in every danger, and had fought like a lion, being in the main-trunks, saw something on the water that roused his suspicion, and, seizing one of the lanyards, descended with the velocity of a plummet on the deck in front of his officer.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked Phil. "You look anxious."

"Sahib! sahib!" shouted the Lascar from the main-chains, pointing to the stern of the vessel.

"You may save her yet; she's here, captain, and that scoundrel Nixon is carrying her off. See, the boat!" cried the boatswain.

"Here, sahib; here Nixon, bad sahib;" and the Lascar and Philip rushed to the taffrail, where the boat, with four hands and Nixon holding the fainting Louise in his arms, was seen rapidly leaving the ship.

"Dat Nixon, dat de bad sahibs;" and the native gesticulated eagerly at the ruffian in the stern-sheets.

"Oh! it's you? You are there, are you? Curse you!" shouted Nixon at the Lascar. "I'll take care you shan't betray me twice. Take that, you son of a dog!" and, raising his pistol, he fired; Hassan put both hands to his head, and without a groan, fell backwards on the poop.

The report of the weapon woke Louise from her trance, when, opening her eyes and beholding her lover on the deck, she held up her arms, imploringly crying—

"Help me, Philip! Oh! help my father! My father! help! Philip!"

"My God! it is Louise," he exclaimed, as if rousing from a painful trance. "I come, Louise! I come to save you! The launch! the launch! I come, love. I'll follow you to the end of the world."

"Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Nixon, with devilish malice, as the boat flew across the lake.

"Here you are, captain; I got her all ready as soon as possible," cried Bill, pointing to the gangway.

Two bounds placed the half-distracted Philip at the open gangway, when he sprang into the launch, and six powerful sweeps sent the boat flying through the water after the retreating shallop, Bill dropping into the stern as she passed the taffrail.

"With a will, my lads; pull with a will!"

cried Philip, with a voice almost choked with emotion.

The boatswain stepped forward to the swivel, and, after examining the priming, sat down by the piece, that was ready for instant service. As Bill took his seat the *Diadem* disappeared in the outer channel.

"They have landed, boatswain, they have disappeared, and we shall lose them;" and the young skipper groaned in bitterness of spirit, as the shallop entered the hidden inlet from which she had so lately issued.

"Don't give way, governor; we'll have her yet all safe and sound, bless her purty eyes; we'll have her, never fear."

"Oh! Bill, I've been such a fool, that I fear I have lost her for ever."

"No sich thing, governor. Avast, there, this will do; now, captain, we'll get ashore."

Stopping a moment to give some instructions to the six men in charge, the boatswain sprang after his captain and Mannering, who had leaped on shore the moment the boat grounded.

Leaving the Dyak village on their right and entering one of the vistas of the forest, they soon became conscious of the tramping of horses. Possessed with a sudden idea, Philip fired one of the barrels of his revolver in the air, and then cried loudly—

"Louise! Louise! Answer, where are you?"

"Here, Philip, this way; help, Phil—"

For a moment the voice was heard near and distinct, then it abruptly stopped, with only half his name articulated.

"The scoundrel has gagged her," groaned the lover, in his rage.

"We are on their track, at any rate; the sound came right from that thicket," cried Mannering, as he handed Philip his rifle.

Rushing across the glade the three men dashed through the dense undergrowth and found themselves in a long open vista, where they had the happiness of observing the object of all their solicitude only a few fathoms in advance.

A band of Nixon's ruffians were walking at their utmost speed, four on each side, as a guard to a horse, on which Louise was sitting erect, bound to the saddle, Nixon grasping the reins.

A cry of rage burst from the pirates as they discovered themselves exposed, and the walk instantly became a run. But, darting after them with the speed of an antelope, Phil rapidly shortened the distance till Nixon was well within range. He then raised his rifle, but, while fixing the sight, the ruffian sprang on the horse in front of Louise.

With a cry of mingled rage and indignation Phil dropped the butt of his rifle on the ground, and invoked curses on the villain's head, while a derisive laugh from Nixon told how he enjoyed his enemy's mortification.

"Never give way, captain; though we have lost sight of 'em for a minute, we are still on their trail safe enough," observed the boatswain, cheerfully, as he and Mannering came up to where Phil was leaning dependingly on his rifle.

"We are well armed, captain, have plenty of resolution, and will follow up the chase over the whole island if it should be necessary; but we will find and save her," Mannering exclaimed.

"Come now, look bright; there's no give-in either in me or Mannering as long as we've a stump to toddle on," added Bill.

"That's it, lads; and I see now that I've no right to imperil your lives in an affair entirely my own. Heaven knows how many of my brave crew have met with death and wounds in my cause already, and that thought makes me miserable. Before we go farther from the shore, you two return and get on board the *Avenger*; tell Ben to put Johnson and half the crew in the *Diadem*, and return to Singapore without an hour's delay, and stay there till he hears from me. For my own part I am resolved to follow up the pursuit alone and at my own risk, the *Avenger* of course keeping on the coast and waiting for a signal."

"Is that your determination, captain?" demanded Bill, with emphasis.

"Yes, Bill, it is," replied his officer, equally firm.

"Then I'll mutiny, and refuse obeying orders," retorted the boatswain; and, seating himself on a fallen tree, he began to load his rifle and revolver, tighten his belt, and finally to wipe and sheath his cutlase. "As long as you keep on the trail, so long will I stick by you, and you needn't trouble yourself with saying any more about the matter. You never said anything so unkind as 'I've bin' on your ship's books.'"

"To all which I says ditto," broke in Mannering. "I'm a mutineer, too, and means to stick by you to the last, not only 'cause I likes you, captain, but because I likes Miss Louise, too, and mean to be in at her taking and at Nixon's death. There, now, I've spoke my say." And, taking a seat by Bill, the quartermaster set too furbishing his arms as the boatswain had done.

"As for Ben, you don't think as how he'd trip his anchor and run while you was left ashore with them murdering Dyaks. It ain't likely; and, as for me, if I was to go back he'd just as likely as not lay the cat on my back for being such a sneak as to leave you alone; and, though it wouldn't be just the ticket for the mate to lay on to the boatswain, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't richly deserve it. As for killed and wounded, you need not trouble your head on that score; we haven't lost a man, and the hurts, though severe, are not dangerous. But, if they were, Kennedy is a first-rate doctor. So as you can't get rid of us, captain, I propose we first have a few minutes rest, and take a mouthful of grub, for what with your wound and the fatigue, you are quite done over, and, as slow and sure is better than more haste and less speed, we will follow just on the outside of their line, and see what we can do of a night in getting Miss Rowland off."

"You are right, both of you, and I am sorry I acted so petulantly. Believe me, I am deeply grateful for your devotion," Philip replied, taking a seat by his two faithful companions, and like them attending to the state of his revolvers and rifle. "By following at a distance, but sufficiently near we may find an opportunity of conversing with her at night. So let us share what food we have, and then start on our trail."

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[GENERAL POLLOCK'S SOLDIERS FORCING THE KHYBER PASS.]

THE RETRIBUTION ON THE AFFGHANS.

WE have already told the reader how a British army under General Elphinstone perished in the

heart of Afghanistan by the cruelty and treachery of Akbar Khan. We have now to speak of Sir Robert Sale, who, though his wife was a daughter of Akbar, held the Afghan city of Jellalabad in defiance of her captor. We shall also

the bold advance of a relieving army, and the final vengeance taken by our soldiers on the destroyers of their unfortunate comrades.

Instead of giving way to vain sorrow and useless repining, or dreaming of flight from the coming vengeance of Akbar Khan, the garrison of Jellalabad occupied themselves with strong arms and stout hearts in preparing to give the ruthless monster such a reception as he merited at the hands of British soldiers. For this purpose every possible exertion was made to reduce the consumption of provisions and to procure fresh supplies, while the difficult task of placing the town in a respectable state of defence was carried on with vigour and success. By the 22nd of January the place was surrounded by an Afghan army of 9000 men, including 2500 good cavalry, commanded by Akbar Khan in person. This perfidious chief, who had formerly been governor of Jellalabad himself, made the most strenuous efforts to establish a rigorous blockade, while the ravines, hollows, and remains of mosques and mud-forts outside the walls were filled with skirmishers, who kept up an incessant fire on the parapets.

Fortunately, Sir Robert Sale had provisions enough for three or four months, and his foraging parties were so well conducted that they gathered grass for their horses and cattle in spite of the enemy, who possessed but little skill in siege operations, whatever they might display in butchering a helpless enemy in their murderous defiles. The courage of the garrison was further kept up by intelligence that Colonel Wyld was preparing to march to their relief, and that General Pollock, with a fresh army from India, was crossing the Punjaub. As, however, a long time must elapse before a march of 500 or 600 miles could be effected, the garrison of Jellalabad wisely determined to trust to their own resources; and, by skilful and incessant labour, they had brought the tottering old walls into a defensible state, capable of resisting any Asiatic army unprovided with battering trains, when it pleased Providence to destroy the whole of their work by a tremendous earthquake, by which all the parapets were shaken down, several of the bastions injured, a considerable breach made in the curtain of the Peshawur face, the Cabool gate reduced to a shapeless mass of ruins, and about one-third of the town itself demolished.

But this did not paralyse the energies of either officers or men. The shocks had scarcely ceased when the whole garrison was told off into working parties, and the numerous breaches repaired with such rapidity that Akbar Khan, in stupid amazement, ascribed the whole to English witchcraft. Various skirmishes took place from time to time between the besiegers and the besieged, and repeated sorties were made with spirit, gallantry, and military skill, which were finally crowned by a decisive and brilliant attack on the camp of the Sirdar on the 7th of April.

At daybreak on that morning the British troops issued from the Cabool and Peshawur gates, and found the whole force of the enemy, amounting to about 6000, formed in order of battle, their right resting on a fort, and their left on the Cabool river. Sir Robert Sale formed his troops in three columns, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie, Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith, and Captain Havelock. The columns were to be supported

by the fire of the guns, and by the small cavalry force at Jellalabad.

The attack was led by the skirmishers and column under Captain Havelock, who soon drove in the enemy's advance, while the central column attacked a strong fort which covered that part of Akbar's line, when the gallant Colonel Dennie was mortally wounded while leading his column to the assault. The rear of this work having been gained with some difficulty, orders were given for a combined attack on the enemy's line, the artillery advancing at the gallop, and the three columns of infantry rushing on in concert. The enemy gave way instantly at all points, his left being dislodged from his posts on the river, and men and horses driven headlong into it. Vigorous attempts were made to rally, particularly by masses of cavalry, while a battery under cover of a garden wall was directed, it was supposed, by Akbar himself. In a very short time the foe was dislodged from every part of his position, his guns captured, his camp involved in flames, and Akbar Khan with his discomfited army in full retreat towards Lughman.

In the meantime, as soon as the first disasters at Cabool had become known to government, all the troops that could be spared from the north of India were pushed forward into Afghanistan, and General POLLOCK, a gallant and clear-headed officer, was fortunately appointed to command all the troops west of the Indus. By the beginning of April his force amounted to about 8000 men of all arms, and, though this was scarcely adequate to the object of relieving the blockaded garrisons in Afghanistan, releasing the prisoners, and striking such a blow as might restore our military prestige, which had materially suffered by the late events, he determined to fight his way through the Khyber Pass without waiting for a further reinforcement of 4000 men which was expected. This tremendous defile was defended by about 10,000 brave mountaineers, thoroughly skilled in this species of warfare. They had raised a strong breastwork to defend the narrow entrance, and their bands covered all the rocky and precipitous heights on the right and left, whence they could take sure aim against the column, which could only march on the road beneath.

To have penetrated through this passage exposed to so terrible a fire would have been scarcely possible, and certainly not without dreadful carnage. The general saw that the only means of securing success was to send troops to scale the heights, and dislodge the enemy posted upon them. This was a most formidable operation; but British soldiers, when properly commanded, had shown themselves able to vanquish the enemy under almost any circumstances. Two flanking columns were therefore formed, of twelve companies each, the right under Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor and Major Anderson, and the left under Lieutenant-Colonel Mosely and Major Huish, while 400 of the native troops were led by Captain Ferris.

On the 5th of April General Pollock found himself in a condition to move forward to force the pass; and the task was accomplished, not indeed without difficulty, but with complete success. Both columns, in the face of a determined opposition, which they overcame in the most gal-

lant style, effectually expelled the enemy from the crest of the hill; and in this achievement they were much aided by Captain Alexander, of the Artillery, who threw in shrapnell shells wherever opportunity offered. The assailants thus continued to drive the opposing force from height to height, till they had cleared the whole range as far as the fort of Ali Musjid. At the view of this success the barrier at the mouth of the pass was abandoned, and the body of the army, with treasure, ammunition, and baggage, marched through without opposition. This grand operation was accomplished with the incredibly small loss of fourteen killed, 104 wounded, and seventeen missing, the first including one, and the second three officers.

On the 6th of April the fort of Ali Musjid was attacked, and possession taken after a slight resistance: a full command was thus obtained of the Khyber Pass, and the route lay open to Jellalabad, where General Pollock arrived with little further opposition on the 16th, under a joyful salute of seventeen guns from the garrison, while the two united and victorious armies hailed each other with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, now decided that General Pollock from Jellalabad, and General Nott from Candahar, should march upon Cabool, expel Akbar Khan, rescue the prisoners, and level with the ground all the strong fortresses.

The orders for this advance, however, were not issued till the middle of July, and in the interim our army at Jellalabad had been strengthened by a brigade under General Bolton. The troops meantime were somewhat straitened for provisions, the heat became intense, and dysentery, with other diseases, began to be prevalent. Bands of the enemy again hovered round and rendered it impracticable to stir beyond cover of the fortifications without the danger of being speared, the camels and other beasts of burden perished in great numbers, and the troops were depressed at the little prospect there appeared of avenging the injuries sustained by their countrymen. Detachments were, however, sent out to keep open the passes, and to overawe as well as punish refractory chiefs. On the 20th of June twenty-five forts of the Goolai tribe, a desperate race of freebooters, were captured, and a considerable supply of provisions procured from them; and on another occasion thirty-five forts were set on fire belonging to the Shinwarees, another fierce band, who had refused tribute, and boasted that no conqueror had ever entered their valley.

On the 20th of August General Pollock moved from Jellalabad, and was at Gundamak on the 23rd, the enemy occupying in force the village and fort of Mammoo Khail, only two miles distant. To dislodge them he marched on the 24th, and found them stationed in an orchard with some inclosures, having their front covered by field-works of loose stones. From these positions they were driven into the village, where they made a show of resistance, but retired as our troops advanced. The fort and another village in the vicinity were speedily occupied by British troops, while others drove the enemy from the hills. Upon the more elevated and precipitous of these a stand was sometimes made and a sharp fire of juzzails maintained; but the vigour with which the various attacks were pressed rendered these

attempts unavailing, and the whole of the enemy's camp equipage, with their carriage cattle, fell into the hands of the English. The troops employed on this occasion were the 9th Foot, two regiments of Bengal Native Infantry, two squadrons of Light Cavalry, some Sappers and Miners, and a light field battery.

General Pollock spent about a fortnight in this place, collecting his troops, and making arrangements for their further advance. On the 6th of September he began his final movement upon Cabool with the first division of his army, commanded by Sir Robert Sale, the second division, under General McCaskill, being left to follow on the 8th, on the morning of which day the British troops approached the terrible Pass of Jugduluk. Here the enemy, nearly 5000 strong, under the standards of different chiefs, had crowned the amphitheatre of hills on the left of the road, whence they were separated by a deep ravine. They opened a formidable fire on the advancing column, which caused several casualties in the British ranks. Our guns were well served, and shells burst among the enemy with powerful effect; but, as their fire did not slacken, it was found necessary to scale the heights. This was done effectually by a party led by Captains Wilkinson and Broadfoot. The force, in rushing up the steep, raised an animated and enthusiastic cheer, on hearing which the enemy fled panic-stricken down the opposite declivities.

General Pollock now proceeded with the utmost diligence, skirmishing in a similar manner, and driving the Affghans before him in soldier-like style, over that ground whereon, a few months before, they basely and treacherously slew the helpless mass of our disabled soldiers and camp followers. On the morning of the 13th the army entered the Pass of Tazeen, and found mustered there the whole Cabool force, estimated at 16,000 men, under the personal command of Akbar, Amenoolah, and other great chiefs attached to his cause.

The Affghans had most carefully improved the naturally great strength of the position, and manifested a determination to defend it to the last extremity. When, therefore, the British troops ascended the heights they found the enemy, contrary to custom, advancing to the contest, which was maintained with desperation, and in many instances decided only by the bayonet. It was peculiarly obstinate before they were dislodged from the numerous positions on the lofty eminence of the Huft Kohtul. The resistance was indeed protracted during a great part of the day, but at length our troops, with three cheers, established themselves on this mighty summit, and the victory was complete.

The power of the Affghans was so broken in this action that General Pollock met with no further opposition, even in the dreadful Pass of Khoord Cabool, and on the 15th of September, 1842, he encamped on the race-ground at Cabool, where he was joined a few days after by General Nott. On the morning of the 16th, with his staff and a party of troops, General Pollock entered the Bala Hissar, on whose summit he planted the colours of his country, amidst the shouts of the soldiers, the roar of artillery, and the inspiring strains of the national anthem.

After so many disasters the Affghans retreated into the mountain territory of Kohistan, imme-

diately north of Cabool, taking refuge in Istaliff, the grand rallying-point to which most of the chiefs had conveyed their wives and property. General Pollock, however, determined to dislodge them, and a force was despatched for this purpose under General McCaskill.

This town, with 15,000 inhabitants, consists of clusters of houses and forts built on the slope of a mountain, having in its rear still loftier eminences that shut in a defile leading to Turkistan. It could only be approached across ranges of hills separated by dark ravines, and covered with gardens, vineyards, and orchards inclosed by strong walls, all the heights being occupied by those formidable sharpshooters the Juzailchees. The troops, however, in two columns, under Brigadiers Tullock and Stacey, stormed this formidable position with distinguished gallantry. Pressing on and leaving the enemy not a moment to rally, they carried successively all the inclosures, forts, heights, suburbs, and finally the town, when the singular spectacle was presented of the women and children hastening up the mountain side to effect their escape, which no attempt was made to intercept. The place was found filled with property, conveyed thither for security, and mostly taken from our army in 1841. After removing everything that could be useful, arrangements were made for the entire demolition of the fortress.

We have now the gratifying task of noticing the release of the unhappy captives who had been so long in the hands of Akbar Khan. On the 25th of August this ruthless ruffian kept his threat by hurrying off his prisoners towards Turkistan. On the 3rd of September they had reached Bameean, every indignity having been heaped upon them by the way. There they were halted under an old fort, waiting for fresh orders. On the 11th Saleh Mahomed, who had charge of them, and was "a man that would do anything for money," signed an agreement with five of the British officers to make them over to the British general on condition of receiving 20,000 rupees, and an allowance for life of 1000 rupees per month. Saleh then dismissed the escort, and changed the governor of the fort for one on whom he could rely. Dreading lest the Afghan army, even in its retreat, should take this direction, they made indefatigable efforts to put the stronghold in a state of defence, determined, as Lady Sale says, to hold out until the arrival of assistance, even though they should be reduced to eat the rats and mice, of which they had a grand stock in the old fort!

General Pollock, immediately on arriving at Cabool, had made arrangements for the departure of 700 Kuzzilbash horse in search of them, accompanied by Sir Richmond Shakespeare, to whom he advanced 10,000 rupees; and soon after Sir Robert Sale followed with a corps of 2000 men. The prisoners departed from Bameean on the 16th, and next day crossed the Kaloo mountain-range, 13,000 feet high, being little inferior to Mont Blanc. After descending they were filled with joy by meeting with Sir Richmond and the Kuzzilbashes on the 17th, and on the 19th with General Sale. "It is impossible," says the heroic Lady Sale, in her simple but affecting language, "to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself happiness, so long delayed as to be almost unexpected,

was even painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted they cheered all the captives as they passed them, and the men of the 13th (Sir Robert Sale's regiment) pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of their colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long-withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain-train guns, and not only our old friends, but all the officers of the party, came to offer congratulations and welcome our return from captivity."

The total number of all who were released on this occasion was 122, of whom nine were ladies, including Lady Macnaghten and Lady Sale, and the wives of three non-commissioned officers or privates, twenty-two children, and thirty-four officers, including Major-General Shelton (General Elphinstone having died in captivity); the rest, with the exception of two or three regimental clerks, were British non-commissioned officers or privates.

Some of the first sad occupations of our troops on reaching Cabool had been to collect the bones of their slaughtered countrymen and fellow-soldiers, and to give them interment. In some places the skeletons lay in heaps. They were nearly all headless, the Afghans having carried off most of the skulls as trophies. Horrible agonising efforts were made by some of our officers and men to recognise, in shattered bones and skulls, the mortal remains of some dear friend and comrade. On the spot where the 44th Regiment made their last heroic stand more than 200 skeletons were found lying close together.

No further operations were undertaken against the enemy. Akbar, and other chiefs whom it might have been desirable to punish for their perfidy, had fled beyond the frontier and sought refuge in Turkistan. It was, however, considered indispensable that, before departing, a severe lesson should be given to the Afghans as to the hazards which must always attend a war with Britain. The great bazaar, erected under Aurunzebe, was esteemed the most spacious edifice and the chief seat of trade in Central Asia. It was 600 feet long, and contained 2000 shops; and here, after his murder by Akbar Khan, had been exposed to public insult the remains of the late Sir William Macnaghten, our envoy. It was, therefore, determined to reduce it to ashes; and Colonel Richmond, with a party of Sappers and Miners and a detachment of troops, was employed two days in completing its destruction.

The speedy approach of winter now gave warning to lose no time in evacuating a country which had been the scene of so much glory and disaster. Accordingly on the 12th of October the army marched on its return to India in three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Pollock, McCaskill, and Nott, General Sale being sent with a light corps in advance to clear the flanks and crown the heights of the Khoord Cabool Pass. Some annoyance was experienced from the Ghiljies and the Khyberies on the march, which occasioned several casualties in the rear division;

but with these exceptions the troops arrived in safety at Ferozepore on the 18th of November, where they were joyfully received by the governor-general and the commander-in-chief. To the rough encounters of "grim-visaged war" now succeeded the soft dalliance and gorgeous pageantry of dinners, balls, and reviews; and on one of these festive occasions, in proposing the health of General Sale and the brave garrison of Jellalabad, Lord Ellenborough said that it was they who had saved the name and fame of the British Empire in India.

LIEUTENANT ROBB AT NAVARINO.

ALTHOUGH the victory over the Turkish fleet at Navarino is little remembered and less admired, yet one of its incidents, the heroism of Lieutenant Robb, should by no means lose a place in our collection.

The *Hind*, a cutter of 160 tons, mounting ten 6-pounder carronades, and manned with a crew of thirty men, had, about two months preceding the action, been entrusted to the command of Lieutenant John Robb. He immediately turned his attention to rendering his crew expert in the use of the guns and small arms, and by dint of constant daily exercise he had the proud satisfaction of soon finding his men second to none in these important parts of a British seaman's duty. The *Hind* had been sent with despatches to Zante, and only arrived off Navarino as the allied squadrons were entering that port. Lieutenant Robb immediately cleared his little vessel for action, got springs on the cables, and followed into the harbour just in time to find the action begun.

With the greatest coolness and gallantry he anchored the cutter, with her broadside bearing on the stern of a Turkish 62-gun frigate, within forty yards of her, and commenced a steady fire. The intrepid behaviour of the commander imparted to the crew feelings of the greatest coolness and confidence, so that not a shot was thrown away, for no confusion existed; and the havoc made by this raking fire of five well-supplied and well-directed double-shot guns must have been dreadful. Exposed to the fire of a corvette on one bow, a brig on the other, and a frigate at some distance on the quarter, it may be supposed the *Hind* did not escape without injury. In little more than three-quarters of an hour from the commencement her cable was shot away, when it became necessary to have recourse to the other anchor, which, however, was found to be broken by a shot into two pieces. That part still attached to the cable was let go, with a spring fast to it, in the hope of being enabled therewith to maintain the cutter's position. This, however, was found to be insufficient to spring her broadside across the stern of the frigate, and after a time she drifted between the corvette and the brig, maintaining that situation for more than half an hour, and keeping up a heavy fire from both sides, when the Turkish brig blew up.

The action was then continued with the corvette for fifteen minutes, when the cutter's last cable was also shot away. As he could no longer maintain his position, nor get a gun to bear effectually on the enemy, and finding his vessel suf-

fering much from the fire which he could not return, this brave young officer sent his crew below, only remaining on deck himself, to observe and seize upon the first favourable opportunity which should present itself of again being an annoyance to his antagonist.

After drifting about in the hottest part of the action for a considerable time, the *Hind* at length ran her boom into one of the main-deck ports of a large Turkish frigate. The men were instantly called up, and so expert had they become in the use of their small arms that, notwithstanding the immense disparity of numbers, they effectually succeeded in repulsing, with great loss, the repeated attempts of the enemy to board. The Turks, finding every exertion by this means to become masters of the cutter fail, crowded into a large boat astern, to the number of sixty, with the intention of boarding, in which there appeared to be every probability of success, dividing the attention, as it must have done, of the handful of heroes who were so bravely defending their little vessel. Lieutenant Robb, not losing for a moment his self-command in this awful and critical juncture, loaded some of his guns with grape, canister, and round shot to the muzzles, fired two of them which he thought would bear, and the boat was seen no more! At this instant the cutter drifted clear of the frigate, and not long afterwards the action terminated.

In so desperate an affray it may be supposed the *Hind* suffered very considerably. Out of her crew of thirty, the mate, two seamen, and one marine were killed, and a midshipman and nine seamen wounded, several severely; three guns were split and dismantled, twenty-three round shot had passed through the hull, and all the spars, sails, and rigging cut to pieces.

The foregoing account was collected from several eye-witnesses to this gallant achievement, and corresponds in every important particular with the cutter's log-book.

PURSUED BY TIGERS.

ABOUT three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil I found there two travellers who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer, and a young midshipman named Lincoln. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together, and we accordingly set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman Frank, and two Indians as guides.

On beginning to ascend the mountain the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch, the parquets chattered incessantly, and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry.

Towards evening our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone, and after a short conference we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm.

We then continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base, but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon perceived that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and so humid that the steelwork of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity, and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountain passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath, everywhere a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. When the storm had somewhat abated our guides ventured out, in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey.

The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark that if we moved a few paces from the entrance we could not see an inch before us, and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon his

hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise, and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of—" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!" At the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my firearms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession, and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength, for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place, and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness. "Aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, which seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave, and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off

the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton. "We have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning, and the tiger, which heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws; but, having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing; he had strangled the two cubs, and before we were aware of his intention he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action I perceived, by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs, being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she

had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed, and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not with all our united power held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless she approached the tiger, which lay stretched out besides his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition, but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave.

In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance, and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself passed over the chasm in safety, but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest, and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground.

Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws, and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing.

The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost; but Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched and violently turned the sword, that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance, but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt-end upon the head of the tiger that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself, but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror; then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch, but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night.

In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repossess

the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination, and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy, but the whole tribe assembled round us and uttered piercing cries of grief when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Some hastened away in search of the body, and I remained with my wounded friend, who still lay insensible to everything around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me; it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs, and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe.

ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT BOYS.

EDWARD BOYS, a midshipman of H. M.'s ship *Phæbe*, was taken prisoner in 1803, while detached in an armed boat off the harbour of Toulon, and carried into that port. After confinement for some time at Verdun he was transferred to Valenciennes, from amidst the circumvallations of which fortress he, with three other English midshipmen, none of them upon parole, made such an escape as seamen only might seem capable of accomplishing.

"Our intentions were," says he, "to march by the sea-side, and range the coast to Brekens, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing; and, if means of getting afloat were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and about mid-channel to rise and seize the vessel. It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise. Indeed, things were so promising an appearance that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers. Eight of them were accordingly sent for: to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them; reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting our threats into execution, in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt; upon which, it being a quarter-past eight, Hunter and myself, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker, or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends and departed. We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the

back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and as they receded again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen thick, and, it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost caution we crept upon the summit and down the breastwork towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of '*Sentinelle prenez garde à vous*,' similar to our 'All's well.' This, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest; about two feet behind I did the same with the stake, fastening a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake; this done, we made the well-rope secure round the poker, and gently let it down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the drawbridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half-chimney, as it were, by the rope. When I had reached about two-thirds of the way down part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest: this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise.

I crossed the bridge and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the ravelin, proceeded through the arched passage, which forms an obtuse angle, with a massive door leading to the upper citadel, and with my picklock endeavoured to open it; but, not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force until I exerted my whole strength, when suddenly something broke. I then tried to file the catch of the bolt, but, that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that that was impracticable; the picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared complete check-mate, and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim, and too much mud to ford it. Hunter then suggested the getting up the rope again and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate: this plan was no sooner proposed than commenced, but, having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success; the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together that it was a most difficult and very tedious process.

About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing through the arched passage, and as the sound became fainter it resembled the cautious

opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gendarmes and slip down the piles into the canal, but, the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men. The recollection of the barbarous murders at Biche on a similar occasion instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination. It is impossible to describe the conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause. Fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious bloodhounds, I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when suddenly I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning when footsteps were again heard, and, in a whispering tone, 'Boys!' This welcome sound created so sudden a transition from despair to a pleasing conviction of success that in an instant all was hope and joy.

Reinforced by our two friends, we returned to our work of mining with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and, falling upon a hollow-sounding bridge between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside and stand still also; at this time they were not more than four feet from each other, and had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer he must have heard Mansell land. Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second; about eleven the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door to allow us to climb up, and, the bridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch; through this opening we crept, lowering ourselves down by the line, which was passed round the chain of the bridge, and, keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the '*garde fous*.' Had these bars been taken away escape would have been impossible, there being not sufficient line for descending into the ditch.

We then proceeded through another arched passage, intending to undermine the second door, but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge here was up; this, however, detained us but a short time; we got down, crossed the ditch upon the '*garde fous*' as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way; Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall about fifty feet. Fortunately there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly se-

cured as before. We all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two-thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly an horizontal position. Seeing his danger, I seized the rope and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock. Fortunately neither of us was hurt, but it is somewhat remarkable that within the lapse of a few minutes we should have preserved each other from probable destruction. We all shook hands, and, in the excess of joy, heartily congratulated ourselves upon this providential success, after a most perilous and laborious work of three hours and three-quarters.

Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacis and followed a path which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed before several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gendarmes in ambush. We, however, marched on, when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and, having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty that we stopped to drink at a ditch. In the act of stooping a sudden flash of lightning from the southward so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun) that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour.

At eight a.m., being surprised by an old woman collecting wood, who immediately fled in the utmost consternation, we also decamped, deeming it imprudent to remain in any spot where we had been seen. Scarcely had we quitted the copse when two sportsmen were observed to enter it; we immediately jumped over a ditch, hobbled about two miles to the eastward, crept into an almost impenetrable thicket, and there remained in the rain till nine p.m. We then gained the high road, and continued our route to Blankenberg, a village on the coast, a few miles to the eastward of Ostend."

The remaining adventures of this gallant party before effecting their escape were sufficiently exciting, but the crisis of their perils had passed with the incidents we have already narrated.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

DUEL BETWEEN A GERMAN AND A TURK.

ON the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique or quarrel of an individual might occasion the massacre of a family or village, whensoever any serious dispute shall arise between two subjects of the different empires, to terminate it recourse is had to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted

in the choice or number of their arms or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontier was resorted to the circumstances were sufficiently curious. The phlegmatic German, armed with a rifle pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field, and, conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy if he could get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in the holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and galloping round his adversary kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk, at length perceiving a sort of little explosion as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead! The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan, and, no longer fearing the superior skill and arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them.

HARD READING.

THE French are remarkable for the number of their writings called memoirs. In war almost every officer writes a journal of the transactions in which he is engaged. It is said that the memoirs, in manuscript, in the King of France's library formerly, relating solely to the civil wars of that country in the sixteenth century, are so numerous that it has been calculated it would require any single person 400 years to peruse them all, allowing him to read sixteen hours in the day.

NOT ASHAMED OF LOW ORIGIN.

COLONEL EDMONDS, who served in the Dutch war at Utrecht, was one day standing among his brother officers when one of his countrymen, who had just arrived from Scotland, and who wanted to insinuate himself into the colonel's favour, came up to him, saluted him, and delivered pretended messages from *my lord* his father, from the *earl* his cousin, and various other great folk his relations, who, he said, were well.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, turning to his friends, "do not believe that fellow; my father is a poor baker in Edinburgh, and works hard for his livelihood. I am neither related to lord nor knight; he has made an impudent attack upon my vanity, and has wanted to engage me tacitly to become an accomplice in his falsehood, for which contemptible trick every gentleman who has heard him must, I am sure, despise him."

A BED OF HONOUR.

DURING Vice-Admiral Vernon's expedition on the island of Cuba in 1741 the crew of the *Squirrel* landed in chase of the crew of a large Spanish privateer, who were seeking refuge in the woods. In the pursuit a tar, observing a dead Spaniard

lying on a British ensign, swore he should not lie on "so honourable a bed," and accordingly rolled off the body and brought the ensign to his captain, who discovered concealed in a corner of it a packet of letters of great importance.

AN INGENIOUS NIGHT SIGNAL.

IN the early part of the year of the blockade of Cadiz by Earl St. Vincent there appeared one night every indication of an approaching gale of wind. It shortly took place, and rapidly increased to such a height as to threaten the destruction of the ships then at anchor. The only means of warding off the danger was to veer away more cable, but this could not be ordered, as no night signal for this purpose was yet established. Suddenly his lordship called for the boatswain and all his mates, stationed them on the poop, gangway, and fore-castle, and told them to pipe together loudly, as when veering cable. This was heard on board all the surrounding ships, when the captains, rightly conceiving the admiral was veering cable, directed the same to be done on board their respective commands, and the fleet rode out the gale in safety.

A FATAL PRIZE.

IN the Scotch rebellion of 1745, at the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his very beautiful horse, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment, of which apparently its master was the commander! The ludicrous figure which poor Macdonald cut when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse may be easily conceived; but the melancholy sequel was that, condemned as a rebel, he lost his life upon the scaffold.

PEDIGREE NO OBJECT.

CHEVERT, the eminent French officer, never concealed or felt humbled by his origin: his soul was too noble to be mortified because he was lowly born; he even experienced a pride in owing all to himself, and nothing to favour. He was surprised one day by a visit from a stranger whom he had never seen before, and who came to claim relationship with him. "Are you a gentleman?" demanded Chevert. "Am I a gentleman?" replied the other. "Can you doubt it?" "In that case," rejoined the warrior, "you cannot possibly be any relation of mine, as I am the first and only gentleman of my family."

KEEP OUT OF THE SUN.

ONE of Sir Eyre Coote's aides-de-camp observed to him that he endangered his health, and the fate of his army, by exposing himself so much to the sun. "Tut! tut!" replied the general, "the sun has no more effect upon me than upon an old board." "Ay; but, sir," rejoined the aide-de-camp, "you should recollect that it would not be the first old board that the sun has split."

THE WOUNDED GUIDE.

AT the battle of Roucoux, in 1746, a sergeant of the regiment of Flanders, named Vidal, giving his arm to the Prince of Monaco, who was wounded, in order to lead him to a place of safety, had that very arm broken to pieces by a musket-ball. Without betraying the least emotion, this daunt-

less hero only changed his arm, saying, "Take this, my prince; the other is now good for nothing."

GOOD RIDDANCE.

A SURGEON extracted a musket-ball from the head of an old pensioner, where it had been lodged ever since the battle of Vittoria, twenty years before. A few days after the operation the veteran, being then in a state of intoxication, threw the ball into the fire, exclaiming, "Curse thee! I've carried thee long enough."

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XXV.—THE PARTING SHOT.

AFTER half an hour's rest, and some food and grog, Phil and his two companions started, considerably invigorated and strengthened, to pursue their course.

Along the soft marshy ground that lay between the forest glades and the base of the mountains they had no difficulty in following the trail, but when the road lay along dry ravines and up zig-zag mountain tracks the labour became extremely great.

After ascending a narrow path cut round the face of a precipice, where only one man could with difficulty pass along, and where the depth beneath was so profound that the heart sickened and the brain reeled only to glance over the brim, a sudden halt was made.

"They could never have brought the horse to such a height as this," Phil observed as the three stood with their backs to the precipice to recover breath and reflect on their next proceeding.

"I saw the mark of a horse's shoe in a little gravel not ten minutes ago, so it must be ahead of us still," replied Mannering, the last of the three.

"What distance from the sea are we now, captain?" inquired Bill, who was in the middle.

"Judging by those eagles and cormorants flying overhead, I should say we were quite ten thousand feet. Look there, but mind how you turn your heads; look over your port shoulders, and you will see a sight that ought to gladden your hearts. There, riding in the bay, are the two schooners, the *Diadem* under the wing of the *Avenger*. When we get up yonder we'll have a look at them through the glass;" and Phil pointed to where, some distance overhead, the precipice on either side contracted, and what appeared to be a tree was passed from side to side. Now, lads, let us start again. Mind, for the path takes a sharp bend round the precipice, and we'll have to cling to the rock like flies."

Philip had advanced about a hundred feet along the steep narrow path, when, reaching the angle he had just noticed, he gave utterance to a cry of surprise and indignation.

"What is it, governor?" demanded Bill.

"Look over my shoulder as I stoop down, and

you will see what the infernal malice of that scoundrel has done."

Bending his body as indicated, the boatswain craned his neck to catch sight of the object referred to.

"It ain't a dead horse, is it? It ain't the horse?"

"Most assuredly it is, Bill: the poor brute has been shot, with the intention of throwing us to the bottom if we attempt to pass it, for it entirely blocks up the way, and that too at its worst point."

"What's to be done? You'll never have strength to move it, and nobody can help you."

"I must try, Bill, at all events. The horse has just been killed; the body is still smoking."

Using his rifle as a lever, Philip, after some time, succeeded in working the head—all he could as yet see of the carcass—over the brink. The difficulty, however, was on the other side, round the sharp projecting angle, where the path was narrowed to a mere span, and on which it was a marvel to see the horse lying, while the legs, stiff as logs of wood, projected far over the ledge.

The terror of the horse at the precipice, even in its death agonies, must have been excessive, inducing it to adapt its body to the narrow space on which it was extended.

The jerk caused by the working off the ledge of the animal's head had conveyed its momentum to the rest of the carcass, and Phil had great hope that, could he get a leverage for his rifle round the corner of the precipice, he should be able to remove the obstacle to their progress.

With great risk and difficulty he at length crept round the sharp angle, and, though where he stood barely measured six inches and the slightest jar or recoil would have hurled him into an abyss more than two hundred fathoms deep, he boldly applied his lever to the shoulders of the stiffening carcass. Though his progress was for a time almost infinitesimal, he worked steadily on till the body fairly swayed like a balance on the extreme verge of the rocky shelf.

Inserting the muzzle of his rifle for the last time under the shoulder, Philip gave another prise to his lever, and instantly the body slipped off, making a turn as it descended, while the iron hoofs, striking the rock at his feet, broke off large fragments of the stone on which he depended for life and safety.

Directly beyond this fearful passage the rocky path expanded into a well-wooded meadow, that led to a broad and romantic dell and a knoll of trees, where a felled monarch of the woods served the purpose of a bridge across the chasm.

"They are in the ravine, governor; I hear them, and they have not passed the bridge yet," cried Bill.

"That is good news, and they have evidently not seen us yet," replied Philip. "Lie close, lads. I want to see, without being seen, what takes place at the bridge."

While Ben and Mannering took up a sheltered position behind their leader Philip placed his rifle in readiness, and remained with his eyes intently fixed on the top of trees adjoining the bridge.

Four of Nixon's crew, black-bearded scoundrels, in a few minutes came to the end of the bridge, followed directly after by their principal. In obedience to an order from Nixon, the felled

tree was then tested, and, its security being evident, two other men made their appearance from the top carrying a hastily-constructed palanquin on their shoulders, and followed by the remaining two, and the whole party crossed the bridge and gained the opposite bank in safety.

"They are off now, captain," whispered Mannering, fearing his voice would be heard so far off.

"I think not," his chief replied, raising his rifle, and immovably fixing his eye on the opposite end of the bridge. Scarcely had he brought up his piece when one of the party returned, armed with a long pole, which he raised over his shoulder to strike the edge of the bridge out of its place.

At this moment Philip drew the trigger, the bludgeon fell into the abyss, and the man threw out his arms, bowed his head, and sank head foremost into the yawning chasm.

With a stamp and an oath, Nixon rushed forward, called three of his men, and compelled them to attempt the task he was determined should be performed.

"Our following and Miss Rowland's safety depend upon that bridge standing," cried Phil. "Both of you fire together. If it is necessary to punish another I will do that myself."

One of the men threw himself on his hands and knees, while the other two, having obtained a long sappling with a hook, were just on the point of running away, hoping to drag the tree from its place. Before they could apply their strength, however, Phil's order to fire was obeyed, and as they heard the bullets whistle past them they dropped the bough and rushed under cover.

"Let it alone, then, and come away, all of you," shouted Nixon at the top of his voice, in the hope that his pursuers might hear it.

So loud was the tone of the speaker that he was not deceived, and the boatswain and quartermaster, fully believing in the veracity of the exclamation; were on the point of resuming their advance, when, chancing to look at their captain, they were surprised to notice the rifle at his shoulder, and a nervous quivering in every muscle.

"Do you see anything, Bill?" whispered Mannering.

"No, I'm blest if I can see so much as a mouse," replied the boatswain, in the same low tone. "Stop! by the Lord Harry the tree is moving! There, you—"

The sharp crack of Philip's rifle cut short the exclamation, the end of the bridge, which had been raised a few inches, fell suddenly into its place, and the body of a man rolled over and over from the undergrowth right on to the felled tree.

With a wild and imploring shriek, the wounded man threw his arms convulsively over the tree just as his legs and body rolled off. In the agony of his despair the bewildered wretch clung to his frail hold, and tried hand over hand to reach the further end of the bridge, forgetting, in his pain and terror, that he was going from his only chance of safety.

"Fire your pieces off to deter them from returning," exclaimed Phil, setting the example by discharging his rifle. He then ran forward at the top of his speed, loading as he ran, gained the ravine, the apex of the mountain, and the grove of trees, and was kneeling with his gun

pointed behind some tangled brushwood ere his companions joined him.

"We have saved the bridge, at all events," he cried, rising to his feet. "Now, then, lads, follow me across it."

"No, governor; if you please I must cross first," and, fearing he should be ordered back, Bill darted out of the grove, and, with the light elastic step of the true sailor, sprang on the tree. As he ran forward, making the tree sway fearfully under his jogging trot, he was quite unconscious of the suffering wretch, who, with deep-drawn groans at every inch of progress, had nearly made the centre of the bridge.

The momentum given to the tree by Bill's rapid strides increased the danger to the clinging pirate at every step he took, and by the time the boatswain had nearly reached the middle the oscillation became so terrible that the pirate found his fingers rapidly losing their hold. When Bill was within a dozen feet of him the despairing wretch was jerked from his hold, and, clapping his hands, with one wild cry fell into the abyss.

So unexpected was the apparition of the wounded man and so sudden the recoil of the tree that to any but a first-rate seaman the surprise and the jar must have been fatal. Recovering himself with extraordinary agility, Bill made the passage, sang out that all was right, and Phil and Mannering almost instantly passed over.

Pausing only to look to their arms, the three men leaped down the gully by which the captive had been taken, and, following the trail at a rapid rate, in two hours found themselves fast nearing the shore.

As everything indicated a close proximity to the sea, and as the road they were travelling was good and broad, a dreadful fear had for the last hour distracted the lover's mind. Had Nixon taken another track, and were they following a wrong trail? All these fears and apprehensions, however, were suddenly resolved by an exclamation of Mannering: on turning an overgrown boulder he found himself face to face with the sea, dashing its waves over the rocks, on which the party abruptly halted.

"There they are, captain!" he cried, pointing through the gloom to a boat propelled by six oars, with a female in the stern, the prow and gunwale on each side being lighted with Chinese lamps. "And there's the craft they are making for, a felucca-rigged schooner, lighted up just like the boat with variegated lanterns."

"See, here's a boat, lads; first come first served; we'll follow them to the death. Louise! Louise! I come! I come!" Phil shouted towards the fast-receding boat.

"Philip! Philip! I am here!" came faintly back over the dark water.

He then sprang into the boat, followed instantly by his two companions, and, with his rifle between his knees, each man grasped a pair of oars, and the pinnace was sent flying through the water.

Disregarding the shouts from the shore from a party of Nixon's crew, who ordered them to return with the boat, and fixing their eyes on the brilliant lantern burning over the felucca's poop, the three men pulled with the energy of desperation, especially as the boat with Louise had entirely disappeared and the darkness of the night was becoming more profound each moment.

"Five minutes at this rate, Bill, will lay us

alongside of the felucca. Give way, then, with a will, lads," cried Phil cheerily.

"I'm jiggered, Bill," exclaimed Mannering, "if the beggars haven't hoisted their lateen sails, and, yes, there go their sweeps, and—"

A stream of flame shot from the felucca's side, a terrific explosion followed, with a storm of grape and canister, and the next instant the pinnace was shattered to atoms under her crew, who, covered with blood and wounds, were fighting for their lives on the dark ocean.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A NAUTICAL MANŒUVRE.

"SOUND the well, boatswain. I know there must be water in the hold by the way the old tub rolls and lurches; besides, I heard her crazy planks cracking and splintering as if her last hour was come."

"Ay, ay, governor, right you are; but it's all over now," replied Bill soothingly as he poured a few spoonfuls of grog down Phil's throat, squeezed the brine out of his hair, and began to repeat the chafing of his throat and hands. "He's coming to now, Jim, and will be all as right as a trivet presently," he said in an undertone to Mannering, who was crouched beside him holding some dry towels.

"Who's coming to? Never mind those fellows on shore; the boat's ours, and pull with a will," replied the young skipper, suddenly sitting up. After looking round him and into the faces of his companions he added, "What's this? Where am I?" and he pulled at a bandage round his neck.

"Why, you see, captain, you've had rather a close squeak for your life. When that loafing rascal Nixon sent his salute you got regularly peppered with his grape and canister. And where are you? Why, in the cabin of your own ship the *Avenger*."

"I remember all now," Phil continued, taking a dry towel from Mannering and rubbing his hair vigorously. "But how came the schooner hereaway? Besides, I had an idea that the boat was stove in and went down."

"Yes, smashed all to smithereens, and gone down; that she did, and no mistake, taking you with her, or rather sending you first with a thundering knock on the head from her fore-foot."

Philip placed his hand on the back of his head as if reminded of a sensitive place.

"But how—" he began.

"Yes, your honour," cried Mannering, taking up the narration, "how you came here, and alive. Well, you see, when the launch got back to the ship the first mate sent her to watch the coast on the other side of the southern promontory, and they were working on and off when we put out after the felucca, and was just in time to pick up Bill and me, for we were all a little peppered. But you, captain, though Bill went over twice after you, wasn't to be found nowhere. 'That infernal boat has knocked the sense out o' him, or he'd 'a been hereaway, for he swims like a fish,' cries Bill. Well, just as he was going for a third header I'm blest if you didn't come up, like a barnacle, sticking to the keel of the pinnace."

"I have been the cause of much trouble to you

both, and both of you are hurt," replied Phil, giving a hand to each of his two companions.

"Oh! ours weren't nothing to speak of, was it, Jim P?"

"No, of course not. So we rowed back to meet the *Avenger*, had dry clothes put on you, and then left you to Kennedy's doctoring; and there, that's about most all, ain't it, Bill P?"

"And where's Ben, and what are we doing now P?"

"Here's that individual, governor; and glad I am to hear your voice again," responded his first mate, shaking his friend's hand warmly and taking Bill's seat at his side.

"When the launch joined company," continued Ben, "and I found you wasn't dangerous hurt, I knew how fidgety you'd be to get after the felucca, so I stowed away all the boats, got things ship-shape, and here we are hugging the shore in the wake of the pirate."

"Thank you, Ben; you have done famously," replied Philip. "I shall be fit for duty soon, and I swear I'll bring this scoundrel to justice before another day is passed. By the bye," he abruptly asked, "you went on board the *Diadem* P?"

"Of course."

"Did you go to the ladies' cabin P?"

"I should think so."

"Have you any idea who had been there when the schooner was in our hands, and who, like an idiot, I lost P?"

"Have you any idea, captain, who was there?" inquired Ben.

"No; speak, man; tell me all."

"I found Captain Rowland chained by the middle to a bulkhead, and stretched on the carpet from a pistol-shot in his side. Kennedy, who he was right glad to see, cut the ball out with a razor, and I think with care he will do well in time. I told him what had been done, and that you were on the trail of his daughter. He told me, as well as his strength would let him, that when he saw Nixon spring into the cabin from the boat and rush on her he shouted as loud as possible, in the hope of attracting the attention of those on deck. Disregarding the threats of Nixon, and being unable to reach his daughter, he shouted still louder, when the villain, as he sprang back with the screaming lady into the boat, turned and shot him. From that time he remembered nothing till I restored him with brandy and cold water."

"Sail ho!" cried the watch on deck through the open skylight.

"Where away P?" asked the captain, bounding to the deck, followed by his chief officers.

"Right over the starboard bow," replied the look-out. "She's standing out from land, and means to run for one of the leeward islands."

"Have you made out her rig P?" inquired Phil as he fixed the focus of his glass.

"Yes, sir; she's schooner rigged, and by the shape of her sails I should take her for a felucca."

"It's the very vessel, Ben; she has still got her painted lanterns at the poop. This fog on the water will effectually hide the *Avenger*, and allow us to get between her and the shore."

"Yes, that seems likely enough," replied Ben promptly, "and if the fog only lies we'll have her, never fear."

But, though the fog did lie long enough, and the *Avenger* was worked apparently between the

land and the stranger, when, some six hours later, the fog suddenly lifted and the sun poured down a flood of light neither land nor felucca was in sight; nothing but a boundless sea presented itself in the whole circle of the horizon, and, except the *Avenger*, and the *Diadem* half a mile astern, the eye searched in vain for any speck of life or motion.

"The breeze is coming down, Ben, and it will blow strong before evening," observed Phil from a mattress spread on the poop, on which he was reclining, the boast of being well soon having proved a delusion.

Nothing, however, would induce him to leave the deck, and, though he had permitted Kennedy to be brought from the *Diadem* to dress his injuries, he had insisted on his returning to devote his whole attention to Captain Rowland.

"I'll tell you what, Ben," he resumed, after turning uneasily on his pallet, "as this confounded peppering of my shoulder will prevent me for some time from taking any active part in a fight if we should fall in with the felucca, I have made up my mind to return to Singapore, land the captain and send him up to his brother's till he recovers, put the *Diadem* in dock, bring all the hands back to the *Avenger*, and then return and hunt up Nixon. By that time the men on the sick list will be fit for duty and I shall be all right, and we will go to the work with a will."

"It's the best thing we can do, governor, for to think of attacking one of those low thieving crafts with only half a crew, and then swarming like bees with men, would be exposing our hands to murder without a chance."

"I have thought that all over, Ben, and, as the wind is fair and freshening, we'll take advantage of it at once. Signal to Johnson to crowd all sail, keep company as long as possible, and, if he loses sight of us, to take the *Diadem* into Singapore."

In the course of half an hour the signals had been made to the *Diadem*, and both vessels were dashing through the water in a line, as if on a race for life or death.

A week of intolerable anxiety and suspense was passed by Phil before he found himself once more back in the latitude where he had last seen his loved Louise. With a return to that locality all his customary spirit and energy revived, and now, almost completely recovered from the effect of his wounds, he was walking the poop of the *Avenger* with all the old vivacity in full play.

The captain, greatly improved, but still unfit for duty, had been carefully removed to Mr. Rowland's house, and Philip, having seen to the safe disposal of his vessel, concentrated all his men aboard the *Avenger*, making up a crew of more than thirty hands.

Taking a hasty leave of Captain Rowland, with a cheering hope of soon restoring his daughter, Phil only waited to ship some necessary supplies, when the *Avenger's* head was once more turned seaward, and before night set in she was, hull down, scudding with a blowing sheet back to the pirate-haunted island of Borneo, her skipper having in twelve hours executed all his duties at Singapore.

"The last man discharged himself this morning," the first mate observed, answering some

question of the skipper's. "They are all quite well now, and ready for any kind of shindy that may offer. A better or more lively set of men never trod a deck."

"Have you got a good look-out aloft there, Ben?"

"Yes, governor; I change the look-out every hour, so as to insure an instant notice of land or sail."

"It's strange we haven't sighted any of these islands yet: the chart shows us we are fast nearing the western coast of Borneo, and yet none of those lofty peaks are visible."

"There's generally a thick mist before them at midday, that often shuts them out of sight till within a few leagues of the shore," replied Ben. "But I say, governor, did you think to ask the captain if he knew what had become of Maria, Miss Rowland's maid?" he asked, with some degree of hesitation in his voice. "He was so weak and got so rambling in his head when I went aboard to see him that I couldn't get no answer. And Kennedy said he could never rightly understand him when he put the question whether that thief Dick had carried her slap off or she was shot in the scrimmage when they took the schooner." And Ben's lip quivered as he referred to the probability of the girl's fate.

"I ought to have told you directly I came on board, Ben, but it escaped my mind in my anxiety to get to sea. But make your mind easy on that score, my friend. Maria's all right; she's on board the felucca with Louise. I shouldn't have been so easy as I am, you may be sure, if I had not been quite satisfied on that point. She's quite safe."

"Thank you for your good news. I'm quite a man again. But it won't be good for Black Dick's health if he comes athwart my hawse when—"

"Land ho!" shouted the man from the fore-top, "and lying straight ahead, about five knots from our bows."

"I thought we must make it soon, Ben," replied the skipper. Then, turning to Johnson, Mannering, and the boatswain, he continued, still addressing his first mate—

"Put the schooner about, Ben, and run back a few knots, while we metamorphose this trim and beautiful *Avenger* into a lubberly ill-conditioned brig."

"It almost goes agin my conscience," observed the boatswain, "to do any damage, even in play, to sich a purty creeter. It's like mauling the figure-head of an out-and-out handsome petticoat."

"Yes, it does seem a cruelty to hanimals; but I'm ready, your honour," added Mannering, when the *Avenger* had been brought completely round, and, with her bows due west, was running in a straight line from the land they had just made.

"Run aloft, Mr. Johnson, take my glass, and see if there is anything in sight," said Phil, and the second mate, with the captain's telescope, hastened up the main shrouds and gained the cross-trees. After carefully scanning the lately-sighted coast, and sweeping the whole horizon round the vessel, he descended to report that not a vestige of the island was now visible, and not a sail or speck was anywhere to be seen.

"So far all is well, and the opportunity favourable for our design; so set to work, lads, and let us get the job done quickly. You first, Bill."

"Ay, ay, captain," replied the boatswain, and, having divided the great bulk of the crew into four parties, he set one division to lower the gaff and spanker and denude the mainmast of all her spars and canvas; another to get up a set of old discoloured sails, with extra spars, from the hold and sail-room; a third to alter the trim of the two masts and place them perpendicular to the keel; while the fourth were to be employed in disguising the figure-head and sides of the vessel. The second mate superintended the bending of the old patched sails on the spars, and the quarter-master directed the operations outside the *Avenger*.

After an hour and a half's hard but cheerfully-executed labour the vessel was again brought round, and, with her head due east, was taking advantage of every cat's-paw of wind to recover her lost way and make again the land so lately sighted.

As she began to plough her way through the gently-heaving ocean, Mannering, who had been compelled to leave his part of the work to the last, got astride of the figure-head, and, covering the warrior's bust with a bag of oakum and a broad belt of white canvas, completely destroyed all its former identity; then, jumping inboard, he directed the careful nailing along the run of the ship a continuous strip of white canvas.

When this had been effected the skipper and his officers retired to the back of the poop, while the crew mustered on the forecabin to examine their handiwork and make comments on the altered appearance of their late beautiful craft.

"I think it would puzzle a conjurer to recognise the *Avenger* schooner in this rig and trim, eh, boatswain, what do you say?"

"I can't abear to look at her, captain," replied Bill, in anything but a pleased tone of voice.

"Never mind, Bill; it's only for a time, and a couple of hours will make her all right again. Come, never look so glum, man."

"Sail ahoy!" shouted the look-out.

"Where away?"

"On the port bow."

"Give me my glass. What's her rig?"

"Schooner, low down in the water."

"Port your helm. The felucca, by Heaven!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE PIRATE FELUCCA.

LEAVING our hero and his friends in their neat and orderly though metamorphosed vessel, we must beg the reader to accompany us for a short time aboard the pirate craft, the prison of the beautiful but ill-fated Louise and her devoted companion Maria.

The felucca was a long low craft, built of the lightest material, scarcely rising three feet from the water, though, from the depth of her deck, the gunwale when inboard rose to the height of a man's head. Although capable of stepping three masts, her usual complement was only two, and these placed in so rakish a manner as to form an angle of nearly thirty degrees with the horizon.

The deck was flush from stem to stern, and composed (except over the cabins at the stern,

where narrow oak scantlings were used) of long bamboo canes laid transversely, with about two inches of space between each. The chief object for constructing so novel a species of deck was to obtain great strength with elasticity and lightness; the next and hardly inferior reason was to afford air for the relays of twenty-four rowers, who, seated below and with their heads almost touching the deck, had no other means of ventilation or light.

Twelve square holes or rowlocks pierced each side of the felucca only a few inches above the water line. Through these holes the long sweeps or oars were protruded, and when the whole series were brought into operation the vessel was propelled through those usually calm waters with extraordinary velocity. As there were generally two or three relays of natives lying at the feet of those at the oars, ready to take their turn, the speed could be kept up for many hours or even days without interruption.

Two swivel guns, one at the stern, the other amidships, carefully covered till required with tarpaulin, comprised the armament of the vessel, if we except a few gingalls and that short bronze sword, so fatal in the hands of a Malay, and which forms his inseparable companion, the *crisse*.

If the reader can picture some seventy almost naked Dyaks, each with his *crisse* in his girdle, densely packed in the hold under the bamboo deck, with a dense foul vapour rising through the interstices, and will carry his imagination to the after-part of the felucca, where on the planked deck are stretched some ten or twelve bearded ruffians, sleeping, drinking, or smoking, with one at the helm and two or three looking over the gunwale into the flashing sea (these forming the European part of the crew), he will obtain a fair idea of the loathsome dungeon in which the sensitive and delicate Louise is shut out from friends, from succour, and almost from hope.

Confined to a small poorly-furnished ill-ventilated cabin, surrounded by oaths from the Europeans and the noxious exhalations from the adjacent hold, the situation of Louise would have been insupportable but for the companionship and affection of her faithful Maria, who, through all her own troubles, strove night and day to lighten the distress of her mistress.

"How long, Maria, is this state of misery and suspense to endure? I find my strength and energy rapidly giving way; my spirit will succumb and I shall sink into despair if this state of hopeless inaction continues much longer. I could encounter any risk, brave any hardship, if there was a chance of escape, but, caged in here and watched with unceasing vigilance, our fate is intolerable."

"It cannot last much longer, Miss Louise. You know that friends are on your track, and will never give up the pursuit till you are rescued. This should encourage you to endure our present hardships more contentedly," replied her companion soothingly.

"I know I am capacious and unreasonable, Maria; but there have been so many disappointments that I lose all hope. When they separated us lately, and took me back to my dear father and my beautiful *Diadem*, I had almost released him, and we might, had you been with us, have escaped."

"How was that, miss?"

"Why, as I told you, Maria, I heard the fighting on deck, and, thinking I recognised Philip's voice, I left my father to call for assistance. The noise, however, only brought the brute Nixon, who entered by the cabin window, seized me, and barbarously shot him."

"But the captain was not hurt?"

"Oh! yes, he was; I saw him put his hand to his side, as if in pain, and that was all I noticed till in the boat, when I saw Philip standing at the poop of the *Diadem*."

"You called to him, did you not?"

"Oh! yes, and he answered me, and promised to follow and save me; so indeed he tried to do, over those dreadful mountains, and almost up to this vessel, when they fired one of the swivels. As I reached the cabin the first sight that met my view through the window was the sinking boat and its perishing occupants;" and, covering her face with her hands, Louise burst into tears.

"Do not give way to such melancholy fancies, dear Miss Louise," interposed Maria. "Depend upon it, Captain Maberly is alive and well, and is now exerting himself to rescue you."

"No, no; I saw him go down and perish," sobbed Louise.

"His crew are too devoted to him to allow him to die before their eyes," persisted Maria.

"There were only three in the boat, and they all went down together. They were three miles from friends or aid," Louise replied despondingly.

"You know the felucca altered her course, and I could not see how they were extricated; but long before you were brought back I had noticed two vessels doubling the long headland; both were schooners, and I feel certain that one was the *Diadem* and the other the *Assumer*, only the evening closed in so fast that I was unable to see distinctly."

"In that case there is a probability that my father has been saved," Louise exclaimed, a feeling of hope and joy for a moment lighting up her features.

"Had Captain Maberly not possessed himself of the *Diadem* Nixon would never have carried you off as he did, and would never have deserted his prize."

"True; I am sure now that Philip must have taken our ship and found my father. But then, again," she cried, relapsing into despondency, "if they had been alive they would never have allowed a whole week to pass, without making an attempt to save us."

"A thousand things might have happened to prevent them, miss; they might have been short of men or provisions. But, after all, Miss Louise, your case isn't half so bad as that of poor Donna Inez, whose guardian and duenna I saw the ruffians kill and throw overboard. Poor thing, she is worse off than either of us, for you do know that friends are—hark!"

"The ruffians are quarrelling among themselves!" Louise gasped, with bloodless lips, as the sound of fierce and angry altercation was heard on deck, every word being almost as audible as if spoken in the cabin.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[THE AMEERS OF SCINDE SUBMITTING TO GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.]

THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE.

It seems but yesterday that the newsmongers were staring at a good-humoured caricature of Sir Charles James Napier, seated on a dromedary, and bearing in his knapsack one change of linen as his sole outfit for an Indian campaign. So rapid, however, is the flight of time, and so vast the succession of events, that many of our readers may need to be reminded of that heroic leader and his brilliant victory at Meeanee. We will therefore in a brief but faithful manner string together the main facts and consequences of that noteworthy battle.

Soon after the Affghan war Lord Ellenborough determined to crush the Ameers of Scinde, a number

of powerful chiefs who were forming a confederacy against the British power in India. The force under General England, amounting to 3500 men, was accordingly ordered to move from Candahar towards Scinde, and other bodies of troops soon followed them, increasing their number to about 5000 men. On the 4th of October, 1842, Major-General Sir Charles Napier arrived at Sukkur, and, assuming the chief command, almost immediately advanced to oppose the united armies of Upper and Lower Scinde, which were already in the field. On the 16th of February he reached Muttaree, where he learned that the Ameers had taken up a position at Meeanee, about twelve miles distant, with a force of 22,000 men and fifteen guns, while the number then with him did

not amount to 3000. At eight o'clock on the following morning his advanced guard came in sight of their camp at Meenace, within view of the towers of Hyderabad.

The position occupied by the Scindians had been chosen with great skill, and their immense superiority in point of numbers allowed them to turn it to the utmost advantage. Both flanks were protected by thick woods, which seemed calculated to baffle any attempt to turn them, while the whole length of their front was effectually secured by the dry bed and steep banks of the river Fulailee, one of the branches of the Indus. So soon as the British forces came within range of the enemy's guns a battery of fifteen pieces of artillery opened upon them with deadly effect. The British had only twelve small field-pieces, which Sir Charles posted on the right, while some skirmishers and a body of native cavalry were ordered to advance and make the enemy show his force. The advance then took place from the right *en échelon* of battalions, the left wing being declined, to escape the fire of a village which protected the enemy's right. The artillery and her Majesty's 22nd formed the leading *échelon*, the 25th Native Infantry the second, the 12th Native Infantry the third, and the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry the fourth.

The British fire of musketry opened at about 100 yards from the bank of the river, and in a few minutes the engagement became general along the whole line. The dead level of the plain was swept by the Beloochees' cannon and matchlocks; and when our troops got close up, after the ravine was crossed, our men had to ascend a high sloping bank. "The Beloochees," says the historian of the Peninsular War, "having their matchlocks laid ready in rest along the summit, waited until the assailants were within fifteen yards ere their volley was discharged; but the rapid pace of the British and the steepness of the slope deceived their aim, and the result was not considerable: the next moment the 22nd were on the top of the bank, thinking to bear down all before them, but they staggered back in amazement at the forest of swords waving in their front. Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Beloochees in their many-coloured garments and turbans; they filled the broad deep bed of the ravine, they clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun, their shouts rolling like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they dashed forward, with demoniac strength and ferocity, full against the front of the 22nd. But with shouts as loud and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with the queen of weapons—the musket—and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood. . . . Now the Beloochees closed their dense masses, and again the shouts, and the rolling fire of musketry, and the dreadful rush of their swordsmen were heard and seen along the whole line; and such a fight ensued as has seldom been known or told of in the records of war. These wild warriors continually advanced, sword and shield in hand, striving, in all the fierceness of their valour, to break into the opposing ranks; no fire of small arms, no thrusts of bayonets, no sweeping discharges of grape from the guns, which were

planted in one fearful mass on the right, could drive the gallant soldiers back. They gave their breasts to the shot, they leaped upon the guns by twenties at a time, their dead went down the steep slope by hundreds, but the gaps in their masses were continually filled up from the rear, the survivors of the front rank still pressed forward with unabated fury, and the bayonet and the sword clashed in full and frequent conflict."

The nature of the ground almost entirely precluded the ordinary manœuvres of a disciplined force; and, from the vast superiority of the enemy in point of numbers, it appeared for a time impossible that the British could hold their ground. Fast as one wild band of desperate assailants fell before their cool and resolute defence another band, equally numerous and fearless, sprang into their place. On seeing the perilous state of his main body in front, after maintaining their ground for above three hours against a foe that seemed to spring up anew as fast as they were struck down or driven back, Sir Charles ordered his reserve cavalry to force the right wing of the enemy—a movement which was most gallantly executed. In the first charge the 9th Light Cavalry took a standard and several pieces of artillery, and another body of native cavalry obtained possession of the enemy's camp, from which a large body of their horses were slowly driven, fighting every inch of ground as they withdrew. They were pursued for upwards of two miles, till they were effectually broken and scattered in hopeless disorder.

This gallant charge decided the fortune of the day; for, though the main body of the enemy did not immediately give way, their resistance slackened as soon as they saw their wing turned and the chief body of their cavalry driven from the field. The 22nd, 23rd, and 12th Regiments then successively charged up the bank with the bayonet, and forced the enemy's line at all points, the last regiment capturing several guns, while the Scindians gave way in all directions and fled from the field, leaving the whole of their artillery, ammunition, standards, and camp, with considerable stores and some treasure, in the hands of the victors.

The battle, however, was not won without considerable loss on the side of the British. Six European officers and sixty sergeants and privates were killed, and fourteen officers and about 200 men wounded. The loss of the Beloochees was enormous: a careful computation gave it as 6000: 1000 bodies were heaped in the ravine alone. Not a single prisoner was captured by the British, for in the barbarous system of warfare to which the Beloochees had been accustomed no quarter is ever given to an enemy: the consequence was that, anticipating the same treatment from their British victors, the wounded refused all quarter, and continued to strike at every one that approached them until they were bayoneted where they lay.

At break of day on the following morning Sir Charles Napier sent to tell the Ameers that he would immediately storm Hyderabad if they did not surrender. Six of these sovereign princes soon after entered his camp on horseback, and offered themselves as prisoners. They yielded their fortress, and laid their rich swords and other arms at the British general's feet. "Their misfortunes," said Sir Charles, "were of their own

creation; but, as they were great, I gave them back their swords." On the 20th of February Sir Charles Napier entered Hyderabad, capturing an immense amount of treasure. It required, however, a second and well-contested battle at Dubba to break the spirit of the Scindians. On that occasion the most powerful and obstinate of the Ameers were slain, and not long after, to the entire satisfaction of the inhabitants, the provinces of Scinde were annexed to our Anglo-Indian Empire.

PITTING THE WOLVES.

Two young negroes who resided near the banks of the river Ohio, in the lower part of the state of Kentucky, several years ago, had sweethearts living on a plantation ten miles distant. After the labours of the day were over they frequently visited the fair ladies of their choice, the nearest way to whose dwelling lay directly across a great cane brake. As to the lover every moment is precious, they usually took this route to save time. Winter had commenced, cold, dark, and forbidding; and after sunset scarcely a glimpse of light or glow of warmth, one might imagine, could be found in that dreary swamp, excepting in the eyes and bosoms of the ardent youths, or the hungry wolves that prowled about. The snow covered the earth, and rendered them more easy to be scented from a distance by the famished beasts. Prudent, in a certain degree, the young lovers carried their axes on their shoulders, and walked as briskly as the narrow path would allow. Some transient glimpses of light now and then met their eyes, but so faint were they that they believed them to be caused by their faces coming in contact with the slender reeds covered with snow. Suddenly, however, a long and frightful howl burst upon them, and they instantly knew that it proceeded from a troop of hungry, perhaps desperate, wolves. They stopped, and, putting themselves in an attitude of defence, awaited the result.

All around was dark, save a few feet of snow, and the silence of night was dismal. Nothing could be done to better their situation, and, after standing a few minutes in expectation of an attack, they judged it best to resume their march; but no sooner had they replaced their axes on their shoulders and begun to move than the foremost found himself assailed by several foes. His legs were held fast as if pressed by a powerful screw, and the torture inflicted by the fangs of the ravenous animals was for a moment excruciating. Several wolves, in the meantime, sprang upon the breast of the other negro, and dragged him to the ground. Both struggled manfully against their foes, but in a short time one of them ceased to move, and the other, reduced in strength, and perhaps despairing of maintaining his ground, still more of aiding his unfortunate companion, sprang to the branch of a tree and speedily gained a place of safety near the top. The next morning the mangled remains of his comrade lay scattered around on the snow, which was stained with blood. Three dead wolves lay around, but the rest of the pack had disappeared, and Scipio, sliding to the ground, took up the

axes, and made the best of his way home to relate the sad adventure.

About two years after this occurrence, as I was travelling between Henderson and Vincennes, I chanced to stop for the night at a farmer's house by the side of the road. After putting up my horse and refreshing myself I entered into conversation with mine host, who asked if I should like to pay a visit to the wolf-pits, which were about half a mile distant. Glad of the opportunity, I accompanied him across the fields to the neighbourhood of a deep wood, and soon saw the engines of destruction. He had three pits, within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep, and broader at the bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animal to escape from them. The aperture was covered with a revolving platform of twigs, attached to a central axis. On either surface of the platform was fastened a large piece of putrid venison, with other matters by no means pleasant to my olfactory nerves, although no doubt attractive to the wolves. My companion wished to visit them that evening, merely as he was in the habit of doing so daily, for the purpose of seeing that all was right. He said that wolves were very abundant that autumn, and had killed nearly the whole of his sheep and one of his colts, but that he was now "paying them off in full," and added that if I would tarry a few hours with him next morning he would, beyond a doubt, show me some sport rarely seen in those parts. We retired to rest in due time, and were up with the dawn.

"I think," said my host, "that all's right, for I see the dogs are anxious to get away to the pits, and although they are nothing but curs, their noses are none the worse for that."

As he took up his gun, an axe, and a large knife the dogs began to howl and bark, and whisked around us as if full of joy. When we reached the first pit we found the bait all gone and the platform much injured, but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and so escaped. On peeping into the next he assured me that "three famous fellows were safe enough" in it. I also peeped in and saw the wolves, two black and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth, their ears laid close over the head, their eyes indicating fear more than anger.

"But how are we to get them out?"

"How, sir?" said the farmer. "Why, by going down, to be sure, and ham-stringing them."

Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on.

"With all my heart," quoth the farmer; "stand here, and look at me through the brush."

Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his axe and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and, with a side-stroke of the knife, cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs.

"Lo!" exclaimed the farmer, when he had got out, "we have forgot the rope; I'll go after it." Off he went accordingly, with as much alacrity as any youngster could show. In a short time he returned out of breath, and, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, said, "Now for it."

I was desired to raise and hold the platform on its central balance, whilst he, with all the dexterity of an Indian, threw a noose over the neck of one of the wolves. We hauled it up, motionless with fright, as if dead, its disabled legs swinging to and fro, its jaws wide open, and the gurgle in its throat alone indicating that it was alive. Letting him drop on the ground, the farmer loosened the rope by means of a stick, and left him to the dogs, all of which set upon him with great fury, and soon worried him to death. The second was dealt with in the same manner, but the third, which was probably the oldest, as it was the blackest, showed some spirit the moment it was left loose to the mercy of the curs. This wolf, which we afterwards found to be a female, scuffled along on its forelegs at a surprising rate, giving a snap every now and then to the nearest dog, which went off howling dismally with a mouthful of skin torn from its side. And so well did the furious beast defend itself that, apprehensive of its escape, the farmer levelled his rifle at it and shot it through the heart, on which the curs rushed upon it and satiated their vengeance on the destroyer of their master's flock.

LIFE ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

DURING the Spanish dominion in South America a number of learned men ascended two mountains of Peru for the purpose of taking astronomical observations. Don George Juan and M. Godin, at the head of one party, went to the mountain of Pambamarca, while M. Bouguer de la Condamine and Don Ulloa, with their assistants, climbed up to the highest summit of Pichincha. The ascent up this stupendous rock from the base, or the place where the mules could come, to their habitation was so craggy as only to be climbed on foot; and to perform it cost them four hours' continual labour and pain, from the violent efforts of the body and the rarity of the air, the latter being such as to render respiration difficult.

Their first scheme for shelter and lodging in these uncomfortable regions was to pitch a field-tent for each company; but on Pichincha this could not be done, from the narrowness of the summit: they were therefore obliged to be contented with a hut so small that they could hardly all creep into it. Nor will this appear strange if the reader considers the bad disposition and smallness of the place, it being one of the loftiest crags of a rocky mountain, one hundred fathoms above the highest part of the desert of Pichincha. Such was the situation of their dwelling, which, like all the other adjacent parts, soon became covered with ice and snow.

They generally kept within their hut. Indeed they were obliged to do this, both on account of the intenseness of the cold, the violence of the wind, and their being continually involved in so thick a fog that an object at six or eight paces was hardly discernible. When the fog cleared up, the clouds, by their gravity, moved nearer to the surface of the earth, and surrounded the mountain on all sides to a vast distance, resembling the sea, with their rock like an island in the centre of it. When this happened they heard the horrid noises of the tempests which then dis-

charged themselves on Quito and the neighbouring country. They saw the lightnings issue from the clouds, and heard the thunders roll far beneath them; and whilst the lower parts were involved in tempests of thunder and rain they enjoyed a delightful serenity: the wind was abated, the sky clear, and the enlivening rays of the sun moderated the severity of the cold. But their circumstances were very different when the clouds rose: their thickness rendered respiration difficult, the snow and hail fell continually, and the wind returned with all its violence, so that it was impossible entirely to overcome the fears of being, together with their hut, blown down the precipice on whose edge it was built, or of being buried under it by the daily accumulations of ice and snow.

The wind was often so violent in these regions that its velocity dazzled the sight, whilst their fears were increased from the dreadful concussions of the precipice caused by the fall of enormous fragments of rocks. These crashes were the more alarming as no other noises are heard in these deserts; and during the night their rest, which they so greatly wanted, was frequently disturbed by such sudden sounds. When the weather was anything fair with them, and the clouds gathered about some of the other mountains which had a connection with their observations, so that they could not make all the use they desired of this interval of good weather, they left their hut to exercise themselves. Sometimes they descended to some small distance, and at others amused themselves with rolling large fragments of rocks down the precipice; and these frequently required the joint strength of them all, though they often saw the same effected by the mere force of the wind. But they always took care in their excursions not to go so far out but that, on the least appearance of the clouds gathering about their cottage, which often happened very suddenly, they could regain their shelter. The door of their hut was fastened with thongs of leather, and on the inside not the smallest crevice was left unstoppered, beside which it was very compactly covered with straw: but notwithstanding all their care the wind penetrated through. The days were often little better than the nights, and all the light they enjoyed was that of a lamp or two, which they kept continually burning.

Though their hut was small and crowded with inhabitants, beside the heat of the lamps, yet the intenseness of the cold was such that every one of them was obliged to have a chafing-dish of coals. These precautions would have rendered the rigour of the climate supportable, had not the imminent danger of perishing by being blown down the precipice roused them every time it snowed to counter the severity of the outward air, and sally out with shovels to free the roof of their hut from the masses of snow which were gathering on it. Nor would it without this precaution have been able to support the weight. They were not indeed without servants and Indians, but these were so benumbed with the cold that it was with great difficulty they could get them out of a small tent where they kept a continual fire. So that all our artists could obtain from them was to take their turns in this labour; and even then they went very unwillingly about it, and consequently performed it slowly.

It may easily be conceived what this company

suffered from the asperities of such a climate. Their feet were swelled, and so tender that they could not even bear the heat, and walking was attended with extreme pain. Their hands were covered with chilblains, their lips swelled and chapped, so that every movement in speaking or the like drew blood; consequently they were obliged to strict taciturnity, and little disposed to laugh, as by causing an extension of the lips it produced such fissures as were very painful for two or three days after.

Their common food in this inhospitable region was a little rice boiled with some flesh or fowl procured from Quito, and, instead of fluid water, their pot was filled with ice; they had the same resource with regard to what they drank, and while they were eating every one was obliged to keep his plate over a chafing-dish of coals to prevent his provisions from freezing. The same was done with regard to the water. At first they imagined the drinking strong liquors would diffuse a heat through the body, and consequently render it less sensible of the painful sharpness of the cold, but to their surprise they felt no manner of strength in such liquors: nor were they any greater preservative against the cold than the common water.

At the same time they found it impossible to keep together their Indian servants. There being on the top of the rock no room for pitching a tent for the Indians, they used every evening to retire to a cave at the foot of the mountain, where, beside a natural diminution of the cold, they could keep a continual fire, and consequently enjoyed more comfortable quarters than their masters. Before they withdrew at night they fastened, on the outside, the door of the hut, which was so low that it was impossible to go in or out without stooping; and as every night the hail and snow which had fallen formed a wall against the door, it was the business of one or two of the Indians to come early and remove this obstruction. The travellers had not been there above four or five days when they were alarmed to see ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock arrive, without any news of their labourers, till one honest fellow, who had withstood the seduction of his countrymen, informed his masters of the desertion of the four others.

As soon as the snow was cleared away from the door they despatched the Indian to the corregidor of Quito, who with equal despatch sent other Indians, threatening to chastise them severely if they were wanting in their duty. But the fear of punishment was not sufficient to induce them to support the rigour of this situation, for within two days they deserted. The corregidor therefore, to prevent any other inconvenience, sent four Indians under the care of an alcalde, and gave orders for their being relieved every fourth day.

Twenty-three tedious days our travellers spent on this rock—viz., to the 6th of September—and even without any possibility of finishing their observations of the angles: for when it was fair and clear weather with them the others, on whose summits were the signals which formed the triangles for measuring the degrees of the meridian, were hid in the clouds; and when those were clear Pichincha was involved in clouds. It was therefore necessary to erect their signals in a lower situation, and in a more favourable region. This, however, did not produce any change in their

habitation till the beginning of December, when, having finished the observations which particularly concerned Pichincha, they proceeded to others. There was, however, little abatement of their hardships, for, the places where they made their observations being necessarily on the highest parts of the deserts, the only respite they enjoyed was during the short interval of passing from one to the other.

Such are a few of the weary steps by which men labour in the paths of science for the general good. We wish we could record the safe return of these enthusiastic travellers to their homes in Europe. Respecting one of them, however, Providence had otherwise ordained.

They found at Callao two French ships, the *Deliverance* and the *Lys*, preparing for a voyage to Europe, and accordingly Don George Juan embarked in the latter, and Don Antonio de Ulloa in the former. They left Callao on the 22nd of October, and on the 22nd of November joined the *Louis Erasme*, which, with another French register-ship, called the *Marquis d'Antin*, had waited for them in the Bay of Concepcion. Their little squadron being thus formed, they left the bay, but the next day the *Lys* sprung a leak and was obliged to return.

The rest of the squadron had the good fortune to double Cape Horn without meeting with those terrible storms so frequent near that cape. On the 21st of May they came to anchor off Ferdinando de Narona, an island on the coast of Brazil, belonging to the Portuguese. Here they refitted their crazy ships, and took on board a fresh supply of provisions, wood, and water. On the 10th of June, at ten in the morning, they again got under sail, and continued their course to the northward, comforting themselves that now the whole danger of their voyage was over. But on the 21st of July, about six in the morning, they discovered two sail within three leagues of them, bearing east-north-east. At seven in the morning, when within little more than cannon-shot of each other, the larger of the two fired a shot, and at the same time both hoisted English colours. The French frigates also formed a line, though little in a condition for fighting, for, besides being weakly manned and the want of arms and ammunition, they had no nettings for securing the men.

The force of the three French frigates was this: the *Louis Erasme* carried twenty guns, and had between seventy and eighty persons on board, seamen, passengers, and boys; the *Marquis d'Antin* also carried ten guns on a side, and had aboard fifty-five persons; *La Deliverance* was still smaller than the other two, having only seven on a side, and all the persons aboard did not exceed fifty men.

The enemy, who afterwards proved to be privateers, were considerably superior in force. The larger of them, the *Prince Frederick*, carried thirty-six guns; the name of the smaller was the *Duke*, having ten guns on a side; each also carried patereroes, which did great execution in the rigging. At length, about half-past ten, the *Marquis d'Antin*, which was in the rear, struck to the larger of the enemy, with which she was engaged, after losing her captain, having received so many shot between wind and water that she was on the point of sinking.

The captain of the *Deliverance*, which was the

headmost ship, seeing one of her company taken, prudently crowded sail, that, while the enemy's ships were taken up with the prize, he might escape from them. The *Louis Erasmé* could not hesitate to follow her example, but the larger of the English privateers was not long in coming up with her, and, by the superiority of her force and the vigour with which it was exerted, soon compelled her to surrender. The two privateers being taken up with their prizes, and the south-east wind freshening, the *Deliverance* stood north-east, and at four in the evening got quite out of sight both of the privateers and prizes.

The captain of the *Deliverance*, after this, in all appearance, fortunate escape, consulted with his officers. The very same evening the course was altered, and they steered for Louisbourg as a port of safety.

On the 13th of August, at six in the morning, they saw a brigantine plying along the coast for Louisbourg. The *Deliverance* on this hoisted a French ensign, which was answered by the other firing two or three guns. This gave them no uneasiness, as they concluded that the brigantine, suspecting some deceit in their colours, had fired those guns as a warning to the fishing barks without to get into the harbour. An hour afterwards, being near eight o'clock, they saw coming out of Louisbourg two men-of-war, which they immediately took for ships belonging to a French squadron stationed there for the security of that important place, and that they had come out on this signal from the brigantine that a ship had appeared in sight, lest it might be some Boston privateer with a design on the fishery. But the fatal truth was soon apparent. The smaller vessel, which carried fifty guns, leading the way, came alongside the *Deliverance*, and, hoisting British colours, fired several guns, which carried away the foretop-sail-halyards. Almost at the same time the larger ship came up on the starboard side. Betwixt two such enemies resistance would have been a wild temerity: the captain immediately struck his colours, and the boat from the smaller ship came on board and took possession of the *Deliverance*, and returned into the harbour with a very rich prize.

These two English men-of-war were the *Sunderland*, of sixty guns, and the *Chester*, of fifty. Don Ulloa was sent with the fleet to England, and thence to Fareham, at that time a pleasant village at the bottom of Portsmouth harbour, where prisoners of war were confined. The Spaniard, however, was treated with great distinction as a man of science, and, being liberated about two years afterwards, reached Madrid with grateful recollections of his forced residence on English soil.

THE FATAL RAFFLE.

THE following incident of the Revolutionary War in America may be called a double escape, affecting no less the credit of General Washington than the life of his intended victim. Captain Haddy, of the Republican army, having been taken prisoner by the British and executed, Washington directed one of their captured officers to be selected by lot and suffer death in retaliation. The scene is thus described:—

“The brigadier, however, was deaf to all re-

monstrances. His orders, he said, were peremptory; he was very sorry, but he could not even consent to so much delay as might be necessary to bring up a captain from Virginia, where, on the march of the depôt into Maryland, he had been left. ‘When all is over,’ he continued, ‘and the lot has declared on whom the blow must fall, then you may rely upon it that every indulgence shall be shown which you could expect or my own feelings dictate.’ But in the meanwhile there remained but one course to pursue. A victim must be chosen from the gentlemen present, and the aide-de-camp was directed to prepare lots in another apartment.

It would be quite impossible to describe the sensations which I experienced, and which were, I doubt not, experienced in a like degree by others, during the brief pause which ensued on this officer's departure. Few words were interchanged, though all kept up, apparently without any exertion, a good countenance. But the pause was not of long duration, for in about ten minutes the aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by another gentleman, each bearing in his hand a hat, while a drum-boy followed, as well as an officer of dragoons, the commander, as we were already apprised, of the prisoners' escort. In each hat were thirteen pieces of paper. That held by the aide-de-camp contained twelve inscribed with names and one blank; that held by the other gentleman, twelve blanks and one inscribed with a name. The drum-boy put in his hand, and after reading a name aloud drew a slip of paper from the second hat, which, as long as it was blank, left the individual named in safety. Ten names were thus drawn; the eleventh—having the fatal mark attached to it—was that of Captain Aggill, of the Guards, to whom the brigadier pointed, while he said to the officer of dragoons, ‘That gentleman is your prisoner.’

The excitement of the scene was now over, and we gazed upon poor Aggill with a bitterness and intensity of feeling such as defied control. He was barely nineteen years of age, lively, brave, handsome, an only son, as we all knew, and an especial favourite with his comrades. To see him, as we did at that moment, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and to know that his days, nay, his hours, were numbered—that was a demand upon the fortitude of those who loved him such as they could not meet. We all lifted up our voices and wept, and, while a warm pressure of the hand was exchanged with each in his turn, the object of so much commiseration found it no easy matter himself to restrain his tears.

Nor, to do them justice, were the Americans, either within or without the house, indifferent spectators of the drama. The brigadier at once consented to delay the removal of the victim till the following morning, and readily granted a passport for the purpose of enabling an officer to act out on the instant for New York. The crowd, too (and a dense multitude was assembled round the house), evinced their sympathy by such exclamations of pity as crowds are wont to offer, while at the same time frequent voices were heard to exclaim, ‘Well, them Britishers be strange chaps; they all went in laughing and talking, and now, when the thing is settled, they are all in tears, except the young man on whom the lot has fallen.’ And so in truth it was: there was not a dry eye among us, except that of Aggill

himself, as we proceeded from the Black Bear to Major Gordon's quarters."

It is satisfactory to add that Washington gave up his stern resolve, and Agill was saved.

ON ACTIVE FOREIGN SERVICE.

Young men possessed of romantic notions of the delights of a soldier's life will peruse with advantage the following descriptions of the horrors often endured by members of the profession when on active foreign service. A soldier in the 71st Regiment thus writes of his sufferings in the Spanish campaign:—

"Two days before our arrival at Salamanca we were forced to form ourselves into a square, to repel the attacks of the enemy, and in that position we remained all night. It was one of the severest nights of cold I ever endured in my life. At that time we wore long hair, formed into a club at the back of our heads. Mine was frozen to the ground in the morning, and when I attempted to rise my limbs refused to support me for some time. I felt the most excruciating pains over all my body before the blood began to circulate. We marched forty-seven miles this day before encamping, and about nine miles to a town next morning. Our fatigue was dreadful, and our sufferings almost more than we could endure."

Yet this was nothing to what followed in the march from Astorga, in the retreat towards Corunna: "The first sixteen miles of the road lay wholly up the mountain, to the summit of Foncebadon, and the country was open. At this time it was a barren waste of snow. At the top of the mountain is a pass, which is one of the strongest, they say, in Europe. It is about eight or nine miles long. All the way through this pass the silence was only interrupted by the groans of the men, who, unable to proceed further, laid themselves down in despair to perish in the snow; or where the report of a pistol told the death of a horse, which had fallen down, unable to proceed. I felt an unusual listlessness steal over me. Many times I have said, 'Those men who have resigned themselves to their fate are happier than I. What have I to struggle for? Welcome death!—happy deliverer!' These thoughts passed in my mind involuntarily. Often have I been awakened out of this state of torpor by my constant friend Donald, when falling out of the line of march to lie down in despair. The rain poured in torrents; the melted snow was half knee-deep in many places, and stained by the blood that flowed from our wounded and bruised feet. To add to our misery, we were forced, by turns, to drag the baggage. This was more than human nature could sustain; many waggons were abandoned, and much ammunition destroyed. Our arrival at Villa Franca closed the second act of our tragedy."

From Villa Franca we set out on the 2nd January, 1809. What a New Year's Day had we passed! Drenched with rain, famished with cold and hunger, ignorant when our misery was to cease! This was the most dreadful period of my life. Not a voice said, 'I wish you a happy new year;' each seemed to look upon his neighbour as an abridgment to his own comforts.

His looks seemed to say, 'One or other of the articles you wear would be of great use to me; your shoes are better than those I possess; if you were dead they would be mine.'

From Villa Franca to Castro is one continued toil up Monte del Cebiero. It was one of the sweetest scenes I ever beheld, could our eyes have enjoyed anything that did not minister to our wants. There was nothing to sustain our famished bodies or shelter them from the rain or snow. We were either drenched with rain or crackling with ice. Fuel we could find none. The sick and wounded that we had been still enabled to drag with us in the waggons were now left to perish in the snow. The road was one line of bloody footmarks, from the sore feet of the men, and on its sides lay the dead and the dying. Human nature could do no more. Donald McDonald, the hardy Highlander, began to fail. He, as well as myself, had long been barefooted and lame; he that had encouraged me to proceed now himself lay down to die. For two days he had been almost blind, and unable, from a severe cold, to hold up his head. We sat down together; not a word escaped our lips. We looked around, then at each other, and closed our eyes. We felt there was no hope. We would have given in charge a farewell to our friends; but who was to carry it? There were, not far from us, here and there, above thirty in the same situation with ourselves. There was nothing but groans, mingled with execrations, to be heard between the pauses of the wind. I attempted to pray and recommend myself to God; but my mind was so confused I could not arrange my ideas. I almost think I was deranged. We had not sat half an hour; sleep was stealing upon me, when I perceived a bustle around me. It was an advanced party of the French. Unconscious of the action, I started upon my feet, levelled my musket, which I had still retained, fired, and formed with the other stragglers. The French faced about and left us. There were more of them than of us. The action, and the approach of danger in a shape which we had it in our power to repel, roused our dormant feelings, and we joined at Castro.

With a gradual increase of sufferings, we struggled onwards. Towards the close of this journey my mind became unfit for any minute observation. I only marked what I myself was forced to encounter. How I was sustained I am unable to conceive. My life was misery; hunger, cold, and fatigue had deprived death of all its horrors. My present sufferings I felt; what death was I could only guess. 'I will endure everything, in the hope of living to smooth the closing years of mother's life and atone for my unkindness. Merciful God! support me.' These ejaculations were always the close of my melancholy musing.

After we had gained the summit of Monte del Castro, and were descending, I was roused by a crowd of soldiers. My curiosity prompted me to go to it; I knew it must be no common occurrence that could attract *their* sympathy. Judge of the feelings which I want words to express. In the centre lay a woman, young and lovely, though cold in death, and a child, apparently about six or seven months old, attempting to draw support from the breast of its dead mother. Tears filled every eye, but no one had the power to aid. While we stood around, gazing on the interesting

object, then on each other, none offered to speak, each heart was so full. At length one of General Moore's staff-officers came up, and desired the infant to be given to him. He rolled it in his cloak, amidst the blessings of every spectator. Never shall I efface the benevolence of his look from my heart, when he said, 'Unfortunate infant! you will be my future care.'

From the few remaining waggons we had been able to bring with us, women and children, who had hitherto sustained, without perishing, all our aggravated sufferings, were every now and then laid out upon the snow, frozen to death. An old tattered blanket, or some other piece of garment, was all the burial that was given them. The soldiers who perished lay uncovered, until the next fall of snow, or heavy drift, concealed their bodies.

Amidst scenes like these we arrived at Lugo. Here we were to have obtained two days' rest; but fate was not yet weary of enjoying our miseries. On our arrival I tried all in my power to find a place for Donald. The best I could find was a bakehouse. He lay down in one of the baking troughs; I put a sack over him. In two minutes the steam began to rise out of the trough in a continued cloud; he fell asleep, and I went in search of some refreshment. I was not half an hour away, when I returned with a little bread; he was still asleep, and as dry as a bone; I was wet as mire. I felt inclined more than once to wake him; I did not, but lay down on a sack, and fell asleep. I awoke before him, quite dry. There were three or four more lying down on the floor beside me, asleep. My havresack had been rifled while I slept, and my little store of bread was gone. It was vain to complain, I had no resource. Cautiously I examined those around me asleep, but found nothing. Again I sallied forth, and, to my great joy, I saw a soldier lying unable to rise, he was so drunk. His havresack seemed pretty full: I went to him, and found in it a large piece of beef and some bread; I scrupled not to appropriate them to myself. I hastened back to Donald, and we had a good meal together. I felt stronger, and Donald was in better spirits.

In the affair at Fuentes d'Onore my life was most wonderfully preserved. In forcing the French through the town, during our first advance, a bayonet went through, between my side and clothes, to my knapsack, which stopped its progress. The Frenchman to whom the bayonet belonged fell, pierced by a musket-ball from my rear-rank man. Whilst freeing myself from the bayonet a ball took off part of my right-shoulder wing, and killed my rear-rank man, who fell upon me. Narrow as this escape was, I felt no uneasiness, I was become so inured to danger and fatigue.

During this day the loss of men was great. In our retreat back to the town, when we halted to check the enemy, who bore hard upon us in their attempts to break our line, often was I obliged to stand with a foot upon each side of a wounded man, who wrung my soul with prayers I could not answer, and pierced my heart with his cries to be lifted out of the way of the cavalry. While my heart bled for them, I have shaken them rudely off.

We kept up our fire until long after dark. About one o'clock in the morning we got four ounces of bread served out to each man, which

had been collected out of the havresacks of the foot-guards. After the firing had ceased we began to search through the town, and found plenty of flour, bacon, and sausages, on which we feasted heartily, and lay down in our blankets, wearied to death. My shoulder was as black as a coal from the recoil of my musket, for this day I had fired 107 round of ball-cartridge. Sore as I was, I slept as sound as a top till I was awakened by the loud call of the bugle, an hour before day.

In the attack upon Toulouse I shall ever remember an adventure that happened to me towards the afternoon. We were, in extended order, filing and retiring; I had just risen to run behind my file, when a spent shot struck me on the groin, and took the breath from me. 'God receive my soul!' I said, and sat down quite resigned. The French were advancing fast; I laid my musket down and gasped for breath; I was sick, and put my canteen to my head, but could not taste the water: however, I washed my mouth, and grew less faint. I looked to my thigh, and, seeing no blood, took resolution to put my hand to the part to feel the wound. My hand was unstained by blood, but the part was so painful that I could not touch it. At this moment of helplessness the French came up; one of them made a charge at me, as I sat pale as death. In another moment I should have been transfixed, had not his next man forced the point past me: 'Do not touch the good Scot,' said he, and then, addressing himself to me, added, 'Do you remember me?' I had not recovered my breath sufficiently to speak distinctly; I answered, 'No.' 'I saw you at Sobral,' he replied. Immediately I recognised him to be a soldier whose life I had saved from a Portuguese, who was going to kill him as he lay wounded. 'Yes, I know you,' I replied. 'God bless you,' cried he, and, giving me a pancake out of his hat, moved on with his fellows, the rear of whom took my knapsack and left me lying; I had fallen down for greater security. I soon recovered so far as to walk, though with pain, and joined the regiment next advance.

The writer of these adventures served for upwards of eight years in the hottest of the French war, and was discharged, after the battle of Waterloo, with a broken constitution, and without a shilling in the world. His fate affords a useful warning to those who delude themselves with ideas of the delights of a soldier's life.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

THE following narrative is extracted from a letter received a few years ago from a British officer stationed at Khasgrunge, in the East Indies:—

"For some days before our arrival at A. we had intelligence of an immense wild elephant being in a large grass swamp within five miles of us. He had inhabited the swamp for years, and was the terror of the surrounding villagers, many of whom he had killed; he had only one tusk, and there was not a village for many miles round that did not know the Burrah ak durt ke Hathoe, or the Large-toothed Elephant; and one of our party, Colonel S., had the year before been

charged, and his elephant put to the right-about, by this famous fellow. We determined to go in pursuit of him; and, accordingly, the third day after our arrival, started in the morning, mustering, between private and government elephants, thirty-two, but seven of them only with sportsmen on their backs. As we knew that, in the event of the wild one charging, he would probably turn against the male elephants, the drivers of two or three of the largest were armed with spears. On our way to the swamp we shot a great quantity of different sorts of game that got up before the line of elephants, and had hardly entered it when, in consequence of one of the party firing at a partridge, we saw the great object of our expedition: the wild elephant got up out of some long grass, about 250 yards before us, where he stood staring at us and flapping his huge ears.

We immediately made a line of the elephants, with sportsmen in the centre, and went straight up to him until within 130 yards, when, fearing he was going to turn from us, all the party gave him a volley, some of us firing two, three, and four barrels; he turned round, and made for the middle of the swamp. The chase now commenced; and, after following him for upwards of a mile, with our elephants up to their bellies in mud, we succeeded in turning him to the edge of the swamp, where he allowed us to get within eighty yards of him and give him another volley in his full front, on which he made a grand charge at us, but fortunately only grazed one of the pad elephants.

He then again made for the middle of the swamp, throwing up blood and water from his trunk, and making a terrible noise, which clearly showed that he had been severely wounded. We followed him, and were obliged to swim our elephants through a piece of deep stagnant water, occasionally giving shot, when, making a stop in some very high grass, he allowed us again to come within sixty yards, and got another volley, on which he made a second charge, more furious than the first, but was prevented making it good by some shots fired when very close to us, which stunned and fortunately turned him.

He then made for the edge of the swamp again, swimming over a piece of water, through which we followed with considerable difficulty, our pads and howdahs having become much heavier from the soaking they had got twice before. We were up to the middle of the howdahs, and one of the elephants fairly turned over, and threw the rider and his guns into the water. He was taken off by one of the pad elephants, but his three guns went to the bottom. This accident took up some time, during which the wild elephant had made his way to the edge of the swamp, and stood perfectly still, looking at us, and trumpeting with his trunk. As soon as we got all to rights we again advanced, with the elephants in the form of a crescent, in the full expectation of a desperate charge, nor were we mistaken.

The animal now allowed us to come within forty yards of him, when we took a very deliberate aim at his head. On receiving the fire he made a most furious charge, in the act of which, when within ten yards, he fell dead, from receiving his mortal wound, which, on examination, proved to be a small ball from a Joe Manton gun over the left eye, the only one, of thirty-one, that he had received in his head: it was found

to have entered the brain. When down he measured in height twelve feet four inches; in length, from the root of the tail to the top of the head, sixteen feet; and ten feet round the neck. He had upwards of eighty balls in his body. His tusk, when taken out, weighed thirty-six pounds, and, when compared with the tusks of the tame ones, was considered small for the size of the animal. After he fell a number of the villagers came about us, and were rejoiced at the death of their formidable enemy, and assured us that within the last four or five years he had killed nearly fifty men; indeed, the knowledge of the mischief he had occasioned was the only thing that could reconcile us to the death of so noble an animal. We were just three hours from the time we first saw him until he fell; and, what added much to the gratification of the day, we had not a single accident to man or elephant, excepting Captain P.'s upset."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

THE INQUISITOR OUTWITTED.

WHEN Captain (afterwards Admiral) Pye was cruising in the Mediterranean he received a letter from shore stating that the unhappy writer was by birth an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed, while there, to become a Catholic, and in process of time was made a member of the Inquisition; that, having witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the Inquisitors, his heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel and so repugnant to the nature of God; that he was stung with remorse to think, if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; and that he was resolved to escape if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since if his intentions were discovered he would be immediately assassinated.

The captain returned for answer that he could not with propriety send a boat, but he would receive the writer on board as a British subject, and protect him.

On the disappearance of the Englishman there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his Holiness the Pope, claimed him, but the captain did not know him or any other master except his own sovereign, King George. At length a third holy brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the Inquisition. He was introduced, however, the young man being present, and to obtain his object began with bitter accusations against him, then he attempted to flatter the captain, and lastly offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true the person in question was unworthy of the English

name or of his protection. The holy brother was elated: he thought his errand was done.

While drawing his purse-strings the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on the young man. He replied that, as his offences were great, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the Holy Inquisition, but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put into it. All this while the young man stood trembling, uncertain whether he was to fall a victim to the avarice or the superstition of the captain. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper."

This unexpected command thunder-struck the holy father; alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh! good captain! good captain! spare—spare me, my good captain!" "Have him away!" said the captain. "Oh! no, my good captain!" "Have him away!" said the captain. "I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell on his knees, and offered the captain all his money, promising never to return if he would let him go. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. The young man thus happily delivered fell upon his knees before the captain, and wished a thousand blessings on his brave and noble deliverer.

A RUSSIAN MOTHER.

It seems that the maintenance of military fidelity and discipline was to the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia an object for which all human ties may well be sacrificed. In March, 1837, a woman named Maria Nihoforoona, the widow of a peasant, received a letter from her son Novik, a soldier in the stationary battalion of Tambow. In this letter the son stated that the barbarous treatment which he and others endured at the hands of the regimental officers had driven him to the resolution of deserting from a service into which he had been forced at the first, and that in a few days after the date of his communication he hoped to see and embrace his mother. The first thing done by the mother on receipt of this letter was to carry it to the governor of the province, who, astonished at the unnatural conduct of the woman, sent her away without taking any steps in consequence of the disclosure. Some days later the deserter arrived at the dwelling of his mother, who received him with open arms and loaded him with caresses. But she took an opportunity immediately afterwards to go to the police officer, to whom she delivered up the child to whom she had given birth, and whom she had nursed at her breast. Compelled by his duty, the governor addressed a detailed report of the case to the emperor.

Nicholas received the matter differently from the governor; the autocrat issued an ukase decreeing a silver medal to Maria Nihoforoona with these words engraved on it—"Devotion to the Throne." This medal was to be suspended

from her neck by the ribbon of the order of St. Anne, and the woman was further secured for the rest of her life against the chances of want. It was moreover decreed that the circumstances of the case should be published in all the journals of the empire, that its subjects might imitate this example of fidelity and devotion to the throne.

The young soldier, in accordance with the military regulations of Russia, was subjected to the knout, and died under the blows. The unnatural parent wore the decoration assigned to her with as much pride as if she had won it by the most virtuous action.

THE BRAVEST OF THE REGIMENT.

AFTER having gained the battle of Wagram the Emperor Napoleon occupied himself with reviewing his troops and distributing among them honourable rewards. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent in this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that not one man's claim had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks: "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was still a young man, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah!" said he, "you have seen service." "Fifteen years, my emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns, and ten wounds, not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the bridge of Arcole; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when 40,000 Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you—" "Hold; it is well, very well. Morio, I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add an hereditary gift of 5000 francs a year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery. "Ah! my emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me, and I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing." Morio only quitted the service when his master fell, and, in spite of that change, continued to enjoy the emperor's gift. He kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he retired wanted wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.

A HYPOCRITE'S DEATH.

DURING the Mahratta war a British soldier who was one night on duty in the quarter-guard requested a comrade to shoot him through the arm, so that he might be disabled from military

service. It was arranged that the principal was to go a little distance in front of the tent, when the comrade was to fire; he did so, but the ball, instead of disabling an arm, passed through the body, and occasioned instant death.

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLIARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XXVII. (continued.)

At that moment the inner door opened, and a tall graceful lady of exquisite beauty, with a long white veil fastened to her glossy black hair, hanging partly over her head and showing by contrast the warm complexion of her skin, entered the cabin.

As she approached the sofa to take the place Louise made for her she cast a look of mingled curiosity and terror to the ceiling, through which the altercation seemed to come, and asked in broken English what was the meaning of the angry voices.

Before the question could be answered a sentence from the deck sent a quick shudder through the frame of Louise. Claspings the Spanish girl to her heart, she bent her head upon her bosom in silent anguish, while Maria, with a look of loathing and disgust, fell at the feet of her mistress, and, flinging an arm round the waist of either girl, gave vent to a succession of gasping sobs.

Leaving the three unhappy girls looked in a mutual embrace, we will proceed to the deck and explain the cause of their sudden grief and alarm.

"Was that six bells that beat last, Josh?" demanded Nixon, rising from a long and moody survey of the water, and striding up to the binnacle, where the tall Yankee was at the moment standing.

Time and frequent encounters both on land and sea had by no means improved the features of this morose and drunken ruffian, which, always cruel and revengeful, were made still more repulsive by two or three deep scars on different parts of his countenance, while his beard had by neglect expanded into a very forest of hairy scrub. But if his features and manners had not benefited by time, his costume had certainly improved in a marvellous degree. Equipped in leggings of gilded leather, white cotton breeches, ornamented vest, and open jacket thickly set with bullion buttons, with a crimson skull-cap and gold tassel, he aped the nationality of the Greek pirate. And, lest any doubt should exist as to his real character, the rich silk scarf that circled his loins was stuck round with yataghans and a double brace of silver-mounted pistols.

"I'm cursed if I know. I'm just up from the bread-room," was the unceremonious reply of the dandified ruffian to the question put to him.

"Or the spirit-room, which?" demanded Nixon, with an insolent look at his companion and second mate.

"Has your hair grown into your lugs that you can't hear?" rejoined Josh, returning for

the insolent a defiant stare. "I said the bread-room."

"By—" but with an effort mastering the oath that rose so glibly to his tongue, Nixon demanded, with ill-suppressed resentment, "Is this your watch?"

"No," was the surly reply.

"Who has charge of the deck, then?"

"How should I know? But if it isn't me, nor yet you, it won't be hard to guess who it is, seeing there's only three of us for that duty."

Before the Yankee had concluded Nixon had bent his body forward, and, shielding his eyes with his hand, was intently gazing ahead of the felucca, his face, as he did so, growing hideous under the workings of rising passion.

With a frightful oath, he sprang on the gunwale, and, grasping the shrouds, took a long and steady look at the object that had attracted his attention.

"Oh! you are there, are you, you loafing skulk!" Nixon exclaimed, springing down as Dick, one of his earliest chums, rose from the deck, where he had been sleeping. "You are a nice lubber to be left in charge of the deck, and then go to sleep in your watch and never set so much as a look-out."

"What was the use? There was nothing to look out for, and the hands were sleepy; at least, I was."

"It's a lie, you lazy thief. A cruiser might have borne down on us, or that infernal plague Phil in his schooner might have crept on us unawares and poured in a broadside before—"

"What's the use of jawing away at such cursed humbug? The cow *might* have jumped over the moon, for that matter," retorted Dick, with a contemptuous laugh, in which he was seconded by all the men on deck.

"By the Lord, I'll shoot the first man through the head who dares to laugh at me!" shouted Nixon, furious with passion, drawing a pistol from his girdle and cocking it in the mate's face.

"Two, and perhaps more, can play at that game, you hairy thief," cried Dick, also drawing a pistol and calmly levelling it at his skipper. "What are you making all this blaring noise about? Have you been sucking the monkey till you have added the bit of brains Nature shirked you off with?"

"You cursed mutinous dog, if there wasn't work in hand I'd think no more of abooting you or your chums," glancing savagely at Josh, "than I would so many mad dogs. What does it mean? Why, that while you slept a prize might have escaped us. Look there, you bullying fool; there's a lubberly brig with a rich cargo and lots of passengers just walking into our very jaws, and not a blessed soul on board to sight her but me."

"By my soul, the skipper's right," exclaimed one of the crew. "A well-built brig, with a cargo of tea and silk. There's lots of pickings on those ribs, boys. Come, Dick, don't stand surly there; lend a hand and let's get ready."

"Shut up, you idiot, and mind what concerns you. As to the brig, let Nix take her himself; I shan't move a peg."

"What's that you say?" shouted Nixon, rushing back from the side, where he had gone to examine the approaching craft. "I command here, and I'll be obeyed. You won't work? You won't lend a hand, you mutinous liar and dog? Then

take that, and that," striking Dick savagely on the head and face with the muzzle of his pistol.

"No, no, Dick; be quiet," exclaimed the Yankee, grasping his friend's hand, as, furious with pain and passion, he cocked his pistol and made a bound to discharge it through Nixon's head. "Don't be a fool, Dick; business first and pleasure afterwards, as the hangman said when he took his breakfast before turning off his man. Let's take the prize first and settle the dispute afterwards."

"I'll have it so far settled first that there shall be no doubt about it when the work's done, or I'll not lend a hand," replied Dick, wiping the blood off his face.

"You will have and you won't? I'll make no terms with mutineers. It's as I please, not as you will, Master Dick," rejoined Nixon. "I shall agree to nothing."

"Oh! yes you will, skipper," added Josh, with a calm but significant smile.

"Why will I, eh, my man?" he retorted, with a sneer.

"Because it will be better for you, won't it, lads?" the Yankee asked, turning to the men standing round.

"I should say so. Every man for his rights," responded the hands, even the man at the helm speaking affirmatively.

"May an eternal curse light on you all!" Nixon muttered between his teeth. Then, assuming an indifferent attitude, he asked, "Well, what is it you want settled?"

"Out with it; tell him, Dick," urged Josh, as there was a momentary pause.

"I want my share of the cruise."

"What do you say?" inquired Nixon, pretending ignorance of the words.

"My share of the boat, then, if you are so thundering deaf," replied Dick in a louder tone of voice; "two-tenths of the rhino and one-third of the women. And I want my money, and my gal Maria to-morrow morning; for I means to cry off the ship's books. When that's settled I mean to take the change out of your figure-head for these two blows o' yours," and he touched his bleeding scalp and disfigured face.

"That's the ticket, Dick, and to which this critter, as was riz in the U-nited States, and is knowed aboard as Josh the Yankee, cries ditto. I gives warning, too, skipper, that I wants my two-tenths *al-so*, and my gal, the one called Donna Inez, with all her togs and fixin's. You hears?"

"What if I refuse and say you shan't have either money or women? Besides, I haven't made up my mind yet which or how many I mean to keep for myself," replied Nixon, with all his former swaggering insolence.

"Why, what an avaricious shirking liar you are!" vociferated Dick. "Didn't you bargain from the first that you was to have the captain's daughter? And what was it kept us from taking her for ourselves but the promise we made that you was to have her and the schooner for your share, and the next women were to be our lot? And now you ain't content—"

"Stow that, and attend to business, you grumbling fools," exclaimed the man who had before spoken to Dick. "Here comes the prize, walking right down your throats, and nobody to open his mouth for a bite. If you want sweet-hearts I'm blest if there ain't enough yonder to

give one to every hand on board," pointing to some female dresses seen on the brig.

"She's a queer-rigged critter o' a craft," observed the Yankee. "She's bin in rough weather, I should take it, looking at her patched sails. What's that? Why, I'm blest if it ain't a fiddle they've got aboard; and only look at the bonnets and shawls."

"How lucky it was we had no sweeps out!" muttered Nixon as he went forward to the hatchway that led to the hold, where the swarm of Dyaks were congregated. Giving a few hasty words to their chief to be in readiness, he returned to the gunwale just as the brig came within speaking distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A PRISONER STILL.

Nixon had hardly taken his stand when a man appeared in the bows of the strange brig, and, with a broad Scotch accent, hailed the felucca with the usual question of name, nationality, and whither bound, all of which having been satisfactorily answered, and similar queries replied to by the brig, the Scotchman inquired—

"Is it true that there is a piratical schooner about these waters? I have heard awfu' tales about her at Singapore. I shudna like to come athwart her hawse, I can assure you, Master Green, for I've a fine cargo and a number of passengers, colonists going to Moreant Bay. I am glad to hear ye say there are no sich blackgarts in these latitudes. But I'm saying, Captain Green, hae ye sic a thing to spare as a bushel or twa o' rice? Some o' the bairns want a change o' diet, ye see."

"Rice? Oh! yes, you shall have a sack if you like," replied Nixon gaily.

"Thank ye kindly, and I'll gie ye a keg o' whisky in exchange. Stop a wee; I'll just put the brig round, and then ye can come on board, and we'll hae a glass thegither."

"We don't meet with such a thundering fool as this every day," observed Nixon to his crew, as the Scotch skipper disappeared to give directions for bringing round the brig so as to place the vessels gunwale to gunwale. "Every man get his pistol and cutlass ready. Haul up that sack of hay, and all of you be ready to follow me. No palaver, remember, but cut down all before you at once."

While the crew had been arming themselves and this brief direction was given the brig had slowly wore round, and was gradually getting opposite the felucca, though nearly a dozen fathoms off. A man appearing in the forechains with a coil of rope plainly indicated the intention of the Scotchman to lash the vessels together, a measure that made Nixon rub his hands and chuckle with excess of delight.

"Now, my lad," shouted Nixon, holding up his arms to catch the expected coil.

At that moment two sheets of fire leaped from the brig's side, followed by a terrific explosion. Twenty feet of the midships of the felucca were torn away, flinging the craft on her beam-ends, and filling the air with the shrieks and groans of the maimed and dying. Plunging forward, the brig was brought round to the felucca's stern, and as she rolled over on her heel her swivel swept the deck from stem to stern with its charge of grape and canister.

While some made fast the felucca to the brig, Philip, followed by Ben, the boatswain, Mannering, and a dozen hands, sprang on the pirate's deck and drove those of the crew who still lived before them. He then left the deck to his comrades, sprang down to the cabin, dashed open the locked door with his foot, and the next moment folded the almost fainting Louise to his heart.

"To the deck! to the deck! The felucca is sinking!" he cried, as in their terror the girls ran hither and thither.

Having hurried Donna Inez and Maria to the companion, he followed them with Louise on his arm, and committed the Spanish lady to the care of Bill, while Ben took Maria, and, with her at his side, was soon fighting with two Malays at once, for numbers had contrived to reach the deck, though the majority were being drowned in the hold.

Though firmly grasping Louise with one arm, Phil parried a sudden assault from a Dyak with the other, and contrived with his left hand to use his revolver with such effect that Ben was speedily relieved of both his enemies. To stretch his own antagonist on the deck with his cutlass was the work of only a moment. His release, however, was but of short duration.

Taking advantage of a momentary lull in the fight near him, Bill had just turned to take the Spanish lady on board the *Avenger*, when Josh, catching sight of the movement, rushed forward to recover the prize he had designed for himself, and at the same time punish her protector. Bill, however, was too quick for him; parrying the blow, he returned it with such good effect that the sword flew out of the Yankee's hand and fell far off in the sea, on which the boatswain raised his leg and gave his antagonist so unexpected a thrust with his foot that he staggered back and fell at full length along the bamboo deck.

"O Lord! Merciful—oh!" shrieked the American, as four or five crews were thrust through his body by the struggling and drowning Dyaks in the hold.

While this had been taking place with Bill and the Yankee a far more protracted struggle was going on between Ben and his mortal enemy Dick. Dick, a taller and much more powerful man than his opponent, was actuated by jealousy, which every action of Maria, as she clung to her protector, served to intensify, and also by a general dislike for Ben, as the friend of Phil, whom he hated with a deadly animosity. Knowing his strength, he felt sure of victory, and was confident of being able to possess himself of the coveted prize. Hence he rained his blows fast and furious, in the hope of soon tiring out his antagonist.

On the other hand, Ben was inflamed with an implacable resentment against Dick for his uniform hatred of Phil, and for his share of the cruelty in the boat when he volunteered to throw Philip over. He hated him, too, for many sneers at himself, but most of all for his presumption towards Maria. He had long anticipated their meeting, and, to counteract Dick's advantage in point of strength, had taken many lessons from Phil in the use of the cutlass, which he could now wield with a skill little inferior to his master. Only that morning he had devoted an hour to grinding and putting a sharp point on the trusty blade, and it was with a confident laugh of deri-

sion that he parried every blow and thrust so vindictively showered about his head and body.

"Avast, there, Dick, a minute; and if you ain't a coward, as I knows you to be a bully, you won't take any advantage while I'm shifting ballast." Then, addressing Maria, who, sheltered by his left arm, clung round his neck, he said—

"I say, darling, you just step round into my wake and lay hold of my belt, and then, having both hands free, I'll soon polish off this ugly piece of goods."

As Maria placed herself behind him and grasped his belt Ben gave a hitch and a shrug to his arms, and, with an exclamation of, "Now, you beggar, come on again," renewed the fight.

Dick was by no means slow to accept the challenge; springing first to one side, then to the other, and being no longer afraid of injuring the girl, he dealt blow and thrust with incredible velocity.

Twice had Ben's point ploughed red gashes along his arms, but, undeterred by wounds, he pressed so hardly on his opponent that he was compelled to give ground and stagger back.

"Ha! ha! I have you now!" shouted Dick, springing clear from the deck; and, grasping his sword with both hands, he aimed a tremendous blow at the other's head; but, his foot slipping, and Ben swerving aside, he fell forward on his knee, and Ben's sword transixed his throat. Maria gave a shriek as the blood gushed forth, and Ben, turning quickly, caught her sinking form in his arms.

For half a minute the body of the pirate remained firm on one knee, and twice the muscles of the arms attempted to raise the sword from the deck; then the widely-dilated eyes closed, the open jaws shut, and the body rolled over on the deck, and with one quick shudder sank into the quietude of death.

Catching up Maria in his arms, Ben hurried to the stern of the felucca, climbed the side of the *Avenger*, and placed his burden in the arms of the donna; then, swinging down again on the deck of the pirate, he was soon hotly engaged shoulder to shoulder with his messmates, who were straining every nerve to reach their commander and Bill, who, with Louise behind her lover, were contending on the other side of the deck with Nixon, two of his crew, and four or five yelling Dyaks.

"Look to the poor skipper, lads, and cut them down!" cried Ben, fighting like a lion.

But the Dyaks, who had cut a way through the bamboo canes, were each moment crawling half drowned on deck, and, with a total disregard of life, flung themselves on their enemies, rendering it almost impossible for them to reach their chief.

"One push more, and altogether, lads!" cried Ben. At that moment the bows of the felucca disappeared, she gave a violent lurch to starboard, and, as by magic, the band of infuriated Dyaks were rolled into the sea, or fell back with despairing yells into the hold, which was now a complete well of water.

With a shout, Ben led his party to the rescue of their captain, but, short as was the distance, fate ordained the relief should come too late. A blow on the head stretched Bill insensible on the deck, and in his fall he drove Phil some feet from his position, whose sword, at the same moment, was shivered to the handle in guarding a savage blow from Nixon.

Without pausing to follow up his success,

Nixon seized Louise, and, before Phil could recover his equilibrium, he had sprung into a small boat, and, with his retreat covered by his swarthy allies, rowed swiftly out to sea.

Picking up Bill's sword, Phil, with a cry of beffed rage, rushed on the Dyaka, and, hewing down all before him, gained the gunwale, only in time to see the boat far off and beyond the chance of capture.

"Back to the schooner, for God's sake, Philip!" cried Ben. "The felucca is sinking under our feet! Mannerling is getting the cutter manned, and we'll follow him the next time to the death."

"Ay, Ben; my life or his next time," Phil replied, with a quivering lip. "Quick, then, to the cutter. Where's poor Bill?"

"They are hauling him up; all our lads are cared for; run, or you will be sucked down."

Phil was still hanging to the schooner's side when the felucca rolled over on her beam-ends, and then with a rush plunged bows foremost through the flashing water and disappeared.

"Where is Hassan? Where is the Malay?" exclaimed Philip as he reached the deck.

"Here he is," replied Ben. "He wanted to board with us, but I thought our men might mistake him for a Dyak in the fight, so I kept him on board."

"That was prudent. Now, Hassan, do you know yonder island to which the boat is pointing?"

"Yes, sahib; Hassan know him often; him Fire Island; not no peoples, only one lilly bungalow, where Nixon hide rupee and much pagoda money."

"Night is fast closing, and the boat is already out of sight. Can you guide us to the island, and to his hut or bungalow?"

"Yes, sahib, with both eyes asleep."

"Into the cutter, then," replied Phil, and he descended to the boat after him. "Look to the donna and Maria, Ben. Is everything aboard?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Throw off, then. Look after poor Bill; and give way, my lads, with a will," and he sank into the stern-sheets as the boat, guided by Mannerling and manned by half a dozen who had not been engaged in the fray, flew across the dark water towards a high volcanic island some six leagues from the *Avenger*.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE LONELY HUT.

"HERE we are at last, old girl, That's right; squat down, and make yourself comfortable, for you are now at home; no more racketting about; here you are, anchored for life. Curse my eyes if you ain't an infernal nice wench!" Nixon remarked, after dragging Louise, almost fainting with anxiety and fatigue, into a wretched wooden hut on the morning following the destruction of the felucca; and as she sank exhausted on a rude chair her captor threw himself across a deal table, rested his head on his hands, and stared insolently into her face. "Why don't you say, 'Thank God?' All women are thundering pious and thankful when they get home for good, and it ain't every wench as has got such a jolly snug crib as this to call a home, or such an out-and-out cove as me for a husband. Do you hear? What are you shivering and shaking that way for? It ain't cold." Then, looking round, he

added, "The crib ain't over clean, I allows; you see I haven't been here for some weeks, and the last time we had a jolly spree—Dick, Josh, I, and the others. But what's the odds? It's a job for you, and will get your hand in. You'll find some pieces of canvas in that bunk that you can swab up the deck with, or the floor as you call it, for I'm a cussed particular feller, and always looks to have a clean crib; remember that. Speak, you young faggot! speak! or I'll make you;" and, with a fearful oath, he struck the table suddenly with his fist, making the almost unconscious Louise start from her seat in terror.

"Now, look you here," he said, changing his position and making a seat of the table. "I ain't often in such a thundering good humour as you sees me in now, and when I ain't I'm just as like to speak with my fist as my tongue. Do you hear that?"

"Yes—I heard," Louise murmured, in evident alarm.

"Why didn't you say so sooner, then? Now, listen, and you just mind what I say, for I ain't always in such an amiable and affectionate temper; I'm blest if I knows what's come over me, but I feel myself a werry lamb in gentleness. So just you keep your weather eye open, and suck in every word I'm a saying. Are you a listening?" he demanded, with a ferocity at strange variance with his boasted lamb-like temper. "Oh! you are, are you? Well, now I wants to talk to you like a father. Now, in the first place, I means to make this crib my home, and, as I wants a woman to cook my wittles and keep it tidy, I've fixed on you, and here you'll stay for the rest of your life. It'll be no use your trying to get out or escape, for I tell ye beforehand there ain't a human creter besides ourselves on the island, and if a thousand were to land I'd defy them to find their way here. There was only one cove that knew the way to this crib, and him I shot through the head a week ago. Are you listening, curse you?" he cried, with another startling blow on the table.

"I—I did hear," said Louise, frightened into a reply.

"Oh! you did hear, did you? Then see you mind. There's another room at the back of your chair; it's my sleeping bunk; you go and overhaul it and light a fire—you'll find some wood somewheres about—and see you're ready when I come back to cook my dinner. I'm going out to shoot a hare or some birds, for there ain't no grub;" and, taking down a rifle, he went to an exposed keg of powder and filled a flask. "When you've quite taken to your new life, and I finds you a willing mate, then I'll cut out the *Diadem* again, and take you with me on a cruise now and then; and there's no knowing but I may bring the old skipper ashore to live with us; he can attend to the paddy-field and grow the vegetables. Now, you knows what you've got to do afore I comes back, and you'd better look spry and do it, for I'm downright wicious when I'm hungry and the peck ain't ready. Do you hear?" and he struck the table so violently with the butt of his rifle that Louise, who had closed her eyes, in the vague hope of excluding the hideous picture that rose on her mind, sprang to her feet, and, grasping the chair, gazed with startled horror round her.

"Look alive, then, and don't forget what I told

"You about the bunk. I always turn in at eight bells when on shore;" and, throwing his rifle over his shoulder, he quitted the hut.

Louise stood pale and silent, like a breathing statue, her dilated eyes, that rolled from side to side, being the only indication of life in her motionless form. Suddenly her gaze seemed to concentrate itself upon the cask of gunpowder near the table, and, as if the sight woke some hopeful association in her mind, she removed her hand from the chair, and as the sound of Nixon's steps faded away on the ear she darted eagerly to the door and gazed on the scene before her.

That one glance, brief as it was, annihilated, hope, and almost life. With a loud wailing cry, the utterance of a despairing heart, she hid her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly—

"Lost! lost! utterly lost!"

While this scene was being enacted in the hut Philip Maberly and his attendants, after rowing about all night in the dark, were just making the island. Guided by Hassan, they entered a rocky creek whose winding shores, here and there dotted with patches of dense foliage, offered many and secure situations for hiding their boat, and at the same time forming safe retreats for themselves if concealment should be necessary.

Making a sign for the rowers to suspend their labours for a moment, Hassan stood up in the bows of the cutter and gazed round as if in uncertainty. At length, with an ejaculation of satisfaction, he gathered up an armful of boughs that lay like a leafy screen on the water, and held them above his head, exposing a large and commodious harbour shut in by lofty rocks and towering trees; at the farther extremity was a small cave in the granite rock that rose in wild and fantastic grandeur a hundred fathoms above their heads.

With an exclamation of delight at the prospect of the quiet retreat before them after the fatigues of the weary night, the crew shot their boat into the cove, and found themselves in a moment completely shut out as it were from the world, and encircled in one of nature's sublimest scenes of desolation and grandeur. A few vigorous pulls drove the cutter high and dry on the narrow beach, and within a dozen paces of the cave that stood so invitingly ready for their accommodation.

Knowing that it would be perfectly useless to attempt to follow up the pursuit in the present exhausted condition of his crew, Philip directed Mannering to superintend the cooking of the men's breakfast, and entered the cave. Throwing himself on the golden sand, that lay soft and deep as a carpet, he tried to occupy his mind with the wonders and sublimities that everywhere met his view on that island of marvels.

Huge rocks piled up in chaotic disorder rose on all sides, towering into the blue sky, their black and fire-corroded fronts trenched and seamed with rifts and fissures, as if at some far-distant epoch floods of burning lava had torn their way through the very heart of the granite mountain. In other places cataracts of molten rock had fallen from giddy precipices, flinging their burning tide into the glens and valleys below, whence they had rolled to the shore, leaving a seared and lava-crustured track to indicate their passage.

Trees of enormous height and size grew vertically or shot at right angles from lofty chasms and jagged rents in the higher mountains, over

whose brows their sable foliage waved like Titan plumes.

A high conical peak, the highest of all surrounding elevations, and evidently some leagues from the shore, seemed the very centre of the island, and, with the exception of occasional trees, all from the apex to the base was one black and dreary desolation. Along the margin of the isle, however, a dense growth of trees and bushes seemed to encircle the land, hemming it to the water's edge with a profusion of every kind of tropical foliage.

"In such a wilderness of rock and chasm as this a man might defy pursuit for months," Philip observed. "There must have been some volcanic eruption here within the memory of man to obtain for the place the name Hassan gave it, of the Fire Island, though, to judge by the general aspect aloft and aloft, thousands of years may have passed since the convulsion that piled these riven masses in such chaotic grandeur. What was that?" he suddenly asked himself, and, turning over on the sand, he looked above and around with an expression of curiosity and surprise. "I thought," he resumed musingly, "I felt the same tremulous motion a few minutes before; but that was faint and indistinct, this was palpable. After all, such quiverings of the earth are so common in these islands, where earthquakes are the normal state, that these mild symptoms of the feverish land are scarcely noticed by the natives. Pahaw! it was nothing," he concluded, rising and passing out of the cave. "I wish to Heaven these fellows would make an end of their cookery and finish their meal. This inaction is torture. I must not permit my own impatience, however, to make me unreasonable," he added, pacing up and down in front of the cave. "The poor fellows are tired and hungry, and there is no knowing what fatigue may be before them. Now, lads, is that breakfast ready?" he cried, suddenly facing the busy crew as they began to arrange the meal on an extemporised table across the cutter.

"Is this the place where Nixon usually lands?" Phil inquired of the Malay when the breakfast was finished.

"No, sahib, no; Nixon not never know dis place. Hassan find out dis for himself much time ago. Him go to a creek much far away there."

"And where is his hut or bungalow? Is it far from here?"

"Two hour walk, sahib; two long hour, far in there, and up yonder, high up," and Hassan pointed towards the interior of the island, and up the face of the mountains.

"He can hardly yet have reached his hut if it is so far off."

"Yes, sahib, him get there before now, 'cause the creek him go in lead up close by bungalow rock."

"Then we ought to have started instantly."

"No, sahib; it better to go when cat not there than when cat stop at home."

"What do you mean?"

"Nixon get up there," pointing to the distant rocks, "very much hungry, not find nothing to eat in bungalow. Well, sahib, he go out to shoot dinner, supper, and dinner again; then he come back with much dinner and plenty supper."

"What can he shoot in such a wilderness as this?"

"Oh! much, what you call big coney with long ears, and much more birds."

"Hares you mean, and jungle fowl."

"That him, sahib; that both him."

"And has he far to go before he finds game? For, though I should like to secure the lady before his return, I have no intention of leaving the island without giving him his chance of revenge or of taking my own."

"Far to go? Yes, sahib, quite other side of island."

"Mannering, are the lads ready to start?"

"Ay, ay, captain; but what are we to do with the cutter? We can't leave her exposed here."

"What does Hassan say? Will the cutter be safe if left here on the sand?"

"Nobody know this place. Safe, sahib, as if shut in bungalow."

"Look to your pistols, then, lads, for, though I intend to settle accounts myself with Nixon, there is no knowing where he may show himself. Indian file, keep your tongues quiet, and look sharply after your feet. Now, Hassan, show the way, and remember this, the moment you see Nixon throw yourself on the ground, or the next shot at your head may go through the bone instead of the scalp. And remember, too, that we shall require a guide in coming back as well as going."

"Hassan not forget sahib's order," replied the Malay, with a grim smile, and laying his hand cautiously on the top of his turban. Then, taking his place in the van, armed with a small axe, he began with great despatch and skill to clear a passage through the undergrowth.

"What are you doing now, Hassan?" Philip inquired, as, some half-hour later, the Malay halted at the entrance of a gloomy defile, and began to fell a number of tall saplings growing on the border of the wood they had just passed through, and which, clearing them of their leaves and branches, he distributed among the crew.

"These, sahib, are to make *dak* palanquin for sahib's lady when we come down rock."

"If the passage is so difficult, how could she have been taken to the hut if Nixon is alone on the island?"

"What she can't walk he carry. Nixon much strong big man; missee lady like stick on him arm," and, to illustrate Nixon's supposed strength, Hassan threw one of the saplings over his shoulder as if he was carrying a feather.

"Have you any small lanyard to splice them together at the proper time?"

"All right, captain, the hands have plenty of that," Mannering replied as the party resumed their march in single file down the throat of the ravine.

A more wild and desolate scene than that which now presented itself to the eyes of the astonished party imagination can hardly picture. After traversing about a mile of the defile another ravine led off at right angles. Along this narrow and gloomy gorge, where the overhanging rocks created perpetual twilight, Hassan led the way with a quick lurching step, far in advance of all but Philip, whose impatience and anxiety kept him always close on the heels of his conductor.

In this manner, now ascending tortuous paths, again descending steep and jagged fissures, the scene becoming more grand and terrible with

every furlong of their progress, they went steadily on.

At length, after nearly three hours of toil, they descended into a vast rocky basin, the seeming crater of some long-extinct volcano. About half a mile across this chasm, and only a few perches from the rocky wall on the opposite side, rose an irregular mass of perpendicular granite, from the top of which a small rill of water, looking like a silver thread in the distance, trickled down the face of the cliff.

The most extraordinary feature, however, about this immense upheaving of rock and earth was, that about a hundred feet above the crater, and half-way from the ridge over which the water fell, the mountain seemed to have been planed off for two-thirds of its circumference into a level plain, covered with rank herbage, and showing a considerable depth of alluvial soil.

All round the crater, from which the singular mountain rose in isolated dignity, was shut in by that lofty range of rocks that had for the last two hours encompassed the party, while towering over all in sublime grandeur was the vast conical elevation that, when first observed at sea, had given so distinctive a feature to the whole island, and from the apex of which, to the astonishment of Philip, issued a pillar of pale blue smoke, which, after shooting up to an immense height, expanded like a dome, where it seemed to remain stationary, only slowly enlarging, and becoming denser as the vapour from the cone accumulated.

"Hassan," cried Philip, after reaching the level of the crater, and surveying the scene before and around him, "what is the meaning of that smoke? Have you noticed it before?"

"Sahib, I saw it first a small little time; but Hassan knew he should see him, just as sure as he now look on him."

"How could you foresee that?"

"Hassan saw the water run this way, and that way, and altogether."

"Two currents in the sea?"

"I noticed that, captain," observed Mannering, "just before we made the island, only I fancied it was caused by some promontory, or rock in the water."

"Has this smoke anything to do with the tremor I felt in the earth while in the cave?"

"Did the sahib feel the shake of the earth? That fire will shoot up long long high up, by-by night p'rape. That why Hassan say to sahib make much haste and bring lady down quick."

"Good Heaven! an eruption impending, and Louise's place of confinement not yet discovered! Quick, Hassan, lead on. How much farther have we to go?"

"Sahib is there already," replied the Malay, pointing to the isolated hill before them. "Up top of him flat jungle, there over t'other side, is bungalow hut of Nixon."

"On the table-land of that lofty rock? Great Heaven! what a prison for such a captive! But tell me, and quick, Hassan, how on earth is it to be reached?"

"Sahib leave all to Hassan; him show de way; only come quick, fast."

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOK OF BATTLES

Daring Deeds by Land and Sea.



[ADVANCE THROUGH THE JUNGLE AT CHILLIANWALLAH.]

THE BATTLES OF CHILLIANWALLAH AND GOOJERAT.

PURSUING our plan of describing those battles which have established the fame of our most illustrious generals, we now arrive at the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat—battles that won for Viscount Gough new honours after his elevation to the peerage, and that caused the annexation of the Punjab to our Indian Empire. On the demolition of the military power of the Sikhs at Moodkee, Ferozeshur, and Sobraon the governor-general left at Lahore a garrison of 10,000 men under Sir John Littler, at the request of the principal chiefs, to protect them against their own lawless countrymen, and assist

them in the reconstruction of a government. He then returned to England, and declared that all danger of insurrection or disturbance in the Punjab was at an end. But at the very moment this speech of Viscount Hardinge was delivered in England the Sikhs were again in arms, and we were once more challenged to the contest by a fierce and gallant foe whom we thought we had effectually subdued.

We reluctantly pass over the capture of Multan by General Whish, and we must revert to the movements of Lord Gough, who, on the 10th of January, 1849, received an official communication that the fortress of Attock, which had so long been defended by Major Herbert, had fallen, and that Chuttur Singh was advancing to join his

When measured his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth at the greatest three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his sinny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.

It did not occur to me to ask if this was the first shark fight in which he had been engaged; but, from the preparations and ready assistance he received from his companions in the boat, I should suppose that he had more than once displayed the same courage and dexterity which so much astonished me. The scene was altogether one I shall never forget. The neighbourhood of the combatants to the shore (for they were only a few yards from it) enabled me to see to the greatest advantage what I have attempted to describe.

BLACKBIRD, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

BLACKBIRD, the principal chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, died some years since. He was a brave, of iron nerves and unlimited ambition. The authority which an Indian exercises is at first obtained by winning the approbation of the people of the tribe, in the same manner that a white politician obtains the suffrages of his countrymen. There is a small difference in the moral qualities which distinguish the white and red man. The former, it is believed, could never recommend himself by horse-stealing, whereas the red aspirant is esteemed honourable in proportion to the grand larcenies he may be able to perpetrate; and this engaging quality of horse-stealing is esteemed a virtue next in grade to that of taking scalps. An Indian, therefore, has a table on his war-club, with two columns, in which he enters, in hieroglyphics, the number of those transactions of each class that are to render him illustrious. Although the government of Indian tribes is generally of a democratic character, yet there are many instances where the popularity of a chief enables him to encroach on the freedom of his countrymen extensively; and there are occasions where great achievements in war and in horse-stealing enable a chief to attain absolute authority. This despotism is, however, generally fixed by the united exertions of the chief and prophet, or big medicine-man.

Blackbird had distinguished himself in the usual manner, and was acknowledged principal chief. But he was not content with the executive duties and patriarchal authority of a democracy, and the honours attending such distinguished trust. In order to effect his purposes he had tried in vain all the force of military achievement, the influence of grand larceny, and the power of eloquence. He had called in to his aid the juggling cunning of his medicine-man with no better success. There existed in the nation a party of stern warriors, who valued freedom as highly as white patriots, and they were unyielding in their opposition to the usurpations of Blackbird. He denominated this party a faction, or a "bad moccasin band," but his reproaches were disregarded. The ambitious aspirant therefore meditated their destruction. He desired the trader who supplied his nation with merchandise to bring him some "strong medicine," which he

believed the whites possessed, that he might destroy the wolves of the prairies. The trader subsequently supplied a quantity of crude arsenic.

Soon after the chief had tried his experiments to test the force of the poison the disaffected braves were invited to a dog-feast at his lodge. Blackbird professed to them a disposition to heal all party dissensions, and sixty of the factious warriors sat down with him to the dog-soup, which is esteemed a great delicacy. When all had done ample justice to the entertainment the pipe was passed, and Blackbird arose to speak. He reminded his children of their factious course in opposing his authority—authority that he claimed to derive from the "Master of Life," and for confirmation of this suggestion he appealed to his medicine-man near him; "and," continued he, "that Omahas may for ever remember that Blackbird has the entire control of their destinies, every factious dog of you shall die before the sun rises again! I have said it, and Blackbird never lies!" The whole party, on hearing this unsparing denunciation, in wild affright, ran howling out of the lodge. Sixty warriors expired that night, and during the life of the chief his authority was never again opposed in the slightest particular.

It was his practice, when the trader arrived with the annual supply of merchandise in the Omaha village, to inquire how great an amount of furs and peltries he required for his entire stock. The chief then selected from the assortment as great a variety and amount as he would need for his own use and for his numerous family. When this had been arranged, and an account had been opened with the nation by the trader, the warriors were required to furnish the number of beaver skins, robes, and buffalo tongues the trader desired in exchange for his goods. In this off-hand manner the chief drew his revenues, and the trader realised his profits, during all the subsequent reign of the despot. This rude dignity was becoming inactive; and when his braves and hunters were toiling to sustain the reputation of the Omahas in war, or to subsist the people with the products of the chase, he and his prime minister, the medicine-man, were reposing in the village. It was his custom to indulge, in warm weather, in a sleep after dinner. While in the enjoyment of this luxury he took occasion to make it more perfect by the polite attentions of his wives. He had six of these, and they formed three relieves. Two were employed while he slept, one scratching his back, and the other fanning his highness with the tail of a turkey. If it was ever important to ask his instructions in the affairs of the nation when he chanced to be sleeping there was only one person in the village who would venture to awake him. This was the medicine-man; and his manner of approaching was on his hands and feet, with the utmost humility and circumspection. When awakened with a feather cautiously drawn over the soles of his feet, if he made a discouraging motion with the hand the application was abandoned; but if he beckoned the applicant to approach he was respectfully invited to attend "a dog-feast which has been provided for my father."

Blackbird was a respectable warrior, and had attained his early popularity by conquest; but the distinction he most coveted was unlimited

power in his own nation. When he had attained this he became pacific toward the neighbouring nations. But a partisan leader had taken a Pawnee girl, who was, by command of the medicine-man, to be sacrificed at the stake. The son of Blackbird had seen her, and interposed in council to save her life. He laid down all the moveable property he possessed, and urged the purchase of the girl from her captor. But he was inflexible, and persisted in his vow to sacrifice her to the Great Spirit. The council approved the vow, for Blackbird had permitted it. When, on the day appointed, the captive was led out to execution, young Split Cloud, son of the chief, was seen leading his buffalo-horse, not far from the head of the column where the victim was marching. After the medicine-man, with the captive and a few old warriors, had crossed a ravine in the route, and were rising to the plain, the place appointed for the sacrifice, the young warrior cut asunder the cords that confined the arms of the girl, lifted her to his saddle, and with his bow lashed his horse to full speed before his countrymen could comprehend the meaning of his movements. He was half across the plain before pursuit was determined on; and then there were no horses at hand. He had concealed one in the next ravine, and the fugitives escaped the ill-arranged and worse-conducted pursuit of the Omahas. A solitary runner came within arrow-shot of Split Cloud, but his race terminated there—he was shot to the heart. The fugitives retired to the recesses of the Black Mountains, and took up their abode there until home affairs should present a more inviting prospect. Their wedding was thinly attended; but the blush of affection glowed as vividly on the cheek of the bride as that which mantles over the neck more tastefully adorned in civilised circles on like occasions. The self-married pair passed a year in the solitude to which they had retired, content with the society each was able to afford the other, when Split Cloud deemed it advisable to revisit his auntion. In this lone retreat he left his spouse, with the purpose of retracing his steps in the brief space of a few weeks. A sufficient supply of dried meat was left in the cave with its tenant for the period of his intended absence.

When Split Cloud reached his native village he found the whole tribe chanting the death-song over an infinite number of the dead inhabitants. The small-pox had reached the Omahas, and many had already been swept off; very few recovered. The medicine-man claimed to have power over the disease, but his practice hitherto had been unsuccessful. He looked grave, and was evidently suffering great alarm. The most common treatment of the patients, when afflicted with inflammatory action of the disease, was immersion in cold water. This usually afforded speedy relief, and terminated all the ills of life—with extinction of life itself. At last, after many new and imposing tricks, death itself played the last masterly act on the impostor—and old Medicine himself departed. Blackbird had lived moodily apart from the tribe, and his dignity was likely to secure him against the infection. But when his high priest died he attended his funeral obsequies. This happened a few days before the return of his son. Blackbird was considering what disposition should be made of the prodigal when he was taken ill.

From the moment the first symptoms were felt by the chief he yielded to despair, and made his arrangements for the hunting-grounds beyond the grave. He desired that he might be buried with suitable variety of arms and ammunition, that his enemies might get no advantage of him. He probably anticipated meeting with the poisoned warriors on the banks of the river Phlegathon. As he himself had apprehended, Blackbird was a victim to the disease. The funeral was grand and imposing. The warrior was placed erect on his hunting-horse, and thus, followed by the whole nation, he was conveyed into the grave that had been previously prepared, on the highest point of land, near to the Missouri river. The horse, alive, was forced into the grave with the dead rider, and thus covered over. A small parcel of corn was placed before the animal, and Blackbird was supplied with dried meat, a kettle, his pipe and kinakanick, gun with ammunition, bow and full quiver of arrows, and paints suitable for ornamenting his person both in peace and war.

When the funeral was at an end the trader arrived. His knowledge of the small-pox enabled him to save from its ravages the remainder of the tribe. All eyes were naturally turned on the son of Blackbird as successor to the deceased chief. Young Split Cloud deemed himself so fortunate in the altered position he now occupied, having shifted the character of fugitive and culprit for the appointment of hereditary and popular chieftain, that he relaxed much of the despotism of his predecessor. Having settled the affairs of the nation and reduced the tariff, he found leisure to depart in search of his Pawnee wife. Autumn was far advanced when he left the Omaha towns, and as he approached the mountains winter, with its utmost rigour, set in. He found the partner of his life's vicissitudes in the cave where he had left her. She was sitting near the expiring embers of her last faggot, bending over a pair of babes, who were unconscious of the manifold evils of the world they had just entered, but sensibly aware of the pain of extreme hunger, which their mother was sharing with them. The holy fountain whence they had drawn supplies had been drained, and the famished mother sat the picture of patience and despair. Hope had hitherto pictured in her imagination a sunny spot such as that which was about to break upon her in the arrival of her preserver. But gnawing necessity had carried her to that maddened point which fixed the cannibal purpose of eating one of her infants, to preserve herself and the other one until the long-wished-for relief should be realised.

At the precise point of time when the person of her husband darkened the entrance of the cave she held the knife in her hand, and was lingering in the debate of her own mind which should be made the victim—which dear object should be preserved at such countless cost. The keen perceptions, the fine-drawn threads of affection, the result of protracted privation, lent unearthly vigour to her mind, when her final resolve was fixed to perish with her offspring, and by the same innocent cause. She hurled the instrument of her bloody purpose far away into the dark recesses of the cavern, and placed the hungry babes upon her bosom as she sank back in despair, unmitigated with a single ray of hope. At this

critical instant the young warrior sprang forward and gave utterance to a scream of joy, imparting a like sensation to the suffering object of his solicitude, and the long fast of the wife and mother was broken by the food amply provided by the skill of the hunter.

Sixty suns had risen and set after the events just described when the Omaha nation was made joyous by the appearance of Split Cloud. He was followed by his foreign wife, whom he had twice snatched from destruction, and who now repaid him with the smiles of two young braves peering over her shoulders from beneath the ample folds of a new scarlet blanket.

ALONE ON THE OCEAN.

I HAVE all my life been passionately fond of the ocean. Although a denizen of the Highland glens from my infancy, I have almost yearly sacrificed a few of the longest summer days to the indulgence of a coast ramble, to the excitement of climbing the immeasurable crags, exploring the depths of the black coves, or proving my powers of swimming amid the waves of some sunny bay. Frequently, also, although by no means a master of such arts, I have borrowed the boat belonging to an acquaintance, and solaced myself with the novelty of an aquatic expedition. Of all thirst for the latter enjoyment I was at last completely cured by an occurrence which I am about to relate.

On a fine forenoon about the beginning of August I put to sea, with the intention of fairly crossing the watery horizon—of having the satisfaction of seeing the far-off headlands sink away behind the waves. The day was hot and calm, without a breath of wind to fill a sail, but I knew nothing of the management of such matters had the case been otherwise. After I had fairly left the shore I discovered that the weather was by no means favourable to observation. Grey wreaths of mist were creeping with a sinister-like motion among the low grounds of the interior country, and a slight haze was beginning to be visible far out on the sea; but those dreary accompaniments of a warm and moist morning would, I persuaded myself, entirely disappear as the day strengthened: so on and on I pulled. Although the land indeed became somewhat more indistinct, I seemed, after an hour or two of severe labour, to be but a very little nearer my purpose than when I first dipped my oars in the brine: I could still discern the white line of foam along the beach. My chagrin at this was by no means abated on discovering that the mists which boiled in the far-off hollows were reinforced by a squadron of dun clouds that came trailing over the distant hills. Their dense skirts at last stole across the sun, the mists boiled up higher, and, dropping my oars, I stood up and looked around. There were few signs of tempest or foul weather, I thought, yet the safest course was to turn towards the shore, which I accordingly did. Scarcely had I wheeled my little bark landward when a light breeze swept past, casting around me the vapour of the ocean like a thick snow-shower. In one moment the land was invisible, and the fog continued to roll up astern, and close and thicker, until nought was discernible except the waves that tumbled around me.

Never had I laboured with such eager perseverance as I now did. I was beyond measure terrified, and yet it might have been thought there was little cause for dread. What could be more simple than to row straight on to the very spot which I had left in the morning? At all events, I thought it would certainly be impossible to miss the land, and my greatest dread was of the wind strengthening, but happily it remained moderate. I had hoped to reach the shore in a much shorter space than I had required for rowing out, now that my energies were fully awakened; but after three hours of unintermitting toil neither land nor rock appeared, and I began, with accumulating horror, to think that, after all, I might possibly be steering a wrong course. The dreadful idea gathered strength every moment; yet what could I do? To rest on my oars and wait for brightening weather would have been intolerable, to alter my course worse than useless. I had no compass, not the slightest notion of how far from the blessed land I might be, and, worst of all, the mist surrounded me on all sides.

At five p.m. there was still no sign of land. Oh! what a priceless joy would it have been to hear the town-clock strike—nay, even the scream of a sea-bird, telling that life was near! I had provided for no contingency, and was now necessarily hungry and heartless. Visions of a lingering death by famine began to arise on my disordered scenes, and I cursed the folly which had tempted me to trust to the ocean on such a day of clouds and vapour as this, plainly enough I now thought, threatened to be at its commencement. And still the thoughts of death struck hardest on my heart, and rendered me weak and tremulous. To perish alone on the waste of waters! to have a grave among the rocks a thousand fathoms down! The thought is awfully startling to the man of strong mind, but to the green feelings of fifteen it comes in a shape still more appalling. I shuddered as if I had heard my own death-song in the moan of the waves. Suddenly, by great good-fortune, I caught a glimpse of the western clouds as they blushed in the farewell gleam of the sinking sun. In that direction lay the land, and at that time I was steering exactly contrary, and should not have noticed the glorious landmark had not the sudden splendour thrown across the waters enforced my attention. I whirled my boat round, and once more, with renewed hope and courage, tugged on manfully.

The night fell speedily—a black starless night, accompanied by drizzling rain. Hours passed heavily away, and brought no rest for the lonely pilgrim of the waters. I began to dread the probability of having again varied from my course; or what if, after all, the clouds of evening might have been treacherous guides! Again frightful thoughts began to oppress me; the wind seemed to have a boding wail, the ceaseless voice of the waves seemed tuned to a song of death. But while the scalding tears of despair were gathering into mine eyes I came with a thump ashore. I started upright in my boat and gazed eagerly through the gloom. The low-drifting rack rendered every object indistinct, but my quickened vision satisfied me that the longed-for land *was* there—a shore of precipices indeed; but what of that? Nothing was so dreadful as the wide barren sea. I wore my boat cautiously

along by the bases of the black crags, and at length ran into a small creek, where I found it possible to land.

I had no means of mooring my little vessel, so I left it a prey to the waves, and, clambering up the rocks, overcame obstacles which day would haply have shown in a light too horribly discouraging for man to encounter. At last I felt the soft grass under my feet, and the land-gale blew freely around me. A little farther on, and I heard the rustling of cornfields, the harsh cry of the landrill, and, what was still more grateful, the sound of fiddles, frequently drowned by bursts of boisterous jollity.

The music and merriment led me to a large barn on the outskirts of a group of houses. It was past midnight, but the revellers within seemed only to have newly reached the pitch of their exultation. The doors were wide open, and figures glanced about within in restless succession. I knocked, and a crowd came forth and pulled me into the middle of the barn, where they good-humouredly turned me round and round, apparently in the hope of recognising some acquaintance in disguise. My tale was soon told, and my raging hunger appeased by the refreshments put before me by the good-humoured party, who were fishers, assembled to celebrate the union of a favourite youth and maiden of their own tribe. The name of their village is Port Lethen; it stands about seven miles south of Aberdeen, the town which I had left on the preceding day. When I was sufficiently refreshed I was dragged forward to dance, and when once fairly on the floor I speedily forgot the toils of the past day, and, with no small honour to myself, assisted in the prolongation of the merriment until the broad sunlight forced us from the stage of noisy enjoyment.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

SOME travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and, having nothing better to engage their attention, amused themselves by looking at the passengers from the window of the inn, which was opposite the prison. Whilst they were thus occupied a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed the inn-window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him he took hold of the rammer, struck some blows upon the pavement, and said to the astonished old man—

"This work seems to me very painful for a person of your years. Have you no sons who could share in your labours and comfort your old age?"

"Forgive me, sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes, but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father."

"Where are they, then?"

"The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the Honourable Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivaling his brother."

The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye.

"And pray what has become of the third?"

"Alas! he became security for me. The poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and, being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison."

At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings he returned to the old man and resumed the discourse.

"And has the oldest—this degenerate son, this captain—never sent you anything to extricate you from your miseries?"

"Ah! call him not degenerate. My son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me."

At this moment a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, "Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, that is he. He is the gentleman who speaks with you."

"Yes, my friend, it is he," replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who, like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying—

"Where is he, then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me; come and embrace your mother!"

The captain no sooner observed her than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame. The scene was now overpowering. The travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. One of the travellers made his way through the crowd, and, advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—"Captain, we ask the honour of your acquaintance. It is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witnesses of this tender meeting with your family. We request the favour of you and yours to dinner in the inn."

The captain accepted the invitation with politeness, but at the same time replied that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. "Gentlemen," said he, "to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe everything. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly, for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the command-

ing officer. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard, and, thanks to his care, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and by the aid of commerce, I amassed honourably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father, but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him; the second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died upon the passage, but I hold his receipt and his heirs will account to me for it."

After dinner the captain gave his father £200 to supply his most pressing wants, and at the same time secured to him, as well as to his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers. Besides, he presented £500, as a marriage portion, to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of theburgh.

ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT.

BUSINESS connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India islands. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or to proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintanceship, and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before bending my course homewards.

Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and landed there in safety. Having viewed all that I considered worthy of notice, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days I reached the place, and was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinvault (the proprietor), although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Caesar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of hunter, we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and, descending the river, employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces.

From the flatness of the country as it approaches

the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting of marshy land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. I had been informed both by Mr. Heinvault and Caesar that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagoons from one island to another, and that by great exertion they had succeeded in destroying a few.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and, as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Caesar with him, he being the only one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, was a useful and agreeable attendant. He added that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. Heinvault had rode away, getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out fishing. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and, declining the man's offer to attend me, I pushed out into the stream and dropped slowly down the river. I guided my canoe into one of the streams in which I had formerly been along with Caesar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not in general above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I paddled my light canoe up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy.

Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and, having paddled about for some time, I drew them up. Whether they had not been baited as well as Caesar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell, but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I might be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes and bathed my feet in the water, and, working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself alongside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome by the heat of the day and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept, but I was roused by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half-stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent, which was covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in

many shapes—on the ocean, on the battle-field—but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion, drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it, my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold, and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight great part of its enormous bulk, it seemed ready to throw itself upon me and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended.

As I went up the stream, with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left, but, hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below Mr. Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr. Heinvault, who had just arrived. I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, "it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Caesar, he told him to get the guns ready and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose," he added to me, "to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords."

I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added that, had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated, and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." Just as he finished saying this Caesar re-appeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with an instrument similar to a billhook. This Mr. Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the

club being reckoned the best weapon for a close encounter.

We were soon seated in the canoes and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds bore evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them, so wide that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr. Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his billhook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. Heinvault and myself, with our guns, while Caesar and his fellow servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr. Heinvault ordered him behind, and, advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out, but, owing to their thickness, its head was invisible. Disturbed by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect, but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient, for it fell, hissing and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Caesar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it, and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have caused its death even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair lading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr. Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circum-

stances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

The adventure, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind, for during some months after I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of a horrid reptile.

A MERCHANT'S ADVENTURE.

SOME years since a Mr. Kerr freighted a small vessel at Liverpool with goods of various kinds, which he intended to carry either to Alexandria or Beyrout. "The vessel," says he, "was an Italian sloop, which seemed to me to be thrown in my way at the time by a piece of great good-fortune. It had brought over a cargo from Italy, and the master and crew, eight in number, and all natives of that country, were waiting in the Mersey, after discharging their freight, for any chance that might occur of returning to the Mediterranean with a fresh loading. This was an opportunity of the very kind I had wished, and an arrangement was speedily made with the Italian master, who engaged to convey my cargo to the first-mentioned port on very reasonable terms. I lost no time in making all the necessary preparations, and was soon enabled to set sail for the East, accompanied by my younger brother, the only other person on board besides the Italians and myself.

For a time our voyage was a pleasant one; but before we entered the Straits of Gibraltar the wind changed, and with it came changes, also, of another and more alarming kind. The master of the sloop, who was a middle-aged man, of sallow complexion, though with features not otherwise unpleasing, suddenly dropped the obsequiousness of his tone and manner, and appeared to shun all intercourse with my brother and myself. As the weather became more and more squally on our entering the Mediterranean the man's behaviour became more and more distant and repulsive, and the expression of his eye at times was such as to excite the most unpleasant sensations in our minds. At length the thoughts brooding in the master's mind found vent in words. One day as I stood on deck the ship chanced to give a heavy lurch, and the Italian cried out, 'I am ruined, and that accursed fellow is the cause of it!' At the same moment he pointed to me, and cast on me a look full of hate and menace, which was reflected from the countenances of more than one of the crew. Similar expressions fell in mutterings from his lips day after day, until I became seriously alarmed, and for the first time consulted with my brother, to whom I had previously been unwilling to communicate my fears. He had observed all that had passed, however, as closely and clearly as myself. Both of us were inclined at first to think that the fears of the master and the crew regarding the weather (for the Italians are timorous sailors) had only temporarily drowned their better feelings, and their reason also, seeing that the storm came not at our bidding. This explanation of their conduct proved a pleasing illusion. The weather improved, and we were far from producing any favourable impression in the department of the master and

crew. Their looks became more and more lowering, and finally open threats of *murder*, in daylight, and in hearing of almost every man on board, were vented against us by the master.

It was now but too plain that our destruction had been early meditated by the Italian captain, and that he had been hitherto merely lashing himself, as it were, into the proper pitch of fury, and gradually preparing the minds of his men for the entertainment and execution of the diabolical purpose. Though feeling the full horror of our position, we did not permit ourselves to be overcome by despair. The cabin appropriated to us fortunately contained our own stores of provision, and in this place we shut ourselves up, barricading the door with all the heavy articles of furniture in the room.

The energies, bodily and mental, of human beings frequently rise and become commensurate with the demands which occasion makes upon them. So I felt it to be with myself when I first laid down my head upon my pillow under the circumstances described. Above me I heard the tread of assassins, whose thirst for my blood would not permit them to rest; beside me lay a beloved brother, entrusted to my charge by a doating mother far away. A sense of fearful danger and a feeling of deep anxiety were kept graven on my mind from these two causes, independently of all considerations of individual peril to myself; and yet I did not feel sickened or depressed at the prospect before me. On the contrary, I felt a buoyancy, an energetic vigour, both of mind and body, which can only be ascribed to the exciting nature of the circumstances in which we were placed. As I painted to myself the possibility of a death-grapple—a struggle for the lives of my brother and myself with the men by whom we were surrounded—I felt my muscles become as hard in every limb as a cable-rope, and was conscious of possessing such capabilities of exertion as would render my death no easy matter for even eight foes to accomplish.

This excited spirit did not forsake me. In the afternoon of the day following that on which we shut ourselves up my brother and I found it impossible to endure any longer the close confinement of the cabin without enjoying a mouthful of the fresh air, and after a consultation we came to the resolution of going together upon deck. At the same time, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible, we armed ourselves with two large carving-knives, and also took with us every other defensive weapon we possessed. Thus equipped, we stepped upon the deck, locking the cabin-door behind us. Glaring eyes, like those of hungry tigers, were fixed upon us by the master and the crew; but the fire of watchful determination lit up the glances that were returned for theirs, and the villains quailed at the thought of attacking two resolute men, or, more probably, they calculated upon having a future opportunity of taking us off our guard. We were allowed, at least, to return to our cabin unmolested. But upon this we could build no hope of bettering our position. No man had spoken to us; no one had bid us good-morrow; every countenance was sullen, dark, and lowering. For many consecutive days a similar scene was repeated. Armed in the manner described, we went once every twenty-four hours upon

deck, and barricaded ourselves at every other time within our cabin.

Matters were in this situation when, by my calculation of time, it seemed to me that we should be approaching the eastern Mediterranean coasts, as our course had not been changed, as far as I could observe. An alarming confirmation of this conjecture was presented to me one night as I sat alone in the cabin, my brother having laid down to sleep. The night was calm, and all was silent as my own brooding and voiceless thoughts, excepting the tramp of two men walking upon the deck. These were the master and his mate—worthy and inseparable associates. Either they spoke louder or the evening was stiller than usual, for I distinctly heard the murmur of their voices, which in the like situation I had frequently endeavoured to catch in vain. I placed myself in the most favourable position for hearing, but my ear could gather sound only, not sense. At last, however, the voices increased in loudness, a violent stamp was made upon the cabin roof, and I heard the master's voice exclaim, with a curse, and in tones which showed that passion had for the moment got the better of prudence, "It *must* be done to-morrow, Antoine! Cowards! to think that we should have shrunk so long from two men! But to-morrow they *must* die, or we lose our chance. We are close on shore, and will be boarded by some one immediately." The mate appeared to have reminded him of his imprudence in making this loud exclamation, as they recommenced their walk, and their conversation sunk to the same murmuring tone as before.

On that momentous night I closed not my eyes. The ruminations that kept me awake were of a mixed character. The sentence which I had overheard, although in one sense a death-knell, was in another a signal of hope. We were approaching the neighbourhood of human beings who were not our enemies—of those who might rescue us from the fangs of the murderous harpies in whose clutches we were. But, alas! could we repel the attack, could we survive the death-struggle which was impending? To be ready for whatever might happen, I packed up all our most valuable articles, partly in a small box, and partly about my person. I resolved also not to acquaint my brother with the words of the master, but to go upon deck by myself on the following day and bear the brunt of the anticipated assault alone. That I should go on deck I was determined, as *there* only could the means of emancipation be found.

But my brother had not been asleep; he had heard the words of the master as distinctly as myself, and he insisted in the morning upon sharing my peril, whatever it might be. Again, at this critical moment, did I feel in its full force all that tension of mind and body, of nerve and muscle, of which I have spoken. As I stepped on deck I felt that the scowl which was cast upon me by the master was returned by a glare of as tiger-like a character as his own. My glance rolled keenly from side to side as I observed some more suspicious movements than usual on the part of the master and mate, and I prepared to buckler my dear brother's body with my own, and die—if I was to die—like a brave man! The fatal moment, the collision, was evidently drawing nigh, and I had again and again silently com-

mended my soul to my Maker, when suddenly, 'A ship! a ship in the offing!' was the cry from one of the crew. The master and the rest all ran to the farther end of the sloop and gazed towards the vessel. I also would fain have gone and made signals to it, but dared not move from the spot.

Things remained in this position for some minutes, the crew being still busy with the ship in the distance, when my brother touched me on the arm, and whispered hurriedly, 'A boat! a boat close under us!' It was so. A small boat, with four men in it, had come near to us unobserved. I made eager signs for it to lie to, and at the same time motioned my brother to bring the box from the cabin. He did so, noiselessly; in one moment it was in the boat, and in another we had sprung into it also. 'Row! row! for our lives and for your own; and for *this*,' was my earnest whisper to the boatmen, showing a purse, well filled with gold. The men seemed at once to comprehend that it was a case of peril, and pulled swiftly in the direction in which I pointed, which was, the reader may be assured, the opposite one to that in which the Italians still gazed. When the crew of the sloop did observe our departure we had made a considerable way from them, and all that they could do in their rage and vexation was to send an unoffending shot or two after us. They did not attempt to follow. It may be that, on consideration, they congratulated themselves on the possession of the cargo, which must have been the main object of their desires, and trusted never to see us again.

The first thought, it may be supposed, of my brother and myself, on finding ourselves free of the Italian sloop, was one of gratitude to Heaven for our deliverance. Our rescuers proved to be fishermen of the Delta, dwelling near the mouth of the Western Nile. Once safely ashore, my mind reverted to my property, and I resolved not to let the treacherous Italians off without making some attempt to reclaim what was my own. Calculating, from the point at which I was landed, that they would most probably run in for the port of Alexandria, I hired a boat to carry us across the Bay of Aboukir and through Lake Mareotis to that city. My conjecture was correct; the Italian sloop was in the harbour. The authorities were applied to, and so strong were my proofs of a right to the cargo that the greater part of it was yielded up to me; but a due consideration of the scanty chances of justice there, and a deficiency of evidence, made me depart from my original purpose of charging the wretches with their perfidious intent to murder. I was even obliged to enter into intercourse and compromise with the villanous master before my goods could be unshipped and disposed of."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE:

A COLLECTION OF

True Incidents in Naval & Military Life.

ONE INCH FROM THE TIGER'S JAWS.

LIEUTENANT F. HUGHES, a cavalry officer, was in the act of stooping to get a flower from the jungle, about 200 yards from the roadside,

when he beheld a huge tiger within a few yards of him. In the fright and hurry of the moment, when endeavouring to rise, he trod on the skirts of his dressing-gown, and, falling backwards, was at the same moment seized by the brute, which caught him over the waistband of his trousers in its mouth. The beast was dragging him along, when he got his hand into his pocket and drew a small double-barrelled pistol, which he placed as direct for the animal's mouth as the position in which he lay would admit. He no sooner fired than the tiger made a tremendous spring forward, carrying with it the clothes which it had grasped, and leaving its intended victim not much hurt by the perilous adventure.

A VALET'S CONSOLATION.

IN the campaign of 1812 a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons, on consulting, declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet de chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why do you weep, Germaine?" said his master smilingly. "It is a fortunate thing for you: you will have only one boot to clean in future."

SEVENTEEN EXTRAORDINARY SOLDIERS.

SEVENTEEN private soldiers of the French army, in Bonaparte's time, by their bravery and talents raised themselves to the following distinguished stations: two became kings, two princes, nine dukes, two field-marshal, and two generals.

DANGERS EQUALLY SHARED.

CHEVRIER, an eminent French general, was always superior to danger. At the commencement of an attack his officers entreated him to put on his cuirass, but he replied, pointing to his soldiers, "Do these brave fellows wear them?"

Tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF RANDOM PHIL.

By W. H. HILLYARD, Author of "Tales in the Cabin."

CHAPTER XXX.—RETRIBUTION.

ONCE more placing himself in advance, Hassan led the way at a steady trot across the stony bottom of the crater. Eventually, halting at the base of the huge mass of rock and earth, he asked Philip how many of the crew he meant to take up.

"I shall go alone, unless Mannering likes to accompany me."

"I didn't come with you, captain, to rescue my old skipper's daughter and twiddle my thumbs, but to go in for all the knocks and risks that you go in for," replied Mannering promptly.

On hearing this the Malay set the sailors to saplings together, and, again leading

the way, conducted Phil and his companion round the base of the perpendicular rock till they stood at the rear, some five hundred yards from the wall of the crater.

Here, unlike all the other aspects of the rock, which were perfectly unassailable, the rear was jagged and inclined, and partly covered with stunted vegetation, but still too precipitous to afford any possibility of ascent.

Phil gazed in despair upon the rock before him, but before he could well put his thoughts into words Hassan drew aside some bushes at the base, and, pointing to a deeply-cut step or hole, and shaking a strong guide-rope fastened by an iron rod into the earth, said—

"Look, sahib, this how Nixon take up lady; first cover eyes up, and then him—"

With a cry of delight, Philip seized the rope, placed his foot in the first opening, and had ascended as high as Hassan's head before he had finished his brief sentence.

He paused for an instant to glance upwards and note the oblique direction in which the holes had been cut to facilitate the ascent, and then, turning his face, with a smile, he said—

"Wait below, Hassan; I can manage all the rest myself. Let me get through the bushes, Mannering, before you follow."

Then, turning to the rock, with one hand grasping the rope and the other the bushes which grew on the other side of the passage, he scaled up the cliff with the alacrity of a school-boy.

Before the belt of vegetation had been passed a fear Phil had begun to anticipate was agreeably changed into satisfaction, by discovering that where the shrubs ended, and the steps took an opposite direction, another guide-rope had been provided.

With increased speed he availed himself of this aid, and, only seeing that Mannering was following, a few minutes later his head was above the plain, though, from the height of the grass, he was unable to distinguish any particular object.

Two stunted trees on the brink, and one or two longer apertures in the rock, greatly facilitated both the getting up and down. To grasp the trees and swing himself on to the plain was hardly the work of a moment.

The scene now before him was most singular. High rocks shut in the prospect on every side, leaving nothing visible but an irregular patch of sky overhead; even the conical peak, with its column of smoke, was hid from view by the huge mass of bare rock that rose like a partition, and near the shoulder of which Philip found himself standing. In front extended many hundred acres of high jungle grass and reeds, while near the splashing cataract, that formed the only sound in that lofty isolation, were a few rude attempts at husbandry.

As yet his eye had sought in vain for any semblance of a habitation, and he was stooping to trace a path in the high grass, when Mannering came to his side, and with him began to explore for some evidence of a trail.

"Stay, Mannering; let us try back," said Philip, and, returning to the stunted trees on the brink, he discovered a trodden path, which ran along the margin for a short distance, then swept round the shoulder of the cascade rock,

and brought them suddenly to a recess in the granite wall, only a few yards from the gap into which the falling water disappeared.

In this recess was built the hut, which, from having a rude verandah, the Malay called a *bungalow*.

Philip's heart ceased to beat for a moment as his eye fell on the dwelling and its open door. Was she here indeed? he asked himself, or, after all his labour and anxiety, had he been again deceived? Had Nixon arrived, or had he taken her to some other spot, of which Hassan had no knowledge?

Almost speechless from the conflicting fears at his heart, he crept stealthily to the open door, and, with a transport of joy he could hardly master, heard her low sweet voice in a muttered soliloquy.

"Heaven has not deserted me: here is one grim but truthful friend that will save me from the pollution of that monster's touch. This is liberty and happiness—eternal freedom. Oh! Philip!"

"Upon my soul, captain," whispered Mannering, "if she ain't laying a train into that filthy hole of a sleeping bunk up to that keg of gunpowder!"

"How long will the wretch keep me in suspense? Stay; where are the matches? Here they are. Oh that he would come! Philip! my Philip! farewell for ever!"

"Louise! Louise!" cried Philip, unable longer to restrain himself, and rushing forward with open arms.

For a moment she stood motionless, and every vestige of colour fled from her face, while her eyes, dilated with terror and surprise, lit up her pallid features with an unnatural light; but the next moment, with a shriek of recognition, she fell sobbing in her lover's arms.

"Haste, Mannering! haste! her hat and mantle! Be careful of the train. Quick! Oh! my darling, once more I hold you in these arms, from which death alone shall ever part you! Thanks, Mannering, thanks. Now, love, I must for a few minutes bind your eyes; but fear not; cling to my neck with all your strength, and every risk is ended."

Patiently, but with tears of love and gladness, Louise stood while Philip hastily adjusted her mantle and covered her eyes; then, grasping her in his arms, he hurried to the stunted trees on the brink of the precipice. Placing her hands behind his neck, and encircling her waist with his strong arm, he grasped a bough of each tree, and began his difficult and dangerous descent. To shift his hold to the guide-ropes demanded all his skill and nerve, but it was quickly effected, and the descent for a time was safe, though laborious and slow, the difficulty being increased, however, when he had to depend on the herbage and tangled reeds in place of one of the strong ropes.

With a shout of joy, his delighted crew gathered round him, as, pale with anxiety, he at last reached the ground with his rescued treasure.

Hardly had Louise been placed, with unbound eyes, on the hastily-constructed litter, when Mannering sprang from the rock to his captain's side, and, the men taking up their light burthen, the whole party set off at a brisk pace—the

Malay in front leading the way, and Philip by the side of the palanquin—on their return to the shore.

Rapidly as the party made the backward journey to the boat, either the night was closing in with more than usual speed, or the defiles and gorges through which they passed excluded more light than when they last traversed them, for by the time they had reached the beach darkness seemed to invest the entire scene.

"What is the meaning of this unnatural gloom, Hassan? Can you explain it?" inquired Phil as he seated Louise in the stern of the cutter, already manned with the six rowers, and began to push it into the bay. "It wants still an hour of sunset, and this darkness is—"

Before the sentence was completed the earth was violently shaken, and a rumbling sound like subterranean thunder filled the air and drowned the speaker's voice.

Scarcely had the three men on shore recovered their equilibrium after the convulsive motion of the land, when, with a deafening roar, a column of flame shot up from the apex of the rock through the gloom, splitting the black clouds, and dyeing rock, sky, and ocean in one vast gleam of blood.

"Merciful Heaven! what is the meaning of these awful sights and sounds? Oh! Philip, in mercy quit this hideous place at once!" cried Louise, as crashes of thunder reverberated overhead, and pealed like the din of artillery through the gorges of the mountains.

"I had meant to await the arrival of your detested persecutor, but at your bidding, love, I will stay no longer."

With a faint scream, Louise suddenly covered her face with her hands, as a sheet of yellow lightning struck the trees through which they had lately passed, and lit the rocks and foliage with its ghastly glare.

"Hark! captain; do you hear that?" exclaimed Mannering. "There again! I know the sound well; it's Nixon's voice."

"I am glad to hear it. This is a fitting spot, and yonder roaring flame a glorious light, for such a meeting as ours. Aboard, Hassan, and hide yourself, or he may vent his rage on you."

"Philip! Philip!" cried Louise, half rising from her seat, as she saw her lover draw the belt tighter round his waist and unsheath his cutlass.

"Fear not, Louise," replied Philip. "You are safe and beyond all danger, whatever happens to me. But, assured of your safety, I have no apprehension for the result. Hark! he is coming!"

"Stay, you thief and murdering robber! stay, you whining coward!" roared Nixon, with revolting oaths, and the next moment he burst through the seared and smoking trees; but, his foot becoming entangled in the brushwood, he fell heavily forward on the sand, the pistol he had raised to fire rolling from his grasp.

Springing to his feet with wonderful agility, he rushed forward to recover his weapon, but swift as thought Mannering flung himself across his path, secured the pistol, and calmly presented it at his head. Nothing daunted, he staggered back a few paces and drew his cutlass, crying defiantly, as the men in the boat rose to spring ashore—

"Eight of you to one! but come on, you cowardly crew, and I'll fight you all."

"Fear not, Nixon; bully and ruffian as you are, you shall have fair play—sword against sword and man to man," replied Philip.

"Curse you! if I had only my Colt back again I'd have finished you all, and had my woman back too. Curse you! I say, and your fair play too."

"Down, lads, to your seats. Stand at the boat, Mannering, and remember, whatever happens, no one is to interfere. This is a duel to the death. Now, Nixon, look to your heart, and guard it well, for by my soul my sword shall reach it. Fear nothing, Louise; in your cause I have the strength of twenty men. Cowardly ruffian! defend yourself."

With a grim smile, Nixon firmly planted one foot in advance, placed his left arm behind his back, and, holding his cutlass on guard, awaited the assault.

In an attitude almost similar, but with his sword held obliquely in front of his breast, Philip calmly looked into his enemy's eyes. As the two men thus stood, both calm but actuated by the deadliest passions, the contrast between the light graceful figure of Philip and the square muscular form of Nixon was marked and painfully disproportionate, both as to strength and endurance.

To Louise and the men in the cutter the odds seemed fearfully against their champion, and all in favour of the scowling ruffian, whose eyes, as he scanned his opponent's form, lighted up with a triumphant fire of hate and confidence.

While the spectators held their breath in fear and doubt, Philip, with a confident smile, suddenly beat the ground as a signal of assault, and made the first pass at his adversary.

At that moment another intense flash of lightning, that nearly blinded the combatants, lit up the scene with its ghastly glare, and a deepening roll of thunder pealed through the rocks, like the crash of doom.

Backwards, step by step, till he reached the margin of the water, Philip was forced slowly to retire before the herculean blows and thrusts of his assailant. Suddenly changing his tactics, Philip put forth all his strength and activity, and, adroitly leaping aside, became the attacking party, leaving more than one red gash on his enemy to attest his better skill.

Unmindful of the thunder, or the quick flashes that played round their blades, or even the shower of fiery stones that began to fall from the volcano, the infuriated combatants maintained the fight with deadly hatred. Nixon at length, made fiercer by a scalp-wound that nearly obscured his eye in blood, raised his cutlass so high to return the blow that his breast was left open to the lunge of Philip's sword, which pierced it to the shoulder.

"May an eternal curse light on you!" he exclaimed, staggering backwards and dropping for an instant on his knee. Bounding to his feet, however, in a moment, he grasped his weapon with both hands, and, with a gurgling half-suffocating cry, exclaimed—

"Down! cowardly dog, down! we'll go to death together. Die!" and, like an infuriated beast, he rushed with upraised weapon on his antagonist.

At that moment a sheet of lightning flashed between them, and, with a shriek of blasphemy that appalled all who heard it, Nixon exclaimed, "Death and fury! I am blind!" the cutlass fell from his grasp, he placed his hands before his seared eyes, the blood gushed from his breast, the body rocked for a moment, and then, striking the air wildly with his clenched fists, he fell heavily on his face, and, rolling over on his back, the limbs, after a slight tremor of the frame, slowly stiffened into the repose of death.

For more than a minute after the fall of Nixon not a sound beyond those natural horrors from the volcano and the heavens was heard; surprise and terror kept all speechless. At length, recovering from their torpor, the crew sprang from the cutter, and, gathering round their young captain, raised a shout of triumph that sounded even through the din of that elemental war.

"Thanks, lads, thanks. Carry the body into the cave, scoop a grave out of the sand, and cover him up. But be sharp about it, for we shall have a flood of lava soon, and the island is getting too hot and fierce to be longer safe."

"Ay, ay, sir; we won't be long about this job, the best spell of work we have had for many a long day," replied one of the crew, as the rest, taking up the body, hurried with it out of sight.

With a light and joyous heart Philip sprang on board the cutter and took his place by the side of Louise, who, with her face buried in her hands, was leaning on the gunwale, silently returning thanks to Heaven for the preservation of him she loved so dearly.

"Louise, darling, did I not say I should return in safety? With you for my guerdon, what but triumph could await me?"

At the first sound of his voice Louise raised her tearful eyes, and, regardless of all but her joy in her lover's safety, threw her arms round his neck, and laid her wet cheek in loving innocence on his protecting breast.

"Bear a hand, lads," cried Philip, as the boat's crew returned from fulfilling their task.

"Hassan, get into the bows and point the way, while I take the tiller. All ready there?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And not a moment too soon, for see—great Heaven! yonder it comes, a perfect cataract of molten fire and flame! Shove off, Mannering; quick! to your oars, lads, and give way with a will."

As he spoke he pointed to the distant cone, from whose crater the pillar of flame had suddenly disappeared. Over its brink a flood of molten lava, half flame, half fire, and of every hue of red and purple, was rushing down, covering the precipice and licking up to instant destruction every trace of vegetation. To the hiss of the fiery cataract was added the splitting of rocks, the bursting of trees, and the roar of the boiling lava in the bowels of the island, which quaked and trembled with the awful commotion.

Hassan soon found the place by which they had entered the hidden bay, and, the boughs being held up as before, the boat was quickly shot out into the broad ocean, over which the sun was setting with an ominous aspect, while the whole face of the mountain, now one sheet of rushing fire, presented a scene at once sublime and terrible.

Their eyes distracted with the glare from the

volcano, they were prevented for a time from noting any object on the heaving water, and Philip was about consulting his compass when the boom of a gun pointed out the situation of the *Avenger*, no longer the ungainly brig they had left, but once more restored to her graceful and rakish trim of a schooner.

Throwing out a cloud of canvas from courses to truck, she dashed aside the rolling swell and bore majestically down on her absent boat, the men clustering about the rigging to welcome back her captain.

Noting the anxiety on every face to know the result of the expedition (for Louise was concealed by her mantle), Philip gave the order to his men to convey the good news by a cheer, at the same time bringing Louise into view.

Loud and long were the hurrahs that answered the welcome news from the boat, and profound was the joy of all on board when the party stood once more on the deck of the schooner, and, while Louise, Donna Inez, and Maria were folded in each other's arms, Philip recounted to his delighted crew the result of the expedition.

"Serve out grog, Kennedy, to the whole crew. What, Bill, my old friend, I'm glad to see you so soon on your pins again," cried Philip, grasping the boatswain's hand with all a seaman's warmth. "I must go down to the sick bay and see how my brave comrades got on, and what further can be done for them. I shall pay you a visit in your cabin, ladies, in a few minutes," he added, approaching Louise and Inez, "if I may intrude myself uninvited. I have something of interest—a souvenir from the island—to show you." Then, turning to the boatswain, he asked, "How's her head, Ben?"

"East-nor-east," was the prompt reply.

"Then make it due north, and carry every inch of canvas she'll bear; I want to make Singapore as quick as wind and tide will let us;" and the young commander descended to the hospital or sick-bay, where the severely wounded men awing in their hammocks near the open ports on the main-deck.

"Well, truant, what mementoes of that detested island worth looking at have you got to show us?" asked Louise, when, an hour later, Philip entered the well-lighted cabin of the *Avenger* and took a place beside the two ladies, Ben, a privileged guest, being seated on the opposite side in earnest conversation with Maria.

"Judge for yourself, dearest, and say if these stones, when they are cut and polished, will not make a handsome ornament to wear as a remembrance of that hateful place?" And he took from his pockets a large number of cornelians, topazes, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, and spread them before the astonished eyes of the girls.

"But where did you obtain such numbers of jewels, Philip, and all of such a size, too?" asked Louise, amazed at the number and beauty of the gems.

"In the island, love. While passing through a defile that seemed at one time to have been subjected to intense heat I saw a few glittering objects, and, picking them up, saw at a glance their real value. We were then advancing to your assistance, and, being obliged to walk slowly, I had an opportunity of finding several. I have no doubt the island abounds in such precious stones.

When we reach England I will have them cut and set."

"Shall you sell them, Philip?"

"I think not," he replied with a smile; "at least, not all."

"Then what will you do with them?"

"Give them to her who already holds my heart—to you, Louise."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

OWING to contrary winds and calms, it was nearly a fortnight after the death of Nixon before the *Avenger* dropped anchor in the roads of Singapore.

So quickly had Philip and his party been rowed to shore that their palanquins had reached the bungalow of Mr. Rowland before either he or the captain, who had just seen the semaphore, had set out for the harbour.

"It is my child—my Louise! Thank God, she is once more restored to me," cried Captain Rowland, as, opening the verandah to depart, he encountered his daughter and Philip on the threshold.

"Father! dear father! thanks to Philip's devoted heroism, I see you once more!" cried Louise, and, overcome with the joy of the meeting, she threw herself sobbing in her father's arms.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed the captain.

"and welcome, doubly welcome, my brave and generous friend—my gallant son! Welcome to hearts too full to speak their gratitude." And he wrung Philip's hand with an emotion he strove in vain to conceal, while the merchant and his family gathered with the warmest demonstrations of love and gratitude round Louise and her lover.

"This, then, is the brave young captain of whom you have all talk so much?" observed a tall elderly gentleman, rising from a darkened part of the room and coming forward. "Ah! sir, signior capitaine, if you could have had the much good fortune to bring me back my lost, my killed child, as you do for my much good friend, I would take you into my heart and make you great great rich man. Ah! Santa Maria! I see my Inez not no more, never in this world!" and, overcome by his grief, the stranger turned aside to hide his tears.

"Inez? Good Heaven! can it be possible?" exclaimed Philip. "Louise! Louise! where is the Donna Inez?"

Breaking from her father's arms, Louise rushed to the verandah, which Inez and Maria were just entering from their palanquin, and, seizing her hand, breathless with excitement led her into the room.

Raising her eyes in surprise, Inez gave a loud scream as her gaze encountered the erect form of the stranger, and, with a cry of "Father! father!" rushed into the arms of her amazed and happy parent.

The scene of happiness that ensued it would be impossible to describe. When the joy of the party had somewhat tempered down Philip explained as briefly as possible what had taken place since he had last sailed from Singapore.

The account given by the Signor Medina of his escape was very brief, as if the subject was still too painful to be dwelt on. When torn from his daughter Inez, and driven wounded over the

gangway into the sea by Nixon and his miscreants, he had supported himself on a piece of floating spar, to which he clung for many hours, till rescued by a passing vessel. He was landed at Singapore, and, hearing of Captain Rowland's similar misfortune, he introduced himself, a mutual friendship sprang up between them, and the signor had taken up his residence at the house of the hospitable merchant.

Arrangements were speedily made for the return of the party to Europe. Philip, meeting with an agent of the owner of the *Aeuger*, disposed of his share in the vessel, which was then made over to the original proprietor. In the meantime, the *Diadem* having been thoroughly overhauled, and the boudoir restored to its original state of elegance and comfort, the whole crew of the *Aeuger* were transferred to the sister schooner. Captain Rowland bestowed the absolute command on Philip, and he and the Signor Medina, with their daughters, accompanied by Maria, took their places on board as passengers to London.

The only extra hand added to the crew was the Malay Hassan, who, at his own request, was installed as ship's cook, under the authority of Kennedy, the chief of that department.

A sufficient cargo having been taken on board to keep the schooner in trim, and an abundance of fresh provisions supplied, a month after the return of Phil with the rescued captives Blue Peter was run up at the fore, a parting gun was fired from the bungalow and an answering salute from the carronades on deck, the *Diadem* spread her white wings to the gale, and before the hour of noon was hull down in the west on her voyage to England.

Four months later Philip Maberly, attended by his father, mother, and sister, led to the altar of Richmond Church the beautiful and happy Louise, while Johnson, who had won the heart of Inez on the homeward voyage, at the same altar and at the same time married his stately Spanish beauty, Captain Rowland and Signor Medina giving away their respective daughters.

High festival was held at Maberly Lodge when the wedding parties returned from church, and long and uninterrupted was the rejoicing that followed.

Ben, a week before this happy event, had, in a less ostentatious but not less joyous manner, led Maria to a church near Stratford, and there, surrounded by his messmates, had been duly epliced and made happy for life.

Surrounded by all that can conduce to earthly felicity, Philip and Louise enjoy a career of peace and prosperity, and though their friends are

many, powerful, and wealthy, none have proved more staunch and true than the humble but faithful crew of his yacht the *Diadem*.

Conclusion.

WE have thus in an unpretending way conducted the reader through some of the most stirring scenes of British warfare. On the land Marlborough, Clive, Eyre Coote, Cornwallis, Wellington; on the ocean a bright array of heroes from Blake to Nelson; on either element more names than we can crowd into a paragraph, have fought their battles over again for the wonder-seekers of this generation. Nor have we limited our narratives to contests between nation and nation: we have shown man triumphant single-handed in deadly struggles with the brute creation. The lion, the tiger, the bear, the rhinoceros, the wolf, the shark have alike been vanquished by him into whose hand the Almighty Creator delivered them. Desperate adventures and narrow escapes have also imparted vivacity to our pages, and we have been profuse with authentic anecdotes of soldiers and sailors. The three tales of the Camp Fire and the Quarter-Deck have been contributed by an author whose fertile imagination has, we trust, been sobered by his long experience in the ways of the world and the walks of literature. What we are most anxious to impress upon the reader, on taking leave, is our desire to tell the truth, and to produce a volume that should favourably contrast with the frivolous and corrupting literature so rife in the present day. If we have succeeded, the few thousands who have supported our little undertaking will perhaps grant a similar welcome to the Editor's new work entitled "The Wonder-Book of Perils and Adventures all over the World," which will be planned as nearly as possible on the same model, but will include Shipwrecks, Imprisonments, Remarkable Persons and Places, with a rich fund of Anecdotes relating to Enterprise and Adventure.

